

IN JANUARY.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

I walk out from the city ; and the noise
Of jangling sleigh-bells, laughing girls, and press
Of hurrying feet grow gradually less.
Here, further on, are groups of lusty boys
Careering, in strong healths full equipoise,
Over broad fields stretched out in their soft dress
Of snow, faint-colored with the light caress
Of waning, yellow sunshine. Now sound cloys
The hearing less with fresher sounds : a bark ;
The creaking of a farm sleigh with its load
Moving to urban traffic down the mark
Suburban toil hath made—this country road ;
The hum of roadside wires ; and then—hark !
The city's calls and bells—toil's wordless ode !

So hath the year begun—so may it end ;
So last year ended—and it so began.
December breathed its last sigh to the van
Of January hours. May God send
A reign of peace such as His grace did lend
To Rome, when under Numa, for a span
Of two score years and three, the hand of man
Sought not to war, nor needed to defend.
May Janus' temple's gates for us be set !
May ruler's souls some sweet Egeria find
To counsel love and justice, such as met
Within the compass of Pompilius' mind !
And may each day's dear Hesperus ne'er forget
To shine as now—come storm, or calm, or wind !