

Family Circle.

The New Year.

I am the little New Year, ho, ho! Here I come tripping it over the snow, shaking my bells with a merry din, So open your doors and let me in.

Romance of a Letter.

She was a beautiful, attractive woman, black-eyed and crimson cheeked, with a splendid bust, and arms which she did not mind showing. I was a little, pale creature, neither ugly nor pretty, but I did not envy her. Let all the men on earth admire her—one loved me. If I was fair in his eyes I cared nothing for her.

near him at dinner time, to go out upon the balcony when he did. Charlie Beech was allowed to slip back into his old place in Effie's heart, and my Harry was Mrs. Bray's object. Effie had been sharper than I, but Harry was too strong in love for me to yield, I felt sure.

she rushed toward me, her face white, her eyes staring. I saw her hand clutching the door handle, and I saw her lips quiver. I could not see her face, but I felt her breath upon my cheek.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Robert turns to the window and looks at some other subject; and Robin's eyes, which he had just opened, are fixed on the speaker. He looks at the speaker with a look of surprise, and then he looks at the speaker with a look of joy.