

blaze on his winter hearth, and through the snow drift and cold, looks forward to the evening, when the prattle of his little ones, or the columns of his newspaper shall refresh him after his days toil. For him the New Year brings hope with renewed toil, and as he passes the hearty wish for a happy one to his neighbour, he feels that industry with mutual good will can assist in making it so.

A January night when the moon is in power, is beautiful to behold—she shines so calm and purely on the white earth, while the stars for once are rivalled in their glistening by the frost that sparkles on its bosom—the shadows of the leafless trees glimmer in the full moonlight on the snowy expanse, and the silver clouds float over the blue sky as sweet fancies pass over the quiet soul.

" All is so still, so calm in earth and air,  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there."

But it is the stillness of awe, the repose of majesty. In summer the hush of its midnight breathes of rich softness, like the sweet dreams of a sleeping child, but in the noon of night in January when you look through the frosted window pane on whose fantastic devices the moonlight smiles so coldly, and mark the deep repose of the sleeping earth as she lies under her fair canopy, and then gaze upon that clear blue sky where a thousand stars are burning in glory, you feel as if you were watching the slumbers of a giant, for the storm-king is but resting in those dark old woods, giving his empire but a breathing time.

January has its stern realities, but it has also its softer poetry—the beauty and sublimity of winter strike the imagination powerfully and call forth its loftiest thoughts. Many of the poets have revelled in its glories, and some of their mightiest strains owe their birth to the inspiration of winter. Its fierce tempest and tyrant dominion, together with its bright bold beauty are noble themes for song, and nature's worshipper avails himself of their power. But we must not bring poetry to our aid, or we would swell a volume in praise and admiration of winter—a sunset in January is poetry in itself—the rosy hue on the white snow is a sweet verse from the epic of nature. When the purple and gold clouds

" Gather one by one  
Sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,"

and the whole earth lights up for one moment, as if it were a smile for the last good-bye.

The lover of poetry needs no uttered thought to enhance the beauty of the fair scene, his own feelings will supply every image and chaunt to him the most thrilling anthem. But we must take our leave of January, at least in manuscript and leave its beauty to more actual realization. Like every other period of the year it has its sunshine and shadow, its beauty and darkness,