



The New Year's Sleigh

Priscilla Prudence Humility Wren,
Who lived in Eighteen Hundred and
Ten
(Just a hundred years ago to a day),
Made New Year calls in a lovely sleigh,
And the sleigh, my dear, was a lovely
swan;
But instead of water to float upon,
It glided swift over the ice and snow
Wherever Priscilla wished it to go.
Her bonnet was velvet, her tippet was
warm,
And her swan's-down muff kept her
fingers from harm,
And her toes were tucked snug as
two birds' in a nest.
Now the thing that Priscilla Wren loved
to do best
Was to sit demure in her lovely sleigh
And go making calls on a New Year's
Day.
The old days are gone, but when New
Year is near,
It seems to me sometimes I see her my
dear,
This sweet little girl with her old-fash-
ioned ways
Making calls as she used to in long-
ago days.
"Happy New Year!" she says, as she
used to say then,
Dear Priscilla Prudence Humility
Wren!
—From the Woman's Home Companion.

Father's Chicken

My mother thinks that father ought to
always have the best,
And she's got him so he thinks he's
better'n all the rest.
She gets his evening paper out when
he comes home at night,
And drags around his easy chair and
tries to use him right.
And when we all sit down to eat she
never blinks a lash,
But hands him out some chicken and
helps us kids to hash.
My mother says that home should be
in our affections first,
But father thinks it's just the place for
him to act the worst.
When he's in town he jokes and laughs
and uses people kind,
But when he starts for home at night
he leaves his smiles behind.
He snarls about the dinner, and he
calls our talk all trash,
So mother feeds him chicken and fills
us up on hash.
But after father's rest I and has had
his evening smoke,
He always feels lots better and some-
times likes to play and joke.
He helps us with our lessons, and he
does it in a way
That makes them entertaining, and
seem just as plain as day;
And sometimes, when we go to bed, he
hands us out some cash,
So let him have his chicken, we'll get
along with hash.

Chas. F. Hardy

Baby

Where did you come from Baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheeks like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me a hallowed kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and
hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Feet, whence did you come you dar-
ling things?
From the same box as the cherubs
wings.
How did they all just come to you?
God thought about me and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here!

George MacDonald.

The Big Red Book.

By COUSIN DORIS.

"Pooh! it's only girls that make
New Year's resolutions," exclaim-
ed Jack Benning, kicking the cat
away from the chair. Bess, his
brown eyed sister, busy with pen-
cil and paper wrote, thought
awhile, then wrote again till
another interruption made her lift
her eyes half-frightened.
"I say sis, it's only fraid-cats
that make those New Year's rules
—yes fraid-cat girls!"
"Uh! we boys ain't afraid of
anything—we don't have to make
rules."

"You're a little tin angel, you
are," he sneered teasingly, shov-
ing both hands down two very
shallow pockets. "Well," replied
Bessie, "I think if you would make
a few rules to-day it would be bet-
ter for the cat and dog, mother
and father and I think it would
not be so—so—so—hard for little
sister." "Oh pshaw! what's the
use o' being good any way—
taint no fun."

"I think fun that makes others
suffer isn't fun—it's cruel, it's
right down mean," and Bessie
stamped her feet emphatically.

"Uh! girls are cowards, they're
always afraid of hurting some-
thing—they would never make
hunters or brave men that could
shoot people right down and rob
trains and such like. It takes
boys to be brave."

Jack dropped down on the
couch and stared at the fire-place.
Bess went on writing.

Very soon a little old woman
came into the room and went right

up to Jack as quick as a wink.
And she blinked and blinked and
bowed very low. She was really
the very ugliest woman in the
whole wide world. Jack crept into
a very small place on the couch
but her eyes pierced a hole right
through his body.

It seemed as if an icicle had
cut him in two. Then she drew
out a big red book and squinted
along each page till she came to
one marked Jack Benning. The
letters of his name were written
in green letters that seemed to
stand out as if they could talk.

"Now see here," she said in a
squeaking voice that sent another
icicle through him. "You have
many marks against you for cruel-
ty last year."

"In the first place you hit little
Jessie Smith till her nose bled, so
I have brought her here and you
will hit her again, but instead of
hurting her it will hurt you."

So she beckoned towards the
door and Jessie Smith entered.

Now Jack did not want to hit
her at all but the woman pierced
him with another icy glance so he
hit little Jessie and oh how it
hurt him, and his nose bled and
bled and his eyes smarted and
smarted till it seemed as if he
would die. But he didn't, be-
cause the little old woman was not
through with him.

Little Jessie Smith disappeared
from the room and the little old
woman looked at the next item on
the page.

"You robbed a bird's nest last
spring—you threw the little birds
on the ground and destroyed the
nest. "Now you may rob the
same nest again but you shall
feel the pain this time."

Immediately a tree rose in the
room and near the top Jack saw
three little birds in a nest. Now
he did not feel a bit like robbing
the nest but those awful eyes
looked another hole right through
him, so he climbed up and threw
each bird down and tore the nest
up. But oh, how it did hurt him
when each bird fell. Both of his
arms and legs were broken and his
body bruised terribly. He just
begged to die this time because it
did hurt him so to live. Just
then the mother bird flew to where
the nest was destroyed and pre-
sently Jack felt just as she did.

He cried and ran about and
cried till he had no tears left. It
was just awful to suffer so much.

Why couldn't he die?
But the tree and birds disap-
peared leaving him alone with the
old woman. How horribly ugly
she was! Those awful eyes were
looking for something more.

"You pounded your dog one
day till he howled with pain."
Now you shall have the chance to
pound him again.

Just then poor Shep appeared,
wagging his tail.

"I don't want to, I don't want
to," sobbed Jack. "I like my dog
—I don't want to hit him. It
hurts so to be hurt."

But the awful eyes looked very
sharp at him so he picked up a
club that very strangely happened
to be on the couch near him. He
pounded him, and oh! how Jack
howled. It's bad enough to hear
a dog howl but to hear a little boy
howl is awful. Those beats made
his back throb—he tried to lie
down but his back hurt so he
could not—he tried to walk but
his back hurt so he dared not—he
tried to eat but his back ached
and ached so he could not be
hungry.

Jack wanted to die again but
the little old woman said:

"No, I have a lot of things yet
for you to do."

"You will have to suffer for
teasing others—your sister for ex-
ample. You have broken her
poor little heart many times this
year."

"She loves you, but you are
making her afraid of you and
when you are away from here she
cries because you say such mean
things."

Just then little Bessie came in
and pointed her finger at him
saying:

"Fraid-cat, fraid-cat — Mama's
girl—little tin angel"—and all
kinds of mean things she said till
he felt so ashamed that he wanted
to fight back but he couldn't be-
cause Bessie was a boy now and
very much larger and he didn't
dare to fight back, so he just had
to sit there and bear all of the
cruel teasing till he buried his
face in his hands and cried very
hard.

Just then the cat came in and
the little old woman looked up