

For the New Year.

Sparkling world and shining sky,
Sleigh-bells jingling, jingling by,
Skates that gleam and sleds that fly,

Make up January.

Snowy world and low hung cloud,
Snowflakes whirling in a crowd,
Wind a-whistling long and loud,

Make up January.

Snow and shine and shine and snow,
Days that swifly come and go,
Thirty-one of them you know,

Make up January.—Author Unknown.

Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces."—Emerson.

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup,
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what a number of queer little seeds
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds
Are under the leaves, and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow
Waiting to grow!

No seed so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it; and soon he will tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
Making it grow!—Frank French.

Father in Heaven, we thank Thee,
We thank Thee.
For mother love and father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee,
We thank Thee.

A small ship launched upon an unknown sea,
A small seed planted from an unknown tree,
Such is this strange New Year to you and me.

Whither the vessel goeth

And how the seed upgroweth,
God only knoweth;

But sail the ship and plant the seed,
What's done in faith is done in deed.—Sel.

A sunny face—wear it. It is your privilege. It has the quality of mercy; it is twice blessed. It blesses its possessor and all who come under its benign influence. It is a daily boon to him who wears it, and a constant, ever-flowing benediction to all his friends. Men and women, youth and children, seek the friendship of the sunny-faced. All doors are opened to those who smile.—Virginia Journal of Education.

Old Father Time to his children doth say,

"Go on with your duties, my dears,
On the right hand is work, on the left hand is play,
See that you tarry with neither all day,

But faithfully build up the years."—Charles Mackay.

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt anyone "just for a joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year.—Selected.

I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought:
Days for labor and nights for rest;
And I bring you, Love, a heaven-born guest,
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor, and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year.—

Margaret E. Sangster.

"A father has just twice six sons,
Not one e'er sees his brother,
Of thirty daughters to each son
Not one e'er sees the other.
Each daughter's life twice twelve doth count;
Of strange facts here's another:
One half their lives they're white as light,
And black as night the other."—Selected.
Tell me this riddle.

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.
Not to fall a-quarrelling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing,
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I.
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh, laugh and live,
'Neath a cloudless sky.—Selected.