



The Old Year and the New.
Why do you mourn that the old year is dying?
A new one is coming to take its place.

Leave with the old year all sobbing and sighing
And look to the future with smiling face.

Memory may, with a backward flung finger,
Point to a page that is blotted with tears.
Learn well its lesson, then let memory linger
Long on the page that ennobles and cheers.

Hist'ry, unwritten, must tell of your sorrow.
Unfading letters, your joy should record!
Look, with a changeless faith, toward Hope's to-morrow
Trusting the future for ample reward.

Time moves more swiftly with each passing season.
Scarce is it summer, ere autumn draws nigh.
Soon comes the winter, and that is the reason
One cannot live in a vision gone by.

Life is too brief to be spent in regretting,
Ponder the noble, the good and the true.
Practice true kindness at all times, forgetting
Every unkindness another may do.

Then, in the year that is dawning in splendor,
Pure and unstained by a word, thought or deed
Live so that Love, with a memory tender,
Ne'er for a sigh of regret shall have need.

—Mary E. Caswell.

SONG OF EXPECTANCY
By John G. Tabb

Time will tell us: only wait;
He alone the secret knows,
He alone the Delphic gate
Shuts, or open throws.

Time will tell us. Kind is he:
Sorrow wins not by delay,
But the wine of Joy to be
Ripens day by day.

New Year Bells.
See the children gayly go,
As the bells are ringing,
'Cross the country, white with snow,
Their happy voices singing.

'Tis New Year morn, and they're
away
To the church beyond the hill,
And there they'll meekly, humbly
pray
To do their Master's will.



Sin is a foe that all must fight,
For he's lurking everywhere;
And each must war with all his might,
Using Good Resolve and Prayer.

For the strongest weapon we can use
Against our common foe—
To make him to our victory yield—
Is Righteousness, you know.
—Washington Star.

New Year's Shop.
"Good Resolutions for Sale Here
To-day!"
This is the sign on the door.
The children come flocking in throngs
from their play,
For they know it is only upon New
Year's day
That these can be found in the
store.

Old Father Time keeps the shop
where they're sold,
And he keeps it in such a queer
way.
Not one can you buy, for silver or
gold;
You can take, though, as many as
both arms will hold,
Or but one need you carry away.

There is only one thing that each
buyer must do
Before you can enter the store.
You must leave all bad habits, be
they many or few,
And all things that hinder a life good
and true,
Outside, as you go in the door.

Spanish Rabbit.
Before you come out, all these habits
and things
As by magic have gone from the
way,
At so many good sales old Father
Time sings,
Then the door of the New Year wide
open he flings,
And the children troop gaily away.
—Maude L. Chamberlain.

The New Year

For a long time—longer, possibly,
than most of us would care to admit
—at regular intervals a new year
has come to us, unchallenged and
unknown, and taken complete charge
of all our affairs.

The New Year is always an inex-
perienced youth. He brings with him
no previous character. He carries no
references nor recommendations. He
just comes, takes charge of every-
thing with unblushing forehead, and
runs it to suit himself, without con-
sulting our comfort or wishes in the
slightest degree.

The effrontery of such a proceed-
ing is apparent on its face. But why
we should stand it is quite another
matter.

Youth, of course, should always
command our undiminished respect.
So far as this rascally little young-
ster himself is concerned, we take
off our hats to him. We greet him
heartily. We admire his robustness,
his rollicking figure, his air of en-



thusiasm and his evident ambition to
excel. At the same time, all of us
know by previous experience that he
is bound to prove incompetent. We
have been fooled so many times be-
fore that we really ought to be
ashamed of ourselves now if we
should attempt to expect anything
different.

Perhaps it is some inherent def-
ect in us, however, that we do go
on expecting it, and greet him al-
ways with such unfeeling clamor,
ringing bells over his advent, and
generally conducting ourselves just
as if we didn't even suspect that we
were going to be fooled once more.

The worst of the matter is that
he himself doesn't know or realize
his thorough incompetence. He ac-
tually believes in himself, really and
honestly believes that he has a mis-
sion in life.

Maybe, after all, it is just the feel-
ing of kindness toward him on our
part which makes us loath to unde-
ceive him; which, out of courtesy
and true politeness, makes us pre-
tend that we like him just because
we don't want him to know the truth
about himself too soon.

He will find that out later on, of
course. He will have certain mo-
ments of humility and discouragement
himself, when he will come to
weep with us over the mistakes he
is making and we are making. He
will come also to attain some meas-
ure of contrition over the sorry trick
he has, perhaps innocently enough,
played on us. And no doubt also he
will be of some service to us. His
cruelties may harden our fibre; his
very insincerities may help to deep-
en our sympathies.

But, after all, when all is said
and done, the most that we may
hope to do with him is to steal an
hour or so occasionally, when he is
off his guard, and insist upon his
dropping things and having a good
time with us; insist for the time in
forgetting responsibilities and other
detrimental influences on our spirits.
Let us take these moments when we
can, to make merry with this com-
panion whom Fate has thrust upon
us, and if, during the rest of the
time, he is forbidding, stern, unyield-
ing and even revengeful, for some
fancied wrong that we have done him,
let us take comfort in the thought
that he is only an impostor after all,
and that in the end we shall triumph
over him.—Thomas L. Masson, in
Lippincott's.



"A Happy New-year!"
My boy said to me;
"A Happy New-year, mama!"
Then sat himself down,
With a terrible frown,
And found fault with things near
and far.

The toast was "too soft,"
The biscuits "too hard,"
And nothing was as it should be.
The weather was "horrid,"
He hated such days,
And the streets were "just like a
sea."

"A Happy New-year?"
I presently said.
"And when is it going to begin?"
"Why, it's started already,
At midnight last night.
How could you help hearing the din?"
He looked at me once,
Then dropped his eyes low,
And said, "I forgot, mama, dear.
How can you be happy
If I am so cross?
I'll help make it a Happy New-year."
—Sarah E. Gannett.

HAPPY NEW YEAR



We wish you all a glad New
Year.
We wish you will be good,
And try to do, in everything,
Exactly as you should.

Remember that the year is
young,
And innocent and new—
Just think if he should learn
all sorts
Of wickedness from you!

Gifts for the New Year.
If all love's gifts of grace or power
Lay spread before my choice this
hour,
What should I claim as life's best
dower?
Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?
Unfailing wealth, in honor won?
Unfailing health—all gifts in one?
Nay; all of these may go.

For love, that comes our lives to
bless,
Must evermore be counted less
In grace, and might and tenderness,
Than gifts that from us flow.

And health the tender soul may drain
Of power to share the sufferer's pain.
And strength is weakness, power is
vain,
That soothes no human woe.

And wealth of treasure, land or gold,
Is only sweet to have and hold
To those whose mercies manifold
In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dazzling, tempting
three
How can I choose? Choose Thou for
me,
Give or withhold, but let me be
Content God's will to know.

Give love until I love outpour—
Give pain, that those whose hearts
are sore
May feel for them I suffer more
Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish
greed—
Wealth for the sad world's pain and
need;
Give Thou Thyself, then, rich indeed,
All else may come or go.
—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Washing-
ton Home Magazine.

The Year's End.
Full happy is the man who comes at
last
Into the safe completion of his
year;
Weathered the perils of his spring,
that blast
How many blossoms promising and
dear!



And of his summer, with dread pas-
sions fraught,
That oft, like fire through the rip-
ening corn,
Blight all with mocking death and
leave distraught
Loved ones to mourn the ruined
waste forlorn.

But now, though autumn gave but
harvest slight,
Oh, grateful is he to the powers
above
For winter's sunshine, and the length-
ened night
By hearth-side genial with the
warmth of love.
Through silvered days of vistas gold
and green
Contentedly he glides away, se-
rene.
—Timothy Cole in the Century.



Welsh Rabbit No. 2.
Put one tablespoonful of butter in
the blazer, adding half a teaspoonful
of dry mustard, one-quarter teaspoonful
of paprika, one tablespoonful of
Worcestershire sauce and one-quarter
cupful of beer. When the butter is
melted add one pound of soft Ameri-
can cheese, which has been cut into
small dice, stir constantly as the
cheese melts and add as much more
beer as needed to make the cheese
smooth, about half a cupful in all.
When the cheese is all melted, and
about as thick as thick cream, turn
it at once over toast or wafers.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The Story of a Little Boy and a Little
Girl and Their Animal Friends.

The little boy and the little girl had
many friends among the animals.
There was the rabbit, the turtle, and
the owl and the proud bluejay and
pretty, cheery robin. The old gray
goose and the speckled guinea hen
and the quacking duck and the strut-
ting rooster and the clucking hens
were their friends, too. So were the
pigeons and the old black crow, and
the little, frisky, scampering squirrel.

These friends all knew that early
New Year's morning the little girl and
the little boy would go to the ever-
green playhouse for the gift the New
Year brought. Nobody had ever told
the little girl and the little boy that
the New Year would bring them a
gift, but all children know a great
many things that nobody tells them.

The evergreen playhouse was a
beautiful circle of evergreen trees,
with an opening on one side for a
door. This playhouse had only the
key for a roof, so it was very gay and
cheerful. A stable for play stood in
the center of the house.

All these bird and animal friends
of the little girl and boy thought it
would be nice to bring New Year's
gifts and lay them on the table in the
evergreen playhouse—fine, good, New
Year's gifts.

So early New Year's morning the
little boy and girl went hand in hand
to the evergreen house and stood
quietly inside the door.

Then they looked at the table and
there saw all the beautiful New Year's
gifts.

"Feathers!" shouted the little boy
when he saw what some of the birds
had brought. "Feathers of all sorts
of colors! I know what I will do. I
am going to make an Indian war-bon-
net that is a war-bonnet—a perfect
beauty!"

"Oh, see the red grains of corn, and
the yellow grains of corn!" cried the
little girl, as she saw the present the
barnyard fowls had brought. "I'll
string them for a necklace!"

"Oh, goody, look at the nuts!"
laughed the little boy, as he saw the
nuts the squirrel had brought; "won't
they taste fine!"

"There's my little doll—the one I
lost!" shouted the little girl. The
sharp-eyed crow had brought it back
from his hiding-place.

"And there's my lucky penny!"
shouted the little boy. For that ras-
cal of a crow had brought that back,
too.

So they laughed over their pres-
ents until all their animal friends
crept in to see.

"Come!" cried the little boy. "We'll
all have a dance around the table!"
So around they went; the birds and
chickens, the squirrel and the crow,
and all the friends, squeaking and
quacking and crowing and chirping
and cawing, while the little girl and
boy sang "la, la, la," to no tune at
all, just because they were so happy.

"Mercy, children!" called their
mother, who came out to the ever-
green house to see what was going on,
"what are you doing?"

"Just having fun!" answered the
little boy.

"Oh, the mostest fun, mamma!"
called the little girl, "with all our
friends!"—Jessie Wright Whitcomb
in January St. Nicholas.

A Faithful Failure.

To look back upon the past year,
and see how little we have striven
and to what small purpose; and how
often we have been cowardly and
hung back, or temerarious and rushed
unwisely in; and how every day and
all day long we have transgressed the
law of kindness—it may seem a para-
dox, but in the bitterness of these dis-
coveries a certain consolation resides.
Life is not designed to minister to a
man's vanity. He goes upon his long
business most of the time with a
hanging head, and all the time like a
blind child. Full of rewards and pleas-
ures as it is—so that to see the day
break or the moon rise, or to meet a
friend, or to hear the dinnercall when
he is hungry, fills him with surpris-
ing joys—this world is yet for him no
abiding city. Friendships fall through,
health fails, weariness assails him;
year after year he must thumb the
hardly varying record of his own
weakness and folly. It is a friendly
process of detachment. When the
time comes that he should go, there
need be few illusions left about him-
self. Here lies one who meant well,
tried a little, failed much—surely that
may be his epitaph, of which he need
not be ashamed. Nor will he com-
plain at the summons, which calls a
defeated soldier from the field,—de-
feated, ay, if he were Paul, or Marcus
Aurelius! but, if there is still one inch
of fight in his old spirit, undishonored.
The faith which sustained him in his
lifelong blindness and lifelong disap-
pointment will scarce even be re-
quired in this last formality of laying
down his arms. Give him a march
with his old bones. There, out of the
glorious sun-colored earth, out of the
day and the dust and the ecstasy,—
there goes another Faithful Failure.—
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Welsh Rabbit.
In a blazer place one tablespoonful
of butter or one butter ball and add
one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, the
same amount of mustard and a dash
of cayenne pepper. When these are
well mixed add half a pound of mild,
soft cheese cut in small pieces. Stir
until the cheese is melted and then
add half a cupful of thin cream and
one egg beaten together. Cook until
slightly thickened and perfectly
smooth and serve on hot toast.
This recipe does not call for beer, as most
Welsh rabbits do.

Rik-Tum Rabbit.

Turn into the hot blazer one table-
spoonful of butter, one cupful of to-
matoes, a saltspoonful of soda, a
pinch of salt, a little paprika and a
tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce.
Heat these together and add two cup-
fuls of grated cheese, three-quarters
of a cupful of milk and two well-beat-
en eggs. Cook until the cheese is
smooth and turn over crackers or
toast.

New Year's Novelties.

Small boxes filled with stuffed
dates, a calendar pasted on each
cover, are quaint novelties for
New Year's. On the calendar may be
written "May your dates be as full of
pleasure and prosperity."
Small photographs of a hostess her-
self mounted on calendars make an-
other pleasing gift and one that is ap-
preciated by one's guests because of
the personal touch. If used as place
cards the guests' names may be writ-
ten on the first leaf of the calendar
pad.