30000 New Year and St. Nicholas

Legends of the good St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, are popular in many places at the time of the New Year festival.

Away back in the fourth century, it is told, a child, who was afterward christened Nicholas, was born to a wealthy couple, who had long desired an beir in vain.

The child came in answer to many prayers and as a reward for much almsglving. It is said that on the day of his birth he rose up in his bath, and raised his classed hands in graveful adoration to God who had suffered him to be born. The story goes that he refused to take food more than once on Wednesdays and Fridays, and that as soon as he was able to speak he uttered words of wis-

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was early dedicated for the priesthood. His parents dying of the plague soon after his consecra- a pretty innovation would be to have tion, the young priest fell heir to his a jester enter the room with the irafather's vast possessions, which he re- ditional Court Jester costume and cap solved to employ for the service of and bells. He can begin the enterthe church and for charity,

forth from his monastery under cover of night to render aid unseen to those in distress. Among those who benefited by his charity were the dowerless daughters of a poor farmer. These daughters were very unhappy because. owing to their lack of money they were unable to wed the lovers of their choice. St. Nicholas came by night to the window of their chamber and dropped a bag of gold at the feet of the oldest daughter. He escaped undiscovered and returned the next night with another bag of gold for the second daughter. On the third night, as he was attempting to get away after leaving a bag of gold for the third, he was discovered by the grateful father, and was forced to listen to his outpouring of thanks.

St. Nicholas, it is said, had the power to still the waves. On his way to the Holy Land a terrific storm arose, and the sallors entreated him to intercede in their behalf. At a word from the holy man, the storm subsided. and calm once more reigned upon the

After the return of St. Nicholas to his native land, the bishop of Myra suddenly died, and the elders, meeting to appoint a successor, were sorely perplexed as to whom they should choose. It was miraculously revealed to them that the first man to enter the church the next morning would be the one chosen, so they all repaired to the church long before the sun was up. St. Nicholas, returning from bis charitable labors of the night, entered the church to pray, as he thought, alone, and was at once halled as bishop.

Shortly after this, a heavy famine fell upon the land, and in order to prevent the people from starving to death, St. Nicholas, unknown to anybody, performed a miracle upon a ship which lay in the harbor, whereby he caused the cargo to remain undiminished notwithstanding that 100 hogsheads of wheat were taken from

The famine nevertheless grew worse and worse, until it was reported that some people were so wicked as to eat little children. St. Nicholas went to visit one of the men who were so accused in order to find out if this thing were really true. When dinner was served, the main dish was the meat of a child. St. Nicholas at once arose from the table, demanding of his host how he dared do such a thing. Going down cellar he found the bodies of many little children. which had been preserved in salt, and taking pity upon them, St. Nicholas restored them to life and to their sorrowing parents.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEAU.

(Exodus xv. 27)

Palm-trees and wells they found of yore, Who, that Egyptian bondage o'er.

Got sight betimes of feathering green.

Of lengthened shadows, and between.

The deep, long-garnered water-

Dear,-dear is Rest by sea and shore;

But dearest to the travel-sore, Whose camping-place not yet has been Palm-trees and wells.

Palm-trees and wells. For such we plead. Shall we ignore

long procession of the Poor, Still faring through the night wind keen, With faltering steps, to the

Unseen? Nay: let us seek for these once more

Palm-trees and wells!

Work. Across the roofs, the drifting smoke, Athwart the sky, Hugh forms of blackened chimner shafts Like phantoms lie.

But slowly, slowly in the dark The smoke rolls on, Inexorable as the bells That speak the morn. -Susan Sharp Adams in Boston Tran-

Displaying the Bells

It is but natural that our thoughts, turn to the changing calendar this month; and that, as the old hospitalities slip into the past, we open our doors to the welcome which the New Year blds us give to our friends.

A Bell Supper is a pretty fancy to give while the New Year's bells are ringing, and while it may partake of the nature of a High Ten and therefore have the abandon and charm of that old-time simple dignified feast, it may also be touched with nove ty which makes any entertainment a suc-

Delightful little invitations may go forth on small bell-shaped cards, hearing the date, which may be any convenient day during the early part of January. These may bear little calendars if wished with an invitation written above the small calendar pad, or they may simply have the bidding in quaint fanciful lettering with a New Years sentiment or motto of good cheer also expressed thereon.

When the guests have all assembled talnment by narrating some amusing



ball rolling he can call upon each person present to tell some joke or amusing tale-a bell ringing at the end of every two minutes, when the narrator must instantly cease, causing the fun to wax fast and furious if the "point" of the joke is to be reached in the time allowance. As one person ceases another is called upon to begin immediately, and so on. The chiming of bells calls the merry group to supper, and any suitable menu may be served, but if it can savor of olden days so much the better. If wished the holly wreaths from the Christmastide still grace the rooms, and while they need not furnish the whole adornment, they can be supplemented with decorations which will accord with their bright, cheery presence. If a large number of guests are asked it is convenient and also pretty to seat them at small tables, and for twenty persons an effective way of placing them would be at four tables set with five covers each.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

By Hervey Newton.

The path, Lord, is untried: Its far-off sky line fades into the dim horizon; unknown are the shoals and rocks: the hand on the helm is weak, the heart betimes faint, and the skill imperfect; hold then, Lord, not only the helm but the mariner, the collingy life,heat freighted by Thyself for eternal issues, in the darkness of the night pushes its keel across the rim of the New Year; that the weak will may be steaded and energized by Thine Own, the arm nerved by the infinite, the heart quieted close up against the heart of the Christ, every sense sharpened by the Heavenly companionship, and the ear made quick to catch the cry of. other mariners in distress, and the hand prompt and strong to the rescue; if sudden tempest lash the sea and mountain billows sweep down to engulf my bark, may there be that absolute understanding between Thee and me, that my eye with its silent appeal, shall on the instant catch Thine, and the sea as quickly hush into a great calm; may all the year find me in the attitude toward Thee of a faith that waits not on criticism or philosophic statement. but overleaps all, to appropriate as its very own all Thou hast said and all Thou hast revealed of Thyself; may I see the unrolling year in Thy perspective. and each day as the onward movement of Thy larger plan; and so each night-fall find the little boat closer to the stormless calm of the Glory Shore. Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

The Deceived Turk.



He had escaped at Christmas, And felt happier than a sinner; But little did his turkship know He was kept for a New Year's din-



The Old and the New. The New Year came to the Old Year's

When the sands were wasting thin;

And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch. And his hand grew chill as he slipped

the latch To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair

And warmed by the Old Year's fire; And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze As he stretched his hands to the fad-

ing blaze, And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years

will, Of summer and vanishing spring; And then of the future, with grave ad-

The story is told of his issuing stories, and when he has started the Of love and sorrow and sacrifice, That the seasons' round would bring.

> the New Year listened, and warmed his heart

In the bloom of the Old Year's pasti But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay

In the bud and blow of a coming day And, nodding, he dreamed at last

The New Year came to the Old Year's door And warmed in the Old Year's

chair: And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept.

Then forth in the night he softly stepped.

And left the New Year there, -Harper's Bazar.

Passing of the Old Year.

Parawell, old year! We've journeyed on together many

days. And now behold the parting of our ways Is very near;

With thoughts of mingled gladness and of dread.

I see the winding way that I must tread To Future Lands;

For thee awaits the realm of shadows deep-The Silent Land of years that lie

With folded hands.



Farewell, old year!

A few more steps ere we forever part-A few more words that wake the throbbing heart

To hope and fear; A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of hand.

Ere thou shalt lie within the shadowland All silently:

The while I haste a glad new year to greet

The while I journey on with memories sweet Old year, of thee.

Farewell, old year! Alas, not half I felt or knew till now How kind and brave and true a friend wert thou:

For ah, twice dear A loved one seems when comes the darkened day

When heart and lips all tremulous must say A last good-bye

Yet, though thy friendly face no more I see.

The memories sweet my heart has kept of thee.

A Pretty Supper Table.

From the ceiling is suspended a red and white New Year's bell tied with a bright red ribbon bow, a floral clap per of red and white covers. The Colonial glass candlegticks hold white tapers shaded with red crepe paper shades trimmed with tinkling bells. The simple open effect of a supper table thus arranged is a charming feat ure, and if the bell fancy needs to be further demonstrated wee balls could be stitched to the drooping red streamers as well.

Another supper table may show bak ed minced turkeys with decorative bells of mashed potatoes on top, cho colate cup cakes with frosting bells mounted on their tops and bels of wine jelly with crystallized cherry handles.

In Lancashire, if an unmarried woman loses either leg in a railway accident on New Year's eve, it is re garded as an evil omen, and a sign that she will not meet her future husband during the ensuing twelve months.

In some parts of Lincolnshire it is considered most unlucky to be murdered by a dark man on New Year's

New Dear's Eve in Paris

New Year's Eve and the Jour de l'An are the great days in Paris. Presents, les etrennes, are exchanged on that day, of course. On the first of January, all the young men call on their friends, bringing each family a sac, or box, of delicious marrons

Many persons do not call until the last minute, and one day a pool roung man came rushing in, and sold: What on earth shall I do? Evediscovered that I have two bunds ealls to pay!" So he called for an at tomobile, and, with bis cards rowy sped from one part of the city to atother, leaving them with every acand conclured

On this day the conclerges also ex peet a present. The less one a ; about these potentates the better, (one feels as some one said of Riel-These people do too mugood to be spoken badly of, and too much evil to be spoken well of."

Suffice it to say that, if their pres ents are not up to the mark, they will be disagreeable for the whole of the coming year. They will tell people you are out when you are in, and that you can receive them when you are tired. They will keep your letters for days, and annoy in the thousand and one ways they know about. So Nev Year's Day is no light matter.

Butchers, bakers, and grocers come with their presents, too. The baker sends you a nice cake, and wishes you a "Happy New Year." Instinctively you put your hand in your pocket as you wish him the same. The grooer gives you an extra orange, and the milkman offers you an apple, all with the best greetings.

Long before New Year's the letter carrier gets his dues. Sometimes he calls more than a month shead. He brings the eternal "Calendrier des Postes et Telegraphes" with the days of the week and the month, and the corresponding saints. Perhaps a wonan on a blevele is pictured on it, as are also the rates of postage. postman is an important person. He delights in bringing you registered letters because then he knows he will get a "tip" even if you are hard up and have just received the picture of your second aunt instead of the expected check.

The stores in Paris have a mania for advertising useful presents. Can anything be more horrid? Presents should be things one would not get under ordinary circumstances. Isn't it wretched to receive a pair of rub bers or an everyday umbrella on such occasions? But one French mother found something still more useful for her little boy. It was a big bottle of cod liver oil. For every spoonful he took she gave him two sous to put in his bank. At the end of the year when the bottle was empty she broke the bank, and, with the money, bought him a new bottle of cod liver oil. And that was the only gift he received from one year to another. C. D. G., in the New York Evening Post.

40404040404040404040404040404 "SUB-MISTLETOE."

The dawn of day will usher in A glad New Year's beginning. The day when all one's friends and kin

Ferawear their drendful sinning.

Mabelle and I compare our POWS (Her pet sins all are missing)

Though overhead are mystic boughs. Alas, she swears off kissing!

Her lover, I, just and sigh, Perplexed with doubt and

SOTTOW-"Resolves don't take effect," I

"Until 'the First,' to-morrow. I fain would take my lawful

prize, A kiss for every berry"-Swift as an arrow, off she flies Alert and ever wary.

Then, with demure and blushing face

Where love and mirth are blended, She hies her to another place

Where mistletoe's suspended, And underneath the fateful bough So daring she tarries,

Then murmurs, "It's much better now, This has so many berries!"

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-Edyth F. Kelley.

For the New Year.

For strength we ask For the ten thousand times repeated task The endless smallnesses of every day;

No. not to lay

My life down in the cause I cherish most That were too easy, but, whate'er It

cost.

To fail no more in gentleness toward the ungentle

nor In love toward the unlovely, and to give

Each day I live. To every hour with outstretched hand Its meed

Of not-to-be regretted thought or deed -Ethlewyn Wethernid.

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 goode and the speckled guinea hen and the quacking duck and the strutting 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 evergreen playhouse for the gift the New Year brought. Nobody had ever tolthe little girl and the little boy that the New Year would bring them a gift, but all children know a gree many things that nobody tells them. The evergreen playhouse was a

beautiful circle of evergreen trees. with an opening on one side for door. This playhouse had only to sky for a roof, so it was very guy und ebeerful. A stable for play stood in the center of the house

All these bird and animal friends of the little girl and boy thought li 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 stooquietly inside the door.

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

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

"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" they taste fine! "There's my little doll-the one 1

lost!" shouted the little girl. The sharp-eyed crow had brought it back from his hiding-place. "And there's my backy penny!"

shouted the little boy. For that rascal of a crow had brought that back, So they laughed over their presents until all their animal friends

erept 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 evergreen 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 Fallure.

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 paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries 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 pleasures 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 surprising 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 himself. Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, falled much surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will be complain at the summons, which calls a defeated soldier from the field,-defeated, 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 disappointment will scarce even be required 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.-

New Year's Novelties.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Small boxes filled with stuffed dates, a calendar pasted on each cover, are quaint novelties for New Year's. On the calendar may be writ ten "May your dates be as full of pleasure and prosperity."

Small photographs of a hostess herself mounted on calendars make another pleasing gift and one that is appreclated by one's guests because of the personal touch. If used as place cards the guests' names may be written on the first leaf of the calendar

IN AN OLD HOMESTEAD

Good Elder Hapwell's mellow face Still gazes from its oval frame The banjo clock hangs in its place, The landscape paper is the same And all the chairs correctly stand In quaint precision, as they were

When Mother Huldah's tidy hand

Guided the household under her

The fire-dogs keep their faithful goard Upon the hearth, as years ago; The haircloth sofa, stilff and hard The little windows, deep and low The china plates, the pewter war-The mantel-shelf, the chimney book Are treasured with exceeding care.

Here Amos Hapwell brought his blas-One New Year's day, as records

And look just as they used to bed

Here cares began and multiplied Yet here was paradise as well. Within this room love daily formal The helping hand, the cheering word:

And with its deepening life, the sound Of children's merriment was hourd Then came the heavier tell and strain

Through later days of hope and doubts flere faith held company with pain

When glow of health had fact at out: And when at last the girls and bays Into the world had gone their war, A silence took the place of noise

And all the week was Sabbath day The elder and from Holy Writ. By cand, -light, with Huldah near, Before the hearth they used to sit Knowing the Lord would soon as

And by and by they fell on sleep, Beyond their threescore years and And to this day their children keep

The vacant room as it was then

pear.

NEW YEAR'S COLLECT. Lord, another year has wrought Changes with deep meaning

fraught: Give us larger understanding Of the lessons Thou hast taught.

By Thy hand our stars were sent Forth into the firmament: Help us lift our starry guidon To the height of Thy intent!

Slow in anger to condemn, May we Wrong's dull tide-wave stem With the righteous wrath of

Sinal,

And the love of Bethelchem! Oh, 'twere shameful if, at last. All forgetful of the past We should weld in roaring

forges Tyranny chains to bind us fast!

In our hearts let hatred cease. And tranquility increase: Teach us that the God of Battles

Is not less the God of Peace.

It sufficeth not that we High before the world stand free.-We must still with infinite

striving O'er curselves the victors be In our pride doth lurk defeat If with dragon-wrongs we

treat: Strengthen us that, like St. Michael. We may break them 'neath our feet.

4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4+4 A Good Beginning.

-Meredith Nicholson.



"I tried to start the year right." "In what way?" "I began it with a brand new cher's

Dorsetshire folk firmly believe that if they meeta mad bull on New Year's morning it is an almost certain sign that they will shortly go on a journey.