

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 heir in vain.

Displaying the Bells

It is but natural that our thoughts turn to the changing calendar this month; and that, as the old hospitality slips into the past, we open our doors to the welcome which the New Year bids 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 Tea and therefore have the abandon and charm of that old-time simple dignified feast, it may also be touched with novelty which makes any entertainment a success.



The Old and the New.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door 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 fading blaze, And cinders of dead desire.

New Year's Eve in Paris

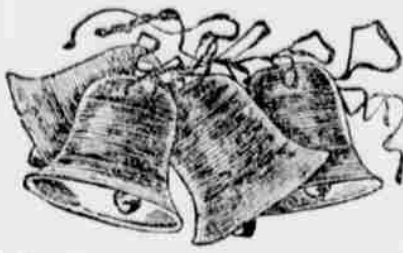
New Year's Eve and the Jour de l'An are the great days in Paris. Presents, les etrennes, are exchanged on that day, of course. On the first of January, all the young men call on their friends, bringing each family a sac, or box, of delicious marroons glazed.

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 strutting rooster and the clucking hens were their friends, too.

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. The mantelpiece 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.



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.

Passing of the Old Year.

Farewell, 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.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

The path, Lord, is untrod; 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, as the solitary life-boat, freighted by Thyself for eternal issues, in the darkness of this night pushes its keel across the rim of the New Year; that the weak will may be steadied 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.



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 shadow-land 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 clipper of red and white covers. The Colonial glass candlesticks 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 feature, and if the bell fancy needs to be further demonstrated wee bells could be stitched to the drooping red streamers as well.

In Lancashire, if an unmarried woman loses either leg in a railway accident on New Year's eve, it is regarded 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 injured by a dark man on New Year's eve.



The Deceived Turk.

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-store.

Work. Across the roofs, the drifting smoke, Athwart the sky, Hugh forms of blackened chimney 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 Transcript.

"SUB-MISTLETOE."

The dawn of day will usher in A glad New Year's beginning. The day when all one's friends and kin Forswear their dreadful singing. Mabelle and I compare our vows (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 sorrow— "Resolves don't take effect," I cry, "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.

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 fall 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 need Of not-to-be regretted thought or deed —Ethlewyn Wetherald.

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 Sinai, 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 ourselves 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. —Meredith Nicholson.

A Good Beginning.

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 herself mounted on calendars make another pleasing gift and one that is appreciated 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 pad.



"I tried to start the year right." "In what way?" "I began it with a brand new check-book."