NEW-YEAR AND MIDWINTER EXERCISES

FOR CHILDREN OF TEN TO FIFTEEN YEARS

INCLUDING
RECITATIONS, QUOTATIONS, AUTHORS' BIRTHDAYS, AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS FOR CELEBRATING NEW-YEAR AND MIDWINTER DAYS IN THE SCHOOLROOM

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New Year and Midwinter Entertainments.

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New Year and Midwinter Exercises.

January.

(This recitation is for one of the youngest primary children.)

Who is this little fellow
  That seems so bright and gay,
And brings us all good wishes
  In such a cheery way?

He sets us all a-thinking
  Of what we have to do,
And gives us hope and courage,
  And earnest purpose, too.

He comes so very quickly:
  Before you know, he's here;
Then welcome, January,
  The first-born of the year!

Chickadee.

By Isaac Bassett Choate.

(It will make a beautiful effect in this recitation to imitate the notes of the bird and change the voice back again to ordinary speaking tones.)

Chick-a-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,
This bleak December day
Sings the titmouse light and gay,
In his close and comely wrap,
In his black and jaunty cap,
While the air is full of snow,
And the icy flurries blow

Bitter cold ;
When the ice is on the stream,
And the sleeping chipmunks dream
Dreams of old ;
In the woodland all around
Wailing winds of winter sound,
Swaying branches snap and creak,
Pines and hemlocks groan and shriek.
Music sweet of singing bird,
Only blithe and gay is heard
Chick-a-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee ;
How that cheery, merry note,
Sounded from a happy throat,
All this nook among the hills
With a quickened memory thrills !
How it's rich and sweet content,
To the gloom of winter lent,
Gladdens me !
Not the lonesomeness that's here,
Not the dying of the year
Saddens thee.
In the leafy woods of June,
When the thrushes are in tune,
When the thickets all are gay
With the warbler and the jay,
Pipe for memory again
This same cheerful winter strain,
Chick-a-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee.

Snowflakes.

(Recitation for the grammar grade.)

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—*Longfellow.*

The First Snow.

By Angie W. Wray.

(For a primary pupil to recite.)

Over the meadow bare and brown
The wee white flakes came fluttering down.
Over the tops of leafless trees,
Hurrying, flurrying, on the breeze,
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
Whirled and glimmered the flakes of snow.

In many a schoolhouse old and gray,
The children sat that winter day;
A host of pupils with eager minds,
A happier crowd one rarely finds.
"Oh, ho! oh, ho!" laughed the flakes of snow,
"When school is over we'll see them go!"
"Ho!" laughed the snowflakes. "Ho! ha! hey!"
Folding each schoolhouse old and gray.

* * * * *

Lessons were ended one by one,
Twilight came and the tasks were done.
Big and little in glee together,
Out they rushed in the frosty weather;
While "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the snowflakes all,
"We're a mighty army although we're small.
See how that young rogue tries to run!
Down you go, sir; isn't it fun?

Where are the ones who brought their sleds?
Hi! for skating and dizzy heads.
Which of you fell in the pond to-day?
Is the water cold when the ice gives way?
Ha!" laughed the snowflakes, "Ho! ho! ho!
What funny stories we wee folks know!"

The Trees' Rebellion.

Dame Nature said to her children the trees,
In the days when the earth was new,
"'Tis time you were putting your green leaves on,
Take them out of your trunks, dears, do.

"The sky is a soft and beautiful blue,
The snow went away long ago,
And the grass some time since popped up its head,
The crocuses all are ablow.

"Now hurry and get yourselves dressed, my dears,
All ready for summer weather."
But the trees tossed their heads from side to side,
And grumbled out altogether:

"We really would like to alter our dress,
We are quite tired of wearing green;
Each year our new suits are just like our old,
Can we not have a change between?"

Dame Nature said to her children the trees,
"I'm astonished, I must confess,
To hear you are tired of your robe of green;
I think it's a beautiful dress.

"But wear it always in summer you shall,
(I've said it and will be obeyed).
However, I'll see ere the winter comes,
If some little change can be made.

"Your uncle John Frost comes to visit me
From his home in the polar seas,
And I'll ask him to bring for each of you
A dress any color you please."

So every year you may see for yourself,
That whenever Jack Frost comes here,
The trees are no longer dressed all in green,
But in other colors appear.
—*Lizzie Wills, in Toronto Educational Journal.*

Jack Frost.

By LETTIE E. STERLING.

(The words in quotation-marks in the second verse must be spoken with expression.)

Jack Frost is the jolliest Jack that I know;
He hails from the place where the icicles grow.
We can ride in a sleigh
Or go skating all day
When, with nippers and freezers, he cometh our way.

Though he tingles my fingers and pinches my nose,
And makes funny cramps in the ends of my toes,
I say, "Jack, come ahead;
I have skates and a sled,
And though you are cranky, the sport king you've fed."

On the Threshold.

(For a high-school pupil to recite.)

Ring out, O bells! ring silver sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, the joyous, glad refrain:
"A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us again!"

Ah! who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us who listen now to your sweet melody!
Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.
O New Year! write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past, we all some joy may know.
Though tempest-tossed our bark awhile on Life's rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright New Year!

—*A. H. Baldwin.*

A January Thaw.

By E. L. Benedict.

(A primary recitation.)

A glitter in the winter sun, a row of shining tips,
And drops of water coming down in slow and solemn drips.
What is this music regular,—this rhythm without a flaw?
'Tis the icicles a-weeping in a January thaw.

Fairies' Work.

By Isaac Bassett Choate.

(Recitation for a primary pupil.)

From the twilight shadows
To the waking dawn,
In the open meadows,
On the grassy lawn,
Busy every fairy,
Busy every sprite,
Never faint nor weary
All the moonlight night.

Stringing dewdrops pearly
On the spider's thread,
Waking violets early
In their lowly bed;
Turning round the daisy
The rising sun to face;
Telling ants, "The lazy
Never won the race."

All the daytime lurking
In the deepest dell,
Miracles ye're working,
Mischief, too, as well;
Getting in a tangle
Tufts of maiden-hair;
Ringing to a jangle
Blue-bells nodding there.

This cold winter morning
Fairy hands I trace
Window panes adorning
With a filmy lace;
Pattern of your choosing
Gave the lady fern,
Rainbow stuff for using
Was spun from water urn.

A New Year's Dream.

By WOLSTAN DIXEY.

(For a boy in the primary department to recite.)

'Twas New Year's Eve, beside the fire,
I dreamed I was a boy once more;
And all my fairy friends of yore,
Dressed in their old-time gay attire,
Came gliding through the door.

Bo-peep led on the glittering train,
And waved in air her golden crook,
Just as she used to in the book,
And will ten thousand times again
For twenty thousand eyes that look.

Then the Old Woman with the Broom
Looked round for cobwebs in the room.
The Mermaid, too, came flashing on—
I could not see just how 'twas done:
A curling tail, a rainbow scale,
A splash, a dash—and she was gone!

Then Puss-in-Boots—that dandy cat;
A proud, feline aristocrat.
And Blue-beard with his awful knife
Beside his forty-seventh wife.

Aladdin, and Red-Riding Hood;
The Wolf—who must have changed for good,
To be in company so fine.
Then Cinderella came in line;
While Prince and Princess, Fairy-feather,
Wound up the bright parade together.

But what comes here? A turkey sleigh!
I did not see that tracing chain
Which runs through all the brilliant train.
They're dragging the Old Year away!

And Santa Claus is going, too.
"But, Whoa! Hold on a minute, you!
Let this young fellow off, I say!
Young Mr. Eighteen-ninety-five,
You're briefly clad for such a day,
Just sit you there beside my grate;
I'll treat you well. *You've come to stay.*"

A Mid-winter Exercise.

By MARY W. ALLEN.

Enter two girls:—

1. "Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds. * * * *

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen."

2. Where are the flowers ? Don't you know ?
Why, Mother Nature long ago
Tucked them up in their cunning beds,
Pulled the blankets over their heads,
And, patting them down so snug and nice,
Said, " Lie their darlings, as still as mice.
For when spring comes back with sunny showers
I will waken my pretty flowers."
So they're all asleep, as fast as can be,
With the snow spread over them, don't you see ?

1. " Yes ! but the winter chills and grieves me,
And all my cheerful music leaves me,
I would dance and gayly sing
If it were ever, ever only spring."

2. The winter *is* gay, I am glad to say.
And the days pure happiness bring ;
But they're much too short for all my play,
Though I sing and dance the live-long day,
Without even thinking of spring. (*Exeunt.*)

Small boy :

" Old Winter is coming ; alack ! alack !
How icy and cold is he !
He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy white sack ;
The trees he has laden till ready to crack ;
He whistles his trills with wonderful knack,
For he come from a cold country.

A funny old fellow is Winter, I know,
A merry old fellow is he;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue;
He counts all our fingers and pinches them too;
Our toes he gets hold of through stocking and shoe,
For a funny old fellow is he.

A cunning old fellow is winter, they say—
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in the crevices night and day
To see how we're passing our time away.
And mark all our doings from sober to gay;
I'm afraid he's peeping at me." (*Exit.*)

(*Winter comes in, long coat, covered with snow, snow on head.*)

Boy:

"I am the winter, cold!
With sleet and snow my head is always covered.
Indeed I am a very sturdy one,
And lasting stuff I'm made of;
My flesh is hard as iron-stone,
There's nothing I'm afraid of.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little do I care.
I don't like fire, nor yet the spring,
And summer, I can't bear.

My home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen,
My summer-house, you understand,
In Switzerland I've chosen.

Now, from the North I've hurried here,
To show my strength and power;
And when I come, just stand aside,
And look at me, and cower."

Five little girls dressed in brown:

1. We saw him hop cheerily into the snow,
Brave little barefoot Brownie—
As if snow were the warmest thing below,
And as cosey as it is downy.

2. "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" he said,
And he winked with his eye so cheery.
"For somebody's left some crumbs of bread,
So my prospects are not all dreary.

3. "And what's a cold toe, when I've got a whole suit,
Of the cunningest warm brown feathers?
I don't care if I haven't a shoe to my foot;
I'm a bird, sir, for all sorts of weathers.

4. "I don't fly away at the first touch of frost,
Like some of your high-toned birds;
I don't think everything's ruined and lost,
When the wind mutters threatening words.

5 "I don't care!" he chirped; "I don't care! I don't care!
It might be a great deal colder;
But I'm a birdie that knows no fear,
Old Winter but makes me bolder!"

All together:

Remember us then, in the cold winter days,
And throw us some crumbs from your table,
Then we sparrows will sing you our merriest lays,
And better ones when we are able. (*Exeunt.*)

Five boys enter.

1. Old Winter's as kind as kind can be,
And brings us such heaps of fun;
Suppose we crown him, and make him king,
To-day when our lessons are done.

2. All right, say I; (3), and I; (4), and I.
5. But how shall we do it's the thing;
1. O! I know how, just leave it to me;—
I know how to crown a King. (*Leave in haste.*)

(*Old Winter appears again, as a snow man, old hat on, changes his tone to one of entreaty, raises his hand.*)

"Snow! snow! pure white snow,
Over the fields thy covering throw,
Gently as lilies shed their leaves,
When summer days are fair,
Dear, feathery snow, come floating down

Like blossoms in the air;
And over the world like angel's wings,
Unfolding soft and white,
Come, cover up the cold, bare earth,
And fill the land with light."

Small girl and boy.

Girl:

"Little white feathers; filling the air,
Little white feathers! how came you there?"

Boy:

"We come from the cloud-birds sailing so high,
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

Girl:

"Little white feathers! how swift you go!
Little white feathers! I love you so!"

Boy:

"We're swift because we have work to do;
Now hold up your face, and we'll kiss you true."

(*Exeunt.*)

Four little girls come skipping in.

1. "Snow, snow, everywhere,
On the ground and in the air,
In the fields and in the lanes,
On the roof and window panes.

2. Snow, snow, everywhere,
Making common things look rare,
Stones beside the garden walks,
Broken sticks and cabbage stalks.

3. Snow, snow, everywhere,
Dressing up the trees so bare,
Resting on each fir-tree bough,
Till it bends a plume of snow.

All together:

All the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the fields the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast;

All the mountain brooks are still,
Nor a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny murmuring rill
(*Slower*) Is frozen fast."

(*Exeunt.*)

Boy:

"A silly young cricket accustomed to sing,
Through the warm sunny months of the summer and spring,
Began to complain when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter had come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree;
'Oh! what will become,' said the cricket, 'of me?'

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
A shelter from rain;
And a mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
And repay it to-morrow;
If not he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, 'I'm your servant and friend;
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?' Said the cricket, 'not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night.
For all nature looked gay.'
'You sang, sir, you say?
Go then,' said the ant, 'and dance winter away.'
Thus ending, he hastily opened the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket."

(*Exit.*)

A New Year's Exercise.

By Le Roy Bates.

(*Preparation.*--Make wreaths and other ornamental designs of pressed autumn leaves, grains, and grasses. Do not use green, such as arbor vitæ, cedars, and other evergreens. Procure a sheaf of wheat or oats or both, and a sickle or scythe. Place these in prominent and tasteful positions about the platform, and in such a manner that they can be easily removed. A little white cotton might be used to represent snow. In a conspicuous place among the decorations place the number 1895, made of white. This will readily be understood as representing the old year.)

PART I.

1. Song.—

"THE MEETING."

Welcome, welcome, welcome is this meeting,
Which with joy has filled each breast;
Friends, accept our honest greeting,
Welcome here to every guest;
Life has not a greater treasure
Than the friends whose love we gain;
Absence pains, but sweeter's pleasure,
When at last we meet again.

Chorus:

Welcome, welcome, now we all rejoice,
With cheerful heart and voice;
May we ever thus unite together,
And only part to meet again.

Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful be each fellow,
Met a pleasant hour to spend;
Let the song be sweet and mellow,
Here in harmony we blend;
Life is ever worth enjoying,
With a friend whose heart is true;
Care, begone, no more, no more annoying,
Friendship, here we treasure you.

Chorus:

(Music can be found on page 92 of "The Nightingale.")

2. *Let the entire school repeat in concert:*

"Time is the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition; the salutary counsellor of the wise, but the stern corrector of fools. Wisdom walks before it,

opportunity with it, and repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that hath made it his enemy will have but little to hope from his friends."

—*Lacon.*

3. READING.—*By a little boy.*

"TO-MORROW."

A bright little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young—this little elf—
With troublesome questions to vex himself,
But for many days a thought would rise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies;
"Mother,"—O word that makes the home!—
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up and its day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joy came fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night,
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come, he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted ;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said ;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but never is here."

4. RECITATION.—*By a girl.*

"TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW."

If fortune, with a smiling face,
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up ?—
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must ?—
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those who wrong us own their fault,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive ?—
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare ?—
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just ?—
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weight his breach of faith ?
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay :—
We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear,
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

5. ESSAY.—*By a boy.*

"SNOW."

Outline: 1. Crystals. (Have drawings of them previously placed on the board to illustrate.) 2. It protects plants and roots. 3. It is a mantle of charity covering up rubbish. 4. Its beauty in the sun. 5. The pleasures of sleighing; of coasting; of snowballing. 6. Incidents or anecdotes.

6. RECITATION.—

NEW YEAR SONG.

They say that the Year is old and gray,
  That his eyes are dim with sorrow;
But what care we, though he pass away?
  For the New Year comes to-morrow.
No sighs have we for the roses fled,
  No tears for the vanished summer;
Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead,
  To welcome the glad newcomer.

He brings us a gift from the beautiful land
  We see, in our rosy dreaming,
Where the wonderful castles of fancy stand
  In magical sunshine gleaming.
Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer,
  With never a thought of sorrow;
The old goes out, but the glad young year
  Comes merrily in to-morrow.

—*Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.*

7. MUSIC.—

8. RECITATION.—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
  The flying cloud, the frosty light,
  The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die,

Ring out the old, ring in the new.
  Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

9. THE OLD YEAR.—

The white dawn glimmered, and he said, "'Tis day?"
The east was reddening, and he sighed, "Farewell!"
The herald sun came forth, and he was dead.

Life was in all his veins but yesternoon,
And ruddy health seemed laughing on his lips;
Now he is dust, and will not breathe again!

Give him a place to lay his regal head,
Give him a tomb beside his brother's grave,
Give him a tablet for his deeds and name!

Hear the new voice that claims the vacant throne,
Take the new hand outstretched to meet thy kiss;
But give the Past—'tis all thou canst—thy tears!

—*James T. Fields.*

10. READING.—*By a little girl.*

"THE FIFTEEN FAIRIES."

Aunt Nellie sat thinking. It was only a week until Christmas, and she had nothing ready for her little niece who lived in a distant city.

At last with a look of relief she said: "I have thought of something! I know it will please her."

She then wrote a letter to Mary's Mamma and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On New Year's morning Mary opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay upon her pillow. By the side of it was a tiny note which read as follows:

"Dear Mary: I am one of fifteen fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from Aunt Nellie."

"O how nice!" said Mary. "What a funny Auntie; always doing something different from other people."

Wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began to dress.

She found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each of her stockings, two of Aunt Nellie's fairies were in her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but in the purse was a bigger fairy than had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! She kept calling Mamma in, and how they laughed over each new fairy that appeared.

At breakfast, she was served first to a silver quarter,—another shone in her glass of water.

She wondered if the chicken and roll would turn into silver when she began to eat them.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies! but she hunted in vain for the other five.

Fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out of her napkin, and its silver mate came with the dessert.

Mary spent a happy afternoon, planning what to buy with her fairies. Some of them should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Tommy Smith.

She would carry a basket of frosted cakes to poor blind Ann, and a pretty doll to a little lame girl round the corner.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk. When she felt in the pocket of her dress for her mittens, she found, instead, a fairy. Another peeped out from the bow on her hat in a laughable way.

That night at supper a little cake was placed before Mary's plate, and fairy number fourteen came near being eaten, but appeared just in time to be saved from such a fate.

The last of Aunt Nellie's fairies was resting quietly on her pillow when she went to bed.

Early next morning Mary turned her fairies into the queerest-shaped bundles, and her big basket was quite full.

What fun she had in giving away her presents!

"Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the little lame girl whom she had made so happy with her first doll.

So many hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Nellie's fifteen fairies.

11. RECITATION.—*By a young lady.*

"THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR."

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church bell sad and low,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,

He gave me a friend, a true, true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;

So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own;
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps! the light burns low!
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die;
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin
Alack! our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

As soon as this young lady has finished, she should take up the sickle and sheaf of grain, and bear it from the room. Other pupils should immediately follow with all the other decorations.

PART II.

(*Preparation.*—A quantity of roped evergreen, evergreen wreaths, bouquets of flowers (artificial, if real cannot be had), eight or a dozen silvery-toned bells. A black banner having a maroon or purple border, and on the banner in white letters, "Happy New Year." These letters may be cut from cardboard and covered with white cotton flannel. In a prominent place hang the number 1896 made of green. This will represent the new year.)

1. *Let there be a ringing of bells in the anteroom for one minute.*

2. *Let a procession enter the room bearing the decorations with the banner at the head and all ringing bells.*

3. *Arrange the decorations.*

4. *Boy says:*

Clash, clash; peal the bells;
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be,
Sing the joy-bells gleefully;
Golden hours and days we give—
Hours and days in which to live,
In the ways of truth and right,
So the bells peal forth with might,
Heralding a future bright;
Clash, clash, peal the bells.

—*G. Weatherby.*

5. *Let the boy bearing the banner stand in the central front of the platform with others about him, and sing the following to the tune of "Hallelujah, 'tis Done," Gospel Hymns No. 1, page 2:*

On this joyous, long-looked-for, most welcome of days,
We salute you, we greet you, with banner and song.

Chorus.—

Happy new year to you, happy new year to you
May the God of all mercies give blessings anew.

Let the sorrows and burdens of days that are past,
Be forgot by you all in the joys of to-day.

Chorus.—

May our Father vouchsafe his most bountiful care.
To protect you and grant you a prosperous year.

Chorus.—

The Child and the Snowflakes.

By GRACE E. YORK.

(The following can be made daintily suggestive with a little pains. The "snowflakes" should be dressed in white. They should also be festooned all over with half-inch strips of white cotton cloth, ravelled on both edges almost to the centre. Great quantities of this material will be needed, and its preparation may occupy the children both at home and as "busy work" in school. The festooning should be continued out to the hands, and ends of the fringe should dangle from the finger tips. High caps made of bonnet-wire and festooned with the fringe should crown the heads. The hair should be concealed under white skull-caps, and the eyebrows powdered white. While the "snowflakes" are reciting, they should wave their outstretched arms very gently up and down, to give the effect of falling snow. They should stand in a row, diagonally facing the audience, the smallest at the front of the stage. From three to six "snowflakes" should take part. They should recite and sing in concert, with great clearness and *in exceedingly soft voices.*)

Child:

Pretty white flakes of falling snow,
Whence do you come, and whither go?

Snowflakes:

From our cloudland home we have come to-day,

Child:

Pretty white flakes, you have run away.

Snowflakes:

That is true, little girl,—beyond a doubt
The cloud door opened and we slipped out.
Then, lest the sun should carry us back,
Swiftly we ran o'er the wonderful track,
That leads from the sky straight down to earth,
Where a long time ago we had our birth.

Child:

Were you born on the earth, little flakes of snow?
You have no wings to fly—then how could you go

'Way up to the clouds that seem so far,
And come back again—each a pretty white star?

Snowflakes:

A part of the sea's blue wave were we,
Rolling about so wild and free,
Till the sun bent down and dipped us up,
And carried us off in his shining cup;
Then each drop floated now low, now high,
Till together we made a cloud in the sky.

And larger and stronger we grew till to-day
We found the door open and ran away.
Swiftly we came from the sky's blue dome,
Till we passed Jack Frost in his frozen home.
And he touched the mist as it hurried by,
Till it seemed white stars from an icy sky.

Now, here we are back on the earth once more,
A pretty white quilt to cover it o'er,
And to keep it warm till the winds of spring
Shall once more the grass and the blossoms bring.

SONG.

(Tune: "Lightly Row.")

Flutt'ring down! Flutt'ring down,
On the branches bare and brown,
Over all, over all,
See the snowflakes fall.
Light as feathers in the air,
Dancing, dancing, here and there;
Winter's bees, winter's bees,
Swarm upon the trees.

Stars of snow! Stars of snow!
Dropping to the earth below,
From the sky, from the sky,
See the snow-stars fly.
Light as feathers in the air,
Dancing, dancing, here and there;
Winter's bees, winter's bees,
Swarm upon the trees.

Little Miss Wonder and the Snow.

By E. L. BENEDICT.

(Little Miss Wonder is represented by a small girl in an odd white cap and gown, with loose hair falling around her shoulders. She wanders into the room where the children are sitting (they may be seated on the platform or in their seats, with books before them), sinks slowly into a chair and leans on the table or desk, in front of her, looking up at the ceiling with a dreamy air.)

Little Miss Wonder :

I've heard strange things told about *snow*,
And I would so much like to know
If what I've heard is truly so.
(*Turns to small girl before her :*)
Little girl, will you tell me
What this thing called *snow* may be?

1*st answer :*

Snow is a pure white robe that's spread
About the living and above the dead.
—*Louise Hopkins.*

2*d answer :*

Snow is made of frail white things
Dropped, I guess, from fairies' wings,
Or else it's souls of summer flowers
Coming down in winter showers.

3*d answer :*

Faintly the snow-flakes whisper,
As down through the trees they wing,
"We are the ghosts of the blossoms
That died in the early spring."
—*Adapted from Richard Kendall Munkittrick.*

Little Miss Wonder :

But where do they come from? Do you know
Of any place where snow-flakes grow?

1*st answer :*

The clouds, from out their floating skirts,
Shake down on earth the feathery snow.

2*d answer :*

Down out of cloud-land,
Down from the star-land,
Down into our land,
Comes the white snow.

3d answer :

Falling all the night-time,
Falling all the day,
Softly come the snow-flakes
From the far-away.
—*Adapted from John Vance Cheney.*

4th answer :

Over all the dreary Northland,
Mighty Peboan, the winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,
One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hand had smoothed them over.
—*Longfellow.*

Little Miss Wonder :

You say it's all in tiny crumbs,—
Won't you tell me *how* it comes ?

1st answer :

Silently, upon the frosty air
The scattered snow-flakes flutter here and there,
And skip and dance like fairies in their play,
Poising awhile, then frolicking away.
—*Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.*

2d answer :

The feathery snow-flakes slowly fly,
In many a mazy circle, round and round,
Like some poor bird, that, soaring far on high,
With heart convulsive feels the deadly wound,
And wings his helpless flight reluctant to the ground
—*Charles Turner Dazy.*

3d answer :

Softly—with delicate softness—as the light
Quickens in the early east, and silently—
With breathless silence—as the stealing dawn
Dapples the floating clouds, slow fall, slow fall,
With indecisive motion eddying down,
The white-winged flakes, calm as the sleep of sound,
Dim as a dream. —*David Gray.*

4th answer:

Over the landscape dreary and forsaken,
Like some thin veil by unseen fingers shaken,
The snow comes softly hovering through the air
Flake after flake, increasing threads of white,
Weaving in misty mazes everywhere,
Till forest, field, and hill are shut from sight.
—*Charles Lotin Hildreth.*

5th answer:

And now they faster fall, the biting air
Is filled with crystals on their downward flight,
Wrapping the face of nature, drear and bare,
With one wide mantle of pure spotless white.
—*Charles Turner Dazy.*

6th answer:

Look in what fantastic showers
The snow flings down her feathered flowers,
Or whirls about in crazy glee
Against the dark green holly-tree.
—*Bryan Waller Procter.*

7th answer:

Like mimic meteors the snow
In silence out of heaven sifts,
And wanton winds that wail and blow
Pile them into mountain drifts.
—*Adapted from Frank Dempster Sherman.*

8th answer:

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond the misty veil;
Some hover awhile in the air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
—*Bryant.*

9th answer:

Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way.
—*Ibid.*

10th answer:

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud dim and gray,

Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady song.
—*Ibid.*

11th answer :

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Comes Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails are softened to swan's down,
And still flutters down the snow.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

Little Miss Wonder :

It must make things look very strange.
Pray tell me something of this change.

1st answer :

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wear ermine too deep for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Is ridged inch deep with pearl.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

2d answer :

The hills that were so bare
Are robed in dazzling garments, pure and fair ;
The trees seem blossoming in some strange way ;
And when the fleecy shower of white subsides,
A wondrous transformation then appears !
The barren ground from sight so closely hides
Beneath that stainless spread, it almost seems
As though we gaze upon the land of dreams.
—*Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.*

3d answer :

The mailed sleet is driving
Relentless through the air;
The trees, as if for shriving,
Bend low like monks at prayer.
—*Clinton Scollard.*

4th answer :

The beech is bare, and bare the ash,
The thickets white below ;
The fir-tree scowls with hoar mustache,
He cannot sing for snow.
—*Bayard Taylor.*

5th answer:

The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the storm,
And zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
—*Whittier.*

6th answer:

O'er far horizon-lines, the mountains lift
Their crags against the cold, unfathomed sky,
. . . . . .
Like monuments of centuries passed by.
—*Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.*

7th answer:

All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own;
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle. —*Whittier.*

8th answer:

Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim,
Deep drifts smother the paths below;
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow.

Dimly out of the baffled sight
Houses and church-spires stretch away;
The trees, all spectral and still and white,
Stand up like ghosts in the failing light,
And fade and faint with the blinded day.

Down from the roofs in gusts are hurled
The eddying drifts to the waste below;
And still is the banner of storm unfurled,
Till all the drowned and desolate world
Lies dumb and white in a trance of snow.

Slowly the shadows gather and fall,
Still the whispering snow-flakes beat;
Night and darkness are over all:
Rest, pale city, beneath their pall!
Sleep, white world, in thy winding-sheet!

—*Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

Little Miss Wonder:

All this is very strange, if true;
But what's snow for? what does it do?

1st answer:

Without the snow, no snow-birds;
And without their throats to sing,
How could we waste the winter
Or hope to have a spring?

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

2d answer:

Snow hides the cotes that harbor
The wary wrens in spring,
And o'er the viny arbor
Throws up a marble ring.

—*Adapted from Clinton Scollard.*

3d answer:

When snow recommences
It buries the fences;
They mark out no longer
The road o'er the plain.

—*Adapted from Longfellow.*

4th answer:

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night

Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

5th answer :

The feather-silent snow
Thickens the air with strange delight and lays
A fairy carpet on the barren lea.
—*David Gray.*

6th answer :

With ceaseless flutter from the leaden sky
Come feathery flakes, till not a single bush,
Or tuft, or hillock through its covering shows;
But still and white and silent all around,
The landscape lies beneath a shroud of snow.
—*A. H. Baldwin.*

7th answer :

Beneath a golden atmosphere
The twinkling crystals of the starry snow,
Like rainbow-flashing diamonds, pure and clear,
For miles outspread, set all the fields aglow.
—*E. W. Shurtleff.*

Little Miss Wonder :

Won't you please answer me one question more?
Where does snow go to when winter is o'er?

Answer :

Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour;
There blooms the snow,
In the heart of the flower.
—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Wind in Winter

BY MARY W. RAYMOND.

(Select a very small child from the primary department for the first recitation. Group six older pupils at one side of the platform. Let some brisk selection be given on the piano like the "Qui Vive Galop," and while the last bar is sounding the little girl must enter running. She stops suddenly and begins, "I am the wind." At the second verse she lowers her voice, speaking very distinctly, however. At the third verse, "And then out so loud all at once I can roar," she raises her voice to suit the words, emphasizing "I can roar." After repeating the first verse she runs off.)

I am the wind
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

Sometimes I am soft
As a sweet, gentle child;
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild;

And then out so loud
All at once I can roar,
If you wish to be quiet,
Close window and door.

I am the wind
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast. —*Selected.*

(One of the pupils at the side of the platform steps to the centre and repeats :)

On the wind in February
Snowflakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
Nipping, dripping, chill.
Then the thaws swell the streams,
And swollen rivers swell the sea;
If the winter ever ends,
How pleasant it will be.
—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

(Four others follow, each giving a verse of "The North Wind," and then together speaking the last verse. A good deal of drilling is necessary to make the words spoken in concert intelligible to the audience; but it is effective when well done and worth effort.)

First pupil :

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

Second pupil :

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh! do you not know that he's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours?—poor thing!

Third pupil :

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

Fourth pupil:

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball, in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

Together:

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done, they'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!

(The concluding recitation needs just the right kind of boy to give it with "snap." He must know the words perfectly, and talk them to his audience, and make every one see the picture the poet has in his mind. At the close have a second piano piece suitable to the theme.)

What way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come and whither he goes
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in a cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock,
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and there you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
—But let him range round; he does us no harm;
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath, see, the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
—Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door—and we'll not let him in,
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a cosey warm house for Edward and me.

William Wordsworth.

Who is It?

(Recitation for a girl or boy in the primary department.)

Some one has been in the garden,
Nipping the flowers so fair;
All the green leaves are withered:
Now, who do you think has been there?

Some one has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut-burs:
Who is it dropping the chestnuts,
Whenever a light wind stirs?

Some one has been at the windows,
Marking on every pane;
Who made those glittering pictures
Of lacework and fir-trees and grain?

Some one is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal:
Who is it? Can you tell me who?

While his good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate?

Let him work on : we are ready ;
Not much for our fun does it cost !
Three cheers for the bridge he is making !
And three, with a will, for Jack Frost !

Beginning the Year.

(These selections have been chosen for older pupils to memorize and recite during the first week in the New Year. The teacher should give a short talk on ethics as an introduction.)

Days come and go
In joy or woe ;
Days go and come
In endless sum.
Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go ;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb, but flow.
—*Bonar.*

Throw a pebble in the stream,
See the widening circles gleam !
Each one clasps a sunny beam.

Do a kindly deed, and shining
Influence opens round it, twining
In each curve a heavenly lining.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

The smallest matter thou canst well perform ;
The smallest ill.
Of naught but little things
A day is filled, all days are filled,

Our life is filled; therefore do not wait
To use thy wisdom and thy power of will,
Till the great things with sound of trumpet come;
On everything bestow thy ardent zeal,
Thy love, thy faith, thy courage, and thy all.

—*From the German.*

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
And spite of all sorrow and spite of sinning,
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The kindly deeds which long ago
Cast o'er our lives a crimson glow,
Do linger in our memory still,
And oft our hearts with pleasure thrill.

Sweet courtesies and favors lend
To life a charm which hath no end;
No kindliness is ever lost,
E'en though but little it has cost.

—*Dora Donn.*

Dost do a good deed,
Do it thoroughly well;
  Leaving no part half undone,
For some other to pick out
The half of thy task,
  And share half the victory won.

The task that is wrought
In a half-souled way
  Is never completely done;
So do with thy might
What lieth in sight,
  For so is life's victory won.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part.
And when, or where, or how we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good Night;" but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me "Good Morning."

—*Anna Lætitia Barbauld.*

Be bold, be firm, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone.
Strike for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there be none.

Strike for the right, and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

Those who have thought, and felt, and prayed,
But could not singly dare
The battle's brunt, yet by thy side
Will ever danger share.

—*Mrs. Francis Dana Gage.*

Let's oftener talk of nobler deeds,
And rarer of the bad days;
And sing about our happy ones,
And none about the sad days.
We are not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world,
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This world's what we make it.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the "law of kindness" still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the ears that will not hear
Detraction's envious tale;
'Tis only through the list'ning ear
That falsehood can prevail.

Blest be the heart that knows no guile,
That feels no wish unkind,
Forgetting provocation, while
Good deeds are kept in mind.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

—*Marion Bernstein.*

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

Who are the nobles of the earth,
The true aristocrats,
Who need not bow their heads to lords,
Nor doff to kings their hats?
Who are they but the men of toil,
The mighty and the free,
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
And compass all the sea?

Who are they but the men of toil
Who cleave the forest down,
And plant, amid the wilderness,
The hamlet and the town.
Who fight the battles, bear the scars,
And give the world its crown
Of name, and fame, and history,
And pomp of old renown?

These claim no gaud of heraldry,
And scorn the knightly rod;
Their coats of arms are noble deeds,
Their peerage is from God!
They take not from ancestral graves
The glory of their name,
But win, as once their fathers won,
The laurel wreath of fame.

—*Stewart*

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn!

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, faith, and love,—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges fiercest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base;
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To each other's failings as your own,
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known;

For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare:
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea;
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or nought to me;
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—*Wm. Andrew Sigourney.*

In March.

(Two primary children may each recite a verse of the following:)

First child:

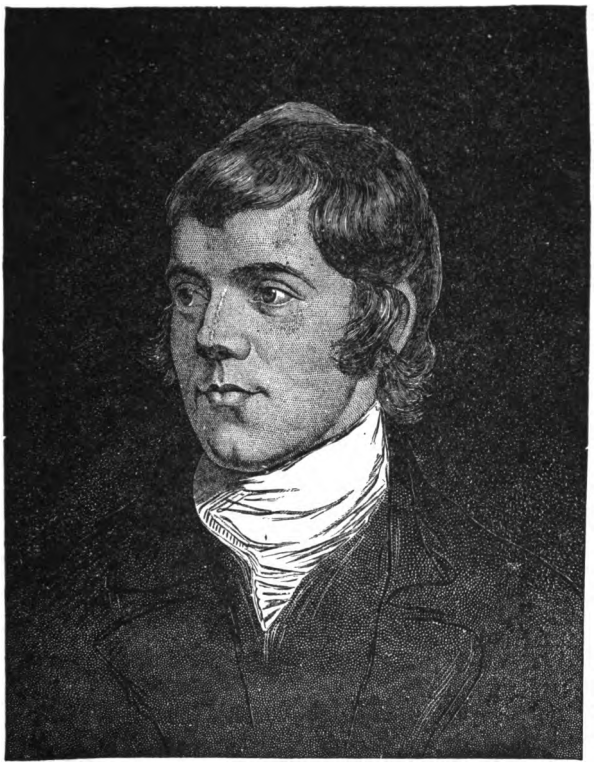
The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter
The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Second child:

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated.
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill :
The ploughboy is whooping—
Anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

William Wordsworth.



The Poet Peasant of Scotland.

By Alice M. Kellogg.

(A diversified and entertaining program can be given in the school-room on the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, January 25. The names of Scotland and Burns are closely intertwined in historical and literary interest, and will together furnish a variety of instructive and pleasing exercises. The Scotch plaid should be introduced in decorating the teacher's desk and walls; Scotch melodies be interspersed between the recitations; photographs and engravings of Scotch scenery should be exhibited and talked about, and a portrait or bust of Burns be given a prominent position.

The following arrangement has been devised as a help for the different school grades. It is not meant for a cut-and-dried performance. Rather let each teacher plan his own program, using the outlines for inspiration in composition work with his pupils.)

1. *Piano selection or march,* "Tam O'Shanter."

2. *Introductory talk by the teacher telling why Burns is remembered.*

(*Outline:* Before Robert Burns sang his songs, the peasant life of Scotland had never been glorified in such verse, nor its trials and sorrows, its wants and joys, told by one who had felt them as Burns had. An eminent English writer, J. C. Shairp, says: "His poetry was not only the interpreter of Scotland's peasantry—it was the restorer of her nationality. But his sympathies were not confined to class nor country; they had something more universal in them; they reached to universal man . . . His songs appeal to all ranks, they touch all ages, they cheer toil-worn men under every clime. It is this which forms Burns' most enduring claim on the world's gratitude.")

3. *Unveiling of portrait or bust, and presentation.*

4. *Concert recitation of a "Burns Motto."* (A quotation should be chosen and committed to memory the day before.)

O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.
—*Cotter's Saturday Night.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.
—*Tam O'Shanter.*

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned.

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley.
An' la'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman:
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us.

The passing moment's all we rest on.

A few days may—a few years must,
Repose us in the silent dust.

Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.

Content and love bring peace and joy—
What mair have queens upon a throne?

5. *Vocal solo*, "My love is like a red, red rose." (Contributed, perhaps, by a visitor.)

6. "*The Poet's Childhood.*" (Read or spoken by a primary pupil.)

(*Outline:* He was the son of a poor farmer who lived near Ayr, and was born January 25, 1759. When only a few days old "a blast of Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin," and they had to run with him to another hut for shelter.

There were a number of children in the Burns family, and each took his share of the hard work, which for a number of years scarcely enabled them to keep a shelter over their heads. The father taught them to love good reading; and it is told by a visitor, who reached the house at meal-time, that the family was found at the table each with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. He was sent to the school at Alloway Mill, which was taught by a teacher of uncommon merit. The books used were a spelling-book, the New Testament, the Bible, Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse, and Fisher's English Grammar. At the age of eleven he was said to be "a critic in nouns, verbs, and particles." After this he was instructed by his father, save a short time spent in Ayr school.)

7. *Anecdotes of his boyhood.* (Recited by pupils.)

(*Outline:* Robert had very little spare time for reading, but when he drove the cart he glanced every now and then at a book which he carried in his pocket, or read on his way to work. A favorite with him was a collection of poems, which he devoured line by line, noting carefully each turn of thought and expression. At

school he was an earnest worker, but his teacher thought his elder brother Gilbert the brighter of the two, and years afterwards said :

"To my mind, Gilbert promised more for a poet than Robert, when they were mere boys at school."

When Robert was fifteen years old he wrote his first poem, "My Nannie, O." After he left school he made some acquaintances that did him no good, and caused his father to say sadly, on his dying bed :

"There is one of my children for whose future I fear."

Robert turned to the window to hide his tears, as he answered :

"O father, is it me you mean ?")

8. *Recitation by a girl in the grammar grade*, "Highland Mary."

(Highland Mary is said by some to have been Burns' first sweetheart. As she was expecting soon to be wedded to Burns, she went to visit her kin in Argyleshire. She met Burns for the last time on a Sunday in May. It was a lovely day, and standing one on one side and one on the other of a small brook, and holding a Bible between them, they promised to be true to each other forever. On the journey, Mary fell sick and died. She is the subject of "Highland Mary," and "To Mary in Heaven.")

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There summer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
And there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder ;
But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps My Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !

And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

9. *His boyhood.* (Composition by a boy in the grammar department.)

(*Outline:* At fourteen Burns had made a good many rhymes. He continued to work at the plough on his father's farm. One day when working with the reapers,—he and a maid together, as was the custom—the maid sang a Scotch ballad. Robin was so pleased with the singer and the song, that he said he would make a ballad if she would sing it. The maiden said she would try, and so his first beginning, "O, once I loved a bonnie lass," was written. When Robert was eighteen his father grew old and feeble; the farm proved unprofitable, and the family sought another home. They suffered greatly from pecuniary difficulties, the soil was unproductive, the cattle died, and the landlord's agent wrote threatening letters. The character of this agent is drawn in the "Tale of the Twa Dogs," one of his best poems.)

10. *Recitation by a boy.*

THE TWA DOGS.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs.
The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roaring billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him.

(The two dogs are represented as having a long conversation. Cæsar talks about the ways of rich people, and Luath about the poor, their sources of enjoyment, etc.)

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care but little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' monie a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp, an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink;
They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're 'ay in less or mair provided,
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives,
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.

11. *Piano solo.* (Scotch melodies or variations on a Scotch air.)

12. *His manhood.* (Composition by an older pupil.)

(*Outline:* With a weak will and violent passions Robert Burns's life was a succession of inconsistent acts; one moment generous and noble, the next sinking in the opposite extreme. After writing some poems that proved to be among his best works, Burns determined to get away from the scene of his youthful follies, and accepted a position as book-keeper, in the West Indies. His friends procured enough subscriptions for his poems to pay for publishing them, and leave something over for Burns to pay his passage money, but just as he was

ready to leave he received so much encouragement from the press and through letters from strangers that he concluded to go to Edinburgh and seek his fortune. There he spent two winters, received into the best literary circles, and lionized by society.

But there was another side to his character which the lower class of Edinburgh knew—his love for the taverns, where coarse, ill-spoken men met to spend the nights in wild carousing.

Burns returned to his home in the country, married and settled in Dumfries, where he tried to support his family on a farm. In 1791 he left his farm and accepted an appointment as exciseman in the town of Dumfries. This was the beginning of his downward career, for he fell into bad company and became intemperate. He still continued to write, however, and many of his best poems were composed while fulfilling the duty of exciseman.)

13. *Reading by an older pupil.* A selection from "Tam o' Shanter." (Burns composed many of his poems at white heat. This was written in one day; and was the last of his long poems.)

(Have the pupil read the whole poem some time before the exercise, and, before reciting the stanzas below, give the plot of the poem.)

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle[1], bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats[2], that drank divinely.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And 'ay the ale was growing better;
The storm without might rair[3] and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd.
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg;

1. fireplace. 2. frothing ale. 3. roar.

Tam skelpit[1] on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning[2] o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze.
Meg ventured forward on the light,
And now ! Tam saw an unco' sight,—
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France.
A winnock-bunker i' the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast.
A towzie tyke[3], black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in his cauld hand held a light.
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
Till first ae caper, syne[4] anither.
Tam his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty sark! "
And in an instant a' was dark ;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig ;
But ere the keystane she could make
The fient a tail she had to shake :
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle.[5]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle:
A spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed,—
Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,

1. rode with careless speed. 2. humming. 3. a rough dog.
4. then. 5. attempt.

Think! ye may buy the joys ow're dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare!

14. *His last days.* (Described by an older pupil.)

(*Outline:* In January 1796 he was seized with rheumatic fever, which left him almost helpless. In the summer he was removed to the country, where he wrote his last song, "Fairest Maid on Devon's Banks." In July he was brought back to Dumfries, where he died July 21, aged thirty-seven years, six months. A touching incident is told of the regard in which he was held. As he lay dying, the street was crowded with workingmen, many of them weeping. When asked what was the matter, they sobbed, "Robbie Burns is deein, Robbie Burns is deein.")

15. *Vocal duet:* "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast." (One of the loveliest of his songs, and among the last he wrote.)

16. *His grave.* (Composition by a grammar-grade pupil.)

(*Outline:* He was buried in St. Michael's churchyard, at Dumfries. No one at the time thought it worth while to mark the spot with a stone, but some loving hand planted the grave with Scotch thistles, and cared for them. Years afterward his remains were removed to a beautiful mausoleum of Sicilian marble, which was unveiled in 1881. The poet is represented as sitting easily on an old tree root, holding in his left hand a cluster of daisies. His face is turned toward the right shoulder, and the eyes gaze into the distance. Near by lie a collie dog, a broad bonnet half covering a well-thumbed song-book, and a rustic flageolet. The inscription reads: "The poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha — at the plough, and threw his inspiring mantle over me.")

17. *Recitation by a boy:* "Bannockburn." (This was composed in the midst of a thunderstorm on the wilds of Kenmore.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave!
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

18. *His appearance and characteristics.* (Composition by a boy.)

(*Outline:* He was a little above the medium height, strong, and well knit; his face manly and intelligent, and his large, dark eyes full of mind. His manner was free from affectation and he was powerful in conversation, although apt to give his opinions with more decision than politeness. Scott describes him as "strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments, but the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character. It was large and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling. I never saw such an eye in a human being." He was a thorough Scotchman, warm-hearted, patriotic, very friendly, even to the little animals and flowers; is said to have been very generous. He was shrewd and clear-sighted at discovering faults and virtues in individuals or classes of society. He was observing of everything in nature, but saw in it some lesson relating to man. On the other hand, he was reckless, fickle, and fond of conviviality, and lacked strength of character.)

19. *Reading by eleven pupils.* (From "The Cotter's Saturday Night.")

Teacher: Repeat the stanza that describes the close of day.

First pupil:

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh[1],
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

Teacher: Describe the cotter's welcome.

Second pupil:

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.
The expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher[2] thro'
To meet their dad wi' flicterin[3] noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle[4] blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, casking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Teacher: What is said of the elder children?

Third pupil:

Belyve[5] the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[6] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bran-new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be,

Teacher: Describe the family gathering.

Fourth pupil:

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers[7];
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;

---

[1] rushing noises. [2] stagger. [3] fluttering. [4] fire-place.
[5] by and by. [6] carefully [7] to inquire.

Each tells the uncos[1] that he sees and hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view ;
The mother wi' her needle an' her shears
Gars[2] auld claes look amaist[3] as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Teacher : What admonition does the father give them ?

Fifth pupil :

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[4] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
An' oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might,
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !

Teacher : Describe the supper.

Sixth pupil :

And now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,
The soup their only hawkie[5] does afford,
That 'yont[6] the hallan[7] snugly chows her cud ;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-haned kebbuck[8] fell,
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond[9] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell[9].

Teacher : Describe the family devotions.

Seventh pupil :

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace.
The big ha'-Bible[1], ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart[2] haffets[3] wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[4] a portion with judicious care ;

---

[1] uncommon things. [2] makes. [3] almost [4] diligent. [5] cow.
[6] beyond. [7] the portion wall. [8] well-kept cheese. [9] twelvemonth.
[9] since flax was in the flower. [1] Hall-Bible. [2] gray. [3] temples. [4] selects.

And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

Teacher: Describe the singing.

Eighth pupil:

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beet the heavenward flame,—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

Teacher: Describe the reading.

Ninth pupil:

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.

Teacher: Describe the prayer.

Tenth pupil:

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Teacher: Describe the separation for the night.

Eleventh Pupil:

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,

Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide:
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

20. *Criticisms of Burns.* (Get the pupils to give their own estimate of his life and poems in connection with these selections.)

At the basis of all his power lay absolute truthfulness, intense reality, truthfulness to the objects which he saw, truthfulness to himself as the seer of them.
—*J. S. Blackie.*

Many poets have been poorer than Burns; no one was ever prouder. —*Carlyle.*

In respect of genius, I think it is now universally admitted that our Ayrshire bard has gained for himself, by the number, the variety, and the brilliancy of his productions, a place in the first rank of the great singers of the intellectual world. —*J. S. Blackie.*

Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth,
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth. —*Wordsworth.*

21. *Recitation by a boy,* "For a' That and a' That." (Considered, on the whole, Burns's finest poem.)

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave! we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine:
A man's a man for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that;
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that:
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will, for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

22. *Closing song by the school*, "Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

We twa hae run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
And we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' days of auld lang syne.

We twa hae sported i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' days of auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend;
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus (to be sung after each verse)
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Wintry Weather.

(Recitation for a child in the intermediate grade.)

The hills a robe of ermine wear,
"Like wool," the mantle of the valleys,
And icy lances pierce the air,
With sharp and gusty sallies.

But we forget the wintry day,
For, though it has but just been snowing,
Behind the sombre cloud of gray,
The sunset hues are glowing.

Although the summer bloom has fled,
Of crocus, buttercup, and clover,
We smile to know they are not dead,
But only covered over.

We laugh in Nature's days of storm,
At rain, and wind, and sleet together,
Because we know her heart is warm
In spite of wintry weather.

—*Wolstan Dixey.*

Winter.

(Recitation for a high-school pupil. Or to be used as a reading, with living pictures suggested by the words.)

Orphan Hours, the Year is dead!
Come and sigh! come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead
For the Year is but asleep.
See! it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day,
Solemn Hours, wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud!

As the mild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude Days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps; but, O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The Days of the Week.

BY GRACE YORK.

(This exercise for seven primary girls may be given the first week in the new Year. The cards with the names of the days of the week should be large enough, and the letters printed so distinctly that they may be seen across the school-room. A little attention to appropriate costumes for the girls will bring out the idea more effectively.)

All:

See together, hand in hand,
Seven little ones we stand.
Time, who makes the moments fly,
Dropped us, as he hurried by.

And for aye we must remain,
Each a part of that great chain,
With its golden links, we see
Reaching to Eternity.

So, around the year, we go,
Never fast and never slow;
Each with sure and steady pace,
In her own appointed place.

Sunday :

Straight and prim, of none afraid,
First, I come, a tiny maid,
White hands folded on my breast,
Trying hard to do my best.

Eyes uplifted aye in prayer,
Sunday is the name I bear.
Proof against all pain and loss,
See ! my symbol is a cross.
(*Hold up card with cross.*)

Monday :

Rush and hurry, noise and clatter,
Maids and mistress scold and chatter,
Lowering skies and winds perverse,—
These the tales that *I* rehearse.

These the sad sights in my way,
For I'm Monday—washing-day ;
Day to wash, to rinse and rub,
And for emblem I've a tub. (*Card with tub.*)

Tuesday :

Now the clothes I iron and press,
Apron, kerchief, shirt, and dress ;
Every wrinkle smooth with care,
Let them hang awhile and air.

Fold them then and put away,
Tuesday e'er brings *ironing-day*,
And *my badge*, you understand,
Is this *iron* within my hand.
(*Card with flat-iron.*)

Wednesday :

Each day brings its work, 'tis said;
So, with thimble, needle, thread,
Every rent and every tear,
I must mend and darn with care.

Wednesday—thus I come to you,
Mending is the work *I* do,
And these *scissors* bright of mine
I will bring you for a sign.
(*Card with scissors.*)

Thursday:

Busy housewives, there's *one* day
'Mong the *seven* that come your way,
When with Monday's cares behind
Restful hours you hope to find.

Play with work should mingle too,
So,—fair Thursday meets your view;
On this card, now graved in gold,
For crest a *book* you may behold.
(*Card with book.*)

Friday:

Dame Arachne, careful spinner,
Knows for her I mean no dinner;
With one sweep her work is gone,
'Mong the ruins now forlorn.

See her mourn in spider-way,
Friday—brings you sweeping day;
Then I sweep and dust each room,
And for badge I bring a broom.
(*Card with broom.*)

Saturday:

Last one, I, of all the seven,
That time hath to mortals given,
Mixing-bowl and spoon in hand,
Gently stirring—here I stand.

So I knead and stir away,
For Saturday brings baking day;
Hedged around with many a tin,
And for sign a rolling-pin.
(*Card with rolling-pin.*)

All:

So with work that's never done,
We must follow one by one;
In the great sun's shining track,
And not one day e'er comes back.

Use us wisely, then, and well;
Let the tale that each must tell,
When life's race at last is run,
Be of duties bravely done.

A Dickens Memorial Exercise.

FEBRUARY 7TH.

(The anniversary of the birth of the eminent novelist gives an occasion for the study of his life and works. If there is a collection of his novels to draw upon, the pupils may be assigned certain ones to read and tell about; others may be asked to select portions to read aloud. While a certain amount of material is necessary to use in making a complete study of Dickens' life, the aim should be to create original expression of opinions among the pupils.)

SUGGESTED NUMBERS FOR A PROGRAM.

1. The Story of his Childhood.
2. His Boyhood.
3. Growing to Manhood.
4. What he Wrote.

5. His Appearance and Characteristics.
6. Recitation of "The Ivy Green."
7. Where he Lived.
8. His Family Life.
9. Quotations from his Works.
10. Selected Reading.
11. Questions answered. (These to be given out some days before on the blackboard.)
12. His Last Years, and Death. Describe his funeral and burial-place.
13. Dickens' London. Places he Wrote About.
14. His Friends and Associates among Writers.

Childhood.—The story of David Copperfield's early life is almost an exact copy of Dickens' childhood. He was born in Landport, was a delicate child, fond of reading, and unable to take part in the sports that boys love. He says of himself, "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which I had access, and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' came out a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time."

When Charles was nine years old his father was arrested for debt and put into the Marshalsea prison, where the family followed him, with the exception of Charles and a sister. Dickens described this prison and the life of the prisoners in "Little Dorrit." He found his first employment in a blacking warehouse, where he was associated with rough boys who figured in his books as Bob Fagin. He suffered very greatly on account of these miserable surroundings, and often said that he could never forget those years.

At the age of twelve he was sent to school for two years. A year or two was spent as office-boy to lawyers, and eighteen months in the study of short-

hand. He became a parliamentary reporter. His first attempt at writing for the press was made when he was in his twenty-second year, when the first of the "Sketches by Boz" was printed.

The Novelist.—"Pickwick Papers" appeared in 1836. From this time on the pen was never idle. Novel followed novel at almost regular intervals until his death. "Edwin Drood" was left incomplete, and was finished by a friend.

The Editor.—Dickens' experience as an editor began with the first number of "Household Words," a magazine of general literature. This was succeeded in 1860 by "All The Year Round." Several of his novels ran as serials through these pages. He was very kind to young authors, and many writers date their success from his encouragement.

Personal Appearance.—"He had, indeed, much of the quiet, resolute manner of a captain of a ship. He trod along briskly as he walked; as he listened, his searching eye rested on you, and the nerves of his face quivered, much like those in the delicately-formed nostrils of a finely-bred dog. There was a curl or two in his hair at each side, which was characteristic; and the jaunty way he wore his little morning hat, rather on one side, added to the effect. But when there was anything droll suggested, a delightful sparkle of lurking humor began to kindle and spread to his mouth, so that, even before he uttered anything, you felt that something irresistibly droll was at hand. "He had great strength of will, and a determination if he did a thing at all, to do it thoroughly. Prided himself on his punctuality, always kept his word, loved order, and would not write until everything about his desk and room was in order. Was a temperate liver, fond of walking, an early riser, did his writing in the morning. He despised hypocrisy, and, if his education was limited, he never professed a familiarity with what he knew little or nothing of. He was the poor man's friend, was a careful observer of human nature, a keen de-

tective of wrongs, and had the courage to assail those wrongs.

His Home.—His home at Gad's Hill is described by Hans Christian Andersen: "It was a fine new house, with red walls and four low windows, and a jutting entrance supported by pillars; in the gable a large window. A dense hedge of cherry-laurel surrounded the house, in front of which extended a neat lawn, and on the opposite side rose two mighty cedars of Lebanon, whose crooked branches spread their green far over another large lawn surrounded by ivy and wild vines. . . . My bedroom was the perfection of a sleeping apartment; the view across the Kentish hills, with a distant peep of the Thames, charming. . . . There are magnificent specimens of Newfoundland dogs on the ground, such animals as Landseer would love to paint. One of these seems to be a favorite with Dickens."

Characteristics of Writings.—His works have a purpose, they aim at reform. The style is mocking argument. Detects all the faults and weaknesses, and holds them up in a ludicrous light. Unsurpassed in delineation of character, gives beautiful portrayals of child-life. The characters are taken from the middle and lower classes, and both characters and scenes are largely drawn from reality, and experiences of the author. The works express the richest humor and the most exquisite pathos.

List of Writings.—Sketches by Boz (1836); Pickwick Papers (1837); Oliver Twist (1838); Nicholas Nickleby (1839); Barnaby Rudge (1841); American Notes (1842); Martin Chuzzlewit (1843–4); Dombey and Son (1847–8); David Copperfield (1850); Bleak House (1852); Hard Times (1854); Little Dorrit (1857); A Tale of Two Cities (1860); Great Expectations (1862); Our Mutual Friend (1864–5); The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Purpose of his Works.—"Sketches by 'Boz'" illustrate everyday life and people.

"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," the

first work of fiction describing the life and manners of the lower and middle classes, aimed a blow at the debtors' prison.

"Oliver Twist" pictures the lowest classes of society; describes the career of a parish boy, his early life in a workhouse, escape, and experience with the lowest criminals. The work caricatures the new poor law, the workhouse, and authorities.

"Nicholas Nickleby" exposes the practice and deficiencies of Yorkshire schools. The exposure did good, made the schools a laughing-stock, and drew also pathetic pictures of the sufferings endured by the wretched pupils.

"Old Curiosity Shop" gives a beautiful description of innocent child-life in the life and wanderings of Little Nell.

"Barnaby Rudge," historical novel, pictures the times when men and women were executed for the most petty crimes, shows the cowardly indifference of the law at one time, and its indiscriminate cruelty at another.

"Martin Chuzzlewit,"—a satire on Americans, held up the weaknesses, faults, and evils of social life in America. Roused bitter feelings here.

"Christmas Stories,"—were published one each year at Christmas time. The object of many of them is to benefit the poor or to benefit society.

"Dombey and Son,"—pictures the absorbing pride of a father in a son, the selfishness of that pride, and how it was humbled finally.

"David Copperfield,"—the writer's favorite work, an autobiography, depicted largely his own childhood and incidents in later life.

"Bleak House,"—assails the abuses and delays of Chancery. The heart of the story is a Chancery suit, "Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce," the tedious progress of which is vividly described.

"A Child's History of England,"—written in a simple and interesting style for his own or for any one else's children.

"Hard Times,"—written in the interests of the poor people,—an attack on the manufacturing interests.

"Little Dorrit,"—a literary caricature of society at large, its varnish and corruption.

"Tale of Two Cities,"—a historical novel, founded on the French Revolution,—grand in style—lacks humor,—incidents, not characters, are prominent.

"Great Expectations,"—the most picturesque of his works, portrays the art of living upon nothing and making the best of it, and the great trial that came to "Pip" out of his good luck.

"Mystery of Edwin Drood,"—incomplete, the author dying before it was finished.

Selections.

1. THE AMERICAN FLAG.—"Tut," said Martin, "you're a gay flag in the distance. But let a man be near enough to get the light upon the other side, and see through you, and you are but sorry fustian."

—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.—I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.

—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

AN OUTCAST.—Not an orphan in the wide world can be so deserted as the child who is an outcast from a living parent's love.

—*Dombey and Son.*

MORNING.—The day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar.

—*Oliver Twist.*

MRS. SQUEERS AS A NURSE.—"I remember very well, sir," rejoined Squeers, "Ah, Mrs. Squeers, sir, was as partial to that lad as if he had been her own; the attention, sir, that was bestowed upon that boy in his illness! Dry toast and warm tea offered him

every night and morning when he couldn't swallow anything—a candle in his bedroom on the very night he died—the best dictionary sent up for him to lay his head upon. I don't regret it though. It is a pleasant thing to reflect that one did one's duty." —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

THE RIVER OF LIFE.—He lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on ever since the world began. It had changed its course sometimes, and turned into new channels, leaving its old ways dry and barren. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. —*Nobody's Story.*

THE MORNING SUNSHINE.—(The last beautiful thought written by Dickens two hours before his death.) A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields,—or, rather, from one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings.

—*Edwin Drood.*

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him,
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their words decayed
And nations have scattered before ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fasten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last,
Creeping on where time has been ;
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Pictures of Winter.

By W. C. Hunter.

(To keep a gentle mystery over the preparation of the following living pictures, or *tableaux*, will be to enhance their charm both to the part of the school that does not take part and to the invited guests. I would suggest, also, that the audience be given the privilege of guessing the names of the pictures, as a further element of interest.)

FIRST PICTURE: THANKSGIVING.

Arrange a good-sized table to look as much like a family party as possible. Select from the pupils such as give the character of a family,—the father, mother, children; and the baby, a small primary child in a long white skirt on a high-chair in a conspicuous place. Dress an older girl and boy for grandfather and grandmother. A wig, white cap and kerchief will be all that is necessary. There need be few articles on the table, but at the side should be grouped pumpkins and apples. The curtain is drawn showing the action of the Thanksgiving party at their feast. This will need a little practice to make perfect. Each one who takes part should help in arranging the stage, so that no time is lost. It is well to have some piano music to fill in the minutes between the curtain rising, so that they will not seem hours. As the picture is disclosed the teacher may ask, "What day is this?"

SECOND PICTURE: CHRISTMAS.

The family is discovered again in their home. A fire-place can be constructed with brick-work made

of red cambric painted with white lines. Around this are hung the stockings which are being emptied at the moment the curtain rises. The children are each holding up some toy or present; the father and mother raise their hands to show surprise: the grandparents sit at one side in comfortable chairs. Green wreaths are hung on the walls, holly and mistletoe hang from the centre. The audience will have no hesitation in calling out their interpretation of this scene.

THIRD PICTURE: WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

In this tableau there should be costumes of the time of Washington. These may be simply constructed, or as elaborate as desired. Powdered hair, ruffled shirts, knee breeches, low shoes and buckles and short coats for the boys; powdered hair, long skirts and lace ruffles on the waists for the girls. George Washington must be distinguished from the others by a gayer costume, and his position be taken near the centre of the stage where he stands receiving the congratulations of his friends on his birthday. While this picture is shown let a concealed chorus hum the air of "America" with closed lips.

New Year and Midwinter Quotations.

O good New Year, we clasp
  This warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half gasp,
  That which from ours falls like dead fingers twine;
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
  Has been, or gentle, having been, we know,
That it was blessed: let the Old Year go!

—*D. M. Craik.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—*Bryant.*

Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain's peak,
When winter rules the year. —*Peacock.*

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile. —*Southey.*

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Asks Goldilocks in her glee;
"Do they sail in a pearly shallop
Across a wonderful sea,—
A sea whose waters with rainbows spanned
Touch all the borders of fairy-land?"

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream.
—*Thomas Carew.*

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their robe of purest white;
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy currents. —*James Thomson.*

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flakèd
And dense foul fog appear;

The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.
—*Thomas J. Ouseley.*

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard.
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's: who saith,
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to the opprest,
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

* * * * *

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.
—*D. M. Craik.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way.
—*William Cowper.*

But winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows,
Or autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The uncrusted surface shall uptear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. —*Bryant.*

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly stirs the staring owl,
Tu-who!
Tu-whit, tu-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who!
Tu-whit, tu-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

—*Shakespeare.*

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty twigs like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor robin go?

—*Allingham.*

Winter day, frosty day!
God a cloak on all doth lay;
On the earth the snow he sheddeth;
O'er the lamb a fleece he spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather,
To protect it from the weather;
Gives the children home and food
Let us praise him: God is good.

Winter is nature's sleep. —*Jacobs.*

The seasons like life have four epochs. —*Ovid.*

The alternations of the seasons, the joyous spring decked in her bright, fresh garniture of green, the gaudy multiflora of summer, the luxuriant fruits of the gorge-

ous autumn, and the cold beauty of winter, have each their peculiar charms to fascinate the eye and affect the heart. —*Saunders.*

High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the Happy New Year.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
—*Shakespeare.*

Mirth at all times all together
Make sweet May of winter weather!
—*Alfred Domett.*

The hoar-frost crackles on the trees,
The rattling brook begins to freeze,
The well-sweep glistens in the light
As if with dust of diamonds bright;
And speeding o'er the crusted snow
A few swift-footed rabbits go.
—*Bensel.*

Softly—with delicate softness—as the light
Quickens in the undawned east, and silently—
With definite silence—as the stealing dawn
Dapples the floating clouds, slow fall, slow fall,
With indecisive motion eddying down,
The white-winged flakes—calm as the sleep of sound,
Dim as a dream. —*David Gray.*

When they return there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere:
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof
When green leaves come again.

Oh, where do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoil'd their mossy beds
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small, blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

—*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

There is a hush of music on the air,—
The white-winged fairies faltering everywhere;
And here and there,
Made by a sudden mingling as they fall,
There comes a softer lullaby than all,
Swept in upon the universal prayer.

—*All the Year Round.*

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

—*Robert Burns.*

With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
And the hills are with glittering diamonds crowned:
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below,
Sing welcome, then, to the drifting snow.

—*Eliza Cook.*

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.
—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

When rudest blasts of long-continued winter
Beat wild and rough against the oak,
Its roots the earth more deeply enter,
More firmly clasp the rock.

The mountain peak and promontory
That grace the scene with roundest forms,
Have gained their soft outline and glory
Through centuries of storms.

So need we sickness, care, and waiting
To give the soul its real strength,
And patient, calm, and animating
Hope and full joy at length.

New Year and Midwinter Celebration.

(The material for this program is found in the preceding pages.)

1. Music.
2. Recitation for a primary pupil, "January."
3. Primary exercise, "The Child and the Snowflakes."
4. Recitation for a boy, "The Trees' Rebellion."
5. A midwinter exercise for the intermediate grade.
6. Music.
7. Recitation for an older pupil, "On the Threshold."
8. Recitation for a girl, "The First Snow."
9. Exercise for primary children, "Little Miss Wonder and the Snow."
10. Closing song.

Program for a Winter Evening Entertainment

Arranged by LESTER C. CROCKETT.

(Decorate the wall back of the platform with branches of evergreen dotted with bits of cotton to simulate snow.)

1. *Chorus by the entire school*—"The Silently Falling Snow" (page 39 of "Best Primary Songs," published by E. L. Kellogg & Company).

2. *Four Quotations "In Praise of Winter"* (others may be added if there is time).

a. See, Winter comes to rule the varied year.
—*Shakespeare.*

b. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
—*Shakespeare.*

c. O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,

And gathering at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
—*William Cowper.*

d. Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.
—*From the German.*

3. *Recitation for a boy*—"Old Winter." (He may have a costume suiting the idea of the poem,—long, flowing mantle with fur about it, white beard, cap, and mufflers.)

Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as ironstone;
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm it lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosey.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen hill and river,
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands, and shiver.

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,—
That hates he not, he loves it all,—
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer-house, we understand,
In Switzerland is chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied
To show his strength and power;
And, when he comes, we stand aside,
And look at him, and cower.
—*From the German.*

4. *Chorus by a selected number of pupils*—"The Skaters' Song." (Adapt this to a familiar tune, and use a cornet on the last two lines of each verse.)

This bleak and frosty morning,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
Our spirits brightly flow;
We're all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
While a-skating we go:
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

The sky looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Through the waters we sail;
Still we row on our keel;
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel:
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying:
Swifter than winds we're flying,—
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding.
In circles we sleep;
Our poise still we keep;
Behold now we sweep
The face of the deep:
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

See! see our train advances!
See how each skater lances!
Health and strength abounding,
While horns and oboes sounding;
The Tritons shall blow
Their conch shells below,

And their beards fear to show,
While a-skating we go:
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

5. *Composition on "Skating."* (The topic should be given out several days in advance and the best one chosen for this occasion.)

6. *Recitation for a primary pupil*—"To a Cricket."

Voice of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will;
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Hears in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and buds and flowers away;
Prithee, haunt my fireside still
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill!
—*William C. Bennett.*

7. *Recitation for an intermediate pupil*—"Jack Frost's Fairies."

Earthward float the dainty snowflakes, gayly dancing through the air;
Merrily they chase each other, hither, thither, everywhere;
Saucily they dash into the faces of the passers-by.
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Faster fly they till a flurry
Fills the soft, gray sky.

Can it be they're Jack Frost's fairies? Does each choose his resting-place,
When with melting kiss he touches a bright laddie's rosy face,
When with roguish glee he nestles in a lassie's flying curls,
Softly, lovingly impresses
On her cheek his cold caresses
Ere he onward whirls?

Silently they spread a mantle o'er the earth's brown bosom bare ;
Hill and valley, field and highway, all a robe of ermine wear,
Safely from the breath of winter all our flower world to keep.

Underneath this royal cover,
Waiting till the winter's over,
Spring's fair blossoms sleep.

—*M. T. Rouse.*

8. *Piano selection, contributed by a visitor.*

9. *Recitation for one of the older girls*—"St. Agnes' Eve." (This must be spoken slowly, with delicate intonation.)

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon ;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord ;
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round,—
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And throws her lights below,

And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

10. *Recitation for a child who displays the flower*—"The Snowdrop."

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses:
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

11. *Recitation*—"Lost in the Snow."

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane,—
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherds ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,

Around his back he wreathes the plaid ;
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest through the tempest blow
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep ;
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale.
His paths, his landmarks—all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffening swain ;
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

12. *Composition on* "The St. Bernard Dogs of the Alps." (See note to No. 5.)

13. *Recitation for a primary child*—"Poor Robin."

Poor Robin sits and sings alone
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.

Come, let us share our chimney-nook,
And dry his dripping wing ;
See little Mary shuts her book,
And cries, "Poor Robin, sing."

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
"When cowslips deck the plain,
The lark shall carol in the sky,
And I shall sing again.

"But in the cold and wintry day
To you I owe a debt,
That in the sunshine of the May,
I never can forget." —*W. L. Bowles.*

14. *Composition*—"Buds in Winter." (See note after No. 5.)

15. *Recitation*—"The Throstle." (Speak the words in quotation-marks in a singing tone, like a bird's note.)

"Summer is coming, summer is coming:
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year is under the blue;
Last year you sang it as gladly:
"New, new, new, new." Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again;"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,—
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winter's are hidden.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

16. *Closing song by the school*—"Now the Merry Spring is Here" (page 16 of *Song Treasures*, published by E. L. Kellogg & Company); or, "Welcome to Spring" (page 142 of *Golden Robin*, published by Oliver Ditson & Company of Boston).

The Chain of Days.

By RAUNDALL SAUNDERS.

(For a primary recitation.)

I would teach a good old lesson
With all my might and main;
'Tis all about a common thing—
Why, nothing but a chain.

But listen, every boy and girl,
And parents not in school,
It is nothing that is tedious—
It is no long, dry rule.

The days, my darling little ones,
Are links of iron strong,
And in a firm and perfect chain
There each one doth belong.

A wasted hour, a misspelled word—
I'd have you stop and think—
Is making nothing more nor less
Than an imperfect link.

Now, boys and girls, work faithfully,
With heart and conscience clear,
And forge unbroken every link,
The chain of this new year.

The Leaves and the Wind.

(To be recited by a primary child. Two different voices must be adapted to separate the conversation.)

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day—
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your parting song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know!

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.
—*George Cooper.*

Famous Winter Birthdays.

By N. O. Wilhelm.

(These notes are to be expanded by pupils, and the different "Birthdays" of authors given due prominence by recitations, extracts, etc., on the given dates.)

January 1, 1730.—Edmund Burke, born in Ireland; powerful orator, statesman, and philanthropist; as M.P. recommended measures which, had they been adopted, would have averted the Revolutionary War in America; essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" is an English classic; "Reflections on the French Revolution" influential throughout Europe.

January 2, 1727.—Gen. Wolfe, born in England; distinguished in the army when but twenty years old; success at Louisburg placed him at the head of the army; led against Quebec when but twenty-three; before the battle he repeated a stanza from "Gray's Elegy;" then said, "I would rather be author of that poem than the possessor of the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

January 3, 106 B.C.—Cicero born; an illustrious Roman; rose from an humble station to the highest office in the Roman Republic; while consul, Catiline conspired to kill him and many of the senators, and burn Rome; but Cicero drove him out of the city by his eloquence. Of literary labors he says: "They nourish our youth and delight our old age. They adorn our prosperity, and give a refuge and a solace to our troubles."

January 6, 1811.—Charles Sumner, born in Boston; successful editor and lawyer; famous orator,—his Fourth-of-July oration, "True Grandeur of Nations," made him famous. In U. S. Senate opposed slavery; after two days' speech on slavery was violently attacked and struck with a cane by a Southern senator in the Senate Chamber.

January 7, 1800.—Millard Fillmore, born in State of New York; early education limited; at nineteen commenced to study law; went on foot to Buffalo, where he worked his way and became a successful lawyer, legislator, governor, congressman, Vice-President of the U. S. When Mr. Taylor died, became President; his administration was marked by the passage of Clay's Omnibus Bill—Cuban difficulties—communications opened with Japan.

January 11, 1757.—Alex. Hamilton, born in West Indies;

attended school in N. Y. City, became a good speaker and leader of the revolutionists; when nineteen commanded local artillery; was the "most confidential aide of Washington;" wrote papers for the Federalists, also articles on international law; Washington's Secretary of Treasury; defeated Burr's ambitious designs, and was afterwards killed in a duel by him.

JANUARY 12, 1809.—Alfred Tennyson born; a celebrated English poet, poet-laureate; "Dying Swan," "Locksley Hall," "Maud," appeared in 1858; wrote also "Charge of the Light Brigade;" raised to the peerage in 1884. Is considered one of the sweetest poets of English literature.

JANUARY 13, 1808.—Salmon P. Chase born; eminent American statesman; legal writer and practitioner, an active opponent of slavery; Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln; his financial policy carried the nation through the Civil War, caused the issue of greenbacks, gold interest-bearing bonds, created the National Banking System; he was then appointed Chief Justice and presided at the impeachment trial of President Johnson.

JANUARY 17, 1706.—Benjamin Franklin born; eminent American philosopher, statesman, author and inventor; at seventeen went to Philadelphia almost penniless; went to London, secured a position in one of the printing-offices; published "Poor Richard's Almanac;" invented a cooking-stove, lightning-rod, a copper-plate press, improved the postal system, the fire-company service; made scientific discoveries; his humor held the Colonial Convention together; his greatness, fairness, and simplicity won French aid.

JANUARY 18, 1782.—Daniel Webster; great American statesman and orator, was born in New Hampshire; was contemporary with Clay, Calhoun, and Hayne; speech on the "Foote Resolution," his greatest; other great speeches, "Plymouth," "Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims," "Dartmouth College Case," "Bunker Hill Monument," "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," "Greek Revolution."

JANUARY 19, 1807.—Gen. Robert E. Lee, American general, born; graduated at West Point; served in the Mexican war; principal Confederate general in the Civil War. In 1861 he wrote: "With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home." Surrendered at length at Appomattox.

JANUARY 21, 1813.—John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder" of the Rocky Mountains, born; American explorer and general; teacher of mathematics; surveyor and engineer; ex-

plored the Rocky Mountains; wrested California from Mexico; governor of California; was tried by court-martial; discovered a route overland to California; U. S. Senator; Buchanan's opponent for the presidency; commanded in Civil War.

JANUARY 22, 1561.—Francis Bacon, a great English philosopher, born; very witty—while yet a child, when asked by Queen Elizabeth how old he was, he replied, "Two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign." When sixteen he wrote: "They learn nothing at the universities but to believe; they are like a becalmed ship, they never move but by the wind of other men's breath." His essays are literary masterpieces.

JANUARY 24, 1712.—Frederick the Great born; King of Prussia; was ill-treated when a boy; was made to marry against his will; defeated the Austrians in the battle of Molwitz; was involved in the Seven Years' War with but one ally—England—with varied successes and ill-fortune; but the result was that he kept Silesia, which he stole from Austria; was a constant writer of poor poetry.

JANUARY 25, 1759.—Robert Burns born; celebrated Scottish poet; noted poems: "Tam o' Shanter" and "Cotter's Saturday Night;" "Jolly Beggars;" "To a Mountain Daisy;" his first attempt at verse was made when sixteen; after many diffculties married his sweetheart and celebrated her in song, "Bonnie Jean."

JANUARY 31, 1574.—Ben Jonson born; a celebrated English poet and dramatist; suffered, fought, dared much; lived a rough life; was original in his plays; was stricken with sickness at last; was very poor.

FEBRUARY 3, 1811.—Horace Greeley born; an American journalist; commenced to print the *Morning Post*, the first penny daily ever published; distinguished opponent of slavery; founded the *New York Tribune* in 1841; wrote the "American Conflict;" said: "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, none can foresee what a day will bring forth."

FEBRUARY 6, 1664.—Queen Anne, English sovereign, born; last English sovereign of the House of Stuart; was second daughter of James II., Duke of York; her reign, distinguished by successful wars, is called the Augustan period of English literature; she was obliged twice to offer a reward for the death of her brother whom she loved, but who fought with her enemies.

FEBRUARY 7, 1812.—Charles Dickens, popular English novelist, born; was put in a law-office, but disliked it; be-

came reporter for a paper, and at length editor and proprietor; his "Sketches by Boz" first attracted attention, and his "Pickwick Papers" won him popularity; succeeded best with novels; "Martin Chuzzlewit" was written after a voyage to America; his masterpiece is "David Copperfield;" his "Child's History of England" and "The Christmas Carol" delight the young.

FEBRUARY 9, 1773.—W. H. Harrison, ninth President of the United States, born in Va.; was in Ohio Senate, and United States Congress; minister to Columbia; at nineteen engaged in the war against the Indians, under St. Clair; fought under Wayne; in command of a fort where Cincinnati is now situated; Secretary of N. W. Territory; afterwards its Governor; made many treaties with the Indians.

FEBRUARY 11, 1847.—Thos. A. Edison, American inventor, born; careful reader of history and science; amusements—mechanical experiments, etc.; a telegraph operator; spent all spare time and money in experiments; has patented several hundred inventions, mostly telegraphic and electric; most important—four-message telegraph instrument, carbon telephone, phonograph, electric engine and full railway apparatus, and electric light.

FEBRUARY 12, 1809.—Abraham Lincoln born; sixteenth President of the United States; had one year's schooling; went on a flat-boat to New Orleans; clerk; commanded in Black Hawk War; was postmaster; studied law; commenced practice when twenty-seven; was elected to Congress; combated slavery; in 1880 was elected President of the United States; conducted the nation through four years' civil war; issued the Emancipation Proclamation; was assassinated.

FEBRUARY 15, 1564.—Galileo, mathematician and philosopher, born; first to prove that different weights fall at the same rate and increase in swiftness as they fall; invented a thermometer; inventor of the telescope; was denounced as a heretic; was forbidden to teach that the earth moves; was imprisoned; was obliged to renounce what he taught; but, on rising from his knees, he said to a friend, "It moves nevertheless."

FEBRUARY 19, 1473.—Nikolaus Copernicus born; celebrated astronomer; author of Copernican Theory; solved the grandest problem pertaining to astronomy, which he explained in his "Revolution of the Celestial Orbs;" his theory has undergone modifications at the hands of Galileo and Newton.

FEBRUARY 22, 1819.—James Russell Lowell born; distinguished American poet and critic; graduated at Harvard; studied law; wrote "Biglow Papers," a witty satire on the events of the Mexican War; wrote "Fable for Critics"; edited *Atlantic Monthly*; minister at the court of St. James. Also, Feb. 22, 1732, Washington born.

FEBRUARY 24, 1685.—*George Frederick Handel born; musical composer; composed sonatas at the age of ten; chapel-master of George I. of England; after failing as manager of an academy of music, devoted himself to sacred music; composed the oratorio of "Saul"; also his sublime masterpiece, the "Messiah."

* Dates differ. See Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary.

FEBRUARY 26, 1802.—Victor Hugo, celebrated French lyric poet and novelist, born; his first poem called forth praise; received several prizes later; produced several dramas; among his successful novels are "Les Misérables" and the "Toilers of the Sea"; great political orator and leader; exiled, but was allowed to return after a time.

FEBRUARY 27, 1807.—Henry W. Longfellow, eminent American poet and scholar, born; graduated at Bowdoin College; appointed professor in the same; travelled in Southern Europe; became professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard; travelled in Northern Europe; "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night" put him in the first rank of American poets; "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are his best poems.

FEBRUARY 28, 1533.—Michael Montaigne born; celebrated French philosopher and essayist; studied law; became judge; wrote his famous essays, which greatly influenced taste and opinion in Europe, where they have passed through seventy-five editions.

FEBRUARY 29, 1792.—Gioacchino Rossini born; Italian composer; at 14, could sing any piece of music at sight; four years later, wrote an operetta, "Tancredi," which within three years was played in every musical theatre in Europe and America; composed "Barbiere," also "Semiramide"; went to Vienna to direct the production of his "Zelmira"; stopped composing after writing "Guillaume Tell," his masterpiece. His productions are rich in melody and variety.

MARCH 1, 1869.—Alphonse M. Louis Lamartine, French poet, artist, and celebrated historian, died; read great English poets early; traveled in Italy; published a successful volume of poems which contained "The Lake"; wrote a "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land"; took a prominent part in

politics; was a leading factor in the formation of the French Republic.

MARCH 2, 1769.—De Witt Clinton born; an eminent American statesman, zealous politician, became United States Senator, Mayor of New York City, and aided in founding the Academy of Fine Arts and in building the Erie Canal; wrote articles on natural history.

MARCH 10, 1452.—King Ferdinand born; King of Castile and Aragon; schooled in military science; when seventeen, married Isabella, heir to the throne of Castile; united several small kingdoms into one nation; overcame the Moors in Grenada; aided Columbus; conquered the French in Italy.

MARCH 11, 1544.—Torquato Tasso born; celebrated Italian epic poet; wrote "Jerusalem Delivered," his greatest poem; was imprisoned for paying attentions to the sister of a duke; after some years was set at liberty, but renewed his attentions to Leonora, and was confined in a lunatic asylum; died in Rome, where he had been invited to be crowned by the Pope on account of merit.

MARCH 12, 1684.—George Berkeley, born; an Irish bishop and philosopher of great merit, a fellow of Trinity College; won reputation by his "New Theory of Vision"; published "A proposal for Converting the Savage American to Christianity"; came to America and preached two years in Newport; wrote "The Analyst" and "A Word to the Wise."

MARCH 16, 1751.—James Madison born; graduated at College of New Jersey; was delegate to the convention that framed the Constitution; Secretary of State under Jefferson; fourth President of the U. S.; declared war against England; wrote some able articles for "The Federalist."

MARCH 19, 1813.—Dr. David Livingstone born in Scotland; studied with the intention of becoming a missionary; explored interior of Africa; wrote "Travels in Africa"; explored and wrote up his travels to the Zambesi; lost his life on his third expedition.

MARCH 20, 43 B.C.—Ovid born; Roman poet; traveled; acted as judge; banished; in "Trista" wrote a record of his sufferings and appeals for pardon; also wrote "Ibis," "Ars Amatoria."

MARCH 21, 1763.—Jean Paul Richter born; a popular, quaint, and original German author; entered university at Leipsic; studied theology, but abandoned it for poetry and philosophy, while at school, to avoid starvation, wrote

"Greenland Law-suits" and "Selections from the Papers of the Devil"; "Quintus Fixlein" is his principal novel, "Titan" his masterpiece.

MARCH 22, 1797.—Emperor William born; King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany; ascended the throne in 1861; appointed Bismarck Minister of Foreign Affairs; during his reign, through war, won a part of Denmark; united the German people into a nation; commanded the armies led against France; advocates the divine right of kings; his son, grandson, and great-grandson are now living (1887).

MARCH 23, 1823.—Schuyler Colfax, the Christian statesman, born; died 1885; rose from a merchant's clerk to Vice-President of the United States; born in New York City; studied law; established a weekly newspaper; member of Congress six consecutive terms; Speaker of the House three years; Vice-President with Grant; retired from official life, and lectured during his later years.

MARCH 26, 1803.—Sir J. W. Lubbock born; English mathematician and astronomer; educated at Cambridge; wrote treatises on "Meteorology" and "Physical Astronomy," and on "Tides" in the ports of Liverpool and London, for which the Royal Society bestowed on him their medal on physics.

MARCH 28, 1592.—John Amos Comenius born; a German philologist; became a Moravian minister, and was driven away by persecution; taught school in Poland; wrote "A New Method of Learning Language," which won him reputation; was invited to several foreign countries to reform methods of instruction; he advocated much seeing and doing in education; first to publish illustrated text-books.

MARCH 29, 1790.—John Tyler born in Virginia; graduated at William and Mary College; was in Virginia Legislature six terms, in U. S. Congress three terms; Governor of Virginia; U. S. Senator; elected as Vice-President; on Harrison's death became tenth President of the United States; during his term Texas was annexed; vetoed measures passed in Congress by his party; joined the Confederacy after 1861.

MARCH 31, 1732.—Joseph Haydn born; great Austrian music composer; when eight, his voice attracted attention, and he was employed as chorister in the Cathedral at Vienna; composed many sonatas; his masterpiece, the oratorio "The Creation"; composed church music; "The Seasons" was received with enthusiasm in England and France.

Banner Days of the Republic.

By Alice M. Kellogg.

For Thirty-seven Pupils from Mixed Grades.

DIRECTIONS

Costumes.—*Father Time* (an older pupil) wears a long, dark cloak, beard and wig of gray; he carries a staff. *The Years* (boys of equal height) ordinary clothes, with the dates which they represent cut from white cloth and sewed to the fronts of their jackets. *The Months* (girls) in dresses typical of their seasons,—January and February in furs, October with a crown of autumn leaves, July with sash of the national colors, April with blossoms, November in gray. *The Days* (boys or girls) carry the banners, and wear long gowns of red cheese-cloth. *Spare Minutes* (eight little girls), white dresses with artificial flowers pinned on the skirts, and baskets, wreaths, or sceptres in their hands.

Positions.—*Father Time* stands towards the middle of the stage near the Record, which hangs directly in the centre against the wall, six feet above the floor. *The Years*, *Months*, and *Days* group themselves at the right, the *Spare Minutes* at the left.

Accessories.—The Record which Father Time unrolls is made with sheets of white wrapping-paper pasted together to form a continuous scroll. The names Columbus, Thanksgiving, Washington, Lexington, Independence, Fremont, Grant, and Lincoln are painted in large black letters at sufficient intervals to make the unrolling effective. As the attention of the audience centres upon Father Time's movements, he should practise until he can accomplish the unrolling in a deft manner. A rolling-pin will answer for winding the paper upon; it should be hung by strings looped once about the handles to allow for the unrolling. The banners can be constructed with pieces of bright-colored cambric 20 × 24 inches, with the names of the days sewed upon them in material of a contrasting color. Tack the cambric to a strip of wood twenty inches long, and fasten this in the middle to a broom handle. Flags and pennants should be distributed about the school-room for decoration. A small flag should be in the hands of each pupil in the audience and waved in time to the music of the final chorus. Eight half-hoops covered with greens are held by the Spare Minutes to form arches for the others to march under at the end. A screen should stand at the side where the pupils enter. A drawing curtain may be used, but is not necessary. A portrait of the person whose name is to be made the most conspicuous by this celebra-

tion should hang on the wall above the Record, covered with an American flag. A bicycle bell and drum are requisite.

MUSIC.—Piano music will add to the interest of the performance, but may be dispensed with. The little opening song of the Spare Minutes may be repeated at a signal should a hitch occur in the movement of the play. A small chorus behind the scenes may assist in the choruses.

IN GENERAL.—If for any reason it is desirable to cut down the exercise, it may be ended after Fremont's tribute, with the final speech of Father Time, song, and march.

Acknowledgement.—Extracts from the poems of Sidney Lanier are used through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons; from Mrs. Child, Longfellow, and Maurice Thompson through Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; from Bryant through D. Appleton & Co.

FATHER TIME (*seated in a dejected attitude; leaning his head upon his staff.*)—Alas! methinks the phrase that lately caught my ear, "that Time was out of joint," is indeed true. A whisper, too, I caught but yesternight of "a tedious waste of Time." I long have suspected some base mortals of "trying to kill Time,"—a threat as empty as the heads that made it. (*Rises wearily.*) Ah me! I must glance at my Record, and perchance the history of the Past may give me cheer. (*Soft music while Father Time proceeds to unroll the Record, pausing when he reaches the name of Columbus. Then he waves his wand.*)

Appear, appear,
Thou favored Year,
And tell the glorious story,
When Christopher
Columbus, sir,
Discovered New World glory.

(*Enter* 1492. *He bends his knee to Father Time.*)

1492.—

Great Time, your call I heed;
Pray tell me of your need?

FATHER TIME.—

Rehearse to me in language clear,
Oh! 1492,
Of what befell the fateful year
Your number brings to view.

1492.—In the month of October,—but where is my month, Father Time?

FATHER TIME (*waves his wand*).—

October, appear,
And quickly, my dear,
No tale can we hear
Until you are near.

OCTOBER (*entering*).—

May I bring in my Day?

FATHER TIME.—

You may, you may!

12TH DAY (*brings in Columbus banner.* 1492 *and October bow and courtesy*).—

What can I tell to you, Father Time?
You hold all the stores of prose and of rhyme.

FATHER TIME.—

You all seem so modest, so retiring, and meek,
I shall have to call in my Spare Minutes to speak.

(*Rings a bicycle bell. Dance music from the piano while the eight Spare Minutes come in and execute any simple dancing step. They courtesy to Father Time, and, half facing the audience, sing to the tune of* "*Lightly Row.*")

Here we are
From afar,
Bright as any morning-star,
Time have we, (*Point to F. T.*)
As you see,
None so dear as he.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. (*Clap hands.*)
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Minutes gay,
Year, Month, Day, (*Wave hands to each.*)
We have much to say.

FATHER TIME.—Then tell me why this group (*points to 1492, October, and 12th Day*) are represented on my Record.

SPARE MINUTES NO. 1 (*steps to centre, faces audience, and recites*).—

Look adown the future's pathway,
Filled with trouble, toil, and tears;
One by one then slowly counting,
Number off four hundred years.

There's a city, fair and stately,
Standing by the inland sea,
And above its white walls waveth
Many a banner fair and free.

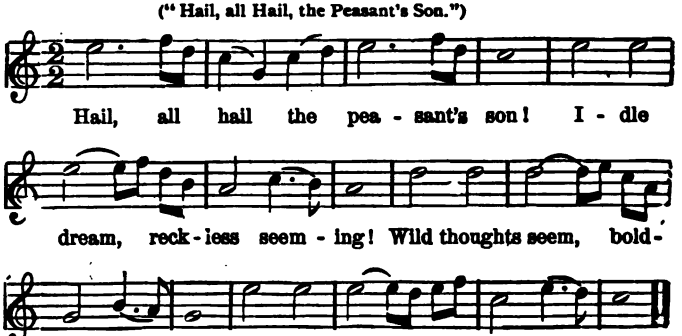
Here to honor him who westward
Sailed and found another world,
All the nations now have gathered,
And their banners proud unfurled.

Honor, then, to brave Columbus;
Though he meet abuse and scorn,
Yet one day his praise shall chanted
Be by nations yet unborn.

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

CHORUS.

("Hail, all Hail, the Peasant's Son.")



Hail, all hail the peasant's son!
Fruitless year, scornful jeering!
Falsehood drear, treach'ry fearing!
Hail, hail, proud Italy's son!

Hail, all hail, the peasant's son!
Swift sails wing, wild news ringing,
Sailor king, glad hearts singing,
Hail, hail proud Italy's son!

—*Josephine Simpson.*

FATHER TIME.—Bright as a rainbow's span opens this history of a new nation. (*Turns over Record until he reaches the word Thanksgiving. Rings a bell, and* 1622, *Thanksgiving, and November enter.*) Come, now, a speech I must have from each.

1622.—The religious persecutions in England in the seventeenth century drove some of the people away seeking a free place for worship. They started in a little ship called the "Mayflower," and landed on the coast of Massachusetts in bleak, wintry weather. What hardships to endure, what weary days of seeking, had these Pilgrims!

NOVEMBER.—But their troubles were not over when freedom was theirs. Sickness and suffering awaited the pioneers; but so grateful were they for their mercies, that they spent a day in giving thanks, and in 1622 a day was appointed,—

DAY.—By the Governor, in a special proclamation, for the people to rest and rejoice. After the Constitution was adopted, my Day became a national festival.

SPARE MINUTE NO. 2.—

Over the river, and thro' the wood
To grandfather's house we go.
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood;
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done!
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—*L. M. Child.*

CHORUS—"Thanksgiving Song." (*To the tune of "Webb" or "Auld Lang Syne."*)

We'll sing the thankful feeling,
That all can understand,
For gathered harvest yielding
Abundance through our land.
And may our song confessing
Our thanks to Heaven rise,—
To God, who showered this blessing,
Upon us from the skies.

We sing our thanks for gladness
For this one day apart,
When every trace of sadness
May pass from every heart,
So all may sing Thanksgiving
At once throughout our land,
For health and bounteous living,
As one grand Christian band.

—*A. S. Webber.*

FATHER TIME (*turns over the Record to Washington*).—

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?"

(*Enter 1732 and 1799 hand in hand.*)

1732–1799.—Witness the years which we represent; they form a compact monument that holds the evolution of a Republic.

(*February and 22d Day enter.*)

FEBRUARY.—I gladly herald the name of the soldier-statesman, Washington.

22D.—The character of his place among his people is shown by his own words, "I require no guard but the affection of my people."

SPARE MINUTE No. 3.

The birthday of a hero brave,
We gladly hail its light;
His deeds upon our minds engrave
A strong desire for right.

We've had his influence since the years
That we could lisp his name,
And Washington into our ears
A pleasant sound became.

A hero's birthday! Float the flag,
Our sign of liberty;
Tell every hill and vale and crag
His leading made us free.
The truthful lad, the dauntless youth,
The man of earnest will,
Made courage, patience, tact, and truth
A mission grand fulfil.

His birthday keep; his deeds recite;
Let all his valor know;
May memory keep them e'er in sight,
May patriotism glow.
O sacred hold the rights so dear
That loyal men have given!
That e'er the people's hearts shall cheer
If wrongs are backward driven.

—*Lettie Sterling.*

CHORUS—"Washington's Birthday." (*Sung to the tune of "America."*)

All hail, thou glorious morn
When Washington was born!
All hail to thee!
Whether thy skies be bright,
Or veiled in clouds of night,
To thee in joyous right
Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim,
To sing and praise thy name,
O Washington!
O'er all this land so free,
Hearts turn with pride to thee,
Champion of liberty,
Columbia's son.

—*Charles S. Davis.*

FATHER TIME (*turns over Record to Lexington. Drums are heard outside*).—

Lowers the cloud of war,
Hear the loud thunder roar;
They come, they come.
And we, in our distress,
Our fear and helplessness,
Pray Heaven our cause will bless
Forevermore.

—*Minnie Woodle.*

(*Enter* 1775, *April, and* 19*th Day.*)

APRIL.—Again has Time the year brought
The Day on which our fathers fought
For liberty of deed and thought.
—*Adapted from George W. Bungay.*

1775.— Say, Woodman April, all in green,
Say, Robin April, hast thou seen,
In all thy travels round the earth,
Ever a morn of calmer birth?
But Morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across yon village green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

19TH DAY.—It was the 19th of April when the British, to the number of eight hundred men, rushed into Lexington to overcome the colonists, who were preparing to resist. Swift riders like Paul Revere aroused the country-side, and the troopers were routed.

SPARE MINUTE NO. 4.—

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken, and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

FATHER TIME (*turns Record to July 4th*).—Birthday of our Nation! I hear again the cry that followed the signing of the Declaration of Independence, "Ring! oh, ring for liberty!" (*Bells outside, and* 1776, *July, and 4th Day enter.*)

JULY.— Old birthday bell of freedom!
The scar upon thy side
Is sacred as the battle-wound
Of which a conqueror died;
'Twas when thy war-song sounded
A people burst their chain,
And Tyranny heard astounded
The death-knell of their reign.
—*Theron Brown* in "*Youth's Companion.*"

1776.—The cries and shouts of gladness come down from my year, and still resound as each midnight ushers in another morn to a free country.

4TH DAY.—My banner is but a type of the national emblem, the flag of Freedom.

SPARE MINUTE No. 5.—

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats this banner bright and holy,
In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.

Let this banner wave forever;
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.

As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore;
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
Wave it, save it, evermore. —*Dexter Smith.*

CHORUS: "The Red, White, and Blue."

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

FATHER TIME (*turns Record to Fremont's name*).—

Come, Little Minute,
Usher in the Day
Of John Charles Fremont
Searching out a way
'Cross wilderness and passes wild
To western slope and climate mild.

SPARE MINUTE NO. 6 (*runs to the door and January, 21st Day, and Years enter*).

1813–1890.—Fremont added lustre to the history

of his country by his achievements as explorer, conqueror, and governor.

JANUARY.—On his expeditions across the untravelled wilderness beyond the Mississippi he covered 20,000 miles with explorations.

21ST DAY.—And known to history now is Fremont as "The Pathfinder."

FATHER TIME (*turning Record until Grant's name appears*).—We come to the name of the first great commander developed by modern republican institutions—Ulysses S. Grant, a distinctive American! (*A quick marching step from the piano grows louder as the Years, Month, and Day come in.*)

1822–1885.—For a leader of the largest civilized army the world ever saw, we qualified Grant as a cadet at West Point, a farmer and trader in Ohio and Oregon, a soldier in Mexico.

APRIL.—"He was the product of a stern necessity and an iron will,"

27TH DAY.—He turned his glory upon his nation when he said, "What I am I owe to my country."

SPARE MINUTE No. 7 (*funeral march played very softly on the piano*).—

Bring music and banners,
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

(FATHER TIME *turns Record to Lincoln's name, and then draws the flag disclosing his portrait.*

Years, Month, and Day enter, and all on stage sing to the air of the Lohengrin "Wedding March").—

Lincoln, to thee
Now History
Raises anew its warm welcoming hand!
Praises it sings,
Loud now it rings;
Spreads o'er the earth and over the land.

FATHER TIME.—The motto of Lincoln, the Pure, Disinterested Patriot, was "Bear and Forbear."

12TH DAY.—

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one.
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone on impartial as the sun.
—*Maurice Thompson.*

FEBRUARY.—

His story grows more thrilling
With each attempt at telling,
A hero's fate fulfilling,
His nation's glory swelling.

12TH DAY.—

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.
—*Bryant.*

1809.—The log-cabin where Lincoln was born has become famous. Wrestling with poverty for an education he became a prominent lawyer; a kingly quality of courage brought him to the front in a time of national trouble.

1865.—A martyr to the cause of his country, Lincoln lies buried under the words, significant of

his career; "With malice towards none, with charity to all."

SPARE MINUTE NO. 8 (*recites and hands wreath to Father Time, who places it on the portrait*).—

To-day we twine anew
The hero's wreath of fame,
And dedicate it here
To Lincoln's famous name.

FATHER TIME (*stands in centre; Years, Months, and Days gather at right, Spare Minutes at left.*)—

"Noble Republic, happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands;
Freedom's proud banners float on the skies,
Triumph of liberty now will arise.
United we stand, divided we fall;
Union forever, freedom to all;
Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Vive l'America! home of the free!"

(*The piano starts up the air, "We march, we march to Victory;" music on page 49 of Kellogg's "Song Treasures." All on the stage form in couples, led by Father Time. The Spare Minutes are at the end, and hold the half-hoops of evergreen for the others to pass under, while a simple march is executed.*)

Our Banner Days are over now,
But still we sing their story
Of victories in peace and war
That made the nation's glory,
That made the nation's glory.
Soldiers, patriots, pioneers,
They claim our admiration;
Then three times three, this gallant band,
The heroes of our nation,
The heroes of our nation.

(Repeat first five lines while the audience waves its hand-flags at the first accented note of each bar of music. Pupils march out, or curtain is drawn as they stand for a tableaux).