January.

ONE day it chanced Miss Maud did meet
The poet's little son,
"I'm going skating, Sir," she said;
"And so am I," said John.

"If you can skate and I can skate,
Why let me skate with you,
We'll go the whole world round and round,
And skate the whole year through."

They skated left, they skated right,
Miss Maud and little John,
That is—as long as there was ice
For them to skate upon.

And then they did unstrap their skates
Like other girls and men,
And never used them once—until
They put them on again!

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