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THE NEW YEAR.

The old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won;
Out of it's still and deep repose
We hear the old year say,
Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.

So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die;
We slumber not, that charge in view,
'Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end,
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night, be swept away,
And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

—S. J. STONE.

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