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**A**NOTHER year! ah me!  
Has cycled into Eternity.  
Anon, as we its requiem sing,  
We hear the shout, "God bless the King,"  
The new born infant, Eighty-nine—  
The old hath fled in the mist of time.

Now let us happy be, in the dear old way,  
Revelling in affection's voice to-day;  
Oblivious of our heritage of sorrow,  
Leave life's dark combat till to-morrow,  
Give withering care into the hands divine  
(A happy, trusting heart, has fadeless prime.)

Tho' snowflakes gather high and cold,  
We'll joyous be, as in days of old.  
While seated round our well piled fire,  
Let faith see our Eternal Sire,  
As gushing up from Memory's spring,  
We trace His bounteous hand, and softly sing

The oft-repeated, oft-forgotten chant,  
"The Lord's my Shepherd, I shall not want."  
Let sunshine fill our souls anew,  
And bid each thankless sigh adieu,  
Pray God for peace of mind and spirit clear,  
And with that boon, He'll grant a smiling year.

GRANDMA GOWAN.

MONT ROYAL VALE, *December*, 1888.