

What Will You Do With the New Year?

What will you do with the New Year?

The question is asked to-day,
To you who are traveling onward
To the land that is far away.
The Old Year is gone for ever—
It had bid you a last farewell,
O brother! O sister! O sister!
What will you do with the New?

Do you wish for a happy New Year?
Without care and anxiety
Then turn to the face of Jesus—
Lift up your soul in prayer;
Trust yourself to his keeping,
Follow him as your leader,
Willingly work in his vineyard,
Closest press to his side.

Do you wish for a holy New Year?
Then sit at the Master's feet,
And ask for his Holy Spirit
To guide your faltering feet;
Then, resting upon his promise,
Without a doubt or fear,
You may step out with gladness
Into the fair New Year.

For the Word of the Lord is "precious,"
The Word of the Lord is true;
And all that the Lord has promised,
We know he will surely do.
His promise is, "I WILL KEEP THEE;"
His promise is, "I WILL GUIDE;"
So the New Year is sure to be happy,
With such a Friend at your side.

Poetry of the New Year.**THE OLD GOING OUT AND THE NEW COMING IN.**

THE New Year! What a poem in the very words! Beneath the many-hued arch of its fancies the past and the present unite, and the future beckons onward. What a flood of years have swept along the channel of time since the heart of man first sighed to the requiem of a dying year—first hailed the new guest at the door! Down through the corridors of centuries, flooded with the music of the human heart, deep as the diapasons of eternity, we touch the tragedy of the New Year—its joys, its sorrows, its tears, its laughter, its heart-beats of memory, its rainbow of love, its flowers, and its snow. To many it is the twilight of morn; to many it is the shadow of eve—the bud that flowers—the star that shines but yields no light—the purpose without the fruitage.

At the altar of the New Year, lit up with bright tapers of the past and the smiling horizon of the future, the soul kneels in loving homage—a vassal to the sceptre of memory, a captive bound to the chariot-wheels of hope. Since last we touched the threshold of the New Year, life has sung its way into each bud and bower, and found expression in the *tonic solfa* of the grove. The cypress sky has swept the scere leaf, palm-like, to its grave; and every tree, in mantle white, with bowed head, murmurs a prayer for the departed dead. It seems but yesterday we welcomed with kindly word and friendly cheer the year we have entombed:—

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

How swift they go,
Life's many years,
With their winds of woe
And their storms of tears,

And their darkest of nights, whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes,
And their sunshiny days, in whose calm heaven loom
The clouds of the tempest—the shadows of gloom!

And ah! we pray,
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near;

The brows of to-morrow be radiant and bright,
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of yesterday's cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them are evermore dear.

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave;
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?
Ah! the Stranger-Year trips over the snows,
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose;
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall so soon reveal?

Let the New Year smile, smile
When the Old Year dies;
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?

Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm;
But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the year that goes.
Yea, bright New Year,
O'er all the earth,
With song and cheer,
They will hail thy birth;

They will trust thy words in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power;
For the new has charms which the old has not,
And the stranger's face makes the friend's forgot.
Not so with the New Year. Its smiles may
cheer our hearts and for a moment enthrall our
thoughts, but the mirror of the past brings back
the faces we loved of yore. Yes, we hear once
more the pulse-beat of friendship's kindly heart;
for the memory of love is deeper than the grave—
it is an immortality stretching from earth to heaven—
a Jacob's ladder, upon which ascend and descend
bright cherubims of affection, whose stainless robes
are woven in the loom of purest love. Standing
in the vestibule of a New Year, my soul surveys
the shores that accent the ocean of the past—the
struggling swimmer, cast up by the cruel wave
upon a pitiless rock—the white sail, bearing its
cargo triumphant to the shore—the floating spar,
that writes upon the waters its epic tale of woe.

Oh, friends of happy boyhood, whose memories
are sweet to me as the breath of morning flowers!
Ye whose feet have paced the metre of life's poem,
and fell before the poetic moment of noontide had
writ your names upon the scroll of fame! Ye
dreamers of a summer glory, whose honoured hours
ne'er brought the fruitage of an autumn-day! Ye
I salute! I sit beside the Old Year. His pulse
is slow, for plumed death stands waiting at the
door:—

DEATH AND LIFE.
Upon his couch the Old Year lay,
Death pressed his brow and hand,
A pilgrim year in mantle white
Was dreaming in the land;
Life's anxious heart stood mourning by,
And dropt a pitying tear
Upon the cold and snowy shroud
That wrapt the dear Old Year.

Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm;
But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the year that goes.

Not so with the New Year. Its smiles may
cheer our hearts and for a moment enthrall our
thoughts, but the mirror of the past brings back
the faces we loved of yore. Yes, we hear once
more the pulse-beat of friendship's kindly heart;
for the memory of love is deeper than the grave—
it is an immortality stretching from earth to heaven—
a Jacob's ladder, upon which ascend and descend
bright cherubims of affection, whose stainless robes
are woven in the loom of purest love. Standing
in the vestibule of a New Year, my soul surveys
the shores that accent the ocean of the past—the
struggling swimmer, cast up by the cruel wave
upon a pitiless rock—the white sail, bearing its
cargo triumphant to the shore—the floating spar,
that writes upon the waters its epic tale of woe.

Oh, friends of happy boyhood, whose memories
are sweet to me as the breath of morning flowers!
Ye whose feet have paced the metre of life's poem,
and fell before the poetic moment of noontide had
writ your names upon the scroll of fame! Ye
dreamers of a summer glory, whose honoured hours
ne'er brought the fruitage of an autumn-day! Ye
I salute! I sit beside the Old Year. His pulse
is slow, for plumed death stands waiting at the
door:—

DEATH AND LIFE.

Upon his couch the Old Year lay,
Death pressed his brow and hand,
A pilgrim year in mantle white
Was dreaming in the land;
Life's anxious heart stood mourning by,
And dropt a pitying tear
Upon the cold and snowy shroud
That wrapt the dear Old Year.

O Father! O mother! O sister!
Thy arrows are but days
Shot through the sky that spans our life,
Some fleck'd with golden rays—
Some clad in raiment dark and drear
That know no earthly light,
The sunshine of whose joys and hopes
Are quenched in sorrow's night.

O happy, jolly, good Old Year!
We'll miss thy heart and hand;
We knew thy form, we knew thy face,
Thy smile hath cheered the land.
Within thy folded arms we've dreamt,
With hopeful prayers and fears,
But now, alas! kind, good Old Year,
We bury thee with tears.

The friends that gathered round thy knee
We'll meet, alas! no more;
They've left the household of our days,
And closed the iron door.
Life beams anew—with other light
We seek our path to find;
Nor seek in vain, with torch in hand,
The path we left behind.

Another year hath robed itself
And started on its way;
With staff of hope and raiment bright
It ushers in the day.
The bells are ringing thro' the land,
All hearts are filled with cheer;
"The Old is dead!"—"Long live the New!"
The glad, the bright New Year!

Ring in the joys of happy home,
The mirth, the love, the glee;
Ring in sweet peace to all mankind,
Ring till all hearts are free.
O cherub year! O white-robed child!
Baptized in hope above;
We pray thee bless with heavenly smile,
The hearts and homes we love!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Christ's Kingdom.

WE say that Jesus was born a King. Where is his kingdom? He once told Pilate that his kingdom is not of this world. It is a spiritual and heavenly dominion. He is the Ruler and Head of God's Church on earth and in heaven. Whenever people give themselves to Christ, they become subjects of his heavenly kingdom, and own him as their King. Every heart should become a throne and a little kingdom for Jesus.

God promised all the earth, including the islands of the seas, to Jesus, as his heritage. But many of the inhabitants of the earth do not know that there is such a great king as Jesus. What ought we, therefore, to do? We ought to "send the blessed tidings all the world around." And how can we do that?

1. By going ourselves, and taking it.
2. By praying for missionaries and missionary work.
3. By giving our money to help to send the Gospel to the heathen.

Very few can do the first; all can do the second; and nearly all can do the last of these things.

Is Jesus your King?

AMONG the publications of Messrs. D. Lothrop and Company, of Boston, are several exquisite books, suitable for the Christmas season. Of these is a re-issue of the handsome illustrated edition of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." Mr. Stedman's fine poem, "The Star Bearer," illustrated by Howard Pyle, is a new and attractive issue of this house. Also, a beautiful art-book, entitled "The Story of Mary the Mother," compiled by Rose Porter, from the Bible, and from historical and legendary art.

If you want to find the best teachers in a Sunday-school, you would do well to look in at the weekly teachers' meeting. You will be pretty sure to find them there. But if you want to find the teachers who have most need of such a help as the teachers' meeting, there is a poor place to look for them. They are not likely to be found there.