

And oh, what a wave of sorrow
 Passed over my grieving soul,
As I thought of the new to-morrow
 That led to some unknown goal!

"Oh, stay" I cried, soul-shaken,
 "Heed not the flight of time,
Oh stay,"—But I was forsaken,
 And heard the New Year chime.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF NOT KNOWING.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

The dawn of a new year brings us face to face with the very familiar truth that we "know not what shall be on the morrow." There are hours, especially in childhood, when we rebel against this limitation, and seek to push the veil aside which hides the future from our ken. But experience soon teaches us that ignorance of the morrow is one of the blessings of life.

The blessedness of not knowing is experienced in the pain from which our ignorance delivers us. A sudden, unexpected sorrow often carries with it a certain narcotic power, which dulls our sensibilities and enables us to pass through the fierce fires of affliction with surprising fortitude. The foreseen sorrow is intensified a hundred-fold. It is no small part of the murderer's punishment that he foreknows the time and manner of his death. It is the coming and anticipated pain that casts the darkest shadow across life's pathway. The burden of the Man of Sorrows owed something of its oppressive weight to the fact that the agony of Passion Week was foreknown. Life would become unendurable, laughter would no longer be heard on our streets, if all the sorrows which wait for the coming of our feet were disclosed to our childish hearts, even