

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

IESUS, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

By Thy red wounds streaming,
With Thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

By that fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my achil; sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

LORD, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be.

—TENNYSON.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength when life-surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—SCHILLER.

THE HIGHLAND TARTAN.

Dear to each Highland soldier's heart
The Tartan of his clan,
Symbol of glory and of home
To every Highland man.
Whether he dwell 'mid Athole's hills,
Or where the winding Tay,
By Birnam's glens and forests fair,
To ocean wends its way;
Or nearer to the northern star,
Where snows the mountain crown,
And, towering over silver lakes,
Stern peaks of granite frown.

In every country, far and near,
Where Highland men are known,
The Tartan plaid is greeted still
With homage all its own.
Still to the pibroch's stirring strains
On many a foreign shore,
The Highland clans press nobly on
To victory as of yore.
True to traditions of the past,
True to their ancient fame,
May Caledonia's children add
Fresh glories to her name.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

ENGLISH YET, THOUGH FAR AWAY.

[In the Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* there is a short poem by the authoress of "John Halifax, gentleman," with the simple heading, "Colonial Papers, Please Copy." We do so with much pleasure; for the poem has the true ring of loyalty, patriotism and humanity:—]

English yet! though strange your faces
Browned with hard colonial toil,
In our hearts ye keep your places,
Brothers, born on foreign soil,
Listen, in each distant clime,
To our English Christmas chime.

English yet! should ever trouble
Enter your dear mother's door,
Would ye not then love her double?
Shed your blood, expend your store?
Nor in the ends of the earth forget
That ye all are English yet

English yet! The world seems narrow
To your hearts so warm and wide;
And they fly straight as an arrow
Home to us each Christmas tide;
And our eyes with tears are wet
Thinking ye are English yet.

THE GOOD WIFE.

"I am looking for a wife,
True, and kind, and pretty;
I don't ask that she should be
Stylish, braw and witty.
But a wise, good housekeeper;
Pray, how shall I tell her?
Read the secret, mother dear."
"Try and see her cellar:

"If you find it clean and sweet,
All in tiptop order,