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New Year's Eve.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, 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 the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
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.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

My Psalm.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.
The west-winds blow, and, sighing low,
I hear the glad stream run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.
No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
I plough no more a desert land
To harvest wheat and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.
I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.
The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;
Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see his image given;—
The woods shall wear their robes of praise
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in amber haze
Melt down the amber sky.
Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.
But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To wield as to destroy
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.
All as God wills who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.
Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whoso'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back;—
That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—
That care and trial seem at last
Through memory's sunset air
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;
That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which hly leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends
them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clouds, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must be-
lieve.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink!
the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live
and learn?"

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too;
Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt
do!"

Ay, note the Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
today!"

Fool! all that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee
That was, is and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

He fixed thee midst this dance
Of plastic circumstance
This present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even when the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst;
So take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
aim!
My times are in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
whole!

ROBERT BROWNING.

For 'A' That and A' That.

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that and a' that;
Our toils obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on homely fair we dine
Wear hodden gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and steres and a' that,—
Though hundre's worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that and a' that
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,—
Guld faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that,—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
When man to mau, the world o'er
Shall brothers be and a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.