

## Poetry.

## A NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

Lord, Thou art good—we say it when  
 Thy fierce east breezes blow ;  
 Lord, Thou art good—we still repeat  
 In thy soft summer glow ;  
 And whether next day rain or shine,  
 Shadow and sunshine both are Thine

We cannot thank Thee as we would  
 For all our Past has been  
 Such sweet white blossoms Thou hast dropped  
 From fields of living green,  
 Bidding us think how fair is made  
 Thy land, where such flowers never fade.

The Future still is hid with Thee,  
 Its secret Thou dost know :  
 We cannot guess its coming bliss,  
 And we would have it so :  
 Content, when this year's course is o'er,  
 We shall but love and trust Thee more.

As little children, called to see  
 Their father's gift untied,  
 Are sure that whatsoe'er he send,  
 They will be satisfied ;  
 We thank Thee ere we know Thy gift,  
 And wait till Thou its veil shall lift.

And most we thank Thee, Lord, that Thou,  
 Who giv'st our wine and corn,  
 Came down to bear the shameful cross  
 And wear the crown of thorn :  
 Thy sacrifice makes all our gain,  
 Our joy grows perfect through Thy pain.