

We may flutter, like moths, round the flame
Of a brilliant and dazzling light ;
But we wound ourselves always the same,
And must yield at the close of the fight :

Without compass, or rudder, or guide,
On the dark, rolling river, alone ;
Ah ! how many, through folly and pride,
Are still drifting away from the Throne.

Lonely voyager ! dark is thy sky !
There is no Son of Righteousness near ;
Scorn'd and slighted when once He was nigh.
Now He leaves thee to doubting and fear—

Drifting far from the Beautiful Shore,
Into regions of grief and despair—
With the sad words " too late," evermore
Ringing out in thy misery there.

Let us gird on the armor of Grace,
For the year that is just coming in ;
Weak humanity cannot efface
The foul blottings of error and sin.

Do Thou guide us, Oh ! Spirit Divine,
Through the intricate windings of life ;
Fill our souls with Thy teachings sublime,
Closing up every inlet of strife.

January 1st, 1868.