

New Year's Morn.

Swing the arches open, hail the New Year born,
Wave aloft the token, now acclaim the morn.
Gently draw the curtain, round the Old Year dead,
Sunrise tells as certain, all its glories fled.

Softly lay the Warrior in the storied past,
Dawn may break the merrier, pain less shadow cast;
But around the Old Year tenderest memories cling,
Would we blot them out, dear, or their requiem sing?

Not whilst hearts are human can those niches dear,
Built in Time's Cathedral, reft of forms appear;
Spectral, fair, or sun-bright, be the gleam they shed,
Still, despite the midnight, rise our holy dead.

Stand we at this Portal, wondering as we wait,
How shall fall the hanel? What shall be our fate?
Whether health or sickness, whether Death or Life,
Tell, O Child of weakness! how shall end the strife?

Speaks the New-born Stranger: "Time is ruled by God,
He Who once in manger held a Sceptre-rod
Now wields full dominion over spheres of light,
Holds in leash Time's pinion, curbs its rapid flight.

"Boldly tread the pathway, at whose Gate to-day,
Ye, with Angel Guardians, Life's ascent essay;
Not on sward of velvet, not in base reprieve,
But with Sword and helmet, on till dewy eve—

"In this blood-red battle, on the well-fought field,
Must ye strive and conquer, not to foeman yield;
'Neath the glorious Banner of the Holy Cross,
In heroic manner, counting Time as dross!"

"Courage, comrades, Forward!" shouts the Victor King;
Tread we up and starward, fears to cowards fling!
Open doors of service, open wells of grace,
Nerve true hearts to prowess, scars and wounds efface!"

Golden are the moments of this Coming Year,
Bright the sure adornments of its Eve appear,
If with patient labor we its steps ascend,
Constant our behaviour, bliss shall crown its end.