

teach us all how short the time is, and
 'make us more ready to join that united
 voice of praise, that 'voice from heaven
 as the voice of many waters, and as the
 voice of great thunder, and the voice of
 harpers harping with their hearts' that
 'new song which no man could learn, but
 the hundred and forty and four thousand
 which were redeemed from the earth.'—
Eng. Magazine.

THE BYGONE YEAR.

A year, another year has fled;
 Its issues who can tell?
 Millions of voices from the dead
 Reply from heaven or hell.

All those were living at the birth
 Of the departed year;
 They all have vanished from the earth,
 We fill their places here.

Though to the eye, the mind
 Of man their speech is sealed
 The eternal meaning each may find
 In two plain words revealed:

Lost spirits, from the dark abyss,
 Cry mournfully "*Beware!*"
 Spirits in glory, and in bliss,
 Sing joyfully "*Prepare!*"

Thus timely warned, and moved with fear
 Of wrath, let us beware;
 For life or death, in this new year,
 For earth and heaven prepare.

Who then of those with us to-day,
 In childhood, youth, or age,
 "To love the Lord our God" can say,
 We all our hearts engage?
 —*Montgomery.*

THE LAST SABBATH IN THE YEAR.

My fleeting years, how fast they fly
 The moments, how they glide away;
 May I for God the hours employ
 Of this most solemn Sabbath-day.

This sacred Sabbath now will end
 Another year of my short time;
 Lord, bid my heart from earth ascend,
 And let these sacred hours be thine.

May I survey with gratitude
 The year that now is past and gone;
 Let not vain thoughts my mind delude,
 But let my heart be thine alone.

Thy sparing mercy doth prolong
 This poor unworthy life of mine
 Help me to raise a grateful song,
 For this preserving care of thine.

But ah! what sad returns I've made;
 Alas! ungrateful I have been;
 And for thy blessings oft received,
 Have only made returns of sin.

Forgive my guilt and folly, Lord,
 Seal to my soul thy pardoning love;
 This day apply thine holy word,
 And my affections raise above.

—*British Workman.*

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind!
 Men point to me as smitten by God's frown—
 Afflicted and des. 'rod of my mind—
 Yet I am not cast down,

I am weak, yet strong—
 I murmur not that I no longer see—
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father Supreme! to thee.

Oh, merciful One,
 When men are farthest then thou art most near;
 When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning towards me—and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
 I recognize thy purpose clearly shown—
 My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear—
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—
 Beneath it I am almost snared—here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
 Trembling, where foot of mortal no'or hath been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now.
 When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
 Roll in my spirit—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.