

## THE NEW YEAR

To-day the King presents—in Love He reigns—  
To every dweller of His vast domains,  
A Year to use and share.  
Take gratefully from His own Gracious Hand,  
The Hands that sun and moon and stars command,  
In trust make it thy care.

The King this New Year lends, but 'tis thine own  
To live as thou dost please, choose thou alone,  
The pathway up or down.  
From dark to dark, when thou hast used thy day,  
He asks from thee what thou dost cast away,  
Then gives thee smile or frown.

And if there be some wayward soul among,  
Who does not know the blessedness of song,  
That ends a day well spent.  
Hear thou the mandate that He strives to teach,  
Rest, work, or pleasure, may not over-reach,  
If thou thy King content.

Then use His gift, make every day worth while,  
Live well thy days, with honor, earn the smile  
That God thy King doth share.  
And when His gift is but a memory,  
Angels will bow and at His feet will lay  
Thy year,—a crown to wear.