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FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be
lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has pass'd.

Though thy spirit beat high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy
sadness
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

"If a man live many years, and have rejoiced in them all, he must remember the darksome time, and the many days; which when they shall come, the things past shall be accused of vanity."—Ecc. XI—8.

ANOTHER year is dead, is past, is gone, and we cannot recall it. Dead—past—gone, with all it offers, all its advantages, and all its opportunities. That which we did during the allotted term of its duration, we cannot now undo; what we could, but did not, we can no longer do during the year eighteen hundred and eighty. It is gone, but its record re-

mains. The virtues we have practised, and the victories we have won, as well as the virtues we have not practised, and the victories we have not won; the graces we have responded to, and the graces we have neglected or abused; the sins we have committed, and the relapses into sin;—all are written in everlasting characters on an everlasting page. Every act and every omission is there. Nothing has escaped the notice of the recording angel, and that page will be a witness, for or against us, on the great last day.

The year just closed was for some the twentieth, for others the fortieth, for others again the sixtieth, for some, perhaps, the eightieth of life, of pilgrimage in this troublous world. And those twenty, those forty, those sixty, those eighty years,—how have we spent them? Looking back over the respective periods of our existence, what do we find? That we have devoted almost every day and every hour to the pursuit of worldly honors, earthly riches, and the enjoyment of sensual pleasures; that we have given all, or nearly all, to the world and the gratification of our senses, and nothing, or, if anything, very little to God, to our soul. We have, indeed, lived many years, but have we remembered, have we looked to, do we now look to the "darksome time" of death, and "the many days" of eternity, "which when they shall come the things past shall be accused of vanity?" If we have not, if we do not,—why? Has not everything, does not everything around us speak of death, preach death, however unwilling we may be to attend, or slow