

that runs through the fingers and has no stay—perishing vanities, that shine like falling stars for the twinkling of a moment, and disappear. But there is another life, saith ALMIGHTY GOD. The Old Year is but a memory, and the New One but a dream indeed, if there be nothing more than this world. But is there nothing more? The Old Year and the New Year—winter and summer—the sun and the moon—day and night—what are they all? Nothing; if they be for *this* world only. But are they for *this* world only? Pathways they are, and roads which lead onwards to the “many mansions.” Steep ascents which you are climbing here, but gain the summit, and you will see the Promised Land. A dream here—a reality there. Death and sorrow here— toil and trouble here; but *not* all in vain, if we are but gaining the everlasting hills.

Ring cheerily on then, ye New Year's bells. Ring cheerily on. Faint not, neither murmur ye. God's ways are not as man's ways. His judgments are like the great deep; thou canst not see their end—thou dost not know their moving. The young and the lusty, the good and the brave, are taken from the evil to come. The old are left for the trial of their faith, and the proof of their steadfastness. Ring cheerily on, ye New Year's bells. Ring cheerily on. The Old Year is buried in death—the New One is a resurrection of life. Fresh hopes. Fresh joys. Fresh hearts. The past is gone. All is new. Faint not.

Orphan hours, the year is dead;
Come and sigh—come and weep—
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See it smiles, as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
To its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year—be calm and mild.
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here;
Like a sexton by her grave,
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave:
And April weeps;—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

Yes! It is not all January. There is May. There is June after this long winter. There are joys in heaven after this long earth. This is but a part. Gird up yourselves for the battle, ye living. Sleep gently on, ye dead. Sleep on, and be at rest. *Misereere Jesu. Sleep.—Old Church Porch.*

Church Matters at Clackington in 1876.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE remaining days of the Bishop's visit to Clackington were equally well spent with those we have detailed. He visited the houses of many of the humbler members of the church, and by his unaffected kindness and sincerity of manner won their kind regard.

He gave especial attention to the portion of the town which was growing up in the neighborhood of the Station and the workshops of the Railway Company, and the more he examined it the more clearly he saw the wisdom and liberality of Mr. Crampton and Mr. Jackson in securing the portion of land for church purposes which the former had pointed out to him.

He seemed hardly able to keep away from the plot in question. He walked round it and over it; stepping out a space here and another there, with his face marked by deep thought, but with few words upon his lips.

“We should commence operations here at once,” he at length observed rather suddenly to our friend Crampton, one evening after he had again gone over the ground; “a month's work hereafter will not make up for a day lost now.”

“At once, my lord,” echoed Crampton, with some surprise. “I am sure I should only be too glad if such a thing were possible; but I hardly see how it could be managed.”

“It will require some energy, self-denial and faith on the part of those who can be brought to see the importance of the undertaking,” answered the Bishop; “but such Christian dispositions are not, thank God, altogether lacking amongst us; we shall see that with the Divine blessing wonders can be wrought under their influence.”

“But how do you mean to proceed?” asked Crampton. “I was not aware that you had as yet broached the matter to Mr. Slowton.”

“I have not done so, at least directly, but he must be in some degree prepared for the proposition which I mean to lay before him. I cannot bring myself to think that he will make any opposition to the idea of being relieved from the terrible responsibility of being held answerable for the spiritual necessities of those to whom he is unable to minister.”

Crampton shook his head doubtfully. “But suppose you succeed,” he observed, “in overcoming Mr. Slowton's opposition, what step