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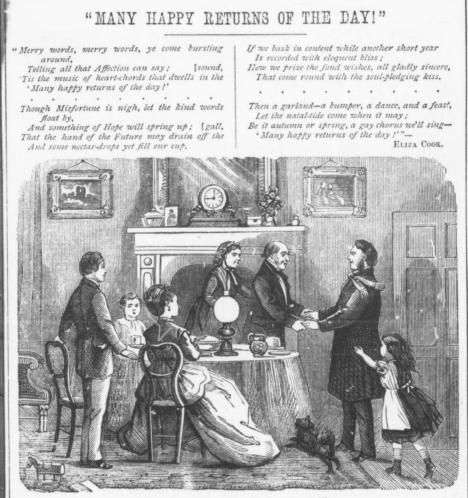
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"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY !"

S again the New Year comes round, a crowd of old associations gather to the memory, associating the Present with the shadows of the Past. It is a strange, strange mystery-but no less a mystery than a truth—that one of the chief sweets of memory is drawn from the melaneholy which follows in its train. In lonely moments of meditation, does not the union of tender memories, cheerful and regretful, bring forth an offspring of tears, children of thought—soothing and sorrowful in their influence upon the human mind. And what is the spoken meaning of such tears? Answer springs to the lips in the marvellously musical language of Tennyson:—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more."

But as there are the pleasures of Memory, so also there are the pleasures of Hope; and whilst we look back upon what we have achieved or failed to achieve

in the past, we may look forward to achieving again, or for the first time, in the future. As the year just passed away is consigned to the archives of the past, so a new year takes its place, and woos us to achievements—the ever-willing prize of industry and integrity. The years are the Kings of Time-and, as with the kings of men, the king never dies. "The king is dead!"—"Long live the king!"—is pronounced in one and the same breath—but the new king of men is known by a different title, as the new king of Time is known by a different date.

And whilst with regret we look back on the past—on neglected opportunities for doing and getting good we m.y look with bright hope to the future, which presents a path upon which we may march, led by the proper lights, to pleasant victories and pure pleasures. Let us then start fair upon the new race for honest fame and fortune; and on the eve of such race let us by the cheerful freside, over the festive board, surrounded by venerable representatives of the Past, hearty representatives of the Present, and rosy representatives of the Future—wish each other, with all sincerity. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"