

Canadian Missionary Link

New Year's Day—and Every Day

We break new seas to-day—
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prow with mightiest possibilities,
Bringing to us—what?
Dread shoals and shifting banks?
And calms and storms?
And clouds and biting gales?
And wreck and loss?
And valiant fighting times?
And, maybe, Death—and so, the Larger Life!

And, maybe, Life—Life on a bounding tide,
And chance of glorious deeds:—
Of help swift-borne to drowning mariners;
Of cheer to ships dismastered in the gale;
Of succors given unasked and joyfully;
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

And, maybe, Golden Days,
Full freighted with delight!
And wide, free seas of unimagined bliss,
And Treasure Isles, and Kingdoms to be
won,
And Undiscovered Countries, and New Kin.

—John Oxenham.