

paths—the paths of safety—are readily forsaken for those that are untried and dangerous; old landmarks are being swept away, and contempt for authority in every form is common and rife. Let us, then, resolve to resist these evils, each in his own sphere, as best he may, with God's aid; and if we cling manfully to the old faith, He will be ever with us.

Yes! there is much to do,
No time for foolish pleasure,
Much labour to pursue
In search of heavenly treasure.

Thus resolving and thus acting, this year will be full of blessings for us; and at last, when the years are all ended, a Voice will be heard by us, sweet and assuring, yet awful, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

With this beautiful hope for them and for ourselves, we wish our readers, one and all, a Happy New Year.

TRAMPING HOME.

I.

Out in the gloom and cold,
Where the wild wind whistles chill,
Over the treeless wold,
But over never a hill:
Clouds drift heavily by,
Ther· come voices on the wind,
Inwards turneth the eye
Only darkness to find.

II.

The hours but slowly go,
As I plod this devious way;
With the hours, pass to and fro
Forms of a long-lost day,
Which tell of years gone by,
Of tones that are silent and dead,
Of youth with its golden dawn,
And of earth-joys for ever fled.

III.

Yet I watch through the gloom and cold,
Through the bitter sleet and snow,
For a break in the clouds above—
For a lull in the storm below:
O warm breast I knew of yore!
O cold heart pulseless and still,
C pathway of sunshine and light
That led up to a purple hill!

IV.

But the purple fades into black,
And the gold light quivers and dies,
And the storm gathers deeper to hide
The stars that fleck the dark skies:
So, in sorrow I go on my way,
Alone, as the years pass by,
They are lost who were with me of old,
And for Time have Eternity.

V.

Still cut in the cold and gloom,
Tramping, they tell me, home,
Under frost or July noon,
Under cloud on star-sprout dome,
I strain my eyes to behold
The source of these silvery rills,
Which water my desert, and come
From a City beyond the old hills.

VI.

City of peace everlasting,
Unchangeable city of light,
Where cometh no fury of tempest,
Where creepeth no shadow of night.
Hie home, poor soul, thither fly,
Like strange bird on fleetest wing,
To where tears are all wiped away
Now Death has been robb'd of his sting