

getting an old woman it speaks to me more of old times and old places than it used to do. I could almost find it in my heart to ask to have it buried with me; only I couldn't make any one understand all it's

been to me: and they might say, as dear mother did long ago, 'You're too old for such nonsense, Lizzie!'

HELEN SHIPTON.

New Year.



NCE more into my outstretched hand
A volume new is given,
And He who gives it me in love
Is Lord of Earth and Heaven.

A volume new the Lord bestows
On us this New Year's night,
And every page as yet remains
Spotless and pure and white.

As night by night a page is turned
An Angel doth record,
'The owner of this book hath done
Just so much for his Lord.'

Or else he writes, 'This livelong day
He but for self hath wrought,
And for his Lord who died for him
Hath selfishly done nought.'

Teach me to feel through this New Year
That I am wholly Thine;
My time, my thought, my health, my wealth
Are Thine, Great King, not mine.

META GOING.

