



POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

—  
BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.  
—

'Tis pleasant to be happy,  
Then happy we will be,  
For Christmas is the season,  
To fill the heart with glee.

Not glee offcolish merriment  
But reverential joy—  
A sweet and holy feeling,  
Undashed by base alloy.

God sent our gracious Saviour  
From his bright home above,  
To show the world he died for,  
His boundlessness of love.

O, when the grace we ponder,  
That such a gift conferred,  
The key-note of emotion,  
In every breast is stirred.

Then gladly hail the morning,  
Which celebrates His birth,  
Who woke the angel chorus,  
' Good-will and peace to earth.'"

*Washington, D. C., Dec., 1851.*

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray  
For God's assistance through the day?  
And did I read his sacred word,  
To make my life therewith accord?  
Did I for any purpose try  
To hide the truth or tell a lie?  
Was I obedient, humble, mild,  
To prove myself a Christian Child?  
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,  
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?  
Did I my lips from aught refrain  
That might my fellow-creatures pain?  
Did I with cheerful patience bear  
The little ill we all must share!  
To all my duties through this day  
Did I a due attention pay?  
And did I, when the day was o'er,  
God's watchful care again implore?

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Who can count the grains of sand  
On the Ocean's shore that lie?  
Who, the numbers understand  
Of the gems that stud the sky?  
Who can tell the leaves that strew  
Earth amid autumnal gloom?  
Or the drops of pearly dew  
From the morn's prolific womb?

Yet, more numerous far than these,  
Are the mercies I receive;  
Sands, nor stars, nor forest leaves  
Can the countless numbers give.  
Mercies every morn renew'd—  
Fresh at every evening's close;  
From the boundless Source of good,  
Ceaseless is the stream that flows.

From my mother's anxious breast,  
Where, a helpless babe, I hung,  
He my onward path has blest,  
Fill'd with songs of joy my tongue.  
When, beset by every ill,  
Danger lurk'd, and death was there,  
He has been my guardian still,  
Made my worthless life his care.

Through another year, so true,  
He hath help'd me on my way;  
How, the thanks and praises due,  
Shall my grateful spirit pay?  
Language, thought, and feeling fail—  
All too faint and feeble prove;  
Endless is the wondrous tale  
Of my heavenly Father's love!

Then, O take this heart of mine,  
All I am I yield to Thee;  
All I have I now resign—  
Thine in life and death to be.  
Thine, in poverty or wealth,  
Thine, in sorrow or in joy,  
Thine, in sickness and in health,  
Scenes that gladden, or annoy.

Thine, through all the devious way,  
Yet my feet are doom'd to tread;  
Thine, to serve from day to day,  
Till I'm number'd with the dead.  
Then, when'er the summons come,  
Glad from earth my soul shall fly;  
Rise, to claim my heavenly home—  
Thine, forever, in the sky!