

The New Year.

'The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.'—Numbers xxi. 4.



JOURNEY lies before us,
The journey of a year,
Before its misty future
Our hearts shrink back with fear.

Outstretched like snowy landscape,
By foot of man untrod,
The year—its joys, its troubles—
Lies unknown (save to God).

As Abraham of old time
Went forth he knew not where,
So we would venture forward,
On GOD would cast our care.

Though divers be the pathways,
The Goal is only one,
And Ho will guide us towards it,
Until our work be done.

His presence makes the desert
To blossom like a rose ;
The way, though long and weary,
With Him, how short it grows !

Oh, guard us, guide us, help us—
That road, LORD, must be blest,
That take us Heav'nwards, Homewards,
And leads us to Thy Breast.

M. GOING.

A New Field for Emigration.

IT is strange how little is really known upon the subject of emigration. Most people living in country parishes have more or less vague ideas upon the subject, principally gathered from the brightly-coloured placards which are generally to be met with outside the office of some emigration or shipping company's agent, setting out glowing prospects of free or assisted passages, and smiling farms of 150 acres to be had for a mere nothing.

Whatever may have been the possibility in past years of getting a free passage and good land for nothing, such a thing is out of the question nowadays. Plenty of *bad* land may still be had in the Colonies for nothing, and maid-servants can get free passages, and this sums up the generality of extraordinary advantages offered by emigration.

To come now to sober reality, the present state of the farmer in England who has a holding of, say, 150 acres, is anything but enviable. His industry, skill, and perseverance merit success, but for many reasons they do not get it. He is wearied out at

last with a seven years' fruitless struggle against bad harvests and low prices, the close of each year finds him on the verge of bankruptcy, one after another his neighbours have gone down, and his whole life is an endless anxiety as to how to meet his liabilities. To such a man emigration, were he but certain of the truth of the prospects held out to him, means a fresh and happier condition of life altogether. He will require the same qualities, but with a larger and more promising field for their exercise; he will find, in a word, less competition, but equal or greater resources.

About a year ago a paper, entitled *Where to Emigrate*, appeared in the pages of the BANNER OF FAITH. It attracted so much attention from its readers, and so many were the inquiries sent in with a view to emigration, that it has occurred to the author of this paper that a short account of a new field for emigration with which he is acquainted, might be of interest to some of the readers of the BANNER OF FAITH.

The district in question lies at the north-west of the North Island of New Zealand,