

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Over peaceful fields by the moonbeams blessed,
Where the white-winged Silence dwells,
And through the hush of the city streets
Rings the music of New Year bells.
There is borne to our souls on the silver chimes
A message of peace and pain,
A smile for the new and a tear for the old
That can never be ours again.

Good-bye, Old Year, you have done your part,
Are needed no longer now,
Grim Time will bury deep out of sight
Your furrowed and pain-drawn brow.
We used you hardly, perhaps, and yet
God knows we meant you well,
When we rang to greet you a year ago
The chimes that are now your knell.

For the grace you brought we give you praise,
We pardon the hours of woe;
For our wrongs to you we ask in turn
Forgiveness, ere you go.
May the moonbeams lighten your lonely path
To the Land of Night and Fear,
On your desolate way to the ghostly past
God comfort you, brave Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, that will come no more,
Sleep with your buried flowers,
Whose bloom, enshrined in memory,
Shall gladden future hours.
Sleep long and well in the tombs of Time,
In the Land of Night and Fear,
Until, at the judgment seat of God,
We meet you again, Old Year!

WINIFRED PATTON.

Wendy Ann