

Yes, no doubt can exist in our trusting
souls,

That the year will increase as it onward
rolls

The wealth of love that the past year gave ;
And we know as the earth falls into its
grave,

We will love in the new year grandly.

Oh my heart, in the face of the dim
unknown,

Just think how our love in a year has
grown;

And with heart to heart and with soul to
soul,

Let us strike through the mists for the
cloudy goal,

Through the new year rolling slowly.

For the goal is there, and with widening
love

We will place our feet on the peaks above,

You and I—so with soft embrace,

I bid you good-night in the quiet face

Of the new year reigning calmly.

ALAN E. MULGAN.



Study of Nikau Palm.