

NEW YEAR'S DAY

by Thomas A. Davis

No foot has marred the virgin snow but mine.
 (The path winds, hidden, through the silent trees.)
And in the whiteness of that purity
 Each step I take is like a sacrilege.

None else can mar my virgin year but I.
 (The way lies hidden amid unseen days.)
God, sanctify my steps, direct my path,
 As I go forth in these unsullied ways.

What Then?

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When the choir has sung its last anthem,
 And the preacher has said his last prayer, --
When the organ has pealed its last echo, ---
 And its sound has died out on the air, --
When the Bible lies closed on the altar,
 And the pews are all empty of men, --
And each soul stands facing his record,
 And the great Book is opened -- What then?