

# THE Beautiful Carol for the New Year!

COMMONLY CALLED

## *Life a Journey, or Meditations on a Milestone.*

PSAL. xc. 9, 10. We spend our years as a tale that is told. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

ECCLIES. xi. 9. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

ECCLIES. xii. 1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

MARK xiii. 32. Of that day and that hour knoweth no man: take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye



know not when the time is; watch ye therefore, lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

EPH. v. 11. Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

LUKE xii. 37, 40. Blessed are those servants when the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Be ye therefore ready, for the Son of Man cometh in an hour when ye think not.

PROV. iii. 13, 17. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

JAMES i. 5. If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, and it shall be given him. Christ is made unto us wisdom

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JOURNEYING onward in my ways  
Many a weary path I've trod,  
And have watch'd with eager gaze  
All the milestones on the road.

Mark'd so much my journey's gone,  
Joyful at the distance past:  
Fresh in spirits travell'd on,  
Hoping, pressing for the last.

If the slow retiring sun  
Told me fast the day declin'd,  
Urg'd to haste, I walk'd, I run,  
Lest I darksome night should find—

Life's a journey! let me well  
Mark its progress and decay:  
New-year's-days, like milestones tell  
How I speed me on my way.

Fifteen, twenty, forty, gone!  
How much now of life remains?  
Can I thoughtless travel on,  
Full of joys, or full of pains?

Does the day of life but dawn,  
Like the brilliant rising sun?  
Gilding all the dew-dropp'd lawn,  
With sparkling hopes, and frolic fun.

Let me joy in life's gay prime,  
Snuff the balmy breathing air,  
Youth declares, I'll frisk the time,  
Banish sorrow, banish care.

Thus with heedless giddy feet  
Blythe they sport gay flowers among:  
Pluck the rose, and sip the sweet,  
As if they should be ever young.

Thus they pleasures gay pursue,  
Fleeing pleasures that deceive;  
Butterflies of tempting hue,  
Which of rest and time bereave.

Giddy, sportive youth, beware,  
Life's a journey passing on:  
Have ye years of life to spare?  
Much already's idly gone.

Mark ye not the milestone years,  
Noting time quite past away;  
Eighteen, twenty see appears;  
Do you still but toy and play.

Nay, be serious, friends, be wise,  
Days and years will ne'er return;  
If ye counsel will despise,  
Ye shall one day deeply mourn.

See another busy train,  
Farther on the path of life,  
Tolling o'er the sun-burnt plain,  
Full of bustle and of strife.

Youth's gay frolic they despise,  
Laughing toying smiles and jokes:  
Grave they seem and think they're wise,  
Solid, steady, busy folks.

Since it flies away in haste,  
Life's best time they better spend;  
Quite enough has gone to waste,  
Up they rise their pace to mend.

Bustling see the busy crew  
Much they bargain, buy and hoard;  
Much they toil with what they do,  
Scarcely time to eat afford.

Milestone after milestone past,  
Thirty, forty, still they plod:  
Scarcely noting with what haste  
They are getting on the road.

And while thus they toil for wealth,  
Break their rest with carking care;  
Undermine their wasting health,  
Nor for heav'n or death prepare.

While they see their stores encrease,  
While in heaps their treasure lies;  
Tho' they lose all joy and peace,  
They account themselves as wise.

Even their worldly wisdom's small,  
Grasping much they nought enjoy;  
While they scrape to get it all,  
Their own comfort they destroy.

Youthful pleasures they forsake,  
Wiser their maturer mind:  
Yet but play-things still they make,  
Only of a dearer kind.

Bags of gold, and flasks of wine,  
Beauty, honors, more may cost;  
May more bright than rattles shine,  
But like them, must soon be lost.

Man can ne'er be truly wise,  
Tho' he fill his time employ,  
If he grovel here nor rise  
Up tow'rd's heav'n and endless joy.

Treasure! 'tis not worth the name,  
Which a man to leave is sure;  
That which always is the same,  
That is good which will endure.

What with all their toil and care,  
Gain they, sweltering on the road?  
What but grief, and dark despair,  
While they sink beneath their load?

But who yonder travel slow,  
Where the sixtieth milestone stands?  
Stooping downwards as they go,  
Weak their knees and trembling hands.

Short the space that now remains,  
Life's long journey's almost done  
See them tottering o'er the plains,  
Verging tow'rd's the setting sun.

Life! ah, what is life to such?  
Scarcely can they taste or breathe  
Yet they seem to love it much,  
Tho' they hasten down to death.

Life! ah, what has living been,  
Gay or gainful, bright or sad?  
If they've liv'd their days in sin,  
Gain is folly, joy is mad.

Old age crown'd with righteousness,  
Is an honourable state;  
When they trust the Saviour's grace,  
And for full enjoyment wait.

But when sinking in the grave,  
Powers and all enjoyments lost,  
Still if found vile passion's slave;  
Still by rage and fury tost;  
Still deform'd by every vice;  
Swearing, drunkenness, and lust;  
Down they sink, and a trice  
Burn in hell, by sentence just.

Life's a journey, did I say?  
Rough and dark the way appears,  
And as milestones mark the way,  
So the quick revolving years.

Let us stop this NEW-YEAR'S DAY,  
Stop and ask about our road;  
Let's examine well our way;  
Ere we give account to God.

Say how many miles have past,  
How much life has run to waste  
Can the road much longer last,  
Do not years full quickly haste?

What's the path we travel in,  
Leads it well to heav'n and God  
Or the downward way of sin,  
Full of Satan's dark abode?

Life's a journey, sinner see,  
Warning milestones bid you stop;  
Tho' you young or aged be,  
Seek the Saviour, there is hope.

Soon your last, last year shall dawn,  
This perhaps that now begins;  
Sad your case, distress, forlorn,  
If it find you dead in sins.

Life's a journey, mind your way,  
Fast let every milestone come,  
Nor regard, tho' dull the day,  
So ye safely reach your home. \* T  
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