

WINTER AND OLD AGE.

Winter is come, the rude winds blow,
The frost bites sharp and keen,
Like a vast winding-sheet, the snow
O'er all the land is seen,
Yet but a little while ago
The fields were bright and green.

It seems, too, but a little while
Since I a thoughtless boy,
In sport and play would hours beguile,
Pleased with some trifling toy;
But Time, swift rolling like the Nile
Has marred my childish joy.

For while as back I turn my eyes
To Scottish burn and glen,
Old Time flies on, and as he flies
Brings threescore years and ten;
And now almost to my surprise
I'm numbered 'mongst old men.

Threescore and ten! how brief the space!
It seems almost a day
Since in the spring time of my race
All things looked bright and gay;
But wintry age comes on apace
And I am old and gray.

But has my God, who did create
Me in my mother's womb,
In store for me no better fate
Than the cold dismal tomb?
Say, must I here for ever wait
Wrapped in eternal gloom?

Will this brief little span of years
Be all I e'er shall see,
And when I've passed this vale of tears,
Must I then cease to be?
No, longing soul, beyond appears
A bright Eternity.

Who made it bright? The Living one
Who died and rose again,
Who fought the deadly fight alone
In sorrow, grief and pain;
For me eternal life He won
And I with Him shall reign.

'Tis this that cheers my waning years
'Tis faith instead of sight,
And not far off to it appears
Sweet scenes of calm delight,
When God Himself shall dry my tears
And I shall dwell in light.

—Selected.