

THE PASSING KNELL OF THE DEPARTING
YEAR.

'Tis done ! the curtain falls ! another year
Has played its part, and finish'd its career,
Has borne its record to th' eternal throne,
Of sins committed, and of duties done,
Its joys have vanished, and the silent dust
Has buried all its miseries, we trust ;
Elate with hope, we long to pierce the veil
That shrouds the future, but our efforts fail ;
'Tis *man's*, *to-day* a life of faith to live,
To-morrow's ken is *God's* prerogative !

