



TO THE DEAD YEAR

It seems but yesterday, and yet I know
Thy smiles are dead, thy glories passed away !
Thy voice has left the earth where, to and fro,
Death's children wander now in bare array.
One would not guess a thing had e'er been gay
In fields or woods, where now the fall winds spread,
The leafless branches tossing in dismay,
'Neath skies no longer blue, but dark with dread.

Yes, thou art gone ! and yet a lesson rife
With truths from Him thy death is meant to teach,
Like thine, the summer days of life
Must fade, and age's winter come to each.
Do not the falling leaves these sermons preach,
That hope is not a shield against decay ?—
That time will soon the dreams of youth impeach,
And write the summons none can disobey ?
And yet thy death old year but makes it plain
That though we die, we too, shall live again.

T. H. RACE.