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THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, “ Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—Pray ! ”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“ Vex not his ghost ! ”

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !