

Poetry.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away! so whispers the wind,
 As it treads its trackless course;
 And passing away doth the bright rill say,
 As it leaps from its crystal source,—
 All passing away on the stream of time,
 To oblivion's vale in a far-off clime;
 Matter and man, we make no delay,
 To eternity's gulf we are passing away.

Passing away! mark the furrowed brow,
 And the head with its silvery hair;
 And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak
 That they're leaving a world of care.
 Yes, passing away! even beauty's flower
 Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power,
 And fair and frail to their bed of clay,
 Adown to the tomb they are passing away.

Passing away! shrieks the ocean's wave,
 As it breaks on the beaten shore,
 And the tortured tide is left to chide
 The cliffs with their hollow roar.
 Ay, passing away! both from palace and cot,
 The places which know us will soon know us not,
 Whether peasant, or prince, nature's last debt to pay,
 At the fiat of God, we are passing away.

Passing away, for their hour is past—
 Earth's things; they're a motley pyre;
 The monarch's throne, and his sword and crown,
 And the pen and the poet's lyre;
 All passing away! e'en the pomp of art
 And the pride of the despot must all depart,
 And the relics of realms must each decay,
 And the names of the nations be passing away.

Passing away! even Time himself
 Bends under his load of years;
 His limbs are frail and his cheek grows pale
 With the furrows of sorrowing tears;
 With his broken scythe, with a silent tread,
 He is passing on to the home of the dead;
 With a bending form, and with locks grown gray,
 Old Time himself is passing away.

Passing away! all but God's bright throne,
 And His servant's throne above,
 And His grace divine, and the boundless mine
 Of God's eternal love;
 And His will to save through a Saviour's blood,
 The child of faith who hath washed in the flood;
 Even earth to its framework doth all decay,
 But God in His love shall ne'er pass away.