

ber of the human family were there all recorded in legible characters. As the midnight hour struck, the aged, man who typified the old year faded from my view, and, almost before I was aware of the change, youth and beauty stood smiling before me. The old year gone, the new year had begun. His robes were white and glistening, his voice was mirthful, and his step buoyant; health and vigor braced his limbs. He too, bore in his hand a scroll, but white as the unsullied snow; not a line was yet traced upon its pure surface except the title, Record of 1872. I gazed on its fresh and gladsome visage with mingled emotions of sorrow and joy, and I breathed my prayer for forgiveness, for the follies and sins of the departed year.