



The Coming Year.

*ALL of the coming year, dear Lord,
I offer Thee ;
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains,
It holds for me.*

*Whether it bloom with brightest joys
To crown my life,
Whether it bring but pain and woe
And endless strife.*

*Through its veiled future, Lord, be this
My prayer, my plea,
That it may bring me nearer still,
Dear Lord, to Thee.*
