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HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." James iv. 14.

Travellers through this vale of tears,
 Swiftly pass our fleeting years;
 Vain the pleasures here below,
 Short repose our spirits know;
 But our Father reigns above,
 And protects us by His love.

As the hours of morning light
 Quickly fading from our sight,
 Thus our life soon disappears,
 Childhood, youth, and manhood's years;
 But if spent, O Lord, with thee,
 Calm and bright its course shall be.

Soon our fragile life is gone,
 Flowing on without return;
 Soon it will have passed away,
 As the course of one bright day;
 But if we to Christ belong,
 In His love our hearts are strong.

All is perishable here,
 Vain the joys we hold most dear;
 But a moment they endure,
 Leave us and return no more;
 But in Thee, our heavenly friend,
 Bliss is ours which ne'er can end.

Let our days then hasten by,
 Proving "all is vanity,"
 Though the sun of life decline,
 Though its beams no longer shine,
 In our Saviour's light we see
 The radiance of eternity.—*Malan.*