

NEW YEAR READINGS

HYMN · FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY SAMUEL V. COLE.

O Thou that sealest up the past,
 The days slip from us, and the years
 Grow silent with their hopes and fears;
 'Tis Thine to keep all things at last.

We have not done the things we would,
 A blotted page we render back;
 And yet, whate'er our work may lack,
 Thy work goes on, and Thou art good.

Thou movest in the moving years;
 Wherever man is, there Thou art,
 To overrule his feeble part,
 And bring a blessing out of tears.

We know what blessings had their birth
 In Thy great purpose, and we see
 What evil customs touched by Thee
 Are crumbling ruins in the earth.

Thy hand has been in every age,
 To mould the ways of men and teach
 The generations each to each
 To leave a nobler heritage.

I know the word is in Thy breath
 That guides the wheels of time; I know
 'Tis Thou that guidest them, although
 They bear me toward the Vale of Death.

And as the silent seasons pass
 Along their well-appointed way,
 Nor any hand is raised to stay
 The falling sands, the emptying glass.

I own Thy promise, for I find
 In all Thy dealings evermore
 Thou teachest that the things before
 Are better than the things behind.

A nobler lot awaits the soul
 Than that of dying star and sun;
 Our lives do not in circles run,
 But ever onward to a goal.

Thou, Opener of the years to be,
 Let me not lose in woe or weal
 The touch of that strong hand I feel
 Upholding and directing me.