

Poetry

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

Another year is drawing to his close ;
Another year of various bequest
Is hurrying away across the snows
With swift and noiseless footsteps to the west.

Now all but empty is his fateful pack ;
His hand is cold, and fitful is his breath ;
His frame is thin, and sadly bowed his back ;
His eye has the stern prescience of death.

And some will weep to hear that he is fled,
And count his genial sojourn all too brief ;
And some will say, " 'Tis well ; we wished him dead,'
And feel a deep unspeakable relief.

One from the casement watches him afar,
And pities his inhospitable plight ;
Another stands and holds the door ajar,
To greet his young successor in the night.

For he was not impartially benign :
He loaded some with merit's rich rewards ;
And some who idly quaffed of pleasure's wine
Fared better than earth's potentates and lords.

While some, who could not choose, with murmurings
Received such gifts as they may well deplore ;
And some who chose picked out the worthless things,
And spurned the choicest treasures of his store.

On some he showered earthly wealth and fame,
And some he graced with worldly happiness ;
To some gave poverty, an injured name,
Affliction, disappointment, dire distress.