

The End of the Year.

New Year met me somewhat sad,
Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favourite things I had.
Baulked of much desired:—
Yet farther on my road today
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year coming on apace
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace
Face me with an honest face,
You shall not deceive me:—
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God:

13th December 1856.