

His voice was like a silver bell,  
Amongst the city's din;  
He called the reckless, straying ones,  
From paths of woe and sin.

He led them to a brighter land  
To dreams of bliss, afar;  
He led them, through the dark'ning gloom,  
Like ev'ning's, sombre star.  
He was their priest; his life was pure,  
With sanctity aglow,  
He taught them virtue, mercy, hope—  
Thus, why they loved him so.

#### A SONG OF THE HILLS.

Out on the green hills the cool winds are blowing,  
The roses are blushing and drying their tears;  
The morning's, gay harp is tuned to o'erflowing  
And lo, through the shadows, the daylight appears.

Then away to the hills, where the bobolink, sing-  
ing,  
Cheers on the sweet voice of the murmuring  
rills;  
The hunter's, clear call, o'er the willows, is ring-  
ing—  
O heart! Let's away to the sunny, green hills!

Then, away to the hills, from the city's gloom,  
sorrow,  
Away to the hills, where the buttercups grow,  
And, there, let's await the glad joys of a morrow,  
With crimson and golden tints, softly a-glow!