

been able to attain. Like a tree growing upon a mountain top, it thus added immensely to its height above the original level, and flourished the better because it thrust its roots deep down into the soil of a long past, which had been prepared to nourish it by means of a greatly diversified human experience.

What wonder that, as I sit alone
Counting the steps of the departing year,
Waiting the slow and solemn chime to hear,
That tolls the requiem of the Old Year gone,
A solemn awe should o'er my spirit spread—
A strange, still sense of mystery and dread?

What wonder, when I know that at my door,
Unseen, unknown, the waiting New Year stands.
Grasping the sealed scroll with his hands,
With strange, dim characters inscribed o'er,
Wherein lies hid, in awful mystery,
All that the coming year shall bring to me?

Perchance that sealed scroll may hold withal
Some sad death warrant for the friends I prize;
Or my own name amongst them haply lies,
Or sorrows worse than death yet to befall,
Or there be writ, in characters of gold,
Some joy to crown my life with bliss untold.

I watched the old moon in its slow decline;
So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea.
Whate'er the waiting New Year brings to me,
I know 'tis ordered by a hand divine,
So, fearless, 'mid the wild bell's mingled din,
I ope the door, and let the New Year in.