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BENEDICTION.

As, climbing up the East, the Morning Sun
Sheds golden rays, with a bright merry smile
The new-arriving Year beams on Old Time,
Whose grave but kindly welcome seems to say:
May all your course be happy, little one;

And when has come th' inevitable hour
For us to part, let me set down to you
A record of good will and peace on earth:—
So, as this toiling world hath something gained,
Mankind shall bless your memory all their days.

INGOLDSBY NORTH.