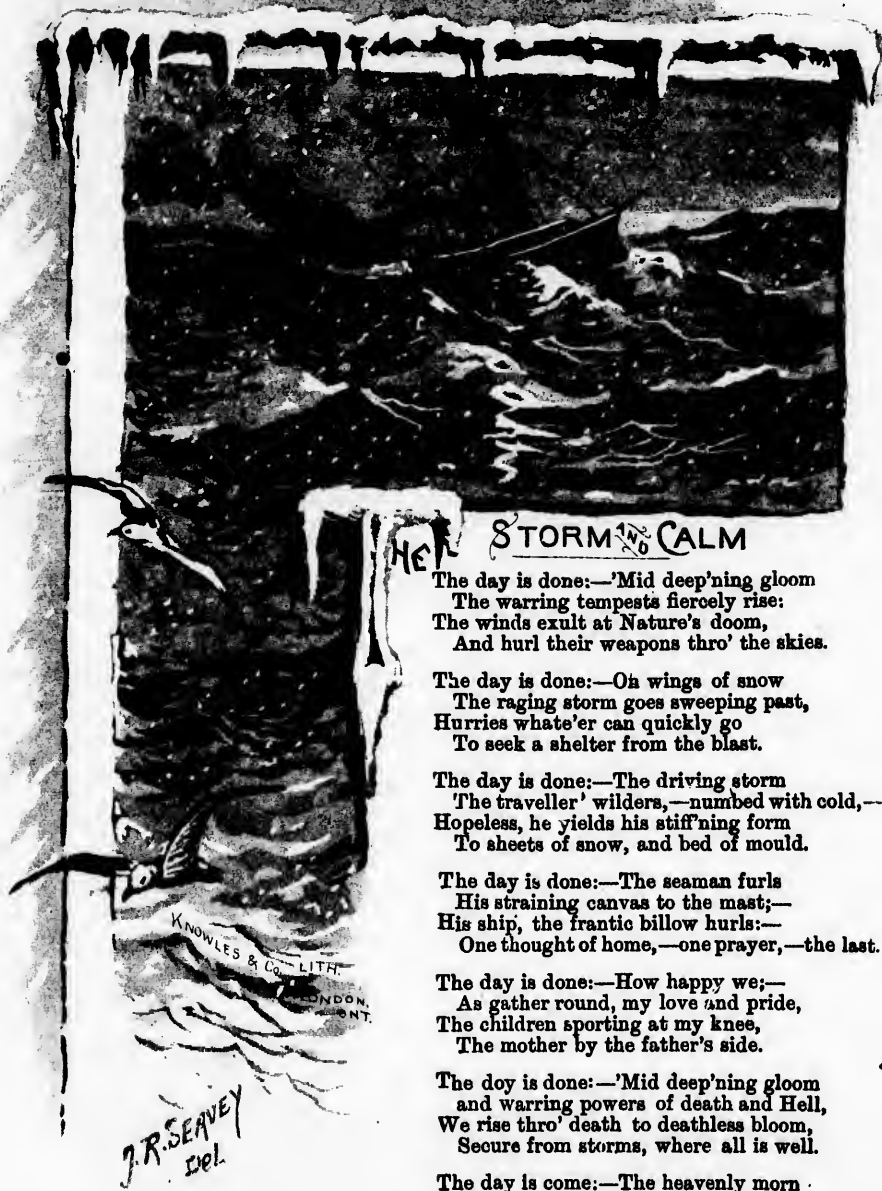


DECEMBER



HE STORM & CALM

The day is done:—'Mid deep'ning gloom
The warring tempests fiercely rise:
The winds exult at Nature's doom,
And hurl their weapons thro' the skies.

The day is done:—Oh wings of snow
The raging storm goes sweeping past,
Hurries whate'er can quickly go
To seek a shelter from the blast.

The day is done:—The driving storm
The traveller' wilders,—numbed with cold,—
Hopeless, he yields his stiff'ning form
To sheets of snow, and bed of mould.

The day is done:—The seaman furls
His straining canvas to the mast;—
His ship, the frantic billow hurls:—
One thought of home,—one prayer,—the last.

The day is done:—How happy we;—
As gather round, my love and pride,
The children sporting at my knees,
The mother by the father's side.

The day is done:—'Mid deep'ning gloom
and warring powers of death and Hell,
We rise thro' death to deathless bloom,
Secure from storms, where all is well.

The day is come:—The heavenly morn
Reveals the lovely face and form
Of him in Bethlehem's manger born,
Whose "Peace" gives endless "calm" for storm.