

ADVENT DAYS.

The centuries grow old ; one after one
The circle rounds into the perfect orb,
Forging the silver links that backward run
Along the twilight slopes of hoary time,
(Which the past darkness cannot quite absorb),
To that first day of Eden's rosy prime,
When stars and seraphs, and the crystal spheres,
In the pure ether turning, sang the world's first morn.
In music still the slow-revolving years
Turn in their silver chain, unheard of men,
Bringing the birthday of the world again,—
Bringing the infant Christ which should be born.

Once more bright angels gather in the sky,
And the dull ear of night awakes to hear
The far-off sound of heavenly pinions furled,
And glad hosannas singing sweet and clear—
Peace, peace on Earth—glory to God on high,
In the new birth-song of the ransomed world.
Oh day sublime ! to which all other days
Flow down convergent since earth's days began,
And all their separate and scattered rays,
Down the vast space, unmeasured of the sun—
The twilight of the ages—merge in one,
To kindle in these later alien skies
The white lamp of that earlier paradise !

—K. S. McL.