

VALEDICTORY HYMN.

BY MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

Glad murmurings rise from festive throngs,
 The laugh of happy hearts I hear;
 Earth echoes back her children's songs,
 And joy-notes wander far and near.

Yet, list! a wailing undertone
 Quivers through all the troubled air,—
 'Tis sorrow's never-ceasing moan,
 The dreary dirge-notes of despair.

And with those grief-wrung notes of pain
 There mingles still the dying wail
 Of those who pass where hope is vain,
 Where prayer can nevermore avail.

O, chosen, consecrated band!
 Go quickly at your Master's call;
 Tell the glad tidings o'er the land,
 "There's room in Jesus' love for all."

"Room for the throbbing heart of grief;
 Rest for the way-worn wanderer there;
 Hope for the lost one,—sure relief
 For all who need his tender care."

Swerve never from your chosen way,
 Though earth may lure your weary feet
 Oft-whiles 'mong easeful bowers to stray,
 Her siren tones are false as sweet.

O, fear not! Night comes apace—
 Death's endless, rayless, hopeless night!
 Fear not; your King, of His sweet grace,
 Will bless you with prevailing might.

And His own hand each brow shall crown,
 His voice with tender welcome greet,
 When ye shall lay your trophies down
 In loving worship at His feet.