

And Beacon Hill, a cluster of her best,  
Has placed, a blooming chaplet, on thy crest.

Yet o'er the waters let me look abroad,  
And ere I rise to quit this lovely scene,  
Those wild rose bowers and flow'r dappled green,  
Let thought advance from Nature to her God.  
As those dark mountains, from the level clod  
Still growing up, are ever growing less ;  
So may my life through trials upward press,  
Losing throughout its course some earthly load.  
As, in obscurity and gloom begun  
They rise to light, clothed with unsullied snow ;  
So may my life's last days the cheering sun  
Shine o'er, and purity adorn me so,  
Till godly wisdom from the hoary crown,  
Like fruitful streams from snowy peaks, flow down,

W. H. PARSONS.