

EVANGEL.—I.

The world's routine, that men despond
Of making bright, that aye has been ;
What hand releases from life's bond
The world's routine ?

Not earth's : but clouds that roll between
Our sphere and spheres that grow more fond,
Pass, if we say, and leave a scene

Where angels sing and stars respond,
And one who maketh all things clean,
Points out new glories, far beyond
The world's routine.