

1888.

Sweet Bells, I hear thy solemn tone,
Which tells us the Old Year is gone!
Gone with its many hopes and fears!
Gone with the myriad fleeting years,
To the vast unknown.

Like an ice-bound brook, our unseen tears
Flow sadly over our wasted years.
And joys we've known, no more to know,
All fled like pictures made on snow,
In days by-gone

And now we welcome the new born king,
The transient monarch of restless wing;
Earth's guest is here, young Eighty-eight.
God bless the aerial potentate!

LOVING THOUGHTS ON MR. CROIL
OF AULTSVILLE.

Ah, can it be, my friend is gone,
No more he'll hail the "robin's song;
And the glory of the rising sun
He'll hail no more; his journey's done?
Sing on "wee birdies," sing his requiem,
He's gone beyond our earthly ken;
Great was his soul (his soul's still great)—
Worthy was he on earth; he's worthy yet.
Who knew him longest, loved him best;
Love follows to his blissful rest;
His life sublime, without a stain,
And resolute his racy brain.
No stranger to nature; or nature's end,
For nature's Ruler was his friend;
Sweetly may the lilies bloom
Around his sacred dreamless tomb.