

Some ill I've done, I know ; perchance some good ;
But much, I fear, the ill outweighs the good ;
Yet, still I've tried, though feebly, it may be,
To think of others, and not all of self.
And so I pray Him to forgive the ill
And bless the good, and blessing it, bless me.

Now can I face the dawn with fearless eyes ;
Whate'er it brings to me of joy or pain
Cannot avail to quench my glowing hope ;
For that same Hand that led, will lead me still ;
That same sweet voice shall cheer and comfort give.

Break forth in splendor o'er the ancient hills,
O glorious dawning of the glad New Year !
And flood the world with hope's glad light again ;
Wake Truth, and Love, and Faith to warmer zeal.
And scatter darkness to the winds of heaven.