

I've seen Heaven's holiest dews descend
On the strong, earnest mind
Whose lofty energies were given,
To elevate mankind.

"Oh, deem not thou this beauteous Earth
Is all one scene of woe !
I tell thee here is many a fount
Whence healing waters flow :
And many a sunny spot is here
Where Hope may lift her eyes
In humble, steadfast trust to Him
Whose glory fills the skies !"

"Twas past : I heard that voice no more,
But, from the grey chuch-tower,
With iron clang the heavy bell
Tolled out the midnight hour :
And silvery voices on the air
Rang out in accents clear,
Hailing with merry, greeting tone
The joyous, young New Year !

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.