

Reaped the dire harvest of the day,
And strewed the blood-dyed sod
With beings that were formed to bear
The image of their God !

But have they all been scenes of woe
Which thou'st beheld, Old Year ?—
If so, we well may sadly mourn
Our weary tarrying here ;—
I asked, and through the still night air,
Where the soft moonbeams shone,
A gentle voice made sweet reply
In mellow answering tone.

“ Ah no ; not all with sorrow fraught
My transient stay has been,
For many a scene of heartfelt bliss
Undimmed by change, I've seen ;
And smiles that hailed my dawning ray,
Still, still are beaming bright ;
And shades of care from many a brow
Have fled before my light.

“ I've seen the vow of Love fulfilled ,
Seen friends long-parted meet ;
Heard those for weary years estranged
Forgotten vows repeat ;—
Seen hopes that, through long years deferred,
Had made the fond heart sick,
Dawning anew, where Sorrow's shades
Hung heavily and thick.

“ I've passed where meek Devotion held
Communion with her God ;
I've marked the path which Christian love
In its pure mission trod ;