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**NEW YEAR.**

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,  
Like a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred  
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,  
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand.  
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
And Winter, with his aged locks and breath,  
In mournful cadence that come abroad  
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year—  
Gone from the earth forever.



No Cross, no Crown.