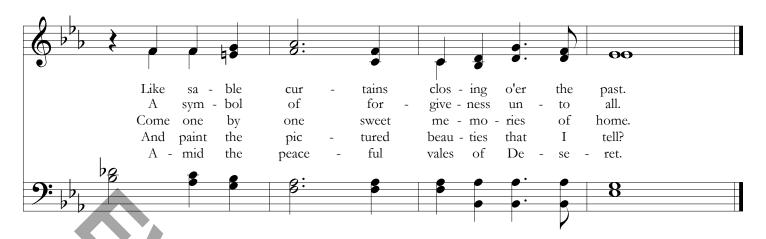
## The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close





6. Unheeding still the fiercest blasts that blow, With tops encrusted by eternal snow, The tow'ring peaks that shield the tender sod Stand, types of freedom reared by nature's God.

7. The wilderness, that naught before would yield, Is now become a fertile, fruitful field. Where roamed at will the fearless Indian band, The templed cities of the Saints now stand.

Text: Orson F. Whitney, 1855-1931 Music: Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847 8. And sweet religion in its purity Invites all men to its security. There is my home, the spot I love so well, Whose worth and beauty pen nor tongue can tell.