

But while our feelings homeward run,
 We bow with easy grace,
 To genial clime of sunny land,
 Wherein there is so much that's grand,
 Although tradition's hoary hand,
 Few moss clad relics trace.

Soon feastings and reunions o'er,
 With holidays that fly ;
 How fast recurring seasons run,
 While on the brink of ninety-one,
 We face new work that must be done,
 So vanished year good-bye.

PARTING LINES.

Suggested by the remark of a lady while looking
 at the picture, "Love and Death" in the
 Melbourne Art Gallery.

HOW fast the happy hours go by,
 While hearts beat side by side ;
 How pleasant life would always be,
 With those we ever wish to see,
 And in whose care we feel quite free
 From all the world aside ?

But ah ! The fates have so decreed,
 That bliss must end in pain—
 The blushes that suffuse the cheek,
 Are gone e'er we have time to speak,
 Like water down a rippling creek,
 To ne'er return again.