

Naught so fragile now or frail,
Or surer to decay,
Yet still a memory you regale,
And but for that you'd wholly fail,
To please another day.

ADIEU TO 1890.

AGAIN a year has taken flight
And gone beyond recall—
As many watch-tower vigil kept,
Or careless natures quietly slept,
Another joyous season swept,
Across the festive hall.

The Austral sky is clear and bright,
Australian woods are green ;
The many colored flowers are out,
And laughing pic-nic parties shout,
Where balmy zephyrs blow about
Each fair or dusky queen.

How strange the contrast with the land,
Where boys and girls we played ;
O'er snowy mantle, cold and white,
'Mid pendant icicles so bright,
Or round the fire on wintry night,
E'er to the south we strayed.

Here much in nature seems reversed,
With seasons upside down ;
A Christmas time with summer days,
Puts on the whole a different phase,
And we can little feeling raise
Or recollections drown.