

Light holiday hearts, whence care hath flown,
 Here are belles with their beaux, and some with none ;
 While the very stars that some mystic link
 Ties up in clusters, "tip us the wink !"
 Ha ! ha ! how the hot cheek glows and swells,
 As if pricked by invisible icicles !
 How the young blood courses, rushing, bounding,
 As we sail our airy circles rounding !
 As racing, chasing—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

So brisk is the air to the sharpened sense,
 'Twould seem, in sooth, even did we dispense
 With merry maidens' laughter-knells—
 Ringing with peals of fairy bells !
 And briskly, merrily, to and fro,
 With or against the wind we go,
 Lads and lasses in couples and single,
 While the nimble sandals clink and jingle,
 As airily, fairily--left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a busy scene : let us stand and gaze.
 'Tis the mimic of a mightier maze ;
 'Tis the great world's epitome ;
 And here fortune is fickle too, for see—
 Yonder our champion skater down,
 Coming to grief and endangering his "crown ;"
 Others tripping, colliding, or apologizing—
 While we wax cold a-philosophizing !
 So laughing, chaffing—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Bump ! down we too go ! an easy case.
 Our skates seem not in their proper place !
 And lo ! how the cracks divergent fly—
 Shooting stars in the fishes' sky,
 That flee, no doubt, from the omen dread.
 Ha ! ha ! belike we have cracked our head,
 As well as the ice. How one's fancy grows tipsy,
 And gallops waywardly, like a gypsy,
 As bustling, jostling—left and right—
 We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,
 Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,
 Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel !

WILLIAM KAY.