

The Rockwood Review.

THE PASSING OF WINTER.

Long had the mighty winter o'er the earth
Held his unyielding sway ;
And decked with unseen hands, her sombre form,
In his fantastic way.

Fring'd with long crystal points, the tearful eaves
Flashed in the tardy sun ;
Chang'd to vague phantoms, gray distant trees
Faded as day begun.

Fill'd he to overflow the outstretch'd arms
Of fearless Evergreen,
With those white creatures of his fancy, whirling down,
From frigid heights unseen.

Others, who unlike these most loyal sons
Of summer's sovereign sweet,
Had strewn their orient robes across his path,
The King of Ice to greet.

Were by his magic breath transformed quite,
From dreary desolateness,
To dazzling forms of scintillating white,
Marvels of loveliness.

In pillared depths of some thick forest place
He shew'd his wondrous power :
With mystic lines the window panes did trace,
'Till one unlooked for hour.

From the great Head a changeless edict came,
Whisper'd by voices mild,
That he his kingship henceforth should disclaim,
And hail the Queen Spring child.

Quick roused to ire, that thus his power should fade
Without his regal will,
O'er all his world he wild commotion made,
And naught was still.

Tall trees, like striplings, quivered in his grasp,
Swayed by his wrathful power,
And tossing wild beneath the noiseful blast,
With inward fear did cower.

But soon it seemed how vainly thus he fought
The great Will to withstand ;
And bowed with grief, o'er this his lowered lot,
Slow passed he from the land.

Quick came the eager Spring, but wept to see
Her realm so drear and bare ;
Then smiled with joy its queen once more to be,
To hold it in her care.

Stirr'd by her smile and tears, the buds awoke,
Their homage sweet to bring ;
While bird and brook, freed from their erstwhile yoke,
A jubilate sing.

ALIEL.