

(ORIGINAL.)

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, departing year !
 Thy waning shadow lingers on the hill,
 And through the dim woods, desolate and still,
 Thy latest sigh we hear.

Storms ushered in thy birth !
 Yet thy brief reign hath brought us spring's sweet
 flowers,
 Summer's ripe fruits, and her gay sparkling showers,
 That gladden the green earth.

And autumn, led by thee,
 Came with her waving fields of golden grain,
 Her laden orchard boughs,—her harvest's strain,
 Her liberal hand and free.

And now thy course is done !
 The wintry winds, with wild and eddying blast,
 Thy requiem sing, and withered chaplets cast,
 Thy cold bleak grave upon.

Ah, light is the farewell,
 Breathed forth by thoughtless hearts to thee, Old
 Year,
 From midst the festive throng,—while in their ear,
 Low sounds thy passing knell.

Mindless that thou dost bear,
 On thy still wings, a record dread to heaven,
 Of wasted thoughts, of high affections given,
 To trifles light as air.

Precious are thy lost hours,—
 And we may weep, sadly, but, ah ! in vain,
 To win them back,—yearning yet once again,
 To call those treasures ours.

Yet not with gloom we speed
 Thy parting flight—but solemn thought should blend
 With our farewell,—like voice of dying friend,
 That warns us in our need.

For thou, to some must bound
 Their being's term upon this changeful earth,—
 And thousands ne'er, who hail the New Year's birth,
 May tread its circling round.

Therefore these musings sad,
 Blend with our gayer thoughts their sombre hue,
 And with a kind and gentle power subdue,
 Hopes, that were else too glad.

Thus then, Old Year, we part,—
 Grateful for all the mercies by thee brought,
 And for thy chastenings—which were kindly fraught,
 With blessings to the heart.

E. L. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN EXAMINATION OF A
 WELL EXECUTED PICTURE OF

"THE NIGHT STORM"

The storm is most fearful, and madly the waves,
 High chafing and foaming, rise up to the sky,
 The god of the winds has commanded his slaves
 O'er the depths of the ocean, tempestuous, to fly.

The bark is as gallant as bark well can be—
 Its keel is of oak, and of oak is its deck ;
 Yet lighter ne'er skimm'd o'er the loud-roaring sea,
 And ne'er was a stronger ill-fated, a wreck.

The crew that directs it is hardy and brave
 As ever was crew that sailed o'er the blue deep ;
 And well have they learned, as they buffet the wave,
 To trust, when in danger, to God, who can keep,

But wave after wave, with a dread, sullen dash,
 And force, strikes the bark, that a rock could not
 stay ;—

The billows sweep o'er it and frightfully wash
 Its deck with the surge and the foaming-white
 spray.

The notes of the wind are most dreadful to hear,
 As hoarsely they moan o'er the deep-gulfing waste,
 Or howl, like fierce demons, in blasts chill and drear,
 While onward, to wide desolation, they haste.

Dark, dark are the clouds that ride on with the
 storm ;
 No ray glimmers down from a single bright star ;
 The scene is most awful ! and well may it form
 A picture of Nature with Nature at war !

Ah ! brave little bark, and ye yet braver hearts,
 So tost on the waves of the dread angry flood !
 Death marks ye for victims ! and nought now imparts
 A hope, but a trust in the ALMIGHTY GOD.

Down, down on your knees ! and to God raise the
 voice
 Of earnest petition, to pity and save !
 He sees through the storm, He can hear 'mid the
 noise
 Of tempests' rude blasts and the loud-sounding
 wave.

Yes ! mark there ! the moon, even now half unveils
 Her features benign, shedding light on the gloom.
 The winds are all hushed, and the bark safely sails,
 Which God has just snatched from a dread watery
 tomb.

And thus, when on life's fearful billowy sea,
 I'm tost by sad cares, and by trouble's deep flood,
 When anguish surrounds me and comforts all flee,
 I'll think of the Night Storm, and call upon God.

J. S.