

POETRY.

FROM THE GRACES, OR LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1824.—THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE
SERIES OF "*The Months*"

DECEMBER.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires did not the cold remember.

Spencer

WELCOME,—Ancient of the year !
Though thy face be pale and drear,
Though thine eye be veil'd in night,
Though thy scattered locks be white,
Though thy feeble form be bow'd
In the mantle of a cloud.

Yet December with thee come
All the old delights of home ;
Lovelier never stole the hour,
In the summer's rosy bower,
Than around thy social hearth,
When the few we love on earth,
With the hearts of holiday
Meet to laugh the night away ;
Talking of the thousand things
That to time give swiftest wings ;
Not unmix'd with memories dear—
Such as in a higher sphere,
Might bedim an Angel's eye,
Feelings of the days gone by ;
Of the friends who made a part,
Of our early heart of heart ;
Thoughts that still around us twine ;
With a chastened woe divine.

But when all are wrapp'd in sleep,
Let me list the whirlwinds sweep,
Rushing through the forest hoar,
Like a charging army's roar,
Or with thoughts of riper age,
Wonder o'er some splendid page,
Writ as with the burning coal,
Transcript of the Grecian's soul !
Or the ponderous tomes unhasp
Where a later spirit's grasp
Summoned from a loftier band,
Spite of rack, and blade, and brand,
With the might of miracle,
Rent the more than Pagan veil,
And disclosed to human eyes
GOD'S true pathway to the skies ;

Every autumn leaf has fled,
But a nobler tree has shed
Nobler scions from its bough ;
Pale Mortality 'tis thou
That hast flung them on the ground
In the year's mysterious round !