

fog and mist, to solve a problem which can be of no possible use if attained, and while we admire the courage of these strong northern races which produce such men as Peary, Nansen and Jackson and the others, it always seems to me that they are tempting Providence when they venture upon such a bootless quest into these dread regions which Henry Kirke White describes as follows :

Where the North Pole in moody solitude
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes
around
Where never sound
Startled dull Silence's ear save when profound

The smoke-frost muttered : there drear
Cold for ages
Throned him ; and fixed on his primeval
mound
Ruin, the giant sits ; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along
the desert way.

' In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remains of life encheers the sight
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble. Mingling day
and night,
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours
light)
Are there unknown ; while in the Summer
skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly
height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long, bleak night of half
the year to rise.' "

A FRAGMENT.

The stars of the old year shone last night,
And bright were the beams they cast,
But my spirit likened each burning ray,
To the torch-light of the Past ;
For methought that many a heart would chill,
To gaze on that glowing sphere,
Should Memory's chords that evening thrill,
To the dreams of the olden year !

To the garlands hung over Hope's gay shrine,
When the hours of that year were new,
And we looked not for frost in the summer prime,
In the place of the early dew ;
Oh ! the stars should shine with a pale, pale light,
When joy has been thus o'erthrown ;
And the mourner weeps in the silent night,
For his beautiful—alone !

The stars of the old year shone last night ;
They were linked with thoughts of pain,—
Like music we've heard in some happier hour,
But would never list again,
Like flowers the hand of Love hath plucked,
That when parted we dread to see ;
Precious yet twined with all mournful thoughts,
Were their dying beams to me !

The stars of the new year shine to-night,
There is hope in their faintest gleams,
They come to my heart, with their spells of light,
As linked with its angel dreams !
Sweet voices have broke on the weary day,
I turn from the heavy Past ;
While the stars of the new year softly say,
Wearied one, rest at last !