## THE GARLAND.

From an American paper

OLD WINTER IS COMING. Old Winter is coming again—elack!
How my and cold is he!
He ears not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black—
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knaek,
For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—
A mighty old fellow for glee!
He cracke his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss—
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kias,
And freezes the dew of their lips:—for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a feelicksome blade I wot—
He is wild in his lumour and free!
He'll whistle along, for 'the want of his thought,'
And set all the warmth of our furs at saught,
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought—
A frolicksome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From merning 'till night he will sing his song—
New meaning, and short—new howling and long.
His voice is loud—for his lunge are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up our tretters, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foce—
A tough old fellow is he!

A coming old fellow is Winter, they say,
A coming old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away—
And marks all our doings, from grave to gay—
Purafreid be is peeping at me!

CHRISTMAS.

Most glorious Lord of Lyfe! that on this day,
Didst make toy trib mph over Death and Sin;
And, having harrow'd Hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, as to win;
This ioueus day, dear Lord! with ioy begin
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy.
Being with thy deare blood clone washt from sin
May live forever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee far the same againe:
And for thy sike, that si, lyke dear, didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne!
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us raught.

[Spenser.

## THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Texas, for 1830.

THE SEA. and thos, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greate
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

The walls his, and he made it, aries the Paulmist of Israel in one of those bursts of exhaustam and devotion, in which he we often expresses the whole of a vast
ambject by a few simple words. Whose ells indeed
could it be, any by whom else calld it have been made?
Who else can heave its fides, and appoint its bounds?
Who else can urge its mighty waves to madees with
the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then
speak to it again is a master's accents, and bid it be
still? Who else could have poured set its magnificent
fulness round the solid land, and
Laid as in a storehouse and its water treasures he?

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SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1829.

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