

The description of these general facts and accompanying incidents has been attempted in the following stanzas :

Lo ! the car of mirth advancing
Jaded labor sinks to rest ;
Furred sleighs, like meteors glancing,
Fly with herald honours blest :
Joyful messengers they're leading
Christmas, New-Year, hither speeding.

Trim we then our dwellings neatly
With the cheering ever-green ;
Mince-pie stores we'll fill completely—
Presents for each festal queen ;
Offering crispest cakes we'll meet them
And with smiling faces greet them.

Husbandmen now cease from toiling,
Wealthy merchants leave dull care,
Lawyers, men no more embroiling,
To your firesides bright repair :
Soon you'll find that heartfelt pleasures
Make you lords of sparkling treasures.

Should their claims begin to weary us
Through the crowded streets we'll stroll ;
Pageants there, for gay and serious,
In succession quickly roll ;
Long nights darken cold December,—
Festive scenes we then remember.

Howling storms may rage and bluster,
Piercing winds shriek wild without,—
Still like snow-birds let us cluster,
Joining in the frolic rout !
Heed not Boreas white wreaths curling,
In the graceful waltz keep twirling.

Choosing now your favourite lasses,
Wary 'gainst a bruising fall—
Throng ye to the midnight masses,
On the sainted hours to call.
Blithely ring the bells a-morning
Of their advent jovial warning.

Holy Christmas first appearing,
Bids us join her swelling train
To each heart herself endearing,
Though but clothed in vesture plain ;
Up Cathedral aisles she leads us
And with glowing rapture feeds us.

There—deep anthems proudly pealing,
Rolling waves of sound along,
Raise her to the lofty ceiling
On majestic wings of song.
Awe-struck myriads amazing,
With strain'd eye-balls breathless gazing.

High upheld in state, she lingers
Till the sober twilight gray,

When she clasps her snowy fingers
And swift gliding fades away ;
From their heavenly trance relieving,
All at her departure grieving.

Soon we hear the sleigh-bells jingle
Issuing from the open gates,
With rude country voices mingle :
Ushered in by chaunting waits,
Laughter-loving New-Year enters
And—mad romp !—all eyes concentrers.

Then, what piles of sweets are eaten—
Mark the visiting and cheer !
Then, how smoking nags are beaten !
All to please this wild New-Year,
Presents showering, open-handed,
On the mortals with her banded.

Dame Tradition tells sad stories
Of her deeds in former times ;
(Santicius lost half his glories,
Through her never ending crimes :)
Kisses oft were slyly stolen
Eggs, in boots laid by some droll hen.

Finding now that sports are altered,
Banished rudeness sorely weeps ;
In his steps he since has faltered
Loath to herd with sooty sweeps.
Bearing ill their boorish greeting,
From this land he is retreating.

Let not in his track, ye gentles,
Holidays all disappear ;
Levy still its customary rentals,
Gladden each returning year.
Twelfth night, many fair queen's craving,
Well browned cakes for you is saving.

Take advice, too, jolly farmer,
Throw that short black pipe aside ;
Don your best gray coat—'tis warmer—
To the dance ! whate'er betide :
Scenes like those your hut adorning,
Till by Lent you're clothed in mourning.

SYLVIO.

Montreal, December, 1840.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest :
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer.

Pope's Essay on Man..