

Here, the rocks rise tall and black,
Casting shadows o'er our track ;
There, the golden sunbeams rest
On the mountain's sparkling breast ;
While above us, meets the eye,
Clear and deep, the azure sky.

Now we take the homeward way,
Warned by the departing day ;
From the windows, o'er the snow,
See the bright fires' ruddy glow ;
Their mute welcome seems akin
To the faces bright within.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A glad good morrow ! neighbour mine,
A good new year to thee !
A year of life, and health and hope,
I pray that it may be.

Last year we held each other's hand,
The self-same wish had we,
And has it not been well fulfilled ?
Thank God ! it has to me.