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THE NEW YEAR.

<p>Oh ! hushed as the zephyr that gently re- poseth, And breathlessly sinks on life's bosom to sleep, And calm as the crocus its bright petals closeth, Then silence and moonlight are spread o'er the deep.</p> <p>So hushed be the sigh from the heart softly stealing, That ling'ringly turns to the dreams of the past, So calm be the visions of prescience, revealing, That change dimly pictured is coming at last.</p> <p>Like a phase of our lives the old year has passed o'er us, What hopes on its wings has it wasted away ?</p> <p>Like a fire-flashing meteor that trembled be- fore us, Then passed, and we see but the grey dawn of day !</p> <p>Oh ! New Year, we pray thee, bring balm to the fever Of yearning thy forerunner taught us to feel ; Submission and faith to the heart-ert be- liever, That grace from above, alone potent to heal !</p> <p>Some hearts there may be whose old bonds of affection</p>	<p>Are loosed as thou com'st, and who love us no more ; Unkindness brings strength to endure, and rejection, And let not our spirits vain idols adore.</p> <p>It may be that fortune, and fame, and ad- vancement, When nearest we thought them, eluded our grasp, That the honor we sought proved a subtle entrancement, Too frail to be reached by our famishing clasp.</p> <p>Or that which we had may have dwindled and faded, From plenty's fair haven to poverty hurled, Or our brows with laments for the dead have been shaded And we left 'o battle alone with the world.</p> <p>Still, hushed as the zephyr at eventide sleeping, And calm as the floweret that closes at night, Oh, Spirit of Mercy ! at peace in thy keeping, We'll journey again with the year's rising light.</p> <p>For friends may be faithless, and hopes may be blighted, And chill death may sever the hearts that were true ; But we go to the land where true hearts are united, Its haven our beacon, for ever in view.</p>
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—Boadicea.