

Poetry.

HOW PLEASANT IS THE OPENING YEAR.

BY DELTA.

How pleasant is the opening year !
 The clouds of winter melt away ;
 The flowers in beauty re-appear ;
 The songster carols from the spray ;
 Lengthens the more refulgent day ;
 And bluer grows the arching sky ;
 All things around us seem to say,
 " Christian ! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
 Of winter, slept both bud and bloom ;
 But nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts, renew'd, as from the tomb ;
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man ! a star hath shone to save,—
 And morning yet shall re-illumine
 The midnight darkness of the grave !

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
 The dawn of second life on thee,—
 Shalt thou to hope, to bliss awake ?
 Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee ?
 Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
 That makes or weal or woe thine own ;
 Up and to work ! Eternity
 Must reap the harvest Time has sown !

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Thrice happy he who goes not young astray,
 By Wisdom guided in his early way :
 Her radiant lamp shall light his footsteps on,
 Where all the good and great are safely gone.
 Though Wisdom's summit we ascend with pain,
 The labour ceases when the point we gain ;
 Revolving doubts no longer then retard,
 When hope is swallow'd in the vast reward.
 Go on, my friend, the' exalted palm secure,
 Who seeks a crown must gen'rous toils endure.