

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

In the recess of a converging cave,
 On a thin margin of the endless sea,
 The Old year sat—enfeebled, cold and grave;
 And with a voice, the treble of old age—
 Tones still endeared to loving memory—
 He did their tender sympathies engage,
 The while some record of his life he gave,
 A dim light played upon his gilded throne,
 And at his feet there lay some withered flowers,
 Plucked by young children in the golden hours,
 Ere beauty, innocence and youth had flown.
 He told a vision of his early birth,
 When dismal darkness circled round the earth:
 How, in the early morn, his father, Time,
 Proclaimed from every belfry through the land
 A replication of his natal chime:
 And, from that moment, helped him to maintain
 The dignity and greatness of his reign
 Upon the earth, and in the sea and air,
 Endowing him with blessings Nature planned,
 Then lent to him the Seasons, Months and Days.
 First he was placed in Winter's rugged care,
 Until her sway awhile was overthrown,
 For scarcely had his youth to manhood grown,
 When, as Old Winter slept, one sunny dawn,
 He, with her fairy daughter, now his bride,
 Flew pleasantly upon the wings of morn;
 When as they sped athwart the outspread plain
 Silence grew animate with love again
 And tender blossoms, wakened by their sighs,
 Unclosed the silvery lashes of their eyes.
 While, as through wooded vales they passed along,
 They turned enamoured voices into song;
 And gave to all, save Man, a grateful tongue.
 At length with choicest flowers he crowned his bride;
 When, dropping with the weight, she, smiling, died.
 The Year then reached the manhood of his days;
 As still all beauteous things proclaimed his praise.
 The Elements in turn their homage paid,
 And at his feet their varied offerings laid,
 The bounteous Earth her luscious first fruits brought,
 The scented Air bore music on each breeze;
 Some ripened grain the fire of Phœbus wrought,
 And Water, cool libations from the seas.
 Then came a happy time of cheerful toil,
 Which, in due season, filled his barns with spoil:
 Until the Summer, on a cloudy night,

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