

LINES FOR EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

Sir,—The following acrostic on the year was written some years ago, and appeared in the pages of a journal long since defunct. Being, however, original, perhaps if you think they have merit, their previous appearance may not be a sufficient reason for excluding them from your Magazine. It has been attempted as far as possible, to make the progress of the poem correspond with the nature of the Seasons. It opens with new year—the lovers meet in the Spring, love on through the Summer, their affection becomes beautifully mellow in the Autumn, and they are both handsomely killed off in December.

C.

J oyous and gay who trips it o'er the lea,
 A s New Year blithesome, as its snow-flakes free !
 N ot yet hath time his finger dared impose
 U pon that cheek, to rob it of its rose.
 A round her form ten thousand graces play,
 R ightly bedecked in nature's best array.
 Y outh is her dowry, modesty her dress,
 F eatures and form vying in loveliness—
 E llen the fairest maiden of the vale,
 B y rustics named Lily of Ellendale.
 R aise, raise thine head, sweet ! why that sudden rush
 U nto thy temples of the timid blush ?
 A sk of thine heart, 'twill tell thee 'tis the sweet
 R emembrance—hark the sound of coming feet !
 Y oung Harry's loving arms are round thee pressed
 M aiden—nor fear to be by him caressed.
 A mong the dwellers round in vale or grove,
 R esided few who sought not Ellen's love.
 C areless of all but one she passed them by.
 H arry alone had merit in her eye.
 A pollo like his form—the rustics rude
 P aused ere they passed a form so rarely viewed.
 R ightly he stored his mind from learning's well,
 I ntent to make the kernel worth the shell.
 L anguishing maidens try in vain their art,
 M any his eye, but Ellen caught his heart.
 A nd now 'tis Spring, and 'neath the trysting tree
 Y e sit entwined, your hearts o'erflowing with glee.
 J ocund ye speak and laugh, and each will gaze
 U pon the face of other—oh the days
 N ow bring to mind the spring time of your love—
 E arth's full of joy, and full the sky above ;
 J oyous your hearts—no shade will surely dare
 U pon these beings pass so pure and fair.
 L ove on then while ye may, nor fear the rest—
 Y e sit beneath the tree ye both love best.
 A mid the groves that clustered round the vale
 U npierced by Sol, innoxious to the gale,
 G rew one oak patriarchal, vast of size,
 U pheaving huge his branches to the skies.
 S unshine and storm passed o'er his hoary head,
 T o his gaunt limbs the storm could bring no dread.
 S uch was their tryst ; that spot they'll ne'er forget,
 E ach will remember there 'twas first they met.
 P assed is the Summer—Autumn hath begun
 T o cool the splendor of the mid-day sun :
 E arth shews her bounties to the anxious swain,
 M ajestic wave the fields with teeming grain.
 B right smile the skies upon the loving pair,
 E llen and Harry still love, free from care,
 R oving from grove to plain, from hill to mead.