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THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

Let us bury the year out of our sight;
We will dig its grave this December night
 And heap the snow
 So white and cold,
Over the frozen lifeless mould.

Let us bury the year, with its grief and pain;
Dig its grave so deep, neither sun nor rain,
 Nor any caress
 Of nature can bring
It to life in the blossoming time of spring.

Can we bury the year, the by-gone year,
Its fruit not ripe, though it leaves are sear?
 We caught it as weaver
 Catcheth hold
Of a shuttle filled with threads of gold,

To light up the sombre web he weaves,
With flashes of gold and laurel leaves;
 But the heavy press
 Of the dark old loom,
Has broken our tinsel, we sit in the gloom.

If we bury the year, the kind old year,
Let our touch be soft as we move its bier,
 For oft in the New,
 Mid hours of pain,
We may long for the touch of its hands again.
As we bury the year, the dear old year,