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**ORIGINAL POETRY.****THE NEW YEAR.**

**LET** the black clouds sweep o'er the sky,  
 Earth-born, they suit our earthly sphere ;  
 Fit pall for the departed one,  
 Fit cradle for the coming Year.  
 Heavy like many a heart below,  
 Yet lit with gleams of broken light,  
 Uncertain, shadowy, and their gloom  
 So soon to merge in deeper night.  
 On such a scroll might Fate inscribe  
 The records of the Year to be —  
 The dark, the transient—such a page  
 O Earth ! is chronicle for thee.  
 'Twas a false science that which sought  
 Thy future where those planets shine :  
 The bright, the calm—ah ! what have they  
 In common or with thee or thine ?  
 The clouds, and not the stars, to them  
 The omen and the sign be given—  
 The clouds, the vapours of our soil,  
**Not stars. whose element is heaven.**  
 The deepening shade, the flitting light,  
 Mark what each coming month will know—  
 The passing joy, the constant care,  
 Of life's sad pilgrimage below.  
 The past still mirrors the to-come :  
 Let each say what their past has been.  
 Do they not shudder to recall—  
 Would they live o'er each troubled scene ?  
 Ah ! happy those, if such there be,  
 Whose still unbroken spirits raise  
 Some vision to be realised,  
 Some fond belief in happier days.

The changeful Year itself may read  
 Its lesson to the human heart !  
 How pass away its sunshine hours ;  
 How does its loveliness depart !  
 From the first flower, which, timid, sad,  
 Rises amid the unkindly snow,  
 To the last rose, whose pale sweet blush  
 Has half forgot its early glow—

Do they not fade and fall ?—the air  
 Forgetful of their summer spell,  
 Till Earth seems one vast sepulchre,  
 Inscribed with one sad word, "Farewell !"

And thus it is with life : how soon  
 Its early hopes decline and die !  
 And love, which lingers to the last,  
 Forgets its smile, but keeps its sigh.

Look back—twelve phantoms, drear and dim,  
 Have melted into silent space ;  
 Twelve more come gradual in their room,  
 With eager step and hidden face.

Ah ! trust them not ;—the veil when raised  
 Will shew but faces ye have known ;  
 Though still from every added round  
 Something of light and life is flown.

Those cheerful bells, how can they bid  
 A welcome to the new-born Year ?  
 I think on what the past has been ;  
 I cannot hope—I only fear.

Oh, vanity of mirth ! those bells  
 What mockery the peal they gave !  
 Chime as for a departing soul—  
 Toll o'er the New Year as a grave.

L. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.****MEMORY.**

It is fading around me, that shadowy splendour

That haunts the red twilight, the vague and the vain;

Those warm clouds their fugitive blush must surrender,

And colourless melt in the dim air again.

They will leave no remembrance to tell of the glory

Dissolving at sunset away in the west;

They are gone, and the page of the air has no story,

Recalling the beauty with which it was blest.

And thus with our memory — too light are its traces

Of joy or of sorrow experienced of yore;

The shadow of life each soft colour effaces,

And the past has one sorrowing echo—no more!

Ah! childhood was lovely; but what of its hours,

The bright and the buoyant, what relics have they? [flowers,

I cannot repaint the green leaves, the glad  
That once made the beauty of earth and of day.

I well can recall the old lime-trees hung o'er me,

The bees and the pale blossoms thick o'er each bough; [before me,

But the dreams of my future, that brightened  
What were they? I cannot remember them

now.

And youth has no chronicle left of its dreaming,  
 When hope, the sweet alchemist, ruled ; and  
 we took [ing,  
 The future on trust, and the present on seem-  
 And each old deceit wore a bright and glad  
 look.

Methinks it would make the dark actual less  
 dreary, [knew ;  
 Could we call back the feelings we formerly  
 The path where we loiter for flowers is less weary  
 Than that which speeds on, the goal only in  
 view.

The heart spends its treasure at once ; we  
 should cherish [again ;  
 The thought of our feelings, so live them  
 Too early the bright tints of phantasy perish  
 And too soon the gilding is worn from life's  
 chain.

Vain, vain, this desire for the past ! To re-  
 member [were !  
 Is not to recall ; — would to Heaven that it  
 The second green leaf that may shoot in No-  
 vember  
 Is but a pale mockery of what was so fair.

The hope that betrayed, and the love that de-  
 ceived us, [regrets ?  
 Could we live did they keep their first early  
 Amid all of which Time in its course has be-  
 reaved us,  
 Well the heart may rejoice in how much  
 it forgets ! I. E. L.

**ORIGINAL POETRY****THE HISTORY OF THE LILY.**

It grew within a lonely dell,  
Where other flowers were growing,  
A sweet companionship, to tell  
How fair the spring was blowing.

Like some lorn lady, mournfully  
With love unpitied drooping,  
And head declined, a young ash-tree  
Above the bank was stooping.

So when the hottest sunbeams came,  
They fell with softened splendour ;  
Green shadows made the noontide flame  
Almost as moonlight tender.

And violets around them grew,  
And, in the rainy weather,  
Opened their urns of April blue,  
And flung forth sweets together.

And o'er the pebbles a small brook  
Its pleasant chime was ringing ;  
So just escaped from bench and book,  
A joyous child goes singing.

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The bees came every sunny noon,  
And gathered golden treasure,  
And with their blithe wings' lulling tune  
Paid for their morning's pleasure.

And there the lovely Lily grew,  
The summer's purest flower,  
And many a tiny fairy knew  
The shelter of its bower,

And left the perfume of her hair  
Within its fragrant bosom ;—  
The youngest, from the midnight air,  
Was pillowed in that blossom,

And breathed within its haunted cell  
A charm of gentle fancies—  
Such dreams and hopes as form the spell  
Of early youth's romances.

That fairy charm, when it was reft,  
Was in its petals sleeping ;  
When borne from its green home it left  
Its sweet companions weeping.

And yet it was a happy hour,  
The one when it was dying ;  
In sooth it was a favoured flower,  
Though bloom and breath were flying.

'Twas pleasant so to fade away,  
With fond eyes on it gazing,  
And wishing that it still could stay,  
With words of tender praising.

It died as I could wish to die,  
Untouched by coming sorrow ;  
No drooping head—no languid eye—  
Such as would come to-morrow.

Youth has its own appointed hours ;  
But ere we tell their number,  
Are they not like the withered flowers  
Which some dark grave encumber ?

When hope—the lark which only sings  
Its music to the morning—  
Lends the young step its buoyant wings,  
Life's duller path-way scorning.

They do not last ; shade after shade  
Come darkly sweeping round us,  
Till one dull atmosphere is made,  
And earth's worst chain has bound us—

Its selfish cares, whose subtle links  
Control the heart's wild beating—  
Till each fine impulse, snail-like shrinks,  
Within itself retreating.

Its heartlessness, its cold deceit,  
The unkindness of the many—  
Till grown ourselves like those we meet,  
We are as false as any.

But thou didst perish in thy prime,  
Sweet Lily, in thy sweetness ;  
No cause, in thy sole summer time,  
Hadst thou to mourn its fleetness.

Do the blue violets weep for thee,  
The friends of thy green dwelling ?  
And mid the cowslip bells the bee  
A gentle dirge is knelling.

The lonely bird that sings at night,  
A few sad notes will give thee ;  
And there are dreams of past delight,  
Whose pleasures cannot leave thee.

The poetry of all sweet thought  
That memory can discover,  
And words, and looks, by fancy brought,  
Around thy pale buds hover.

Then sleep like an embalmed one,  
Amid joy's precious embers ;  
Thy spirit and my heart are gone  
To what the past remembers.

L. E. L.

**POETRY.****THE EXILE.**

*Translated from "Les Dernières Paroles," by l'Abbé de la Mennais.*

He wanders o'er the earth, that exiled one;  
God be his guide, who other guide hath none!

I WANDERED through the nations, and I gazed  
On them, and they on me, alike unknown;  
No friendly head was with a welcome raised,  
For every where the exile is alone.

When o'er some chimney, at the closing day,  
I saw the smoke unwind its shadowy zone,  
I said, "Thrice happy he who by his hearth  
Sits down in quiet, with his loved, his own:  
But every where the exile is alone.

As the storm drives those heavy clouds along,  
When scattered vapours o'er the sky are strown,  
So am I driven—where, it matters not—  
For every where the exile is alone.

The soft brook wanders singing through the plain :  
 My childhood knew one with a sweeter tone ;  
 This wakes my spirit with no memories,  
 As every where the exile is alone.  
 These songs are sweet—they breathe of grief and joy ;  
 But not in language which my heart has known :  
 They tell not of my griefs, nor of my joys—  
 Still every where the exile is alone.  
 They ask me why I weep ; and when I tell,  
 They weep not o'er my secret sorrow shown ;  
 They do not understand, and cannot weep—  
 For every where the exile is alone.  
 Old men I've seen amid their children stand,  
 Like olives mid the shoots their trunks have thrown—  
 None called me brother, and none called me child—  
 Ah, every where the exile is alone.  
 I've seen the maiden on her lover smile—  
 Smiles pure as gales in early morning blown ;  
 But no one had for me a rosy smile —  
 Still every where the exile is alone.  
 I've seen the young man take the young man's hand  
 In strong embrace, as each to each had grown ;  
 No kindly hand extended to meet mine —  
 Ah ! every where the exile is alone !  
 There is no friend, no wife, no sire, no son,  
 Save in the long-loved land which is our own ;  
 The wide world has one country, and one home ;  
 For every where the exile is alone !  
 Poor exile ! cease thy plaint — e'en as thyself,  
 All are as banished ones in this sad life ;  
 All see those pass and vanish whom they love —  
 Kindred and brethren, parent, friend, and wife.  
 Our country is not here ; in vain man seeks—  
 'Tis but a dream of night that he has won ;  
 It fades—he wanders weary over earth—  
 God, only God, can guide the exiled one.

L. E. L.