

POETRY.

ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

THE PRESENT.

Time flying on the wings of Fate,
Swift round his annual course doth move,
And brings us, with another date,
Another season to improve.

'Tis well to meditate the past,
And think how many years have fled ;
To learn how life is wasting fast,
And urging downward to the dead !

Ah, what is life !—a vapour light,
That twinkles with fallacious ray :
A meteor gleaming thro' the night,
Then sudden vanishes away !

'Tis wise to catch the fleeting now,
Nor the uncertain future trust ;
For man and all his works shall bow
To mingle ruin in the dust !

Oh, happy he, who void of fear,
Perceives his mortal date decrease !
Who joys to find his Heav'n so near,
And lays him down to die in peace !

THE PAST.

Author of being, great First Cause,
Whose fiat bade all worlds arise,
Fast binding in almighty laws,
The restless earth, and seas, and skies !

Thou dost this pond'rous globe sustain,
Suspended in the liquid air,
With all the planetary train
That run their mystic circles there !

Thy watchful Providence appears
O'errolling checquer'd ages past ;
We trace it thro' six thousand years,
And felt it bounteous thro' the last !

In blooming Spring, in Summer's heat,
And Autumn's stores, thy care was found,
With herbage green and golden wheat,
Thou hast the year in goodness crown'd !

Our future sons with joy shall tell
How thou hast blest our virgin soil ;
Bid Peace within our bulwarks dwell,
And round us cheerful Plenty smile !

Great was our guilt, and great our dread ;
But thou art better than our fears :
The gloomy cloud that o'er us spread,
Before thy mercy disappears !

The foe had threaten'd to devour,
And flatter'd greedy hope with gain ;
But thou hast baffled lawless pow'r,
And render'd boasted conquest vain.

Oh save us from the foes within.
Our private guilt and public crimes,
That the New Year may usher in
More holy days and happy times.

THE FUTURE.

Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Futurity the search evades
Of busy prying man :
No anxious mind can comprehend
The movements that on Time depend,
Or grasp th' eternal plan !

One certain hope the soul sustains,
That He who high in glory reigns,
Supreme o'er earth presides :
That all the incidents of Time,
Thro' every age and every clime,
His hand unerring guides !

'Midst wintry frost and misty gloom,
As sprung from Nature's icy tomb,
The Year begins its way :
Yet soon its march shall bring again
Sweet Spring, with all its flow'ry train,
And all its blossoms gay !

The cry of blood, the trump of death,
As issuing from the pit beneath,
No more the Year attend :
For he who rides upon the storm
Hath made its dreadful horrors form,
A calm and peaceful end !

The mirth of Madness, light and vain,
The wanton song, the oath profane,
Salute the opening Year :
Yet ere it close, Affliction's stroke
May bend the proud beneath the yoke
Of chastisement severe !

O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, bow'd with pain,
The suffering saint may dread again
Another Year below :
Yet Time is hast'ning him apace
To better days, or better place,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Eternal God, in thee we trust !
That thou art holy, good, and just,
The rolling Years proclaim :
Amidst convulsions, new and strange,
Thou canst not err, and wilt not change ;
Thy love is still the same !

ALIQUIE.