

STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO
LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.,

Price Ten Cents.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1868.

No. 4.

THE NEW YEAR.

*Farewell, Old Year! they ring thy passing bell;
Decay has seized thee—thou art near thy rest.
For thee no more the songsters' notes shall swell,
Nor fragrant flowers adorn earth's verdant breast.
As dies a sunbeam in the darkening West
So fades thy life—so pass thy joys away.
Loved in thy time, or hated or caressed;
Now less regarded than the meanest clay
Which thousands trample down upon the broad highway.*

*Thousands like thee have passed since first the earth
Grew warm and fertile 'neath the sun's first glow;
But history claims the record of their birth—
Their wonderous deeds, their days of joy or woe:
Of contests dire and battle fields, which show
A dark and bloody stain on history's page;
But, like a constant stream with steady flow,
Time sweeps along in spite of martial rage,
Nor pauses in its course where'er the strife may wage.*

*Thy young successor, like a new-born child—
Spotless and pure from every taint of ill—
With eyes which never by a look beguiled,
And hands which never wrought an evil will.
Who can predict what blood it yet may spill?
What wars and dire misdeeds disgrace its days?
Or shall the mission which it must fulfil
Be told hereafter by a peoples' praise;
Or borne with curses down until the end of days?*

*We look complacently on what is gone;
Thy saddest days can vex the mind no more.
Each day that rolls in fast succession on,
Divides us further from what was before;*