

## THE DYING YEAR.

[These original verses, by a valued friend, were sent early this year, but lost their way. They are too good to die so; and will, I've many a new suggestion by their appearance now.]

1885 A. D.

**F**RIEND, ye nations, drop a pensive tear  
O'er the dying couch of the dear Old  
Year!  
So dear for the good and the love it  
brought,  
So sad for the gloom and heart-pangs  
wrought.

Like a meteor flame o'er the midnight  
way.

On its silent bosom it bears away  
A burden of woe, and trial, and care,  
Such as each alone for himself must bear.  
With its joy, and pride, and glory sublime,  
Vanished for aye 'midst the ocean of Time.

Spirits of nations! that mourn by the side  
Of the dying Old Year, yet longer abide;  
While with faltering breath and dimming eye,  
As the mists from the vale of death draw nigh,  
He declares to your sons in every clime  
Counsels he learned from the secrets of Time!

"Fair CANADA! to me thou always art dear!  
Why down thy cheek flows the coursing tear?  
Ah, yes; though thy storm of battle is past,  
Alas, how many sank 'neath its blast!  
Pandora doth ever one hope retain,  
And this applied may lessen thy pain.  
Sad work have I seen in thy western wild,  
From the cruel hand of thy savage child;  
Where murder, rapine, and anarchy spread  
By the mirage hope of libertine led.  
Oh Mars, what a price was paid for thy reign,  
By the blood of loyal Canadians slain!  
Though the arch-rebel has met his doom,  
Sparks of rebellion blink through the gloom.  
Far-well to thy forests, lakes, and plain,  
Do thou high in power thy rights maintain.  
With Liberty's love and Learning's sway,  
Thy glory and honor shall never decay.

"BRITANNIA's worthy isle I behold,  
Oh! always the cause of Truth uphold.  
Regard thy power as of wisdom born;  
And ignoble titles view with scorn.  
Thine Indian groves 'mid the tropics glare,  
Yet bid defiance to Russian bear.  
Again the ARABS, in Mahomet's name,  
In fierce rebellion's embers to flame;  
Thine sandy wilds of Egypt's sultry air,  
King, unresponsive, with a wild despair!

"Alas, poor FRANCE! thou restless art and vain,  
The freaks of thy sons canst thou not restrain?  
At home or abroad thy seldom agree;  
And thou fain to rule the heathen Chinese!  
Ah! nation, be wise, remember the pain  
Of Moscow's mad march, and Waterloo's plain!

"Behold the SPANISH throne, draped in gloom!  
They lay thy young monarch in the tomb;  
Oh! guard thy infant queen for later years;  
Then deck with Liberty the crown she wears.

"Encroaching PRUSSIA, rich in bold design,  
How long must thy loyal in bondage pine?  
Throw open the door of thy dungeons deep,

Where Siberia's doomed in thousands weep.  
Despotic tyrants! rule with gentle sway,  
For Truth and Freedom yet shall win the day.

"Oh lagging CHINA, cease thy dreamy lay!  
Thy Mongol millions march to sad decay.  
Why bar thy gates against discovery's tide,  
The boast of countless years thy useless pride!  
Oh, Time, with thy lenient hand,  
Wipe out the idol temples from this land!

"Behold the TURKISH crescent waxing dim;  
Poor feeble man, few nations pity him;  
The creed of Islam, dissipation's slave,  
Has borne for thee, alas! what thou wouldst have.

"Thou hostile BULGAR, drop thy bloody sword,  
And of thine innate good some proof afford!  
For counsel seek thy Western friends in need.  
To crafty Russ' advice pay little heed.

"Long may ITALIA's home be free from woes,  
Even while by Rome the classic Tiber flows;  
Thy name brings back a thousand memories fled,  
Which o'er thy history's page bright lustre shed.

"Beyond the Alps I see the busy Swiss:  
Long may thy land enjoy its tranquil bliss!  
Sad is the tale thou tell'st us of thy past,—  
Nobly thou stood'st Oppression's cruel blast.

"The thrifty GERMAN Empire next at hand,  
Would fain her lettered children's bounds ex-  
pand.  
While still Columbia gaves thy sons her soil,  
Leave unto Spain the lonely ocean isle!

"I now thy virgin world COLUMBIA hail.  
But whence arise the nation's plaintive wail?  
The wand of Death hath low a chieftain laid  
Let not his faithful party be dismayed.  
But guide their nation through the tides of Fate,  
Where nobler truths and better deeds await.

"Farewell, mankind, of divers race and tongue!  
For you the Old Year's parting lay is sung.  
Untold the wrongs and crimes in secret lay,  
Not in oblivion's charnel stor'd away.  
But here our pains find each a sweet repose,  
And Life and Love are friends, no longer foes.  
Ye polar wilds that nurse eternal snow,  
Ye fragrant sunny isles, adieu!—I go;  
Fas! flies the shuttle, while with hurried breath,  
Each shuttle counts a year, its birth and death:  
As, from the silent whirling loom of Time,  
Rolls out the endless web of years sublime!"

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THEO. MACK.

SIR JOHN HUNTER, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule which may be recommended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life, he answered, "My rule is deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success in life."