

POEMS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

HAIL ! joyous morn. Hail ! happy day,
That ushers in another year,
Fraught with what sorrow, none can say,
Nor with what pain, to mortals here.

Another year has roll'd away,
With all its sorrows, joys and fears,
But still the light of hope's glad ray,
Yet beams within our heart, and cheers.

One year, one span of time has pass'd,
So swift to some, to others slow ;
But it has gone, and we should cast
Along with it, remorse and woe.

Of things we've done, or only thought,
'Tis useless now the bitter tear,
Of actions unavailing wrought,
Let them repose upon their bier.

We should, indeed, e'en yet atone
For what our reason says we can,
But never let remorse's groan
Degrade us from our state as man.

Let us discharge the debts we owe,
But still some debts will be unpaid ;
But we, if we forgive, also,
Should ne'er, despairing, feel afraid.