

THE NEW YEAR.

O Time, how fast thy thread doth run
Another year's already spun;
Drops from the loom that knits the date
The woven fabric "Ninety-eight."
The slipping yarn, dissevered here,
Glides fast into the issuing year;
Which, be its pattern coarse or fine,
We'll stamp and call it "Ninety-nine."

If men to sober thought attain,
'Tis when the year has ceased to reign;
For passing time at each year's close,
Methinks, a deeper shadow throws.
Accustomed to Time's changeless train,
We, heedless, note no onward gain;
Save when the files of the moving year
Emblazed with other date appear;
Then start we from our callous state
An older world to contemplate:
To find that life's fast length'ning chain
Doth still another link contain.

All hail, thou princely "Ninety-nine"!
Last of the Nineteenth Century line;
Advance triumphal and sublime,
Awaits thee now the throne of time,
Which nigh six thousand kingly years
Have haloed with their high careers.
No nerveless summer lights thy way
With feeble, uninspiring ray:
Thou comest in thy wintry suit,
With all the glow of lusty youth.

Enlivened with thy regal cheer
We, too, are young like thee, O Year!
The gem-like stars' pale, quivering light
Gleams cold and brilliant o'er the night;
The crisp snow creaks beneath our feet;
Our very pulses quicker beat;
The light of youth beams from our brow;
Nor life nor death can daunt us now!