

TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Farewell Old Year, so gaunt, so white, so grim !
Standing so still, amidst your winter scars,
Take with you all regret and harrowing sin,
Save but the truth all crowned with golden stars.

Throw back the dross of self, leaving the glint
Of soul-lit pity, like the Christ above—
The heart-felt hand-clasp, in its touch no stint
Of courage, cheer, deep full of hope and love.

Thou hast been kind, and yet the bitter pain
Is furrowed on the faces of the poor ;
The hardened want, the oft illgotten gain
We need'st must see, we fain would see no more.

Throw round the discontent of human lot
The hallowed beauty of the crown of Peace—
O ! New Year blythe with hope, and newly fraught.
Bring in the blessings which shall never cease !