

star;
ranks of might;

n's roar
rred hill.

ing sky,
aly!
afire!
where the lyre
l raise a lay
n thy latter day?
nstered vine,
in ruby wine!
hue,
ast year for you.

done—
aute the gun—
ating heart
curtain fall,
and all
eir part,
he call
st the sea—
aved from harm,
e winter farm,
y he,
as been of Thee—
nd free.

re men with guile
h defile;
ntage won
ce to none;
black with gloom,
ollen tomb;
er lands;
tial bands
dden grey,
a proud array!
? earnest fray!
preading park,

But grandest far, the Fireman's march,
Ablazing bright with torches.

And then in bright, in flowery halls,
Where nothing in the shade is,
To see the Royal youth march up
'Tween lines of lovely ladies,
And with his quick and cunning eye
Take note of each dear beauty;
'Tis a sight to cheer the grimmest heart,
So well he does his duty.
Now she has dropped her gala dress,
Her marching and quadrilling,
"God save the Prince, his suite—and all,"
New Brunswick prays with feeling,
And glad she'll be, again to see
Young Albert, or a brother,
But, gladder, prouder, far to see
The good and gracious mother.

* * * * *

But stop we here; 'tis very vain,
In such a light and rapid strain,
To note the actions of a year,
That sure forebode great tumults near;
Turn we where e'er we may, the cloud
Is dark, the thunder's muttering loud,
And louder and more near, and still
Men brood over thoughts of coming ill;
No rest unto the troubled earth;
Each year brings forth a monstrous birth,
Of war, anarchy, and civil strife:
While madness, disease—all error rife—
Work death and woe in social life;
But still hope reigns within man's breast,
That coming years, unlike the rest,
Untold prosperity will bring;
Oh, may the cheerful bells that ring
The old year out, the new year in,
Ring out the tyranny of sin,
Ring in the reign of perfect peace,
When bitterness and war shall cease.

icton, January 1, 1861.