

MARGUERITE VERNE;

OR:

SCENES FROM CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend
Comes up to take his own."—*Tennyson.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE in the fair city of St. John, that queenly little city which sits upon her rocky throne overlooking the broad expanse of bay at her feet.

Reader, we do not wish to weary you with the known, but love for our own dear New Brunswick is surely sufficient apology.

It is one of the feelings of human nature to be possessed with a desire to worship the great and titled, to become enamoured with those appendages, which are the symbols of social distinction. Let us consider how *we*, as a people, are privileged. Is there any grander title this side of Heaven than found in these words, "I am a British subject," and next "I am a New Brunswicker"? You who have travelled have often felt your hearts rebound when listening to the eulogiums passed upon our country and its gifted sons through the medium