

*Like a stout ship beyond the breakers' roar,  
 And gliding seaward in her swift career,  
 Dim and more dim becomes the fading shore,  
 Where danger lurked to fill the heart with fear—  
 Where all above was dark, and all on earth was drear.*

*Some thought, perchance, may waken in the breast—  
 Some reminiscence of a woeful past:  
 Another hour in hopes' bright garment dressed  
 Dispels the shadow which obscured the last.  
 As the bright sun, when from the hills are cast  
 His morning beams into the vale below,  
 Dissolves the darkness in his empire vast:  
 So dies the faint remembrance of our woe,  
 Which once we deemed the worst the human breast  
 could know.*

*In the dark cloistered dim and silent tomb  
 Repine thy dead who from thee pass'd away,  
 Rest is their heritage, and sombre gloom,  
 Their joys have faded from the light of day,  
 Their only future now the swift decay.  
 Of all to frail mortality allied—  
 Forgotten in that charnel house of clay,  
 And soon the mourner's transient tear is dried,  
 As rolls the stream of years along in ceaseless tide.*

*We greet the new year with a cheerful voice,  
 Freight it comes with hope of joyous days,  
 Anticipation bids our hearts rejoice,  
 For it the minstrel sings his sweetest lays;  
 Tho' year by year the life of man decays,  
 The future ever wears a smiling face,  
 Oh could we, but the veil which hides it raise,  
 What troubles might we see, perchance disgrace,  
 Yet still we hurry on with eager vester's face.*

*Press onward then ye bold and trusty hearts—  
 Youths, who should be their country's pride—  
 With the new year a brighter vision starts,  
 The beacon glimmers broadly o'er the tide,  
 A thousand blessings to your sires denied  
 Are thine, and fruits of science worthier far  
 Than that great empire which fed Cæsar's pride  
 Or all the triumphs of successful war,  
 Since the first blood was shed beneath the morning star.*