

# THE CARRIERS

OF THE

# TRUE WITNESS TO THEIR PATRONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1863.

Oh what are the words that come gushing to-day,  
From the lips of true Friendship and Love?  
They speak not of mirth, not of jest, or of song,  
But of 'happiness' pure from above.  
Day's splendor has woke to the Orient sky,  
Eight times since, like Magi of old,  
We cast at the Manger our hearts, and our hopes,  
The mystic 'frank-incense,' and 'gold.'

'Twas then as in spirit we knelt at the crib,  
And watched the bright 'Star of the East;'  
The words 'Merry Christmas,' burst forth from our lips,  
For we felt 'twas of childhood, the feast.  
But now that with tears we have bidden 'farewell,'  
To the year we can never recall;  
The voice is subdued, and the heart too is full,  
As we wish 'Happy New Year' to all.

For oh in the past, there is echoing round,  
Gentle greetings from voices of yore;  
And we think of the loving and *absent ones*,  
And the hearts that are throbbing no more.  
To-day as we meet with hand clasped to hand,  
O'er our spirits a shadow is cast;  
Shall another year spare us the dear friends still left,  
Or number them too with the past?

With sorrow we watched thy last sunset, 'Old Year,'  
For thy blessings they were not a few;  
And while for the *dead* our "Requiem" rings,  
We thank God for the *living* hearts true.  
We thank Him that when the wild wailings for food,  
From thousands far distant resound;  
Our Canada still can stretch forth her fair hand,  
Where both 'plenty' and 'peace' may be found.

Yes 'peace' holds its reign; o'er the battlements float,  
The ensign of 'Britain's' proud sway;  
While e'en by her own eaglets wounded and maimed  
'Columbia' lies bleeding to-day.  
Her boasting is over, her banners are soiled,  
By the tramping of fast flying feet,  
And the stars of her glory are 'Buller,'—'Mac Neil!'  
Two hounds, for the gallows most meet.

When we bade thee a welcome thou old '62  
Our hearts, they were beating with fear;  
As we thought of the desolate homes that might be,  
Ere the birth of another New Year.  
Brave warriors speeding from Albion's white cliffs,  
And from Scotia's wild mountains and keep;  
From gap and from glen of our own verdant Isle,  
Had flocked hither, bright laurels to reap.

The red wreath of Victory dyed with the blood  
Of kindred, they wear not to-day;  
But oh who shall tell of the sieges they've laid,  
Of the hearts they've led captive away?  
Wear nobly, your fairly won treasures brave friends,  
You love 'women,' and you love 'golden store,'  
Then show while the heart of a soldier shall beat,  
He'll 'love honor, and virtue still more.'

And now with glad voices sing 'Glory to God,'  
For 'Ignatius' our prelate so mild;  
Is spared yet awhile the bright mitre to wear,  
With the meekness and grace of a child.  
We feared that the Angels had tended a prayer,  
As he knelt in St. Peter's at Rome.  
And had won him from earth and from all earthly cares,  
To their happy celestial home.

For a time he is left, let our souls then rejoice,  
And we think of the blessings that ring;  
From the pious the noble, the true, and the brave,  
From Pius our own Pontiff King.  
We think too of one whom we have all learned to love,  
Our Prince whose each thought on this day,  
Is dwelling on one who his young life shall rule,  
With her own pure affection's soft sway.

We wish them peace, happiness; long may they live,  
To gladden Victoria's heart;  
And with them we pray that long long years may pass,  
Ere the Sceptre from her hand depart.  
Kind readers we bid you a grateful adieu,  
May no sorrow your dear homes befall;  
And while we bear 'True Witness' to every joy,  
We wish 'Happy New Year' to you all.