

# TRUE WITNESSES'

## CARRIER BOYS' ADDRESS

1866.

NEW YEAR'S DAY,

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Gay joy bells now are ringing  
Out on the wintry air,  
Glad voices strains are singing  
That banish brooding care,  
Friends stop kind words to utter,  
Or heartfelt wishes say,  
For time again has brought us  
Another New Year's Day.

In happy homes what gladness  
Reigns round the household hearth,  
Forgotten care and sadness,  
The countless ills of earth ;  
And, though to-morrow, shadows  
May darken joy's bright ray,  
Ah now, their gloom's forgotten  
For it is New Year's Day.

The storms of bitter winter  
May sweep throughout our land,  
Roar through the bending forests,  
In dreary beauty grand,  
Transfix our lakes and rivers,  
But they cannot chill the glow  
Of friendship and affection,  
That warm hearts feel and know.

Whilst household loves we cherish,  
Let us in memory keep  
That great love which surrounds us,  
Like ocean wide and deep ;  
And a long glance backward casting  
Upon the year just sped,  
Recall the thousand blessings,  
That on us *He* has shed.

Think of our plenteous harvest,  
The seas of golden grain,  
That lay in mellow Autumn  
On hill side and on plain :  
Think of our happy freedom  
From sickness dire and wan,  
Whilst the Dove of Peace has nestled  
Our happy hearths upon.

Yes—Peace—choice boon of Heaven,  
Here may it e'er find place,  
Nor risk we its possession,  
In feuds of creed and race ;  
But that love which from our Father  
In boundless streams doth flow,  
Teach us to all our brethren,  
Fraternal love to show.

Whether Scotland's heath clad mountains  
Were first to meet our sight ;  
Or, in fair English valley,  
We greeted life and light ;  
Whether shore of dear old Erin  
Was cradle of our youth,  
With the sons of our new country,  
Live we in peace and truth.

Aye! dearly should we love it ;  
It has given a pleasant home  
To many a weary exile  
From youth's scenes forced to roam ;  
It is our children's birth-place,  
O'er them its maples wave,  
And when life's dream is over  
T'will be our common grave.

And joining peace with charity,  
Remember too the poor,  
Whose privations are so many,  
So bitter to endure,  
Their prayers and heartfelt blessings  
Will increase your household bliss ;  
Think, too, of the poor Carrier  
Who humbly hands you this !