



The Carrier
Wishes You
A Happy New Year.



With Compliments of

"THE NEWS."

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GREETING.



1897.

A Happy New Year, friends! Old Father Time
Hath wrought me this occasion for a rhyme.
Methinks the old man looketh spruce and spry
For all the years he hath been ambling by.
Instead of a Saturnine apparel rude,
He hath the marvellous raiment of a dude.
What changes he hath sanctioned year by year,
From knight and monk and silken cavalier.



The little hours on little wings have flown ;
The days have passed, and into months have grown,
The months, on pinions light and soft, have fled ;
And here, behold, the very year hath sped.
How many chances we have let slip by ;
How many aspirations, bold and high,
Have come to naught their futile sails unspread ;
How many last year hopes are dead, dead, dead.

In balanced equipoise the world hath spun
With feathery ease around the blazing sun ;
Nor telescoped a comet on its way,
Nor into cold dead spaces run astray ;
The earth's thin shell inclosing hell's hot breath,
Not yet hath crumbled into firey death.
All holds together ; perish doubt and fear !
For here begins another hopeful year.



Hosannah for the chance that yet remains !
Behind us are the wrecks, before the gains.
All possibilities this day begin ;
More strength and courage and we yet shall win.
Fair spreads the future, golden domes in sight,
All pathways open if we walk aright.
A Happy New Year, friends, and may it be
A year of harvests rich to you and me.



Now wishing you a happy year,
With health, and peace and joy
I close—and hope you'll not forget
Your faithful Carrier boy,

WM. J. COLWELL.