



GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,]

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 2. NO. 20.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY, 1867.

[PRICE 5 CTS.

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PATRONS OF

The Stamp Collector's Monthly Gazette.

Time once more on fleeting wing
Has sped his annual circuit round;
The New Year dawns—with joy we sing,—
Our hearts with joy exulting bound;
For Custom bids us sing our lay.
And join in mirth and dance to-day.

Long has the tide of time flown on
Upon the earthly trodden shore,—
Each year still shows a brighter dawn
Than those that long have gone before;
While progress marks the changing years,
And words of wisdom proudly rears.

Still shall it be throughout all time,
As year on year goes hurrying by,—
The mind will seek with love to climb
The heights proud science doth defy;
She leads us on with torch of light
Beyond the ken of mortal sight.

Ring happy bells! thy sound recalls
The dream of other days gone by.
Again we roam thro' childhood's halls,
With pensive thought and tearful eye,
And think on all that might have been,
And every glad and cherished scene.

Ring happy bells! ring out your chimes!
They tell the progress of the years.
May vice, and folly, want and crime,
The ignorance, the selfish jeers
Of men be banished from the earth,—
And sing in types of purer worth.

May peace, and love, still more abound,
And Knowledge cast her seeds abroad

'Mong nations all and all around,—
The heathen climes that know not God,
The fountain and the source of light,
Whom all can know who love aright.

Ring joyful bells! ring out your peals
Upon the winter's frosty air;
The soul with gladdened rapture feels,
True hope that chases grief and care.
We'll twine our wreaths of love to night,
And sing the songs of past delight.

With joyous talk and festive cheer,
And music soft to thrill the soul,
We'll usher in the dawning year,
And pass to each the flowing bowl.
The bells of Yule, they ring at times,
With mingled sweetness in their chimes,—

They tell us of the year that's fled,
And speak of memories old and dim—
Of friends, long numbered with the dead,
Who sought the goal of life to win.
That chime is mournful which reveals
All that the broken spirit feels.

What marked events Old Time has seen;
When we look back upon the year,
Still faction strives, and wars have been
The widow's wail, the orphan's tear.
While Prussia fair exults to own
New power and splendour round her throne.

The Austrian is humbled now,
The despot's chain no more will bind.
Fresh garlands hang on Freedom's bough,
Which wave into the passing wind.