

MONTHLY GAZETTE.



VOL. 1. NO. 8.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY, 1866.

[PRICE 5 CTS.]

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS

DEDICATED TO THE PATRONS OF THE

Stamp Collector's Monthly Gazette.

Once more we hail the glad New Year,
And gather round the joyous hearth;
Once more lov'd friends, from far and near,
Do come to join us in our mirth;
And while we sing the songs of old,
And talk of other days gone by,
We'll tell the tales our fathers told
With festive mirth and melody.

Ring, happy bells, ring in the day,
The good old custom changeth not;
The dear old year has passed away—
Let envy, strife, be all forgot;
May peace her wand of love extend,
And scatter blessings far and near,
And bind the hearts of foe and friend
To acts of charity sincere,

Time passes on with fleeting wing,
And buries all life's grief and woe;
Remembrance like a flower doth spring,
With perfum'd joys of long ago.
But hope, like a bright beacon light,
Still cheers the toil-worn wanderer home—
It burns thro' life's dark toilsome night,
Where'er on earth our feet may roam.

The past recalls the dreams of youth,
And boyhood's happy social days,
When all was innocence and truth,
And not a cloud obscur'd love's rays.
Our hours of joy flow'd calmly on,
Like some sweet, gentle murmuring stream;
For us the sun most warmly shone,
And cloth'd with beauty every scene.

But soon we learn, as years go by,
There's work for every one to do;
'Tis vain to cross the arms and sigh,
We must awake and battle too.
Toil is the lot of all who live,
Who strive for honor or reward;
For duty's watchword do we give
Our years of strength, her name to guard.

The year that now has hurrying fled
Has heard the widow's, orphan's, cry,
From fields where lay the ghastly dead,
Where dark Potomac's waters sigh.
But now peace dawns o'er all that land,
For slavery's stain is wash'd away;
And freemen still to freemen stand,
And now no more each other slay.

The good, the valiant, and the wise,
Are gone,—mourned throughout the land;
One in a western prairie lies,
Slain by the base assassin's hand.
He served his country long and well,
And lead, in truth, a stainless life;
And died, as must sad history tell,
A prey to fratricidal strife.

And England mourns her PALMERSTON,
The courteous lord, the statesman sage,
Who in the senate victories won,
Rever'd and honor'd by the age.
He made his country lov'd abroad,
And fear'd by all both far and near;
His fame like all the truths of God,
Will brighter burn from year to year.

Long may our country ever boast,
Her peers of genius and of fame,
And men to guard her rock-bound coast,
From dastards of ignoble name.
May power and knowledge still increase,
Her wealth and prestige never die,
And like a shaft of light may peace
Illuminate her shores as years go by.

What triumphs crown lov'd Britain's name—
Her sons of science wander far—
In every land is rung their fame—
The men of peace, the men of war.
What lessons may not the young discern
In studying the lives they lead;
While with fond love and hope they learn
Truths from the living and the dead.