

POETRY.

A midnight effusion of the lovely, and much lamented Miss (F. E. TORON, late of Windsor, (N. S.) on her passage from Halifax to the West Indies, where she died, a very short time after her arrival there. The sentiments are peculiarly pathetic and can scarcely fail of awakening the dormant feelings of every sympathetic heart. They contain, in our opinion, the genuine spirit of poetry, and are indicative of no ordinary degree of poetical genius.—*Ed. Journ.*

Three blossoms on a bending bough,
We long together grow;
'Till fate with sternness in her brow
Arose, and spoke this cruel vow,
"I'll break these ties so true!"—

So, I, the weakest flower of all,
Was sever'd from the rest,
And, when I heard the final call,
How many a dew-drop fast did fall
Upon my parent's breast!

But soon again these drops were dried
By MERRY's mildest ray,
Which, long reflected, shall abide
A holy beacon, still to guide
My soul in virtue's way.

For, Oh! this world is hard to brave,
Now that I'm all alone,
And, active mem'ry still will save
Each scene, within the secret grave
Of days for ever gone.

I'm borne along the mighty sea
With dangers all around—
Sweet sister blossoms, where are ye?
Still clinging to the parent tree
Upon your native ground—

Long may you there together grow,
And still contentment's sunshine know,
While you expanding rise;
And she, the grateful bending bough
When God sees fit to lay her low,
He'll raise her fallen flowers I know,
And train them to the skies!—

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

Verses occasioned by hearing a Passing Bell.

Mark, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul;
'Tis gone, that's all, we know not where,
Or how the unbody'd soul doth fare,
In that mysterious world none knows,
But God alone, to whom it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

Oh! by what glimmering light we view,
The unknown world we're hastening to!
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage!

Wise Heav'n to render search perplex,
Has drawn, 'twixt this world and the next,
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen!

We talk of Heav'n, we talk of hell;
But what they mean no tongue can tell!
Heav'n is the realm, where Angels are;
And hell the chaos of despair!

But what these awful words imply,
None of us know before we die!
Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

This hour perhaps our friend is well;
Dec'd! struck the next, he cries, farewell!
I die! and then, for ought we see
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
In gulph'd in death, appears no more;
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds, we know not where.

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the Sun;
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!

And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd;

Only this veil of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

Whilst we their lot lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing, far away,
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, or how they live;
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know;

As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

Well, let my Sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees:
Why should I wish him to reveal,
What he thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive:
And he that makes it all his care
'To serve God here, shall see Him there!

But Oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay?
How sudden the surprise, how new!
Let it my God, be happy too.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the New-Brunswick Religious and Literary Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I lately received a letter from a young lady dated W—, in the United States, in which she announces the death of her Uncle; a man eminent for his piety and christian disposition. It was my privilege to act in the capacity of Clerk to the old gentleman in Quebec, during the years 1809 and 10; since 1812 we have met twice and have had occasional friendly correspondence. My last letter to my old friend was dated in March 1823; which communication remained unanswered until the other day; when I received a letter from his niece. From her letter I have made the following extract, and should you consider it worthy of a corner in your Religious and Literary Journal, you will oblige Dr. Sir your friend

April 3, 1829.

S.

W—, FEB. 4th 1829.

My much esteemed Friend.—After hesitating for some time, I have decided upon replying to your letter of March last, addressed to my dear Uncle, (one of my greatest earthly treasures.) The interest he felt for you, in your eternal as well as temporal concerns, leads me and my Sister, to acknowledge the respect which you have evinced towards him, not only while an inmate with us under his parental roof, but since you have been established for yourself; and I am unwilling you should not be made acquainted with his removal from this transitory scene. In October 1827, we left S—, thinking the marine air was the cause of a continued cough and unpleasant pressure upon his lungs, for the mountain air of V—, but as the physicians had told us, it was water on the chest which could not be removed, though it might be in some measure relieved; and though a change of place might have a more favourable effect, yet time, a very short time, proved to us, we were not long to be blessed with his dear society. After ten days confinement to his room, during the whole of the time cheerful, and calm, planning for us when we should no longer have him with us, and joyful in the prospect of eternal happiness, through the all atoning dear Redeemer, his quotation was, "Cheerful I live, or joyful die, if thou my Saviour still art nigh." He was taken from us on the 22d of November.—It appears to me but as a dream even now, and I can scarcely realize we are no more to see him here, and though the idea of the separation is painful, yet we have comfort in the recollection that he was spared a length of suffering and sickness. I trust his removal may have a suitable impression on our minds, and far from an undue grief, may we be reconciled in the consoling thought that God is making up his jewels, and may it be our study to be found prepared for our summons, that we may through the mediation of the dear Redeemer be of that happy number, that will join in the praises of transcendent love. If I have dwelt too long upon a melancholy theme your goodness will I trust excuse me, in the thought, that the past and the future, are more prone to be our theme, than the present. If wishes would avail my good friend you would be one of the dams fortune's favourites, but you must hope that the time will come when industry and enterprise will be rewarded, and then the sanguine wishes of your friends will be realized. Make our kind remembrance acceptable to your good Lady, we hope your last advices from Scotland bore the pleasing information of your valued friends health, may this and every year find them and yourselves in the enjoyment of every blessing. We have been engaged lately in reading the life of one of your countrymen, John Urquhart, one of the most interesting characters I have ever read; a youth of uncommon piety possessing a remarkable mind; we were reminded of you a great deal in the perusal, if you have not read it, and can get at it; I am sure you will not consider your time devoted to it as lost, &c. &c. &c.

Collect for the Sunday before Easter.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Good Friday.

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, over one God, world without end. Amen.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, by whose spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified; Receive our supplications and prayers, which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy Church; that every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve thee through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

O MERCIFUL God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks; and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Ladies forming THE COMMITTEE OF THE BIBLE ASSOCIATION, are respectfully requested to visit the Subscribers in their districts, previous to the first of May; when the Annual Meeting is expected to take place, and the Collections to be received. St. John, 11th April. 1829.

The Rev. Mr. McLEAN'S Sermon against Intemperance noticed in our last, is now on Sale at the Book Stores of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. McMillan.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. WILLIAM McFARLAND, to Miss LIVINIA CANE, both of this City.

DIED.

On Sunday afternoon, THOMAS WENTWORTH son of Mr. Samuel Cowdell, aged 18 months.

On Tuesday afternoon, JOHN FAWCETT PAYNE, aged 27 years.—Funeral to-morrow, (Thursday,) at 4 o'clock, P. M. from the residence of Mr. James P. Payne, in the Parish of Portland.—The friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, Mr. GEORGE HAZEN, 6th son of the late WILLIAM HAZEN, Esquire; in the 23d year of his age. The funeral will take place on Tuesday next, at 2 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintance are requested to attend.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredericton,	Mr. WILLIAM TILL.
Shoffield,	Dr. J. W. BARKER.
Chatham, Miramichi,	Mr. ROBERT MORROW.
Nowcastle, ditto,	Mr. EDWARD BAKER.
Bathurst,	T. M. DEBLOS, Esq.
Sussex Vale,	Rev. M. PICKLES.
Sackville,	Rev. S. BUSBY.
Moncton,	WILLIAM WILEY, Esq.
Shepody,	Mr. GEORGE ROBERT.
St. Andrews,	Mr. G. RUGGLES.
St. Stephen,	Geo. S. HILL, Esq.
Magauquadvic,	Mr. THOMAS GARD.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

Halifax,	Rev. Mr. CROSCOMBE.
Cumberland,	THOMAS ROACH, Esquire.
Newport,	Rev. R. H. CRANE.
Bridge Town,	Mr. A. HENDERSON.
Granville,	Rev. A. DESBRISSAY.
Yarmouth,	Mr. JOHN MURRAY.
Barrington,	W. SARGENT, Esquire.