

## POETRY.

From the Christian's Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald.

## MY BIBLE.

Thou sacred treasure—dearer to me far  
Than earth's delusive, fading glories are—  
I'd give them all, could I possess them now,  
For one blest moment at thy truths to bow,  
To taste the heavenly sweets thy word unfolds,  
And view those scenes which faith's bright eye beholds,  
Beyond the veil of perishable things,  
Where joy for ever in the bosom springs,  
Where waves of bliss in rich profusion roll,  
To pour immortal raptures o'er the soul—  
From that great deep—unfathomable sea  
Of God's pure essence—vast eternity.

This Book, how full—how bright its pages shine,  
Its high behest is stamped on every line;  
By God's eternal Son the truths are seal'd,  
And through the word to fallen man reveal'd—  
Design'd to cheer his dark, benighted mind,  
Wearied, and anxious some retreat to find  
Of calm repose, free from perplexing care,  
Some higher good, some holier joys to share,  
Where hope's bright vision calms the troubled breast,  
Where faith points upward to a world of rest.

Thou art my friend, companion of my youth;  
The star which led me in the search of truth,  
To break the spell—which kept my wand'ring mind  
Long in delusive snares of earth confined—  
Thou art my solace in this vale of tears,  
My counsellor and trust in riper years—  
Imparting gladness when my aching heart  
Feels anguish deep, as earthly hopes depart.  
When frosty days come coldly creeping on,  
And all my sun-lit hours of life are gone;  
When wintry age my feeble frame shall bow,  
And bind its snowy wreath around my brow;  
To this bless'd source of comfort shall I fly,  
And taste the streams of bliss which never dry—  
Lean on the anchor of eternal hope,  
Which buoys the sinking, fearful spirit up.

Thou art my wealth, with thee content I'll live,  
And ask no more than thy rich pages give  
Of promised blessings—briefly written there,  
Obtained by faith in holy ardent prayer.

Thou art my pole star, through life's trackless deep  
My fragile bark to guide, and safely keep:  
When the white surges dash the sounding shore,  
And howling winds and gath'ring tempest roar,  
With thee, I'll fear no ill, but watch thy light,  
For ever beaming with effulgence bright,  
My Pharos, to direct me to that shore,  
The port of bliss, where life's dull scenes are o'er.

The following lines were written by a worthy parent to his affectionate daughters, on their return from the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. and entered in their album.

On these pages inscribed, I find sentiments view,  
Expressive of kindness and friendship for you;  
Some perhaps quite sincere, I presume none unkind,  
But from some, "out of sight, you'll be soon out of mind."

Not so the kind parent, he'll never remove  
From his dutiful children, his kindness and love:  
Their virtues delight him, their piety charms,  
Their success gives him joy, and their danger alarms.

For their happiness here and hereafter he sighs,  
And his prayers for this object ascend to the skies;  
Nor ends his affection in wishes and will,  
Their welfare engages his labour and skill.

And if these are the means of their happiness made,  
His labours and studies are richly repaid;  
Their kindness he values, their friendship esteems,  
Above the gay world, which is not what it seems.

When nature deceives, and he sinks to the tomb,  
He hopes their assistance to scatter the gloom;  
If they pass the vale first, though exquisite his pain,  
He indulges the hope he shall meet them again—

Where distress shall be ended, tears wiped from all eyes,  
And pleasure unbounded eternally rise.  
That your lives with success to that object may tend,  
Is the hope and the prayer of your father and friend.

## VARIETY.

**A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.**—We are informed by a gentleman who travelled last week between Edinburgh and Dumfries, that a singular optical illusion was observed very recently from the top of a hill near Langholm.—The sky, which had previously been dark and lowering, gradually assumed a brighter hue; the clouds dispersed and were gathered into masses which towered like the Alps or the Andes themselves, till a vast amphitheatre of ether was unfolded, into which the squadrons of two aerial armies deployed, and took up positions with the greatest regularity. After a solemn pause the word of command appeared to be given, and then the whole sky became instinct with motion—then commenced a struggle sublime from its magnitude, and appalling beyond the power of words to express. A thousand ensigns floating in the breeze, the charge of infantry, the shock of cavalry, the array of artillery, were all beheld at the same moment; aids-de-camp galloped across the lines; generals issued orders, and were promptly obeyed; detachments were outflanked, overpowered, taken; horses and riders reeled and fell, commingling in the direst confusion imaginable; columns of reserve supplied every void, closed every breach in the opposing lines, advancing in many cases over the mountains of slain; and, in one word, the pomp and circumstance of a huge battle field were so vividly depicted in all their accompaniments, that the spectator, half believing the vision real, resembled a person who has just awakened from a troubled dream, and assents involuntarily to the well-known saying,

'And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.'

But illusions of this kind, though perhaps like angel visits, 'few and far between,' have been repeatedly noted in mountainous countries. Every body has heard of the aerial spectre of the Hart mountains, so gigantic that he fills the whole horizon, and clutches the extremities of the welkin itself; and nearer home, those who are most conversant with 'skye influences,' such as the shepherds of the hill farmer, have noted and recorded many strange sights, which both before and after the times of the Covenanters were regarded as typical of some dire calamity. What is more to the point, between forty and fifty years ago an illusion, similar to the one we have described, was observed at the same spot, and an intelligent gentleman who was then alive, committed to writing the depositions of a great number of witnesses, a document which, we understand, is still in existence.—*Dumfries Courier.*

From the Quebec Gazette 29th June.

**ORDINATION.**—This morning, being St. Peter's day, an ordination was held in the Cathedral Church of this City, when the following Gentlemen were admitted to Holy Orders by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese.

**Priests.**—The Rev. JAMES COGHLAN, A. B., of Queen's College, in the University of Cambridge, who is to assume the charge of the Rev. Dr. Mills, during the absence of that gentleman in England; and the Rev. A. F. ATKINSON, late student of Trinity College, Dublin, Assistant Minister at Montréal.

**Deacon.**—Mr. H. PATTON, Student in Theology, under the protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. P. proceeds to Oxford, (U. C.) at which place an Episcopal Church has been for some time erected.

His Lordship also, among a variety of public duties performed during his late visit to the Upper Province, held an Ordination on Trinity Sunday, at York, (U. C.) when the following gentlemen were admitted:

**Priests.**—The Rev. E. BOSWELL, who removes from Sandwich to a Mission in the London District, in which two Churches, which have been built for a considerable time have hitherto been unprovided; and the Rev. J. ANDERSON, Missionary at Fort Erie and parts adjacent.

**Deacons.**—Mr. W. JOHNSON, A. M. of the University of Glasgow, who is to exercise at Sandwich in conjunction with the charge of the District School; and Mr. A. NELLES, Student of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who has been residing among the Mohawks on the Grand River for the last two years in order to acquire their language, and is now appointed Missionary among the Six Nations in that quarter.

His Lordship, it is understood, goes down immediately to the District of Gaspé, and will thence pro-

ceed to pay a short visit to Halifax; after his return from thence to Quebec, he will visit the settlements on both sides of the Ottawa River.

The opening of McGill College took place yesterday, when the Lord Bishop of Quebec, desired the Secretary of the Institution, Dr. Mills, to read His Majesty's Charter granted in 1821.—The charter was closed by a prayer and other services by the Rev. Archdeacon Mountain.

FREDERICTON, July 7.—We understand that the upper Church in the Parish of Prince William was first opened for Divine Service on Sunday last; on which occasion the Reverend ADDINGTON D. PARKER, A. M., Rector of the Parish, officiated in the reading desk, and the Reverend JAMES SOMERVILLE, L. L. D., preached an appropriated Discourse by request.

Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy, that thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. AMEN.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. the Rector of the Parish, Mr. JAMES PORTER, to Miss MARY HAYES.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. DAVID HOGG, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Andrew Barnes, all of this City.

At Sheffield, on the 25th ult. by David Burpe, Esq. Mr. CHARLES APPELEY, to Miss LETITIA BURPE, all of that place.

## DIED.

In this City, on Sunday morning last, Mr. HENRY GOLDING, of Long Island, (Queen's County,) formerly of this City, in the 39th year of his age. He has left four children to lament the loss of an affectionate and indulgent parent.—His remains were, on Monday morning, removed to Long Island, for interment.

On Monday, in the 10th year of his age, WILLIAM HENRY, eldest son of Mr. William Whitney.

At Fredericton, on the 25th ultimo, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, late a Quarter-Master in the British Army. He came to the Province with the Loyalists, in the year 1783.

On Friday last, ROBERT, infant son of M. GEORGE KING, of this City.

At Magaguadavic, on the 2d. instant, Mrs. RACHAEL WETMORE, Relict of Timothy Wetmore, Esquire, deceased, late of this City; aged 64 years.

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