

POETRY.

APOLOGY.

'Twere well says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and draw milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I, and any man that lives,
Be strangers to each other? pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there.
And catechise it well. Apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood,
Congenial with thine own. And if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skillful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common maker bound me to the kind.
True, I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in th' earth beneath;
I cannot analyze the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
That seems half quenched in the immense abyss;
Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.—*Cooper.*

THE WELCOME EVENING.

*Verses Written by a Clergyman, and copied by a friend
from a very old Magazine.*

Let those who know no other bliss
Than this poor dying life can give,
Sigh when they think how short it is,
And how precariously we live.

But thou, my soul, hast joys in store,
May'st say at every setting sun,
Courage, my heart! come, one day more
Of a vain vexing life is gone.

Had! ye sweet evening shades, all hail,
Drive these intruding cares away;
Hide with your kind relieving veil
The sick'ning vanities of day.

Wrapt in these gentle shades I rest,
Hid from the world, the world from me,
But oh! none knows how I am blest,
In this divine obscurity.

'Tis thro' groves of bliss I seem to stray,
And in the thickest gloom of night,
I shine in everlasting day,
And blaze with intellectual light.

While half the world dream, start, and sleep,
And half cheat, fight, curse, rave, and groan;
Then I my silent jubils keep,
And hold my festival alone.

Till morning's melancholy dawn
Lets in confusion and the day,
And noise and tumult hurry on,
And chase sweet Salem's peace away.

How doleful all the world seems then,
How dismal what we then call day:
The earth seems one vast howling den,
And men like ravenous beasts of prey.

Oh! what is all that men call light,
Life, music, pomp, delight, and mirth,
But roving dreams, and hideous night,
Howling and spectres, hell and death.

When will the eternal morning dawn,
Let in salvation and true day;
Restore sweet Salem's joys again,
And chase this hurrying time away.

VARIETY.

RELIGION OPENS THE HEART.—The Rev. Mark Wilkes is, I believe, still alive. He was and still is well known in London. He is an eminent divine, a pious and most worthy man, and a considerable wit

withal. God has placed him in very easy circumstances, and has also given him a warm and charitable heart. No deserving poor man ever went away sorrowfully from Mark Wilkes' door. One day a poor man belonging to his church, who had something of Mark Wilkes' manner as to the matter of wit, and who certainly was a very worthy and pious man, came to his door, and told his minister, that "his poor wife had just been confined, and that she had brought him another fine child. But then so it is," added he, "God has not given us, this day, a morsel of food in the house." "Ah!" said Wilkes affecting great indifference, "John, I have always understood that when God sends a child into this world, he also sends bread with it." "Most true, your reverence," cried John. "God's goodness always does so; but, then, he has sent the child to me, and the bread to you.—and therefore it is, that I have come for some of it." "Come in, John," cried Mark Wilkes, as a tear coursed down his cheek, "come in and take as much as you want."

DRESS.—He who has no other way to distinguish himself than by the fashion and materials of his dress, is a despicable creature; and unites the silliness of the goose with the pride of the peacock.

LONGEVITY.—There is at present residing at St. Colbort, (Canada) a woman of the name of Courtois, of the extraordinary age of 112 years. She possesses all her faculties, and is very conversable. Her daughter is the great-grandmother of a child four years old.

Bishop Jewel was equally remarkable for his learning, piety and moderation. A popish dean used to say of him, In thy faith thou art a heretic; but in thy life thou art an angel. "The work of the Holy Spirit is to soften the hardness of men's hearts, when by the wholesome preaching of the gospel, or some other means, he is received into their breasts: to enlighten their minds, and bring them to the knowledge of God, into every way of truth, to newness of life, and hope of everlasting salvation."

Voices, visions, sudden impulses, and unaccountable impressions, are the work or rather wildfire of an overheated imagination. Divine grace works by the word, first convincing of sin, and then filling the soul with joy and peace in believing.

"I WILL SEE WHAT OTHERS DO FIRST."—So said a professor, not long since, when requested to aid in supporting an important and pious institution. And so a vast many others. They do not give a denial, but only wish to know how much others will do, and then they imagine that they shall know better how they ought to do. In fact, I believe it is often an excuse for doing nothing, unless the object should happen to be popular, and they should be thought covetous or illiberal. It seems that such persons judge of the importance of an object by its popularity; and if others to whom they look for an example should not patronize an object, it might go down, be it ever so important, for all that they will do. It seems as though they very much wish for an example, but seem to forget that it is their duty to set one. But whose example do they intend to imitate? Is it the example of those who give liberally, or of the covetous, who give little or nothing? Do they not, in fact, want an example of this kind to keep them in countenance? Do they not want the name of "liberal" upon the easiest and cheapest terms?

A due sense of the divine presence is the most effectual check to evil designs and evil actions. Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, had these words on his lecture room door, "Let your life be innocent, God observes you."

LOCAL.

We learn, with much pleasure, by accounts from Fredericton, that a Meeting of such of its inhabitants as are attached from principle to the creed of the Established Church of Scotland, took place a few days ago for the purpose of entering into arrangements for the establishment of a Church of that persuasion.—Mr. Smith filled the Chair.

A Committee was appointed to carry the Resolutions of the Meeting into effect.—Mr. Thomas E.

Robertson, was chosen Treasurer, and Mr. James Taylor, Junior, Secretary.—*Courier.*

ALMS HOUSE BURNED.—On Monday evening about 8 o'clock, the inhabitants of this City were alarmed with the cry of fire, which was found to be in the room of the keeper of the Alms House. The flames soon spread to the roof and other parts of the building, and in a short time, with the exception of the walls which are made of bricks, and which are still standing, the whole was demolished. A part of the furniture, provisions and bedding belonging to the house was saved; but we regret to say, that all the furniture, clothes, books, and papers of Mr. Betts, the keeper, were entirely consumed. The fire we understand originated in a bed room, and Mr. and Mrs. Betts were from home at the house of a friend, when it commenced. The servant girl was about putting one of the younger children to bed, and when she was in the act of taking the child's night clothes from the bed, the candle came in contact with the bed-curtains, which immediately took fire. The girl in her fright, ran immediately out, to give an alarm, and in the mean time the flames made rapid progress. The inmates of the house, were lodged for the night, in the house of correction, and in other places near by; and happily no lives were lost, nor accident happened to any person.

THE Friends in general of the New-Brunswick AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY, are respectfully requested to take notice, that a Meeting of the Society will take place at the Masonic-Hall on MONDAY the 9th instant, at half-past 6 o'clock.

The Members of the FEMALE ASSOCIATION are respectfully requested to attend.

March 7.

MARRIED.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Buris, Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, to Mrs. ELIZABETH GIBB, both of this City.

DIED.

On the 26th ult. in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. ELEANOR LEIGHTON, widow of the late Mr. John Leighton.

On the 28th ult. in the 22d year of her age, Miss ELIZABETH JAMES, lately from Jamaica.

At Dorchester, (N. B.) on the 14th ult. in the 62d year of her age, SARAH, wife of John Chapman, Esq.

Yesterday, Mr. WILLIAM FRASER, Blacksmith.

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