

## POETRY.

An Elegy to the Memory of the late Rev. Henry Martyn.

I ask not, O ye ever whispering trees,  
Chanting in windy solitude, your aid  
To fill the funeral lay, nor your's, ye flowers,  
Bright with the freshest glory of the Sun,  
That bid's your fragrance breathe above  
The wenny hallow'd dead;

Nor your vain babble through your runnell'd course,  
Ye surging waters, hurrying as ye wend  
Haply where orient gems do lurk; nor your's,  
Sweet talking echo, when the silent eve  
Doth hear thee mock the whistling bird,  
Lone, on her chosen yew.

Rise, O thou fair condoling moon, whose eye  
Doth constant watch th' traceless holy spot,  
Shedding thy radiant tears, a requiem light  
In silence, while no mortal tear did fall  
For him, the wearied hero's man,  
Who blest thy palest looks.

And meekly smil'd, as with his heavy eye,  
Darkening with night, he saw thy waning course,  
And thought that thy most gentle light did shine  
On those he loved, far, far away from him;  
Who found in foreign loneliness,  
The rest of all—a grave.

Yet was he not alone, for God was there,  
Whom, though not having seen, he lov'd, nor shrank  
From holiest deeds of toiling faith, till Death  
Snatched from his vision the cloud-hanging storm  
Of sad mortality, and gave  
To heaven her favourite child.

Hark! as he languish'd on the fading verge  
Of life, and troubled time sank at his feet;  
For wide eternity, with pleasant light,  
Beam'd on the darkness of his pilgrimage  
The promise of celestial day,—  
The ruby dawn of rest.

Hark! for he saw the breaking gold of morn,  
And cheer'd his fervent soul with orison  
Of heavenliest import. Tokat, thou didst hear,  
And orchards rich with Persian fruitage heard,  
When Martyn breath'd his dying words,  
Thy luscious woods among.

O thou blest Comforter, my peace, my God,  
My all, while I sojourn in distant lands,  
Unpitied, though I burn with gasping thirst,  
Unwept, though weeping in this solitude,  
I seek the shadiest glen, and press  
The dewy fragrant herb;

Yet find no rest, found not but in thyself;  
In thee for ever found, thou hiding place  
For worn-out man,—O, let me hide in thee,  
Else refugeless. Supremely blest to love  
Thee still, and leaning on thy love,  
I live or die for thee.

Silent recede, thou fleeting world—adieu!  
For other worlds relume my quenched sight.  
O vain and chequered dreams of fondest hopes,  
Of mercy mild, of frail disquietude!  
Bewilder now no more, for heaven  
Doth whisper me away.

There rests a child of genius, early fall'n;  
A man of God, for heaven was his on earth;  
A friend of man, for all the world belov'd;  
A martyr, for he gave to God his life;  
A hero, for he smil'd at death,  
And died to live for ever."

## THE WATCH TOWER LIGHT.

Seen from her window at midnight.

BY CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER.

'Tis midnight deep—the storm is loud,  
And wild the gale is roaring;  
And, from a dark and wat'ry cloud,  
Impetuous rain is pouring.  
No star to gild the threatening sky  
With cheerful light is gleaming,  
But bright from yonder beacon high,  
The Watch-tow'r light is streaming  
And though the night is dark and drear,  
And though the storm grows wilder;

That light the gath'ring gloom can cheer,  
And make its terrors milder.  
It shines like youth's unclouded dreams,  
When hope and joy are beaming.  
And bright as truth's unsullied beams,  
The Watch-tow'r light is streaming.  
So on life's dark tempestuous way,  
Where pain and bliss are teeming,  
May holy Hope's unclouded ray,  
On me be ever shining;  
And blest Religion's tranquil light  
Be ever round me beaming,  
As o'er this dark and dreary night,  
The Watch-tow'r light is streaming.

## THE JOURNAL.

## TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

AGREABLY to the Terms announced at the commencement of this Paper, the second half of the price became payable on the publication of the 26th number, on the 18th July. Agents are respectively requested to collect the same, and to forward it with as little delay as possible, together with any advance which had not been paid in due time.—Subscribers in the City and its vicinity, will confer a favour by sending their dues respectively, without waiting for personal application.—The expense of the Journal is considerable, and is unremitting; and punctuality in payment is of very great importance to us. Several complete files of the Journal, from the beginning, can yet be had, by application at this office, or through the respective Agents in the Country.

Reports from all parts of this Province continue to give favourable accounts of the state of the crops. The weather for some weeks has been very favourable to hay making. The article has been secured in good order, and the quantity throughout is fully equal to an average. In some parts of the country, the hay harvest, is approaching nearly to a close.

We have reason to believe, that His Honor the PRESIDENT, has received instructions from London, to place our worthy Rector the Rev. B. G. GRAY, in the situation of Archdeacon of this Province, provided the same shall be agreeable to the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia. Should this prove to be correct, we are persuaded it will produce a strong emotion of conflicting feelings through this community.

The zeal and untiring diligence with which the Rev. Rector has discharged his ministerial duties, have justly entitled him to the confidence of the members of the established Church; the liberal and catholic spirit in which he has most indefatigably laboured to promote the special interests of that church, has attached to him the veneration and esteem of other denominations; and the urbanity of his manners, and his unremitting attention, kindness, and liberality to the poor, have secured to him the respect and approbation of all. While therefore his promotion will give universal satisfaction to the people of this city; his consequent unavoidable removal, will be deeply and universally regretted.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH IN PORTLAND.—On Sunday evening last, at 6 o'clock, the New Episcopal Church in Portland was opened for public worship. The Church was so completely filled, that many persons had to retire for want of accommodation. The Rev. B. G. GRAY, the Rector of the Parish, delivered a Discourse from John iv. 24 *God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*

We congratulate the public upon an increase in the number of places lately erected for public worship; and upon the zeal and diligence displayed by the Ministers of the Gospel.

FIELD PREACHING.—On Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. WOOD, Wesleyan Missionary, lately from St. Christopher's, was requested to preach in the afternoon in a dwelling house in the Lower Cove. From the interest excited it was found, that the house would not contain the people who were inclined to attend; and preparations were made to accommodate the congregation in an enclosed lot near by. Benches were accordingly provided for the female part of the congregation, and an awning was prepared, to shelter the Preacher from the rays of the Sun. Between three and four hundred persons, among whom were a number of soldiers and of sailors, attended, the utmost decorum and good order were

observed throughout the whole service; and a deep concern was apparent in the conduct and countenances of many.

RESCUSCITATION.—On the forenoon of Sunday last, a fine child, a boy about five years of age, son of a Mr. THOMPSON, a Stove-maker residing at York Point, fell into the North Market Slip, between a schooner and the wharf, the tide then being about three-quarters full. Our informant could not ascertain exactly how long the child had been in the water; but from the appearances when he arrived on the spot, and the time which afterwards elapsed before the child was raised out of the water, he judges that the whole time could not be less than twenty minutes—but perhaps more. When taken out of the water, the face was deeply discolored, the body swollen and stiff, and to all appearance the vital spark absolutely fled. But, upon rubbing and other means being used, after some time symptoms of returning life began to appear; and eventually, to the great joy of all present, the body became re-animated. The child was then taken home to the parents, and is now in a fair way of perfect recovery.

At a Meeting of the Governor and Trustees of the Madras Institution of this Province, held this morning at the house of His Honor the President, it was resolved, that the terms of admission to the Central Schools in this City shall be of the most liberal kind, and that the privilege of recommending pupils shall in future be extended to the Ministers of the different Congregations, and to the Magistrates of the City and County.—Observer.

Collect for the tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the Prayers of thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

## DIED.

At Kingsclear, on Saturday the 1st instant, aged 22 years, JANET, wife of Colocael ALLEN.

At Springhill, in the Parish of Kingsclear, on the 14th instant, Mrs. Jane Murray, a native of the County of Durham, England. She came to this country in 1818 with a family of six sons who will feel a severe loss of so valuable a parent.—She was sincerely respected and beloved by every one that had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The soundness of her conversion was evinced by a consistent course of religious and moral conduct. Her attachment to her Redeemer and his people was sincere and ardent, and at the close of a short but severe affliction, which she sustained with great christian resignation and fortitude, her fears of approaching dissolution were happily dissipated; and without any immediate intimation of her departure, she fell asleep in the Lord, in the 61st year of her age.—Communicated—From the Royal Gazette.

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