

POETRY.

It is long since we have read any thing more beautiful than the following poem by Mrs. Hemans.—*Blackwood.*

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was row'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dews laugh'd of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and whereso'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart; and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fano was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-robd' priest, and round her arm
Clung o'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas!" she cried,
"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
Now shall I hence depart!"

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wast playing
So late along the mountains at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted
Wilt it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing till?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water urn!

Nor wilt thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou,—wilt slumber's dewy clouds fall round thee
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

What have I said, my child?—wilt He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Wilt He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!

But thou, my first-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

VARIETY.

ADVICE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Illustrating the Usefulness of Religious Tracts.

The following beautiful narrative has a strong resemblance to the case of the "little Maid of Israel," who said to the wife of Naaman, the leper, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

In the village of — there lived an opulent and worldly family, consisting of a gentleman, a lady, and a large household of children; the mother of the lady also residing with them, who had for some years been confined to her bed. Her pain was so severe, that she seldom or never slept beyond one o'clock in the morning. Having previously lived a life of gaiety, she found that when the days of darkness drew on, she had no inward resource of comfort. Her family and friends tried to cheer her in the day time by vain conversation and flattery; and in the night she had recurrence to a plan of her own, which was, to have a safe lamp on her bed, and a constant supply of Novels. Her daughter, who was anxious that all her wishes should be gratified, sent far and near to procure every publication of this kind which could be procured; but so quickly were they perused, that several of them had a second and third reading. One morning, a little grand-daughter ran into the room to inquire after her health; when the lady said, "I have been very ill all night, and what is worse, I have had no new books."

"Oh," said the child, "how I wish, grandmamma, that you could read a pretty little book I had given me the other day!" "Bring it, my dear," was the reply. The child immediately gave her grandmamma the Tract. In the course of the morning, the old lady wished she could get some more, when her daughter told her that some new novels were coming down that evening. The mother answered, "I want those little books—cannot you send to Mr. or Mrs. —, for I dare say they have some of them." Now, it so happened that the Tracts, and the persons referred to, were despised by —, for they had lately cut connexion, as it is termed, with the gay parties who were accustomed to assemble in the neighborhood. The sufferings and requests, however, of the old lady, prevailed over the prejudices of the young one; and at length a note was written, in which it was intimated that her dear mother's complaint had so enfeebled her mind, that she was only pleased with children's books; but that if the parties had any, the loan would oblige. The parcel was sent. The old lady continued to read them. The novels soon after arrived, but were returned without having been inspected; and some time after she told her daughter, that she had discovered what had given her happiness even in her affliction—that formerly she could not bear to be alone, but that now she loved to be by herself, to enjoy her meditations in the wakeful hours of night—and that she would be obliged if her relatives and friends would but read those pieces for themselves. She soon became anxious to read the Bible, displayed a growing faith and exemplary patience during the remainder of her long illness, and at last died in the faith and joyful hope of the Gospel of Christ.

The daughter, who had been powerfully struck with the change in her mother, and whose heart was softened by the bereavement she sustained, as well as by a remembrance of many things said by her beloved relative before her departure, in process of time embraced and professed the truth as it is in Jesus. At length the whole family were induced to attend on the preaching of the Gospel; and several of its members are now actively engaged in conducting others to the fountain of life and happiness.

I was most powerfully impressed by this simple detail; and as I know you are interested in the operations of the Tract Society, I thought I would convey it to you, that you might thank God and take courage.—[*Evangelical Magazine for Nov.*]

TRACTS IN RUSSIA.—In one parish, where amid the forms of a corrupted church, the name of Christ was scarcely known, the Rev. Drs. Henderson and Paterson, among the desolations in the north of Europe, caused four hundred copies of the "Great Question Answered," written by the excellent Andrew

Fuller to be distributed. The consequence was, that that "Great Question," "What must I do to be saved?" was asked by multitudes. Their preacher himself became alarmed. They began to assemble in a large barn, for prayer and the sincere worship of God; and the issue was the conversion of the parish, pastor, and people, to the vitality of evangelical religion.

Beware of quenching or grieving the Holy Spirit. An old devotee makes this ingenious confession: Lord, the motions of thy Holy Spirit were formerly frequent in my heart; but, alas! of late they have been great strangers. I fear they were grieved either that I heard them not attentively, or believ'd them not faithfully.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN AYLESFORD, N. S.—A correspondent in Nova-Scotia, writes,—that there has been a gracious revival of religion in Aylesford. Many sinners have been deeply awakened, a serious concern for salvation is apparent in the people of the Township generally, and upwards of fifty persons have professed the knowledge of salvation by the remission of their sins. The good work is still progressing, and almost every other day, one or more are stepping into glorious liberty.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On Saturday the 7th inst. the Children belonging to this excellent Institution, were publicly examined; and it affords us great pleasure to add that they, by no means disappointed the expectations which had been formed with respect to their attainments. At this season, there are of course a much smaller number in attendance, than during the summer months, because many of them are too young to encounter the severity of the weather. There were present however, in the male and female departments of the School, not less than one hundred and sixty children. These in general passed a very creditable examination. Several of the classes appeared to be acquainted with many parts of the Sacred Volume, and were capable of referring to it to illustrate many of the great truths of Religion, with ease and correctness. The general impression upon those who witnessed the examination, was, that the Children were well instructed, that great pains have been bestowed upon them by their several teachers, and every attention paid to their advancement by the persons under whose immediate superintendance the Schools are placed. Such Institutions are well calculated to further the cause of True Religion, and ought to receive the cordial support of all who number themselves among its friends.—*Observer*

TO AGENTS.

We have received letters from several of our Agents, enquiring, when we wish them to collect the advance upon the Journal. In reply to these enquiries, we say, that it is of importance to us, that the advance be collected as soon as it conveniently can be done; and if no other safe opportunity offers, that it be forwarded by Post, at our expense. Such remittances can be made in paper of the Bank of New-Brunswick, or of St. Andrews, in the largest Notes the sum will admit. Provincial or Bank Notes of Nova-Scotia, circulate in this City at five per cent discount.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—On Sunday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. RACHAEL HANCOCK, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Hancock, in the 70th year of her age.

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