

## POETRY.

From the Ladies' Companion.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY"

By Mrs. Signourney

Watcher!—who wak'st by the bed of pain,  
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,  
Sailing thy tear for thy loved one's sake,  
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break;  
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Stranger!—afar from thy native land,  
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,  
Table and hearth stone are glowing free,  
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;  
'There is one who can tell of a home on high,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Sad one, in secret bending low,  
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,  
Wrestling the favor of God to win,  
His seal of pardon for days of sin;  
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Flourner!—who sitt'st in the church yard lone,  
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,  
Flacking the weeds from thy children's bed,  
Planting the myrtle and rose instead,  
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Fading one, with a hectic streak,  
In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek,  
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?  
Seek to the guide who can never fail;  
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

## TEMPERANCE

MR. JOST'S REMARKS.\*

Before the Lunenburg Town &amp; County Temperance Society.

Could the rum sellers see all the misery which could be traced to the hand which administers the fatal drug and would abandon the traffic, it would be one of the greatest blessings that ever rested on any community; for if there were no sellers there could be no buyers,—they are the cause of many of the evils of intemperance. If they would follow the man to his home, whom they have been plentifully supplying with liquors, and behold his family destitute of any comfort, they would surely think that it is themselves who have deprived them of those comforts; they have received the money which should have supplied them, and returned it in that which has doubly destroyed them.

I will relate the case of a man which I have lately read, as I think it has fallen into the hands of very few, if any, of the members of this society.

It was the middle of December, the sky was dark and cloudy, and the snow during the evening had fallen in such quantities that it was almost impossible to find the trackless road. He however plodded on his solitary way, shivering from the coldness of the air, while a deadlier and more awful chill benumbed his soul: for in spite of his efforts to prevent it, his thoughts dwelt on his departure from virtue, and his estrangement from the gracious God who formed him by his power, and to whom he was accountable for the talents he prostituted, and for the blessings he abused. As he passed onward wrapped in these reflections, the light from his dwelling met his view, sending its little ray over the desolate fields, and with quickened steps he walked towards the door; as he passed the window, he stopped to observe the group within. His wife sat in the midst of her children, who knelt around her, repeating their evening devotions. The little girl with her face hid in her mother's lap, seemed absorbed by the prayer she was uttering, while

\* Concluded.

her brothers with clasped hands and down-cast eyes, shaded by clustering curls of dark hair, knelt in silent attention beside her. He saw tears on the mother's faded cheek, as she bent over her children, and beheld her lips move, though no sound appeared to issue from them. It was indeed the prayer of a broken heart, which, while listening to the innocent petitions of her children, she breathed softly forth to Him whose ear is ever open to the sorrows of the wretched. It was a prayer for her alienated husband, for her deserted babes, for help from above, to enable her to perform her duties, and support, with unshaken fortitude, the trials she was called to endure.

The keenest pangs of remorse and shame which he ever felt shot through his heart as he stood without his own door, amid the fury of the wintery tempest, gazing in agony at the scene which was passing within; yet flaring to enter, unworthy as he felt himself to intrude into the presence of his virtuous wife, and injured children. He smote his breast in the anguish of his feeling, calling himself a wretch, and bitterly contrasting his present situation, a voluntary out-cast from the joys and endearments of home,—a companion of vicious and polluted men, with what it was when he enjoyed the confidence of his wife, partook with her the blessings, the promises, the hopes of the Gospel, assisted in the delighted task of "training the children in the way they should go," and each returning night heard them repeat the praises of their Maker, and shared with their mother the caresses and salutations, which he now saw bestowed on her alone. The wretched husband, and still more wretched father, rendered so by his own wilful deviations from what he knew to be the path of virtue and happiness, and being led by that deceiver Moderate Drink, turned with anguish from a scene which awakened in his guilty heart the pangs of shame and self reproach.

Yet was he tempted to throw himself into the arms of that wife, whom he still venerated, to implore her forgiveness for his past faults, and on the bosom of virtuous affection, breathe forth the vows of repentance and reformation. But the habitual weakness of his character prevailed, and that feeling of false shame, restrained him from an act which might have saved him from sin and misery, and his family from poverty and wretchedness, into which his departure from virtue had involved them. Thus unable or afraid to meet the virtuous glance of the woman he had so deeply injured, he softly lifted the latch of his dwelling, and stole in silence to his chamber. The moon struggling with the heavy clouds which had obscured her, now shone through the window of his little apartment and her beams fell faintly on the open leaves of a Bible which lay upon the table. With hesitating steps he approached the holy book;—many months had elapsed, since he sought comfort and direction from its inspired pages; and he now felt as if he had forfeited his right to look upon them. He stretched forth his hand, which trembled as he touched the leaves; they were wet,—wet with the tears of his wife. Touched and affected, he involuntarily bent over them and read these solemn words, which seemed to his conscious heart like the awful and prophetic voice of heaven addressed directly to himself, "for what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

That miserable man whom I just described felt this passage addressed to him; but how much more forcibly may it be applied to persons making their living, or growing rich, by the sale of rum, which certainly has sent many souls to destruction;—he is not even sure of holding his riches gained in this way as long as he lives, for it appears to me that riches gained in that way generally go as they came. I have remarked several cases of this myself, when persons of temperate habits have commenced this sort of trade and have grown rich, or in a fair way of being so, but their course has suddenly been reversed, by intemperance, and they have fallen into the very snare which their sinful traffic has laid open to others.—Every one should recollect that wealth is only valuable as a means of promoting our own happiness and that of others, and when we seek it unadvisedly (as rum selling to the drunkard may be said to be) we sacrifice the end to the means.

*Statistics of the Principal Universities of England and Ireland.*—In Oxford there are 24 heads of colleges, with a revenue of £18,350; 567 fellows, with £116,560; 393 scholarships, with £6,030; 199 college officers, with £15,650, 885 benefices and incumbents, with £136,500; college revenues, £152,670 and receipts for rent of rooms, £11,730. The revenues of Cambridge, containing 18 colleges, is for an equal number of heads, £12,650, 431 fellows, whose revenue is £90,330; 793 scholarships, with £19,390; 179 college officers, with £17,750; 262 prizes, the value of £1,036; 591 benefices and incumbents, with £93,300; rent of rooms, £15,680; and college revenues, £133,268. In Dublin the head of Trinity College receives £2,000; 25 fellows, £25,400; 3 scholars, £2,100; 10 college officers, £20,000; 6 benefices and incumbents, £9,300; rent of rooms, £2,000; and college revenues, £31,500.—*Ban. of the Cross.*

*Vermont.*—An important subject is presented in the Journal of the last annual Convention of the diocese, connected with the lands originally given to the Society in England for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. These lands were for many years a subject of much difficulty; and strange as it may seem, those who spared no pains to abuse the Church, were apparently very willing to take possession of property which must have easily been seen to belong not to any but the Protestant Episcopal Church. After many years delay, the decision of law has settled the question of right, and the Bishop of the diocese is now in England, for the purpose of making some arrangements by which the original design of the grant will no doubt be effectually carried out.—*Christian Witness.*

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Wilmot, N. S. March, 1839. 4 no's.

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C. H. BELCHER.

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