

POETRY.

MAN.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne
Where awful Reason sits as king,
And breathes his judgment tone—
O' who, with fragile step, shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor, in his weakness, own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the human mind!

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter, and the tried,
The haughty, yet the suffering,
The child of pain and pride,
The buoyant, and the desolate,
The home of love, the lair of hate;
Self-stung, self-deified!—
Yet we do bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that holy thing!
The silently sublime;
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn with the scoffs of time.
The beautiful, the veil'd, the bound;
A prince enslaved; a victim crown'd;
The stricken in its prime!—
In tears—in tears to earth it stole—
That holy thing—the human soul!
And this is Man! Oh! ask of him—
The gifted, and forgiven—
When o'er the landscape, drear and dim,
The rack of storms is driven,
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the tide, or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven;
He bends the brow—he bows the knee—
"Creator—Father—none but thee!"

MY BIBLE.—By PIERCE.

How sweet is the voice of the friend we love dearly!
How soft are the visions that dazzle our youth:
But sweeter and softer (if welcom'd sincerely)
Is the language of Heav'n, the Scripture of truth.

My Bible—I hail thee, a mine of rich treasure,
Compar'd with thy lustre, Golconda's gems fade,
"The Pearl of great price," spring and source of true
pleasure,
The trembling soul listens, and fear is ally'd.

My Bible—When Spring purples each joyous morning,
Treading with dewdrops the bluebell and heath,
We pluck the wild flow'ret, the chaplet adorning,
As gaily we dance round the sweet myrtle wreath.

Hush! hear the loud wind, 'tis the voice of instruction,
The deluge fast spreading awaking despair,
The cry of wild agony telling destruction,
For the God of the storm and the thunder is there.

Ah! how awful the moment, how fearful the vision,
Stern justice full orb'd, not a refuge in sight,
Despairing and speechless, I gaze on the mission
Of Jesus—and darkness is turn'd into light.

My Bible—When sickness appals, and joys wither,
Life's portals fast closing, time hast'ning away,
Full of faith, full of hope, see the last gentle shiver,
And the glad soul exults in the regions of day.

My Bible—I hail thee a mine of rich treasure.
Precious maxims of wisdom adorn ev'ry page,
Bright sun of our system, thy gem-studded azure,
Will gild with mild radiance the valley of age.

VARIETY.

Examine carefully before you decide.—The only secret I have found to prevent the evils of life, is, to do nothing without having well examined beforehand in what we are going to embark. In most things we undertake the beginnings are agreeable; they seduce us, but we should think of the end. They are paths strewn with flowers. Where those paths lead to is the most important question.—*Dobson.*

The present Duke of Norfolk has in his service a female, who is a Methodist. Some time since one of the upper servants at Arundel complained to the Duke that she was too religious, and that she lost too much time in going to her chapel. The Duke asked

where she went to; and was answered, to Bury. "What," said he, "a woman walk four miles to a place, of worship! It is too far; I desire that in future the boy may drive her every Sunday in a gig. She is right in worshipping the Almighty where and how she thinks best."

THE EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.—When a certain parent made his will, he said, "I leave such an estate to my oldest son, though he has been a very disobedient and wicked child, and though I am fearful he will misapply it." This act of unexpected kindness so deeply affected the son, that he burst into tears, and said, "God forbid I should;" and from that time he became a new man.

And did this gift of an earthly estate, which he could possess but a few years, and must then leave for ever, produce such an effect upon him, and melt a heart long hardened by sin? And can my readers peruse the Bible, and there read, that "God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son," though he know thousands would abuse his gift, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and not beg of God to give his Holy Spirit, that they may become new creatures in Christ Jesus? Learn also to intermingle kindness with reproof. Had not kindness accompanied the hint the father expressed, his son's heart would probably have remained hard and unfeeling, and let the tongue of the reprover be dipped in oil, if he would have his words enter the heart. And let it be our daily care to profit by the kind reproofs and remarks of others, "As an ear ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear."

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.—A little daughter of Charles I. died when only four years old. When on her death bed she was desired by one of her servants to pray.—She said she could not say her long prayer, meaning "Our Father," but she would try to say her short one. "Lighten my darkness, O Lord God, and let me not sleep the sleep of death." As she said this, she laid her little head on the pillow, and expired.

CONSCIENCE.—From the *Broken Vow*, one of a series of tales, just published by Mr. Gaddick, we copy the following forcible description of that internal monitor, which is justly designated the umpire of the Deity.

"Conscience is the divinest gift of God to man; it is that which ever speaks, if man would listen, of an omnipresent Deity. It is not the thunder peal nor the flashing lightning; it is not the raging of the ocean storm, nor the terrific fury of a tornado; nor the fiery boiling of the lava from its mountain furnace; it is none of these that speaks to the heart of man, but the spirit within him, that says these are the avenging forms of an offended God. Conscience! it is the consciousness, deeply implanted in the soul, of the existence, of the unescapable presence of a superior Being; and its upbraiding are the torments, the self abasement, and the confusion of one who knows himself to be standing before a justly offended judge. Let a man have sickness and sorrow; and scorn, and shame of face, and poverty, and exile; every evil that can be poured out of the vials of wrath upon suffering humanity, and he may bear all with patience, save the horrors, the undying horrors of a reproving conscience."

Howard's opinion of Swearers.—As he was standing one day near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do any thing else that is bad."

The best mode of instruction is to practise what we teach.

First Introduction of Barometers.—Mr. David Gregory of Kimairdie, the ancestor of the Gregories—David, James, and John—all so celebrated in the paths of science, was the first man in the north of Scotland who had a barometer. In consequence of his being thus able to foretell, with unprecedented exactness, the changes of the weather, he speedily acquired, among his simple neighbours, the reputation of being a real conjuror, and was even in danger of being prosecuted by the Church Courts, for dealing with the Evil One. Dr. Reid relates, that a deputation of the Presbytery of his district, waited upon Mr. Gregory, "to inquire into the ground of certain reports which had come to their ears on the subject," when he luckily succeeded in explaining to them, the secret of his foreknowledge, and thus saved himself and his barometer from excommunication.

Our achievements and our productions are our intellectual progeny, and he who is engaged in providing that these immortal children of his mind shall inherit fame, is far more nobly occupied than he who is industrious in order that the perishable children of his body should inherit wealth. This reflection will help us to a solution of that question that has been so often and so triumphantly proposed, "What has posterity ever done for us?" This sophism may be replied to thus. Who is it that proposes the question? one of the present generation of that particular moment when it is proposed: but to such it is evident that posterity can only exist in *idea*. And if it be asked, what the idea of posterity has done for us? we may safely reply that it has done, and is doing two most important things; it increases the energies of virtue diminishes the excesses of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.

REFLECTIONS ON THE STATE OF MARRIAGE,

By a Married Man.

The leading features in the character of a good woman, are mildness, complaisance, and equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a worthy and provident husband, is immersed in a thousand cares.—His mind is agitated, his memory loaded, and his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined, perhaps, by disappointment, angry at indolent or perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connections with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an overburdened mind, by a contentious tongue, or discontented brow? Business, in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety and turmoil. O how dear to the memory of man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who makes her lap soft to receive and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender, and affectionate wife.

DIFFERENCES.—It is remarkable, that men, when they differ in any thing considerable, or which they think considerable, will be apt to differ in almost every thing else. Their differences beget contradiction. Contradiction begets heat. Heat quickly rises into resentment, rage, and ill will. Thus they differ in affections, as they differ in judgment; and the contention that began in pride, ends in anger.—*Cato's Letters.*

Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints and with a softened effulgence, the luminary, which they cannot hide.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they most admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

Expect not to do any thing worth the while, if you endeavour not to be a lover of prayer. God will bless what you are about, just as far as you love prayer.

The first attempt at piety is to fly from sin.

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