

POETRY.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Come, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable Will, Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone;
'Tis the millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord May receive the
glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."
WASLEY.

LIFE.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

"What is the gift of life!"
Speak thou, in young existence telling;
To thee it is a glorious, god-like thing;
Love, hope, and fancy lead the joyous way;
Ambition kindles up her living ray.
There is a path of light mark'd out for thee,
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be:
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall:
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all:
Yes, life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

"What is the gift of life!"
To thee, subdu'd and taught by wisdom's voice,
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice!
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,
Who loth no fountain to supply the waste;
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round
On broken columns in the desert ground,
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene,
Of what life was, and what it might have been;
Oh! is not life a sad and solemn thing!

"What is the gift of life!"
To him who trends with heav'n's instructed eye
'Tis the first dawning of eternity;
The future heaven just dawning on the sight;
The glimmering of a still increasing light;
His cheering scenes foresteats of heav'nly joy,
Its storms and tempests sent to purify;
Oh! is not life a bright inspiring thing!

"What is the gift of life!"
To him, whose soul thro' this tempestuous road
Hath past, and found its home, its heav'n, its God:
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,
And years, as boundless, rolling o'er his head;
No cloud to darken the celestial light;
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight;
Is not that better life a glorious thing!

MISCELLANY.

THE CHURCH.—There has been no period of our history in which the intended measures of the Cabinet have been more studiously kept secret than at the present moment; and consequently, at no time were the rumours of projected innovations to be received with greater caution. Among these rumours no one has been in more positively insisted on, nor repeated in more various quarters, than that which states a determination to modify, in some way not precisely explained, the present Ecclesiastical Establishment in the ensuing Session of Parliament. We do not pretend to know on what foundation this generally received assertion rests, and are consequently ignorant of the amount of credit to which it is entitled—but of one fact we are perfectly certain, and that is this:—most official inquiries are going on in Ireland, to ascertain exactly the annual amount of income, and the probability of the higher orders of the Church Protestants. We have heard that this very salutary measure is likely to excite considerable dissatisfaction, and that various subterfuges will be resorted to for the purpose of rendering it incomplete and inaccurate; but we hope and trust

that it will be followed up in a proper spirit, and that any attempt at mystification on the part of an incumbent will be promptly and vigorously met and defeated.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The New-York Daily Advertiser gives the following advice:—"It is now the season of the year, when fires are necessarily in universal use, and as instances have already occurred in which the lives of persons have been destroyed by their clothes taking fire, we take the liberty to recommend to parents and nurses, the constant exercise of the strictest watchfulness on this subject. The universal use of cotton stuffs for dresses, for grown persons as well as children, exposes them to far greater hazard from fire, than would be the case if they were those of a less combustible material. Cotton is almost as dangerous as gunpowder. Multitudes of lives are lost by carelessness without regard to this peculiar exposure. No young child should be left alone in a room where there is a fire, or a candle for one minute. Who can answer for the judgment or discretion of such a child? Certainly not the parent or the nurse, who could manifest so little of both as to risk it in such a situation. Let it be remembered that death caused by fire, is the most excruciating of all forms in which that calamity appears. And every parent, or nurse, who should by inattention or from mistaken confidence, contribute to the destruction of a child's life in this mode, would be the subject of severe remorse, as well as deep affliction, for the remainder of her life. It is very desirable that children should not wear any cotton garment in the winter; and that, under all circumstances, they should be watched with the strictest care, nor never be left alone in a situation where they may be exposed to fire for a moment—for a moment is enough to cause the calamity.

Cautions to Mothers.—Avoid the use of tight bandages for your infants, especially round the body, for fear of producing fits, obstructions in the bowels, or a slow decay.

Avoid giving them Godfrey's Cordial, Daffy's Elixir, Dalby's Carminative, Bateman's Drops, or any other warm auodyne, for fear of producing fits, fever, or palsy, a common consequence of quick medicines indiscriminately given.

Avoid giving them any quick medicine, for fear of bringing on decline, or sudden death.—*Journal of Health.*

What good can a little boy do?

A Teacher, who wished that every boy in his class should possess the Word of God, asked one of his class whether or not he had a Bible.

The boy answered,—"No, 'Teacher; not yet. But I'm paying in every week, and shall soon have it now; and then I shall pay in for one for my grandmother, and after that one for my father?"

"What!" said the Teacher, "get a Bible for your grandmother before your father?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "for grandmother can read, and father cannot yet, but I teach him every night when he comes home from work!"

"Is he willing you should teach him?" asked the Teacher.

"O yes," said the boy; "he is never so well pleased as when I am teaching him; and I hope that, when I have got him a Bible, he will be able to read a chapter."

"This boy is about twelve years of age, and his father a coachman; therefore the boy is not able to instruct him every night. Query. Would this boy have possessed a Bible, if the opportunity of depositing a penny every sabbath were denied him?"
Sabbath School Magazine.

Coffee from Acorns.—The coffee made from roasted acorns, is now, it seems, becoming very general in Germany. Some of the German papers state that persons debilitated stomachs have been able to take this coffee when they could digest no other preparation; and that after long use have recovered the tone of the stomach, and acquired considerable *em bon point*. There is nothing new in this discovery, however, for among the lower orders in many parts of Portugal, where the sweet acorn grows abundantly, they are used for bread and coffee; although they are not considered very wholesome as an article of food, and are taken solely on account of their cheapness. They are a

powerful astringent; and in cases where Peruvian bark is recommended are said to be employed in Germany with good effect in the way of coffee.

Letters from Carthage of 12th Nov. state that the differences between Colombia and Peru, were all adjusted, and Bolivar would return to Bogota on the 12th. A letter from Lagunera of the 18th Nov. mentions that Bolivar had expressed a desire to leave that Country for Europe. This is supposed to be a movement on his part, to procure a crown for his head.

MARRIED.

On Sunday last, in St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. John DALTON, to Miss MARGARET JANE ALAN.

At Picton, (Nova-Scotia.) on the 7th inst. by George Smith, Esquire, WILLIAM MILNE, Proprietor of the Colonial Patriot, to ELIZA, daughter of J. W. Harris, Esquire.
At Windsor, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Mary Sardinia.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, the 8th October, a little before eight o'clock, at his house, in King street, the Right Rev. Patrick Kelly, D. D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. The immediate occasion of his death was an inflammation of the lungs, occasioned by a heavy cold which he took on Wednesday week at the funeral of a parishioner, Mr. Edmund Croft, of the Quay.—Dr. Kelly was born at Kilkenny, in April, 1770. After receiving his classical education at the Catholic Seminary of Kilkenny, he went in 1797, to St. Patrick's College at Leuven, in which having completed the ordinary course of theological and philosophical studies he was appointed Professor of Philosophy. Having occupied that Chair for two years, he returned to his native diocese of Ossory in the year 1804; in obedience to the positive commands of his Bishop. He then spent seven years on the mission as Curate, chiefly at Instigate and the Roca. In 1811, he was selected to be Professor of Logic & Natural Philosophy in the Diocesan Seminary of Ossory, and afterwards became President of Birrighfield College, near Kilkenny. On the 21st Oct. 1820, the Bishop of Waterford, happened to die at Rome 1st October, 1821. It is understood to be the prerogative of the Holy See to nominate to all vacancies occasioned by the deaths which occur at Rome. It seldom, however, exercises this prerogative expressly; an amicable interference is preferred. Accordingly, a letter was written, 2d October, 1821, to the Vicar-General of Waterford, the Very Rev. Dr. Garrett Connolly, intimating a desire of having Dr. Kelly promoted for. The intimation was complied with. In June, 1822, Dr. Kelly received his bull of translation to this diocese, and he arrived in Ireland in July, 1822.—*W. Mirror.*

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