

POETRY.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in JESUS met,
With mildest radiance shine.

The noblest love of human kind
Inspir'd his holy breast,
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was express.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

Lowly, in heart, by all his friends,
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient, and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
He laboured for their good.

In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

Be Christ my pattern and my guide!
His image may I bear!
O may I tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

EXTRACT FROM THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

At summer eve, when heaven's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summits mingle with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance leads enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the rest hath been;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, grows divine; there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! She darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their sweets in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

VARIETY.

ON THE EMPLOYMENTS OF LIFE.

Why is it that almost all employments are so unsatisfactory, and that when one hath passed a day of common life in the best way one can, it seems, upon reflection, to be so mere a blank? And what is the conclusion to be drawn from so mortifying an observation? Certainly not any conclusion in favor of idleness; for employment, as such, is a very valuable thing: let us have done ever so little, yet if we have done our best, we have the merit of having been employed, and this moral merit

is the only thing of importance in human life.

To complain of the insignificance of our employment, is but another name for repining at that Providence, which has appointed to each of us our station: let us but fill that well to the utmost of our power, and whatever it be, we shall find it to have duties and advantages enough.

But whence, then, is this constant dissatisfaction of the human mind, this restlessness, this perpetual aim at something higher than, in the present state, it ever can attain? Whence, but from its celestial birth, its immortal nature, framed for the noblest pursuits and attainments, and, in due time, to be restored to all this dignity of being, if it does but behave properly in its present humiliation?

Be that as it will, there is something painful in this strong sense of worthlessness and meanness, that must make people of leisure and reflection pass many an uneasy hour; perhaps, there is nothing better fitted to wean us from life, but in doing that, it by no means ought to hinder us from industry and contentment. Every station, every profession, every trade, has its proper set of employments, of which it is an indispensable duty for every person to inform himself with care, and to execute with patience, perseverance, and diligence. This rule of duty holds from the emperor to the artisan; for though the employments are different, the duty that enforces them is the same in all. Man is born to labor: it is the condition of his being; and the greatest cannot exempt himself from it, without a crime.

If we consider well, we shall find, that all employments in this transient scene, come pretty much to the same nothingness.—The labors of those who were busy and bustling on this globe five or six hundred years ago—what now remains of them but the merit to the persons themselves, of having been well employed? How many valuable books, the employment, and the worthy one, of whole lives, have perished long ago with the very name of their authors! The strongest monuments of human art and industry, obelisks, temples, pyramids, are mouldered into dust, and the brittle monuments of female diligence in piety are not more totally lost to the world. To found an empire was enough to gain a sort of immortality; yet the empires themselves have proved mortal.*

There are certainly some employments of a noble and a happy kind, but in no degree answerable to our ideas; for the best we can do is most poor, whether we would improve ourselves, or do good to our fellow-creatures, in comparison of the capacity of our mind in its original state, which resembles one vast Roman amphitheatre, that once contained myriads of happy people within its ample round: defaced and ruined, it can now scarcely afford shelter from the sudden storm, to a few silly shepherds.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

It has been an antiquated saying, that brothers and sisters hardly ever agree. I believe there is too much truth in the assertion. Exceptions, however, have been found, and brethren have dwelt together in unity. Where this takes place, it forms a pleasing scene; a scene peculiarly gratifying to the parents, every way beneficial to the children themselves, and productive of good to mankind at large. Learn ye, who are united by the ties of nature to promote mutual harmony and fraternal affection, that ye may thus resemble those celestial beings who live, and shall live, in endless union and unspeakable felicity in the world above.

As one of the water-bearers at the fountain of the Fauxbourgs St. Germain, in Paris, was at his usual labours, in August 1766, he was taken away by a gentleman in a splendid coach, who proved to be his own brother, and who, at the age of three years, had been carried to India, where he made a considerable fortune. On his return to France, he had made inquiry respecting his family; and hearing that he had only one brother alive, and that he was in the humble condition of a water-bearer, he sought him out, embraced him with great affection, and brought him to his house, where he gave him bills for upwards of a thousand crowns per annum.

*—Empires die. Where now
The Roman! Greek! They stalk an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.

Young's Night Thoughts, ix.

The father of that eminent lawyer, Mr. Sergeant Glanvill, had a good estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son; but he proving a vicious young man, and there being no hopes of his recovery, he devolved it upon the serjeant, who was his second son. Upon the father's death, the eldest, finding that what he had considered before as the mere threatenings of an angry old man were now but too certain, became melancholy; which, by degrees, wrought in him so great a change, that what his father could not prevail in while he lived was now effected by the severity of his last will. His brother, observing this, invited him, together with many of his friends, to a feast; where, after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one which was covered to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it: upon his doing which, the company, no less than himself, were surprised to find it full of writings; and still more when the serjeant told them, "that he was now doing what he was sure his father would have done, had he lived to see the happy change which now they saw in his brother; and therefore he freely restored to him the whole estate."

A meek unassuming spirit blunts the sharp edge of enmity, allays animosity, creates affection, and constitutes the cement of friendship. Archbishop Usher was called, "The most rich magazine of solid learning, and of all antiquity." Yet his deportment shewed the simplicity and gentleness of his mind. He entered into discourse with the poorest Christians, and on many points of experience paid great regard to their judgment. His conversation was spiritual even with the learned; and he would say to his intimate friend, Dr. Preston, when they had conversed familiarly together, "Come Doctor, one word of Christ before we part."

Collect for the Sunday after Ascension-Day.

O God, the King of glory, who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto thy kingdom in heaven; We beseech thee leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

MARRIED.

At Annapolis, on Monday the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. MILLIDGE, RICHARD SIMONDS, Esquire, of St. John, N. B. to Mrs. MARGARET NEWTON, daughter of the late THOMAS WALKER, Esquire, of the former place.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, SARAH, wife of Joshua Hughson, aged 55 years. Funeral to take place to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, immediately after Divine Service.
At Kingston, (N. B.) on the 8th instant, Mr. JONATHAN LEWIS, formerly of Stamford, (Connecticut): aged 34 years.

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