

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Ye sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove hearted saints, and prophets eagle eyed!
I scorn the moral fop, an' l' ethic sage,
But drink in truth from your illumined page:
Like Moses' bush each leaf divinely bright,
Where God invests himself in milder light!
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies:
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body but to raise the soul;
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way.

EARTHLY GOOD PRECARIOUS.

The dew drop spangling on the thorn,
Can transient glories boast:
It glitters in the early dawn,
But ah! how soon 'tis lost.

The sweetly scented blushing rose,
So exquisitely fine;
In each new charm her tints disclose,
Bespeaks a hand divine.

Yet fair as is this lovely flower
It blooms, but to decay:
To-day, it lives to grace the bower,
To-morrow, fades away.

I see the rainbow's splendid arch,
The firmament o'erspread;
Whose glittering colours far surpass
The tints that art has made.

And while with pleasure I survey
Each variegated view;
It quickly vanishes away
From my admiring view.

Then let me never set my heart
On what must soon decay;
But rather choose that "better part,"
Which none can take away.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame,
And honour bright appears.

She guide the young, with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the heary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Trackless, immeasurable deep,
Or tempest tossed, the mighty sea
Or hushed in silent, glassy sleep,
We find in every glimpse of thee,
An emblem of Eternity!

Where thy proud waves, which roll along
O'er craggy rocks and shelving shores,
Or low, or loud, thy wailing song,
Which on the busy echo soars,
In mimic ripples—mimic roars,—

Or onward midst the shoreless vast,
Whose briny waves unite with heaven;
Where venturing pilgrims never cast
Their anchors, when by tempests driven;
Tho' masts and sails the storm has riven—

Or where thy silver water laves,
The icy shores of polar seas,
And flows into their crystal caves,
To find a shelter from the breeze,
Midst mimic rocks, and hills, and trees—

By Sun, or Moon, or Stars illumed,
Great reservoir of rushing streams!
Which has, since time, been ever doomed
To frown with gloom, or smile with gleams—
How mighty—vast—thy empire seems!

VARIETY.

PSALM CXLIII. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in
thy sight shall no man be justified.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jes. Bring forth the prisoner, Justice. Just. Thy
commands.

Are done, just Judge: See here the pris'ner stands.
Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's
the cause

Of his commitment? Just. He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And hoaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? Just. E'en by his
own confession:

His sins are crying; and they cried aloud:
They cried to Heav'n, they cried to Heav'n for
blood.

Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? Hast thou ought
to plead.

That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah mo! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to Heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience: Lord, I must confess,

I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me! ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jes. Hold,
Justice, stay:

Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhor'd,
I am thy handy-work thy creature, Lord,
Stand with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degenerate creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. Just. Thy fault's tho
greater.

Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jes. Hold Justice,
stay:

Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

Sin. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to Jesus, from thyself to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has
vow'd;

Abused mercy must have blood for blood:
Shall I not strike the blow? Jes. Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Just. I cannot hold. Jes. Then turn thy thirsty
blade

Into my sides, let there the wound be made;
Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundless deep! O love beyond degree;
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

ON THE CREATION.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the
earth.

For by him were all things created, that are in
heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible,
whether they be thrones or dominions, or principal-
ities, or powers: all things were created by him and
for him.

And he is before all things, and by him all things
consist.

In the progress of Divine works and government,
there arrived a period, in which this earth was to be

called into existence. When the signal moment,
predestined from all eternity, was come, the Deity
arose in his might, and with a word created the
world.—What an illustrious moment was that, when,
from nonexistence, there sprang at once into being,
this mighty globe, on which so many millions of
creatures now dwell!—No preparatory measures
were required. No long circuit of means was em-
ployed. "He spake; and it was done: he com-
manded; and it stood fast. The earth was at first
without form, and void; and darkness was on the
face of the deep." The Almighty surveyed the
dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the several divisi-
ons of nature. He said, "Let there be light: and
there was light." Then appeared the sea, and the
dry land. The mountains rose; and the rivers
flowed. The sun and the moon began their course
in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground.
The air, the earth, and the waters, were stored with
their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made
after the image of God. He appeared, walking
with countenance erect; and received his Creator's
benediction, as the lord of this new world. The
Almighty beheld his work when it was finished;
and pronounced it GOOD. Superior beings saw,
with wonder, this new accession to existence.
"The morning stars sang together; and all the sons
of God shouted for joy."

We should take care that we do not carry our
religious controversies so far as to give the infidel
the same advantage over us in matters of faith, that
the ancient Pyrronists obtained over other sects, in
matters of philosophy. For all the sects of philo-
sophers agreed in one thing only—that of abusing
each other. He therefore that abused them all
round, was sure of a majority; and as no sect
got any praises except from the disciples of their
own particular school, such party panegyric went
for nothing.

Meditate on the best things, that thy profiting may
appear unto all.

It has been ingeniously said, the wise man's mind
is his commonwealth, and solitude is his study.

Collect for the fifth Sunday after Easter.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come;
Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy
inspiration we may think those things that be good,
and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same,
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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