

## POETRY.

## DEATH OF OUR FIRST PARENTS.

"Thou of my faith the author and the end!  
Mine early, late, and everlasting friend!  
The joy that once thy presence gave restore,  
Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no more:  
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,  
Receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it came;  
Rebuke the tempter, show thy power to save,  
O let thy glory light me to the grave,  
That those, who witness my departing breath,  
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death."

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,  
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile;  
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,  
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd  
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door;  
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;  
His countenance was lightning, and his vest  
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;  
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,  
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;  
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;  
His look was love, his salutation "Peace!"

Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,  
But terror grew to transport while she gazed:  
"Tis he the Prince of Seraphim, who drove  
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove;  
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!" she cried;  
"Return to Paradise; behold thy guide!  
O let me follow in this dear embrace!"  
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.  
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,  
Transform'd into an angel's at the view:  
"I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,  
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.  
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;  
We stood alone, the living with the dead:  
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,  
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;  
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,  
The gate of Heaven had open'd there, and closed.

Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless spouse;  
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;  
She gave no answer, motionless and cold,  
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;  
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey  
That hid her cheek; her soul had passed away;  
A beauteous corpse, she graced her partner's side,  
Love bound their lives, and death could not divide.

MONTGOMERY.

## ON PROVIDENCE.

(MATT. x. 29.)

Dost thou number all my hairs?  
What have I then to fear?  
Watch thy child, and his affairs,  
For ever kind and near.  
If the ravens thee dost feed,  
Surely thou wilt feed thy dove;  
Thou didst as my ransom bleed,  
And shall I doubt thy love?

Many eyes are on me fix'd,  
Although my heart is stone;  
Every cop with mercy mix'd:  
The father loves his own.  
He who rolls yon flaming spheres  
Through the vast immense of space,  
Bottles up my contrite tears,  
And guides me by his grace.

Like the circumambient air,  
Creation's lucid robe;  
Providence is every where,  
Around this flord globe;  
Every link of mystic love,  
In that golden chain I see,  
Reaching from the throne above,  
And circumvesting me.

Angel watchers round me keep,  
Alternate watch and ward;  
Give the Lord's beloved sleep,  
My centinels and guard;  
Coming in and going out,  
Night or noon, by sea or soil,  
I'm encircled round about,  
By God's perpetual smile.

Tranquil, I to rest retire,  
For I have nought to dread;

Mercy, like a "wall of fire,"  
Surrounds my board and bed.  
Of her golden cup I drink;  
At her ordinary dine;  
On her couch, to rest I sink;  
And call her wardrobe mine.

Thus beneath my spreading vine,  
Or fig-tree calm I ease;  
Call creation's master mine,  
And lean upon his breast;  
"Seas to wait the roll their waves,"  
"Suns to light me daily rise;"  
Grace my ransom'd spirit saves,  
And glory is my prize.

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

## VARIETY.

## FILIAL LOVE.

(From a Speech of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.)

"And yet, my lords, how can I support the claims of filial love by argument; much less the affection of a son to a mother, where love loses its awe, and veneration is mixed with tenderness? What can I say upon such a subject? What can I do but repeat the ready truths which, with the quick impulse of the mind, must spring to the lips of every man on such a theme! Filial love! the morality of instinct! the sacrament of nature and duty! or rather, let me say it is called a duty; for it flows from the heart without effort, and its delight—its indulgence—its enjoyment. It is guided, not by the slow dictates of reason; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought; it asks no aid of memory—it is an innate, but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solitudes—a thousand waking, watchful cares—of much anxiety, and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations not remembered, but the more binding because not remembered—because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant memory record them; a gratitude and affection which no circumstances could subdue, and which few can strengthen; a gratitude in which even injury from the object, though it may blend regret, should never breed resentment; an affection which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it, and which is then most fervent, when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, enquires for the natural protector of its cold decline."

When we stand in the confidence of our own strength, the weakest temptation will overcome us; when we fly, the strongest cannot overtake us. The danger lies in dallying with sin, and with sensual sin above all other: it works, it winds, it wins its way with imperceptible, with irresistible insinuation through all the passes of the mind into the innermost recesses of the heart; while it is softening the bosom, it is hardening the conscience; while it is exhilarating the body, it is brutalizing the soul; it is engendering the worm that dieth not, it is kindling the fire that is not quenched.

Some often repeat yet never reform: they resemble a man travelling a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns back.

**PRIDE**—Pride is the most absurd and the weakest of all vices.

It is most silly to be proud of our persons, birth, or the riches of our relations. Worth, not birth, constitutes true greatness.

**STRAWBERRY**—The common strawberry in a ripe state makes a most excellent demulcent, sweetening the breath and preserving the gums! It is said that the celebrated Linnæus cured himself of gout by a persevering use of strawberries as an article of diet.

## LOCAL.

**ACCIDENT**—On Friday morning, Mr. JAMES WATERBURY, son of David Waterbury, Esq. fell overboard from a skiff, near the Beacon, and was drowned.

Yesterday, Mr. HARDY, of the Theatre, petitioned the Common Council, then convened, stating, that he was a British subject born in London, that he was 23 years of age, that he was an Artist, and wished to carry on his profession in the City, and in order to qualify himself for that purpose, he had on Saturday applied to His Worship the Mayor to be ad-

mitted to take up his Freedom, as a Citizen; and that His Worship refused to admit him to the privileges of becoming a Citizen. Mr. Hardy complained of this as a great hardship, and prayed the Common Council to interpose in the matter, so that he might be permitted to obtain the freedom of the City. Upon considering the prayer of Mr. Hardy's petition, the Common Council Resolved, That they had no power nor cognizance in the case; and that the Prerogative of making Freemen, was by the Charter vested solely in the Mayor for the time being, or his Deputy. In the course of the discussion which took place, it appeared that His Worship had been instructed by his legal advisers, that persons having certain previous qualifications, (to which Mr. Hardy had no pretensions,) can demand the Freedom of the City as a matter of right; but with regard to British subjects generally, not so qualified, His Worship the Mayor, can either give or withhold the Freedom of the City, according as he in his discretion shall think fit.

As however, the refusal of the Freedom of the City, to any decent person applying for the same, is rather a novel circumstance, we deem it but justice to Mr. Hardy to say, that we do not understand the refusal to be intended as a reflection upon his private character, but rather, solely for the purpose of preventing various evils which would result from the opening and establishing of a Theatre in this City. We are aware that His Worship's decision in this case, is not unanimously approved, but without making any invidious distinctions we may say, that the number and respectability of the persons who approve, are such, as fully to sustain him in the measure, and to confirm him in the conclusion, that in this instance he has done right.

Our own opinion on the tendency of Theatrical exhibitions, has been frequently before the public, and as we have no wish to increase the pain which Mr. Hardy may feel on this occasion, we forbear from making further observation, and merely reiterate the wish expressed in our last number.

Gazette of Wednesday.

The Rev. J. M. TURNER has been appointed Bishop of Calcutta, in the place of the late Dr. James.

## Collect for the second Sunday after Easter.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast given thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an ensample of godly life; Give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that his inestimable benefits, and also daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life, thro' the same Jesus Christ our Lord.—AMEN.

## MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Rector of the Parish, Mr. IRWIN WHITE, to Miss BETSY REYNOLDS.

## DIED.

On Saturday last, in the 20th year of his age, Captain JAMES HUGHSON, (late of brig James Lawes,) second son of Mr. Joshua Hughson, of this City.

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