

POETRY.

HOPE.

Tell me, where doth Hope abide?
On a sunbeam doth she ride,
From the smile of ocean glancing?
Or upon the shadowy green,
Where the fairy rings are seen,
In a stream of moonlight dancing?
Dwells she where, with master voice,
The statesman guides the senate's choice;
In whose heart high thoughts are burning,
While he views, with watchful eye,
The storm of faction sweeping by,
And his country's peace returning?
Lights she on the warrior's crest,
To soothe his hour of broken rest
On the anxious eve of battle;
Waving her laurel's glossy green,
Above his fancy's bloody scene,
Till he burns to hear "war's rattle?"
Doth she, in a book-piled cell,
With the pale-eyed student dwell,
Pouring upon lamp-lit pages,
Panting for a deathless name,
Trumpeted by growing fame,
Mid "sacred lands," or learned sages?
Hovering o'er the giddy mast,
As the tempest whistles past,
Cheers she the seaman's wave-tost pillow,
While through scud and flashing foam
His good ship keeps her course for home,
And bravely breasts the surging billow?
Or, as the ploughman o'er his land
Scatters the seed with careful hand,
And hope his weary steps beguiling;
As fancy shows the summer plain
A waving sea of golden grain—
Rich fields, with peace and plenty smiling?
No, these are not the hopes for me,
In war or peace, by land or sea;
They but betray the souls that hearken!
A breath can ruffle ocean's face,
A mist the brightest sun disgrace,
A cloud the sweetest moonlight darken.
The worn-out statesman finds too late
His faithless party's envious hate,
His deep-laid plans by folly blasted;
The banished conqueror's daily theme
Treason and blood, his nightly dream
Is plundered towns and countries wasted.
The wanton critic's jest severe,
The world's neglect or idle sneer,
Quenches the student's gentle spirit,
And, like a taper's quivering light,
In the rude breath of wintry night,
Sinks the fond hope of modest merit.
On some lone island doomed to die,
The sailor strains his fading eye
From morn to eve, in sickening sadness;—
He leaps, he shouts, he screams aloud!
Is it a sail?—some floating cloud,
Or white-capped surge, but mocks his madness.
The winter's flood, the vernal worm,
The summer blight, the harvest storm,
Beset the peasant's anxious morrow;
Or, if the genial season smiles,
The midnight blaze his hope beguiles,
And he must pine in want and sorrow.
No, these are not the hopes for me—
Resting on earth, and skies, and sea,
Which chance may blight, and death must sever!
Upborne with wings of faith and love,
Hope finds a resting place above,
On the Redeemer's cross, for ever.
No treasons tempt that peaceful reign;
That warfare's crown no slaughters stain;
That study wins a wreath immortal.
Safe is the haven of that rest;
That harvest of the faithful blest;
That Hope guides man to heaven's high portal.

J. H. B. M.

[British Magazine.]

Whatever, below God, is the object of our love,
Will, at some time or other, be the matter of our sorrow.—Cecil.

Forget not in thy youth to be mindful of thy end;
Or though the old man cannot live long, yet the
young man may die quickly.—Lord Burleigh.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS BARBER.

A barber, who lived at Bath, passing a place of worship one Sunday, peeped in just as the minister was giving out his text, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy?' He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly in the habit of breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on Sunday. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sunday task. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to the minister, who advised him to give up Sunday dressing, and worship God. He replied, beggary would be the consequence; he had a flourishing trade but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night, spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast his care upon God; as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent. He discontinued Sunday dressing; went constantly and early to church; and soon enjoyed that self-gratulation which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and in due time that 'peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away.' The consequences he foresaw, actually followed; his genteel customers left him, as he was nicknamed *Puritan* or *Methodist*. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop; and, from various gradations in life, he became so reduced as to take a celler under the old market house, and shave the farmers! One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath! This was touching the poor barber on a tender chord: he burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced, before he could make such a request. When shaved, he said, 'There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you; when I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?' 'William Reed.' 'William Reed!' echoed the stranger, 'William Reed! by your dialect you are from the west.'—'Yes, Sir, from Kingstou, near Taunton.' 'What was your father's name?' 'Thomas.' 'Had he any brother?' 'Yes, Sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we suppose him to be dead.' 'Come along, follow me,' said the stranger; 'I am going to see a person, who says his name is William Reed, of Kingstou, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he whom you say you are, I have glorious news for you: your uncle is dead, and has left you an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed.' They went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity; and told him, he had advertised him in vain. Providence, however, had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had much pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

Though all who make sacrifices for conscience sake are not to expect outward advantages such as these, nor the interposition of so remarkable a Providence, yet we may boldly ask, who, in the general result, ever were the losers for Christ and a good conscience? Temporary difficulties may ensue from giving up unlawful callings, but he who opens rivers in dry places, has shown afterwards, that to such as 'trust in the Lord and do good,' he has fulfilled his own promise; 'verily thou shalt be fed!' Should this meet the eye of any one placed in similar difficulties to the poor barber, let him rely on the following words of Christ: 'And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'—(Matt. xix 29)—*Churchill's Anecdotes.*

BOOKS.

Companion to the Altar, 32 mo. with vignette title and gilt edges—Pietus Quotidiana, or Prayers and Meditations, 32 mo. gilt edges—Horæ Religiosæ, 32 mo. portrait and vignette—Horæ Religiosæ, and Companion to the Altar, bound together—Pietus Quotidiana, and Companion to the Altar, bound together—New Week's Preparation—Cecil's Visit to the House of Mourning.
Bickersteth on Prayer
——— the Lord's Supper
———'s Scripture Help
Phillip's Beauty of Female Holiness
——— Varieties of Female Piety
——— Development of Female Character
The Morning and Evening Sacrifice
Readings for Sunday Evenings
Combe on Digestion and Dietetics
———'s Physiology adapted to health and Education
——— Constitution of Man
Phillips' treatise on Geology
Jameson's Elements of Mineralogy
Sir D. Brewster on Magnetism
Simpson's Philosophy of Education
Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, 1 vol. imperial octavo
William's Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands
Henry's Miscellaneous Works, 2 vols
Jonathan Edward's Works, 2 vols
A Sponsor's Gift
Mrs. Sherwood's Lady of the Manor, 7 vols
Mackintosh on Ethical Philosophy
McCulloch's Statistics of the British Empire
Herbert on Rail Roads and Locomotion
Stebbing's History of the Christian Church, 2 v
——— Reformation, 2 v
Bubbles from the Brunness of Nassau
Paley's Natural Theology, illustrated, with preliminary Discourse, by Lord Brougham
McDearmaid's edition of Cowper's Poems
Family Prayers

For Sale by
May 5, 1838.

C. H. BELCHER.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

THE high and envied celebrity which this preeminent medicine has acquired for its invariable efficacy in all the diseases which it professes to cure, has rendered the usual practice of ostentatious puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify of them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous. In all cases of Costiveness—Dyspepsia—Bilious and Liver affections—Asthma—Piles—Settled Pains—Rheumatism, whether chronic or inflammatory—Fever and Agues—obstinate Headaches—impure state of the Fluids—unhealthy appearance of the skin—Nervous Debility—the sickness incident to females in delicate health—every kind of weakness of the Digestive Organs, and in all general derangements of health, these medicines have invariably proved a certain and speedy remedy. They restore vigorous health to the most exhausted constitutions. A single trial will place

The Life Pills and Phenix Bitters

beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every person. For sale by GAETZ & ZWICKER, Agents.

None are genuine unless they have the Proprietors' signature.

The Life Pills are sold in boxes, price 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 each, according to the size; and the Phenix Bitters, in bottles at \$1 or \$2 each—with full directions. Lunenburg, April 19

Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and a variety of other religious Books and Tracts, are always for sale at the Depository of the Lunenburg District Committee of the Church Society, at the store of Mr. A. Gaetz, Lunenburg.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY
E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months. All Communications, addressed to the Editors, or the publisher, must be POST PAID.

General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.