

THE STAR OF HOPE.

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BY MISS MARY BOYLE.

With fevered brow, she sought the freshening air,
 And cast one wild though fearless glance on high;
 Burst from her parted lips the uttered prayer,
 Burst from her weary eyes, the heavy sigh.

A loud, an earnest, deep, convulsive prayer,
 The hope of years condensed in a word,
 She called on Heaven a sister's life in spare,
 And God's bright mercy hid her prayer be heard!

Abandoned in agony, her head she raised
 To that blue sky, where worlds of brightness roll,
 As on a planet's radiant orb she gazed,
 Mysterious hope rekindled in her soul.

And, O! while joying in a sister's love,
 In gentle fellowship they pass their days,
 Still may the frequent glance she sends above
 Ne'er fall unmoved upon that planet's rays!

Alas, fear it not—where'er her footsteps roam,
 Though far the clime, and distant be the soil,
 That star shall win her wandering spirit home,
 And lift the incense of her praise to God.

Naples, 1834.

MARK.

BY PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.
In Two Parts—Part one.

A writer in Blackwood, in reviewing the poet's of Bishop Corbet, of facetious memory, insists that the church has been more distinguished for wit and humour, than any other of the learned professions. This may not hold true in these refined days, and especially with us, where the strength of a man's principles is apt to be measured by the length of his face, and where a large portion of the community seem to think that

'To laugh were want of goodness, and grimace.'

But it was not in the time of Corbet, of South, of Swift, and of Sterne. Even in the present day, the name of Sydney Smith is identical with a grin, and evangelical Rowland Hill himself could not keep down the busy devil of fun within him. But these are only exceptions. The taste of the age has declared itself, rightly enough, perhaps, against the mixture of things sacred and jocular; and the clergyman who is so unfortunate as to possess a fund of wit, must seek some other field for its display than the desk, happy if he be allowed to indulge it even in private, without a brotherly hint from that benevolent class of individuals, whose chief business in life is to attend to the foibles of their neighbours. To the student, however, it is a treat, to turn aside from the staid formality and correct dulness of the present age, to the times when it was permitted to a man to follow the bent of his genius, however deviant; when illiterate audiences, more filled with the spirit of faith than with that of criticism, were as much edified by their preacher's jokes as by his homilies; and when even the good man, dreaming as little as Shakspeare himself that his tragic-comedy would fall under the ban of posterity, went on, springing off alternately the heavy ordinance of learned denunciation, and the lighter artillery of jest and jibe, at the head of the conscience-stricken sinner.

Our business, however, is not with the English worthies of this school, with whose merits and defects we are sufficiently familiar, but to introduce the reader to another genius of the same stamp, who flourished at Vienna, where he held no less a position, than that of preacher at the emperor's court.

The name of PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA is probably new to most of our readers; for few of our German scholars ever peep into those ponderous folios in which earlier days delighted; or trace up the stream of German literature higher than Wieland or Klopstock. To such it would be idle to expatiate on the crabbéd beauties which adorn the Nibelungen-lied, the Mimesingers, old Hape Sachs, or Abraham a Sancta Clara. We trust, however, that in the latter they will find enough of oddity, at least to render some slight acquaintance acceptable. His true name was ULRICH MEYER, and he was born in Suisbia, (the Ireland of Germany,) in 1642. At the age of twenty, he became a barefooted monk, of the Augustine order, and in 1669, was invited to Vienna, in the capacity of court preacher, an office he filled till his death, in 1709; preaching and writing the while with untiring zeal and industry. At a future time, we may brush the learned dust off some other volumes of his works: at present we will take up one of his choicest bits of quaintness, the discourse called 'Mark' composed of a series of warnings to the people of Vienna, written soon after the plague which swept off seventy thousand inhabitants in six months. We have been obliged, of course, to take some few liberties in our version. Where one of his bad German puns proved utterly untranslatable, we have endeavored to fill its place with an English one, equally as bad, and as near the original as possible. It will be seen that here and there he varies the steady progress of his prose, and breaks into a rhyming pace, something between a canter and a hobble; showing that the amphibious measure adopted by the 'wondrous boy that wrote Aloy,' is not altogether original. Without farther preface, we shall proceed to our extracts. Thus, then, discourseth our reverend friend, in his exordium, of the signs that, as usual, preceded the pestilence:

'Signs in the heavens were furnished by the baleful and malevolent aspects of the planets. Signs in air are usually changeful weather, and heavy rains. Clouds, too, are so deemed; but in my poor judgment, the plague was caused not only by unwholesome nebulae, but by wicked nebulones. Signs of water are abundance of fishes cast on shore, crabs, frogs, and toads; and it is certain, when sharks are found plying round courts of Justice, when honesty sidles off like a crab, and when toadies are found in the high places, that God commonly sends a pestilence. Signs of earth, are, when idle, noxious weeds and herbs infest the ground; and of a surety, when such plants as sanguinary, dandy-lions, mushrooms, and painted-ladies, grow plentifully, it is easy to see what is meant thereby!'

'In the days of the dictator, Cæsar, an ox spoke; in the days of the prophet Balaam, an ass spoke; in the time of the Emperor Maurice, a metal image spoke; in the time of of Beda, the stones spoke; but at this time, in Vienna, when a sick man lay here in one corner, a dying man groaned there in the other; a few steps off lay one already dead, and the bodies choked the way of the passers-by; in Vienna, the very stones spake, and warned the people to repentance. 'Up, and awake, ye sinners! The axe is laid to the root of the tree! God's anger is at the threshold; the voice of the Almighty is calling you to eternity; the archangel Michael holds the balance, to weigh your life! Up, up, and repent, for this is the only prop to which to hold fast in the day of destruction! The penitent knockings of your heart, be sure, can alone open the door of heaven; your hearty sighs are the only music that pleases the ear of God.' Thus spake all the streets and alleys, and the playmen, and warned them to seek a plaster for the wounds of their conscience.

'Tayorns are wont to be the abode of vice and licence; for it is no secret, that when the blessed Virgin came to Ba-

shlehem with Joseph, she had to lodge in a stable; and there was no room for her in the town; and it is a truth, that God seldom finds any room at all, because all things will lodge there, as a lamb to be kept in a hog, an eagle a crow, and a dove in a nest, is a great miracle; for do we not see daily, that men drink like hogs at the White Lamb; that the Golden Eagle swallows all lowly birds; and that the Red-headed Hawk swallows those days, the reverse happens; and both waiters and waitresses are busy in counting up the drinks, as the drinkers of the day dead by the door the next morning! Their faces were sprinkled, not with water, but with tears. Instead of shouting, was sighing, and wonderful to say, there was more whining in them than wine.

After discoursing in this manner concerning the plague and its incidents, by way of prologue, he proceeds to his practical deductions, addressed to all classes; and first he invokes mankind generally, heading the invocation, 'MARK—MAN'—the title of this our story to 'Be not for nothing that the word live, spelled backwards, is like a cloud, that fantastical child of the summer, which is no sooner born, than the rays of the sun menace to make an end of him. Just so our life is a *bris-bris-mortuus*! Our first breath is a sigh on the way to death, and the very rocking of the cradle warns how tottering is our existence.' 'Summer comes after spring; Saturday comes after Friday; four comes after three, and death comes after life.

'Life and glass, they shake and they break;
 Life and grass, how soon they pass!
 Life and a hare, how fleet they are!

'Life is certain only in uncertainty, and is like a leaf on the tree, a foam on the sea, a wave on the strand, a house on the sand.'

'Stop me not, while I sing my song before thy door. To-day read, to-morrow dead; to-day your grace; to-morrow, 'God be gracious;' to-day, a comfort to all, to-morrow, under the pall; to-day, dear, to-morrow, the bier; to-day hurra, to-morrow, psha!

'*Omnes morimur!* I have seen that we must all die; I have seen that death is a player, and a roguish one, for he bowls the men down and setteth them not up again, and attacketh not the pawn alone, but the king; I have seen that were I to gather together the limbs of a dead emperor, and mix them up with water, they would not be of size enough to stop the mouth of sneering Michal, when she opened it to laugh at David her lord.

'Joshua, the hero, before he stormed the city of Jericho, made a vow to the Lord that none of his army should plunder aught. God knows, it's hard for soldiers to keep from it; and though they have little to do with schools, they know wondrous well, that in default of the *dativus*, they must take to the *ablativus*. Yet, spite of the ordinance, a soldier named Achan crooked his fingers, and helped himself to the booty. And lo! when he was caught, and brought before the aforesaid hero, what answered he: '*Abstuli, abscondi in terra, et fossam humo aperui.*' Such is the answer of Death, the great robber and plunderer of all things. Tell me, Death, where are Matthias the Emperor, and Matathias, the prophet? Where are Eleazer and Eliezer? Where are Leo, and Leonius, Maximus and Maximinus? '*Abstuli et abscondi in terra,*' says Death.

The Pater next takes up the religious world commencing, as usual, 'Mark! Sir Priest!' and dilateth on the importance of the office, as follows:

'What is worthier than piety and spiritual men, who have turned their backs on the world, knowing that world and wild are words that differ little in name, and