

POETRY.

HELP LORD.

Oh! help us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh! help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish tore—
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh! help us, Lord, the more.

Oh! help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe,
For stout tho' more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet,
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh! help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
Oh! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

MILMAN.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The armour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere vain to deplore thee
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died!

HEBER.

From the New York Observer

MR. DUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES ON PALESTINE.

Nazareth.

The name of this town possesses a charm for the ear of an oriental Christian, which is not perceived by that of an occidental believer. We call ourselves Christians, retaining the distinguishing epithet which was first given to the followers of Christ at Antioch; but in the East that name is comparatively unknown, and Christians are called *Nezar*, *Nazarites*, or more properly *Nazarenes*, from the name of the town where Jesus was brought up. Nazareth, therefore, to them is a charmed word, connecting itself with all their faith and hope.

Nazareth was the abode of the Saviour for a longer space of time than any other place in which he dwelt on earth. After his presentation, when an infant, in the temple, he returned with his parents to this town, and continued to reside there until the fullness of time was come, in which he was to commence

his public ministry. He was called, you know, 'Jesus of Nazareth,' an instance in which the ordinary usage was departed from, which, if it attaches to the name of distinguished men that of a place, always changes that of their birth, as 'Eliazer of Damascus,' 'Saul of Tarsus,' 'Alexander of Macedon,' 'Dionysius of Halcarnassus,' &c. Though Christ was born in Bethlehem, he is never called in Scripture, either by himself, or any body else, 'Jesus of Bethlehem,' but 'Jesus of Nazareth;' and though this may have arisen, on the part of the people, from a false impression that he was a native of the latter town, yet he recognized the title, and his disciples performed miracles in that name. 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,' said one of them, 'rise up and walk.'

Nazareth is frequently selected as the halting place of travellers, having in several respects the advantage of Jerusalem as a place of residence. The air is more healthy; the heat is not so great; you enjoy more serenity and quiet, being free from those large companies of traders and of soldiers, which often crowd Jerusalem. I spent several weeks in a convent at Nazareth, which I found a place of great cheerfulness and comfort, while, at the same time, the charges were very moderate. I usually spent my mornings in reading and my afternoons in writing, making my perambulations, in the neighbourhood chiefly before sunrise.

I remember while there being struck with that passage in Luke, which records the opening of Christ's preaching at this place. Our Saviour was a Jew by birth, and always strictly complied with the ritual of the law. Like his countrymen, when at a distance from the temple, he entered the synagogue and worshipped there. You remember that the book of the law was handed him to read, and that his commentary on a passage in Isaiah gave so much offence to his townsmen, that 'tis said 'they led him forth to the brow of the hill on which the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong;' but that, in some mysterious manner, he passed through the midst of them and escaped. It was impossible not to feel a desire after reading this to go to the window and look out to see the precipice. I did so, but perceived no precipice. Being somewhat perplexed at this, I procured guides in the evening, and made an excursion near the city, until we arrived at the spot said by tradition to be the scene of this exhibition of Jewish malevolence; and no sooner had I arrived there than I was struck, not only with the truth, but with the graphic accuracy, of the language of the Scripture narrative. Whatever that book professes to do it does in the best possible manner. Our phraseology, in reference to hills and mountains, you know, is frequently taken from the human person. Thus, we say, 'the foot of a hill'—'the side of a hill'—'the crown of a hill.' Neither of these, however, is, strictly speaking, the brow of a hill. By that term we understand, not the highest point or apex, but a point somewhat further down, having an abrupt or perpendicular cliff immediately beneath it. Such a spot I found a little above Nazareth, from which a precipice descends of at least two hundred and twenty feet in depth, so that an individual hurled from the brink must suffer inevitable and instant death.

Nazareth was never a place of any great size, the utmost amount of its population at no time exceeding five thousand. It is near that amount at present. It has undergone fewer changes than many other of the Jewish towns, and its houses have an air of great antiquity. Indeed, it is especially wonderful, considering that Palestine has been one general scene of carnage, from the destruction of the Jewish state down to the Crusades, and thence to this day it never having been half a century free from war, either foreign or civil, that, while almost all the face of the country has been changed in a greater or less degree, Nazareth alone should have remained almost untouched. Two reasons may be assigned for this. The first I have already stated: namely, that from its peculiar position, it is not visible from the adjacent country. The other is, that being an open town, without walls or military defences, it did not present a tempting point to the attack of an army; while, at the same time, its poverty held out no temptation to plunderers.—*To be continued.*

EXCELLENCIES OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

Every member of the Church of England possesses in the Book of Common Prayer, a safeguard against error of doctrine; a guide to Christian knowledge, which will avail him *at home* as well as at Church; a manual of *private* as well as *public* devotion. And observe here the advantage which they who cannot read derive from the constant repetition of the same service every Sabbath-day. It is by that very repetition, that the unlearned are taught to pray; it is thus that they learn prayers by art, and are enabled both to take their part in the public worship of God, and also to address him 'secretly in their chamber,' it is thus (if at all,) that 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' of Christian duty, is instilled into their minds. Instances of this important result are constantly witnessed by every parochial minister. The following is strongly impressed on my recollection. On my first visit to a woman in the work-house, who was bedridden, and of a great age, I read two or three prayers from a collection, recently published, which I happened to have with me. She listened with attention, and devoutly said, Amen. But, when I took up the Prayer Book and began to read the general confession, nothing could exceed the satisfaction which she shewed; she repeated every sentence with me, *from memory*, with a loud voice, and continued to do the same, in several other prayers, which I added from the Liturgy. 'Ah! (she said, when I had finished,) these are the prayers I love: they are what I learnt by hearing them so often at church; for I'm no scholar, I was never taught to read; they are the prayers which have served me all my life, they are my comfort, while I lie on this bed.' I can add, with great truth, that this 'comfort did not fail her to the last.'—She died a few months ago. There is no reason why I should conceal her name, and the mention of it will give additional interest to the fact, in the minds of some of my readers. It was Susan Cook.—*Rev. S. H. Oakley's Address to his Parishioners.*

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