

POETRY.

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

(FROM THE FALL OF JERUSALEM, BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.)

[The author of the beautiful Dramatic Poem, from which the following is an extract, is a Clergyman of the Church of England, highly distinguished for his poetical talents. He has treated the astonishing event of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Roman Emperor, in a manner which shows how successfully the graces of Poetry may be applied to the service of Religion.]

—Thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:

A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pou'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed
clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping
plumes:

Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeemed, outbursting from
their tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by the side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance
brake:

A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done:
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless
sun:

While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguings the guilty city's marterous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,

And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancey.

ON TIME, CONSIDERED AS A TALENT
(From Mrs. H. More's Christian Morals.)

If we already begin to feel what a large portion of life we have improvidently squandered—what days and nights have been suffered to waste themselves, if not criminally, yet inconsiderately; if not loaded with evil, yet destitute of good—how much time has been consumed in worthless employments, frivolous amusements, listless indolence, idle reading, and vain imaginations—if things already begin to appear wrong, which we once thought at least harmless, though not perhaps useful—what appearance will they assume in that inevitable hour when all things will be seen in their true light, and appreciated according to their intrinsic value? We shall then feel in its full force how often we neglected what

we knew to be our duty, shunned what we were aware was our interest, and declined what we yet believed would add to our happiness; while, with perverted energy, we eagerly pursued what we had reason to think was contrary to our interest, duty and happiness. But excuses satisfy us now, to which we shall not then give the hearing for a moment. The thin disguise which the illusion of the senses now casts over vanity, sloth, and error, will then be as little efficient as consolatory.

He who carefully governs his mind will conscientiously regulate his time. To him who thus accurately distributes it, who appropriates the hour to its due employment, life will never seem tedious; yet, counted by this moral arithmetic, it will be really long. If we compute our time as critically as our other possessions; if we assign its proportions to its duties, though the divisions will then be so fully occupied that they will never drag, yet the aggregate sum will be found sufficiently long for all the purposes to which life is destined.

It is not a little absurd that they who most wish to abolish time would be the least willing to abridge life. But is it not unreasonable to endeavour to annihilate the parcels of which life is composed, and at the same time to have a dread of shrinking the stock? They who most pathetically lament the want of time, are either persons who plunge themselves into unnecessary concerns, or those who manage them ill, or those who do nothing. The first create the deficiency they deplore; the second do not so much want time as arrangement; the last, like brute animals laden with gold, groan under the weight of a treasure of which they make no use, and do not know the value.

They will never make a right use of time who turn it over to chance, who live without any definite scheme for its employment, or any fixed object for its end. Such desultory beings will be carried away by every trifle that strikes the senses, or any whim that seizes the imagination. They who live without any ultimate point in view, can have no regular process in the steps which lead to it.

But though, in order to prevent confusion, to animate torpor, and to tame irregularity, it is always a duty to form a plan, occasions will arise when it may be a higher duty to break it. Both ourselves and our plans must ever be kept subject to the will of a higher power. That is an ill-regulated mind which wears life away without any settled scheme of action; that is a little mind which makes itself a slave to any preconceived rule, when a more imperative duty may arise to demand its infraction. Providence may call us to some work during the day which we did not foresee in the morning. Even a good design must be relinquished to make way for a better, nor must we sacrifice a useful to a favourite object, nor must we scruple to renounce our inclinations at the call of duty or of necessity, for God loves a cheerful doer as well as a "cheerful giver."

In our use of time we frequently practise a delusion which cheats us of no inconsiderable portion of its actual enjoyment. The now escapes us while we are settling future points not only of business, of ease, or of pleasure; but of benevolence, of generosity, of piety. These imaginary points to which we impatiently stretch forward in idea, we fix at successive, but distant intervals; endeavouring, by the rapid march of a hurrying imagination, to annihilate the intervening spaces. One great evil of reckoning too absolutely on marked periods which may never arrive is, that, by this absorption of the mind, we neglect present duties in the

anticipation of events not only remote, but uncertain. Even if the anticipated period does arrive, it is not always applied to the purpose to which it was pledged; and the event which was to feel the full weight of our interference and commanding influence, when it has taken place, sinks into the undistinguished mass of time and circumstances. The point which we once thought, if it ever could be attained, would supply abundant matter, not only for present duty or pleasure, but for delightful retrospection, loses itself, as we mingle with it, in the common heap of forgotten things; and, as we recede from it, merges in the dim obscure of faded recollections. Having arrived at the era, instead of seizing on that present so impatiently desired while it was future, we again send our imaginations out to fresh distances in search of fresh deceits. While we are pushing it on to objects still more remote, the large uncalculated spaces of comfort and peace, or of languor and discontent, which fill the chasm, and which we scarcely think worth taking into the account, make up for the greater part of life.

All this would be only foolish, and would hardly deserve a harsher name, if these large uncultivated wastes, these barren interstices; these neglected subdivisions, had not all of them imperious demands of their own—if they were not to be as rigorously accounted for as the vivid spots and shining prospects which promise so much and produce so little.

Let us not then compute time by particular periods or signal events. Let us not content ourselves with putting our festal days only into the calendar, but remember that from the hour when reason begins to operate, to the hour in which it shall be extinguished, every particle of time is valuable: that no day can be insignificant, when every day is to be accounted for; that each one possesses weight and importance, because of each the retribution is to be received. In the prospect, therefore, of our coming time, let us not make great leaps from the expectation to the occurrence; but bearing in mind that small concerns make up the larger share of life, let us aim to execute well those which lie more immediately before us. For the instant occasion we have life and time in hand; for that which is prospective, we may no longer be in possession of either; and it is an argument of no small cogency, that he who devotes time to its best purposes, secures eternity for its best enjoyments.

But we are guilty of the strange inconsistency of being most prodigal of what we best love, and of throwing away what we most fear to lose; that time of which life is made up. If God does not give us a short time, we can contrive to make it short by this wretched husbandry. It is not so much indigence of time as prodigality in the waste of it, that prevents life from answering all the ends for which it is given. Few things make us so independent of the world as the prudent disposition of this precious article. It delivers people from hanging on the charity of others to emancipate them from the slavery of their own company. We would not only be careful not to waste our own time, but that others do not rob us of it. The distinction of crime between "stealing our purse" and "stealing our good name" has been beautifully contrasted. That the purse is "trash" is a sentiment echoed by many who yet set no small value on the trash so liberally condemned; while the waster of his own, or the pilferer of another's time, escapes a sentence which he ought more heavily to incur. It is a felony for which no repentance can make restitution, the commodity being not only invaluable but irrecoverable.

[To be Continued.]

VENTRILOQUISM.

Among the low companions of the late Duke of Orleans was the Abbe, who by his talent contributed to the amusements of his highness. One Sunday, that the ducal family dined in the country, the Abbe was left solitary and at a loss how to employ his time. Calling an hackneycoach in the square adjoining to the palace, he ordered it to drive to St. Cloud. The coachman had scarcely passed the barrier, when he was astonished by three or four voices in his vehicle, with mingled threats and cries of murder. Stopping his horses he descended, opened the door, and saw nothing but our Abbe, who affected to sleep profoundly. Jehu, rubbing his eyes, began to doubt of his ears, and even of his mental sanity, but drove quickly on, till, passing the gate, he entered the Bois de Bologne, somewhat resembling Hyde park, but with numerous thickets. He was again astounded by three or four voices in the coach; but it was a woman defending herself from violence; and again descending he found his fare fast asleep. Towards the middle of the Bois de Bologne the highway passes through deep sand, and the carriages, of course, are constrained to a slow progress. Here the Abbe gently opened the coach door, stepped on the sand, and retired obliquely behind, gained the nearest thicket, where he dined at his ease, as he had concealed a cold chicken and a wicker bottle full of good wine. Meanwhile the coachman proceeds to St. Cloud, stops at the chief tavern, alights, opens his door, flings down the steps, and perceives that his carriage is void and empty. Cursing his destiny on losing his fare, and such a gainful day as Sunday is to the tribe, he was obliged to refresh his horses, and eat a morsel, after which he returned in sorrow and dismay, by the same route. The Abbe was on the watch; and with the same advantage of the sandy road, approached from behind, and opening the door, glided into the coach, where he remained in great silence, till the driver stopped at the first stand in Paris, eager to supply the loss of time; but he was ready to lose what few senses he retained, when he saw his fare pop his head out of the window, and heard him exclaim, "To the square where you took me up." He obeyed in great terror, and, bat in hand, let the Abbe descend; but when the money was offered he hastily mounted his box, and drove off, roaring, "No, no, Mr. Devil, I shall never damn my soul by taking your wages."

MAXIMS.

The only impregnable citadel of virtue is Religion.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Happy are the people who want little, because they desire not too much.

A good man loves to do well for virtue's self, and not for thanks.

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