

POETRY.

HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON!

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again:—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have Faith, and struggle on!

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

The Great Clock of Strasburg.

There is no subject which I can think of which will be so likely to interest you, as the great astronomical clock which I saw the other day in the cathedral at Strasburg. This cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest and oldest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower or steeple is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the Old South Church in Boston.

The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at twelve o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year.

There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present one is formed; but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic, whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete, or festival, was given by his fellow-citizens, on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying that it is so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c. Well, then, you remember the size of the old State House, in Washington street, Boston. It is as high as that, and about as wide, or nearly so. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting-house.

On the top of it is a figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are stairs to go up into it. Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolutions of the stars, the motions of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many other things, are indicated.

Here, also, in niches prepared for them, are movable images of the Saviour and his twelve apostles; Death, and Time with the scythe; the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

To give you a little further idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are means of going into the inside of it, and that ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart, and examine the machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen, and myself, with the conductor, went into it and spent about an hour there.

We went first into a lower, then into a higher apartment of it, and saw the various parts of the machinery—consisting, I should think, of more than a thousand pieces,—splendidly polished, and all dependent for their harmonious action upon the short, thick, brass pendulum, which swings in the centre.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, but the times and the seasons, the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and the various

changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean or real time, and ecclesiastical time.

On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites. Two little cherubs, who sit, the one on one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour; Death strikes the hour with a mace, while four figures pass and repass before him, representing the various stages of human life.

At twelve o'clock every day—when Death strikes twelve—the apostles, who are represented each with the badge of his martyrdom, come out from the clock, and pass before an image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the head.

12. When the apostle Peter makes his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head, and crows so long and so loud as to make the whole cathedral ring again. This he repeated three times, in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at twelve o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings and raising his head.

Now I dare say you will all exclaim,—What a wonderful clock! and what a wonderful man he must be that made it! Yes, my young friends, but how much more wonderful the mechanism of the universe, and the God who made it! How wonderful that Being who made you and me, and all mankind, and keeps the whole universe going, and every heart beating, from day to day and from year to year!

Lo, these are but a part of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand!

But suppose some boy should say,—That's all nonsense,—nobody made the clock,—it made itself,—it came by chance, and has kept going ever since, without any help from without. Why, you would say that boy was crazy, would you not? What, then, shall we think of those who tell us that there is no God!—that the earth, the sun, moon and stars, men and women, trees and flowers, birds and beasts, came by chance, and that they keep living and moving and growing without the help from without? It seems to me that we must think of these just what the Bible says,—“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.”

The Righteous never Forsaken.

A Barber, who lived at Bath in the last century, passing a meeting-house one Sunday, peeped in just as the minister was giving out his text, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”—Exodus xx. 18. He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the law 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. After a struggle in his mind, between conscience and convenience, he at length resolved to do what he thought was right, and leave the consequences to God.

The consequences he foresaw actually followed: his genteel customers left him, as he was nick-named a Puritan or Methodist. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop; and from various gradations in life, in the course of years, he became so reduced as to take a cellar 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 quickly, 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,” said the astonished barber.

“William Reed!” echoed the stranger,—“William Reed. By your dialect you are from the West.”

“Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton.”

“William Reed, from Kingston, 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 Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed him 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.”

He went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. This stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity; told him he had advertised him in vain; Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

The Dying Indian Boy.

The missionary, on visiting him, says, I found him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him, and an old blanket over him, which was in a condition not to be described. After recovering from my surprise, I said, ‘My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here.’ He replied, ‘It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore.’ I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied, that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, ‘Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.’ Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke, in precisely the following words:—‘This is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg, (about two hundred miles off,) where I remained about two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house, but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since, I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.’ He was often interrupted by a sepulchral cough, and sunk down exhausted. I read and prayed, the hut hardly afforded me room to be upright even when kneeling.—[Bishop of Montreal's Journal.]

THE ROTHSCHILD HOUSE.—A correspondent of the “Journal du Havre” says;—“It is reported that the Rothschild family have decided on establishing a house in the United States.” The Rothschilds have already an agency which conducts quite a large business; the resolution now taken has regard only to giving the family name thereto and sending one of the brothers to New York.

A CARD.

The Proprietors in introducing this establishment to the notice of the Clergy, Gentry, and the Public of Saint John and the Province of New Brunswick, feel that they have removed an inconvenience long and greatly felt in this part of America, namely, the want of a CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT sufficiently extensive to meet the varied tastes and wants of an opulent and respectable community. It has often been justly remarked that St. John, notwithstanding its increasing prosperity and advancement in almost every branch of business, was far behind other cities and towns in America, in FASHIONABLE TAILORING, and Ready Made Clothing Establishments; and that to such an extent was this deficiency felt that a great number of Gentlemen, who, although anxious to encourage trade at home, were obliged to send to the Old Country in order to get fashionable well-made clothes, which in Saint John were difficult to obtain. Under these circumstances, the Proprietors have been encouraged to commence this business, and have spared neither labour nor expense to make their establishment, in every department, commensurate with the want of the public, and worthy of their support, which shall be their constant study to merit.

The system upon which we conduct our business is exclusively, for Ready Money, being the only system upon which any establishment can offer decided advantages to the public, the truth of which is becoming more apparent every day.

See Advertisement in succeeding column.
GARRETT & SKILLEN.
November 16, 1847.

EXCELSIOR OFFICE.

Boston, Nov. 22d, 1847.

This is to certify that Messrs. BAILEY & DAY, St. John, N. B., in the Province of New-Brunswick, have been appointed our Agents for the Sale of Official Emblems, Diplomas, Regalia, &c., &c. Of the Sons of Temperance, and that all orders through them will be duly acknowledged.

STACY, RICHARDSON, & CO.,
Publishers Excelsior.

TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Proprietors of the *Albion* having been duly appointed to act as Agents in this Province, for STACY, RICHARDSON & CO., wholesale dealers in all the articles appertaining to the Order, beg to state that they are in daily expectation of receiving a further large supply of OFFICIAL EMBLEMS, DIPLOMAS, TASSELS, BRASS PINS, BOOKS, &c., &c., which they will be happy to dispose of to the brethren at the lowest possible rates for Cash.

The superior manner in which these articles are got up, and the reasonable price at which they are disposed of, must meet with general approbation. For sale only at the *Albion Office*, Prince William Street, over Vaughans & Lockhart's Store.

BAILEY & DAY.

N. B.—Members of the Grand Division supplied with full Regalia.
December 21, 1847.

GROCERIES, TRUNKS, &c.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a general and well selected assortment of Groceries, Teas, &c., &c. which he will sell at the lowest market prices. Also, on hand—A number of superior TRUNKS of all sizes and qualities. For sale cheap.
Jan. 4. JAMES E. McDONALD.

LATE STYLE OF PANTALOONS.

Gaiter Bottoms made to fit the Boot without Straps. An excellent plan for those who wear Galoches. (From Peel's Paris and London Fall and Winter Fashions.)

CALL and see a pair just finished, of heavy double milled Oxford Doeskin. Price only 25s. Pantechnecca. Dec. 21.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following Agents are authorised to receive subscriptions for the Christian Visitor:—

Mr. Alexander Stevenson, St. Andrews.
Rev. Wm. Hopkins, St. David & St. Stephen.
Rev. J. Reed, Hampton.
Rev. J. Ring, Springfield.
Rev. T. W. Saunders, Prince William.
Rev. D. Crandal, Jemseg.
Rev. J. Walker, Grand Falls.
Rev. J. Blakeney, Bay de Chaleur.
Rev. G. F. Miles, Grand Lake.
Rev. W. D. Fitch, Canning.
Rev. Wm. Harris, Nashwaak.
Mr. Samuel Keith, Butternut Ridge.
Mrs. John Keith, New Canaan.
Mr. Joseph Blakeney, Bend of Petitcodiac.
“ Michael D. Harris, Moncton.
“ J. O. Sentell, Salisbury.
“ Joseph Crandal, P. M. Bend.
“ Cyrus Black, Sackville.
“ James Ayer, Do.
“ Isaac Cleaveland, Upper Settle, Sussex.
“ Christopher Burnet, Norton.
“ J. V. Tabor, Johnston, Q. C.
“ George Parker, Johnson, Q. C.
“ Lewis McDonald, Wickham.
“ Wm. Caldwell, Jemseg.
“ A. Hamm, Grand Bay.
“ David Dow, Dumfries.
“ Mark Young, St. George.
“ Dea. Churchill, Jacksontown.
“ Mrs. John Good, Sussex, Upper Settlement.
“ Rev. J. Francis, Rev. A. McDonald, Mr. J. V. Tabor, and Richard Crabb, are General Agents for the Province.