

## POETRY.

## THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.\*

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland—  
Of England green and old,  
That out from fane and ivied tower  
A thousand years have toll'd,  
How glorious must their music be  
As breaks the hallow'd day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice  
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time!  
And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper and at prime;  
At bridal and at burial,  
For cottager and king.  
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,  
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,  
Upon a Christmas morn,  
Outbreathing, as the angel did,  
For a Redeemer born—  
How merrily they call afar,  
To cot and baron's hall,  
With holly deck'd and mistletoe,  
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal  
From tower and gothic pile,  
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill  
The dim cathedral aisle,  
Where window bathes the holy light  
On priestly heads that falls.  
And stain the florid tracery  
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring—  
Those glorious Easter chimes!  
How loyally they hail thee round,  
Old Queen of holy times!  
From hill to hill, like sentinels,  
Responsively they cry,  
And sing the rising of the Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,  
With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line!  
And like a son I sing the lay  
That England's glory tells;  
For she is blessed of the Lord,  
For you, ye Christian bells.

And happy in my father's fame,  
And happy in my birth,  
Thee too I love, my Forest-land,  
Thou joy of all the earth;  
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
And here—where God is King,  
With English chimes, from Christian spires  
The wilderness shall ring.

## PROTESTANT CHAMPIONS.†

## THE EARL OF RODEN.

The Earl of Roden, although his name is so inseparably connected with Ireland, is not of an originally Hibernian race. The family of Jocelyn is descended from a Norman nobleman, who came over under Edward the Confessor; and they did not set-

\*From the New-York Churchman.

†From "Random Recollections of Exeter Hall."

tle in Ireland until the eighteenth century, when they were ennobled as Barons of Newport. The Earldom of Roden is a modern creation, dating from 1771.

His Lordship's person, voice, and manner, are essentially Irish. He is the most imposing figure I have ever seen on the front of a platform; he stands six feet three inches in height, with a stately carriage, and a commanding countenance. He is forty-eight years of age, but looks rather older. His hair is of a dark grey, and is, of late years, cut close round his high, clear forehead; his eyes are dark and very expressive, his face is long, and he has a deep, fine colour. He is, by many persons, considered handsome, but perhaps his mouth has too great a depression at the corners, and the lower part of his face is both too long and too projecting to agree with the regularity of the whole. The usual expression of his countenance is grave, and even melancholy, yet benevolent; but when his Lordship is speaking, his features are lighted up with a fire and animation which completely alter their usual character; he is then all energy, his eyes beam with vivid expression, and at times, a smile plays over his face, more heavenly than almost any smile I have ever seen.

His style of speaking is as animated as his countenance; his voice is loud and clear, but often falls into that fine undertone which Irishmen so generally possess, and which they so well know how to use effectively.

He has a strong, but not coarse, Irish accent, quite in character with his voice. His gesture is energetic, sometimes vehement, and without much variety; it consists chiefly of a powerful wielding of the arm.

His Lordship is a ready, fluent speaker, and his language is good; his style is declamatory, he does not deal in argument, but addresses himself at once to the hearts of his audience, and he does so with that skill and judgment which mark all his proceedings.

To an Irish Protestant assembly he is irresistible, for he well knows how to call to his aid every feeling and recollection dear to their inmost souls. Irish history, ancient and modern, classic quotation, Pophish persecution and local association are all felicitously made to contribute their *quota* to his impassioned addresses; can we then wonder at the influence he possesses over the minds of his compatriot hearers?—and more especially when we, add to all this his high character for religion and benevolence, his unwearied zeal in behalf of every thing that can benefit his country, his great liberality and hospitable kindness, his active exertions in establishing Sunday Schools and personally teaching in them, in furthering Scripture-reading, and in "every good word and work."

Such is his private character; in public he is no less remarkable for his constant championship of the Irish Church and of Protestant principles in general; even in the high atmosphere of a court he has been an undaunted and uncompromising witness for Scripture truth. The private friendship of royalty had as little effect on his firmness, as the slanders and virulence of Popery have had on his courage, and he still stands an example to all, equally unappalled by opposition and unbeguiled by flattery,—the steady, zealous supporter of all that is valuable and venerable in both Church and State.

On a late public occasion, in England, it had been expected that his Lordship would be present; and when his conspicuous figure was missing, as the committee and speakers took up their positions on the platform, there was great disappointment among the audience. During the proceedings, and while some interesting address was being delivered, Lord Roden entered, or rather crept in, unnoticed by almost every body, and quietly seated himself among the crowd on the platform descents, where he was completely hidden from the multitude. His friends in front were anxious that he should come down among them; but he refused by signs, with his finger on his lip, and at length he seated himself unobserved, just behind the left of the chair. When his Lordship's turn came, Captain Gordon, who had slightly prefaced all the former speakers by some epithet or introduction, shewed his judgment by simply announcing "the EARL OF RODEN!" without "note or comment," and his Lordship rose at the same moment.

The effect was electric, numbers started from their seats, the burst of cheers was tremendous, and no sooner did it die away, and Lord Roden bowing in reply, open his mouth to commence his address, than it was followed by another and a louder peal, and that, at the interval of a moment, by a third. It was an unparalleled reception, and even the majestic composure of Roden seemed shaken; his colour heightened, and his lip slightly quivered; his friends around him looked transported with enthusiasm, indeed the whole assembly seemed *hors de soi*, and just as the last of the three rounds was dying away on our deafened ears, some one with a trumpet voice and a Protestant spirit, gave the well known signal, "One cheer more!" That cheer I never shall forget, nor do I think his Lordship will either. It was a sound to thrill all hearts, and it touched that of him for whom it was given. He raised his hands, with a most imploring countenance; it was enough and too much for him, and I think had he not been permitted to speak immediately, he would have resumed his seat, overpowered by his feelings.

His speech was short, but very effective; it was given in his finest style, the excitement of the occasion imparting an additional solemnity and pathos both his voice and manner. The brief but touching allusion to the recent dissolution of the Orange Lodges, was as beautiful a piece of oratory from the heart, as ever was drawn forth by a public proceeding.

The Protestant Association has had more stirring meetings since that time; but of that and its deeply interesting scenes, I think we may say—

"Take it for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon its like again."

*Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church in the United States.*—The funds received during the year, from all the sources, amounted to \$38,445—there is now in the Treasury \$13,494 55, nearly or quite all of this will be required for the salaries that become due to the Missionaries the first of July. During the past year 30 Missionaries have been appointed, and 26 have ceased to be connected with the Board. The present number is 62. In the same time 37 new stations have been lected, and 19 have ceased to be connected with the Society. The present number of stations is 117. The prospects of the Board are highly gratifying.

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