

# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## Church of Scotland,

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 12.

*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.* — PSALM CXXXVII. 5.

### TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

**T**HE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND is Parabolically represented as a gallant Ship, in this splendid Ode, written on the Bicentenary of the Westminster Assembly. It will be readily understood, as well as admired and loved, by our loyal and intelligent Readers :—

Two hundred years, two hundred years, our Bark o'er billowy seas  
Onward kept her steady course through hurricane and breeze:

Her Captain was the Mighty One, she braved the stormy Foe,  
And still He guides who guided her two hundred years ago.

Her chart was GOD'S unerring Word, by which her course to steer;  
Her Holmsman was the Risen LORD, a Helper ever near:

Though many a beauteous boat has sunk, the treacherous waves below,  
Yet ours is sound as she was built, two hundred years ago!

The wind that filled her swelling sails, from many a point has blown,  
Still urging her unchanging course through shoals and breakers on.

Her fluttering pennant still the same, whatever breeze might blow,  
Pointed, as it does, to Heaven, two hundred years ago.

When first our gallant Ship was launched, although her hands were few,  
Dauntless was each bosom found, and every heart was true;

And still though in her mighty hull unnumbered bosoms glow,  
Her crew is faithful as it was two hundred years ago!

True, some have left this noble craft to sail the seas alone,  
And made them, in their hour of pride, a vessel of their own:  
Ah me! when clouds portentous rise, when furious tempests blow,  
They'll wish for that strong vessel built two hundred years ago!

For onward rides our gallant Bark, with all her canvas set,  
In many a nation, still unknown, to plant her standard yet.  
Her flag shall float where'er the breeze of freedom's breath shall blow.  
And millions bless the Ship that sailed two hundred years ago!

On SCOTIA'S shore, in days of yore, she lay, almost a wreck;  
Her mainmast gone, the rigging torn, all hands upon the deck:  
There, CAMERON, GARGILL, COCHRANE fell;  
There RENWICK'S blood did flow,  
Defending our good vessel built two hundred years ago!

Ah! many a martyr's blood was shed, we cannot name them all:  
They tore the peasant from his hut, the Noble from his hall:  
Then, brave ARGYLE, thy father's blood for faith did freely flow,  
And pure the stream, as was the fount, two hundred years ago!

Yet onward still our vessel pressed, and weathered out the gale;  
She cleared the wreck and spliced the mast, and bended every sail,  
And swifter, stauncher, mightier far, upon her course did go:  
Strong hands and gallant hearts had she two hundred years ago!

But see her now on beam-ends cast, beneath a north-west storm,  
Heave overboard the very bread to save the Ship from harm! —