

POETRY.

THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY, AND WE SHALL BE EVER WITH THE LORD.

Way-worn pilgrim, child of fears,
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears;
Earth has pierced thee,—rest, alone,
Urge to heaven that bitter moan.
Pilgrim, wanderer, though thou be,
Heaven shall soothe thy agony;
Soon that pulse shall thro' no more,
But heaven has life, when life is o'er:
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see,
Soon shalt with that Saviour be,
For this mortal shall be free.
Clothed with immortality.

List, ye weary; list, ye faint;
List the martyr and the saint;
List the young, whose panting soul
Ardent eyes the distant goal;
List the old, whose setting sun
Speaks that goal already won;
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,
Ye who, living, daily die,
Pleased to tread, to meet your God,
The path of thorns your Saviour trod;
List from heaven that Saviour's voice,
Which bids you midst your fears rejoice;
That tells of worlds to earth unknown,
And calls those blissful worlds your own.
Yes, ye shall your Saviour see;
Soon shall with that Saviour be,
Where this mortal shall be free,
Clothed with immortality!

Sinner, list! the bolt is hurled!
Ope the bright celestial world,
Ope the caves of night forlorn,
The abode of bitterness and scorn!
Rocks are falling, worlds decay,
Heaven and Earth have passed away!
Thou the Saviour too must see,
Saviour, not, alas! to thee:
Mortal gladly wouldst thou be,
Death thy immortality!

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. H. J. ROSE.

"It is with more than ordinary sensations of grief that we record the death of one of the most gifted men of his age, the Rev. H. J. Rose, a native of the eastern part of this country. For some time back, the health of the deceased had been on the decline, and lately he had been advised to try a warmer climate; not so much with any idea of recovering his health, as of receiving a temporary relief from the disease under which he had for so many years labored. He had proceeded as far as Florence on his way to Rome, where it pleased the Almighty to remove his soul into a better world. He has left a widow, but no children to lament his loss, besides an aged father and mother, to all of whom he had proved himself a blessing and an honor.

To say that the death of such a man as the late Mr. Rose is a public loss, is to say but little. Never, perhaps, humanly speaking, was the death of any single individual more calculated to be deeply felt and regretted. Other men's labours may have been more extensive and voluminous, but few men's more fruitful of good. Deeply read in the history of the Church, and polished to the highest degree in the classics of Greece and Rome, he became, at an early age, a champion of the Church and of general literature at the same time. And, we rejoice to say, he laboured not in these great causes in vain. The first thing that seems to have struck his attention at

the university, was the undue preference given to mathematical studies, to the sad discouragement of the more noble and endearing attainments of literature. To the correction of this bias, as Christian Advocate, he bent his great and varied powers, and with the best success. Several admirable improvements have been introduced into the educational course at Cambridge, in consequence of his efforts. But, what of all, perhaps ranks him highest, are his exposures of the fallacies of the German schools which have of late years become popular under a variety of forms, so as to endanger the very being of the Christian religion. Almost single handed he took up the cause of primitive Christianity against Neology; and he has lived to see his labours crowned with a no small portion of triumph. Had he been spared, he might, as we doubt not he would, have had the joy of seeing yearly fresh proofs of the soundness of his views, and the hollowness of those of that class of divines to whom he was opposed. Had he been spared, he might have added much to the debt which the church and the country already owe to him for the high tone of feeling, and thinking, and acting, which he has been the instrument, in God's hands, of producing throughout all the ranks of the clergy. Many a young man has blessed the hour when he first heard the impressive eloquence of his lips in the University pulpit: and many more, who had not that advantage, still bless the day, when he gave his discourses "On the Duties and Commission of the Clergy" to the world. But had he been spared ever so much longer, he could not have rendered it more clear to the world, that his piety was of the most sincere kind; that his conduct, public and private, was that of genuine faith, and that his attachment to the Church of Christ planted in these realms, was of the most unadulterated and devoted kind. It was his distinction to be, in the proper sense of the phrase, a high churchman; and it is his glory now he has gone from this world, to have left many high churchmen behind him, treading, though at a distance, in his own steps. It is for the historian of the Church, and not for us, to enter into his character at full length. We confine ourselves to a mere notice of his life and death, with one or two of the features by which his life was distinguished, and for which, among many others that we can now revert to, his death is to be so greatly deplored. It would be but to present but a half view of him, however, did we close this brief notice of the exalted individual in question, without adding a word or two upon his character as a parochial clergyman.

Painful as the state of his health must have rendered the discharge of his pastoral duties, even from the earliest days of his ministry, no man ever felt more sincerely the awful responsibility of the sacred office than did the deceased. This he conveyed in almost every thing which he wrote and uttered, and in such a way that the most callous could not fail to perceive, and to be impressed by it. The writer of these lines (most unworthy of their subject!) has had the happiness to know that the ministrations of his hands, in a parish where much irreligion prevailed, were blessed in an extraordinary degree. Hundreds are the souls among the poor who are yet after an interval of nine years, ready to attribute their first impressions of religion to the simple and affectionate exhortations and addresses spoken by him in the course of a few years among them. It would be an insult to the memory of so great and good a servant of Christ, to say that he was an attractive preacher; though his preaching not only captivated all hearts, but was the admiration of all who had either the taste to discern or the virtue to honor excellence in that most difficult and rare of all sacred accomplishments—the art of speaking with power and intelligibility to a congregation composed of the various grades of society. Perhaps no preacher was ever more free from the ambition of making proselytes to himself than he was; and no man probably ever made more than he did, or in a more legitimate way. Spurious eloquence he had none. All glitter he shrunk from in the pulpit and in his mode of living, as unworthy of the sacred mission upon which he had been sent forth, and of the self denying character of Christianity. Nothing could be more dignified than his appearance and manner, when clothed in the robes, and engaged in the offices of his profession. In the

tones of his voice there was even much to favor the peculiar and impressive form in which his ideas were conveyed to the ears of his audience.

These—such, alas! is the inadequacy of any attempt to retain in words the picture of one who has been withdrawn from a world of sense to a world that is invisible—these are but a few meagre touches of the great master in Israel who has fallen and been removed from among us. We hardly know where to look for one with so much learning, talent, and self devotedness to the cause of God, and possessed in the same degree of those secondary qualities which are wanted to make the former tell on the world, that will be able to supply the void which his fall has made. But though we may grieve at this circumstance, we must not repine. His memory and his acts are still with us, left as a legacy to incite and enable others to imitate his virtues and emulate his zeal. With these, then, let us rest satisfied, and make that use of them, for which Providence designs all such solemn bequests.—*Ban. of the Cross.*

THE WEALTH OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.

How can we forbear to warn mankind against the voice of Judas, which, even now, is evermore crying out, *Why all this waste?* Why should large revenues be placed at the command of men, whom it would better become to emulate the poverty of the Apostles, than to be revelling in affluence which might almost best a prince? Is it nothing, then, that wealth should, here and there, be placed in the hands of those, whose very education and profession are constantly reminding them, that it is a part of their office to shew the world how wealth may be best spent; and who, if ever they should forget that they are the stewards of the Lord, are sure to be pursued by the scorn and execration of the world? Let any man search into the result of this distribution. Let him look back through a long range of centuries; and see whether the cause of civilization, of letters, of morals, of charity, of religion, has, on the whole, been best promoted by the wealth of laymen, or by the wealth of ecclesiastics. If churchmen had always been indigent stipendiaries, where would have been numbered monuments of benevolence and piety to which all, save the children of disobedience, look up, to this day, with affection, and gratitude, and reverence?—*Le Bas' Life of Laud.*

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