

POETRY.

From the British Magazine.

THE AGED PARISHIONER.

My limbs will scarcely bear me now
The new-made grave to see,
And dull and dreary sounds the bell
So soon to toll for me.

Fourscore long years have weighed me down,
Long years of toil and care,
Since I was borne to yonder font,
And made a Christian there.

And moss has grown o'er many a stone
To hide the tale it told.
And many a stout and powerful bone
Hath crumbled into mould,

Since I was gathered with the young
Among the tombs to play,
And every funeral gave to us
A thoughtless holiday;

And I was gay and light as these
Though all like fancy seems,
As if it were not really so,
But only dreamt in dreams.

Since then how often every house
Hath days of sorrow seen,
How often every door around
By mourners darkened been!

My husband and my babes, O God!
Thou wast not pleased to spare;
And none are left me now to ask
My blessing, or my prayer.

The children of my children, too,
Beneath the yew tree sleep,
Save him whom, for his wickedness,
They sent beyond the deep.

And 'twould have saved my eyelids old
From many a bitter tear,
If he, poor boy! in infancy
Had lain beside them here:

For black and heavy was his guilt;
He broke the chancel-door,
And stole—it was a fearful deed—
The savings of the poor.

Some say 'tis wrong to pray for him;
I cannot think it so;
For all unbounded is the love
Of Christ, our Lord, I know.

Full well I know the blest intent
For which my Saviour died,
To spread for all who should repent
The gates of mercy wide.

O beautiful, indeed, their feet
These tidings who proclaim!
And sweet indeed, the voice of those,
Who praise that holy name!

And though my ears are stopped by age,
Yet much I love to see
The lips of sinners stirred in church,
On meek and bended knee;

In vain for me God's minister
Doth week by week declare,
The treasures that are open still
To penitence and prayer;

Yet doth it joy my heart to know
That others may be moved,
That others hear the glorious sounds
I once so dearly loved.

And still I pray in silentness,
Whene'er my strength shall fail,
To bear me to my ancient seat
Against the chancel-rail,

That soon that bell may bid them come
My aged limbs to see
Passing in quiet to their home
Beneath the old yew tree.

S. P. R.

From the Church.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

KING WILLIAM IV; LORD BROUGHAM; EARL GREY;
LORD DURHAM, &c.

There seemed a cloud upon the brow of our gracious King, as, surrounded by 'lords and high estates,' he proceeded slowly through the corridors of the Painted Gallery of the House of Lords. Not the galaxy of wealth and rank around him,—not the jewelled beauties who stood on either hand beside him, and who, with hundreds of the sterner sex, testified the ardour of their loyal affection by every manifestation which, on such an occasion, it was decorous to offer,—not all these proofs of his people awoke the semblance of a smile upon the countenance of our beloved Sovereign, nor imparted to his features that mute eloquence which implied that the heart was affected by the welcome of this pageantry. And why was this, thought I? Could it be that in a few weeks of reflection, a more philosophic contemplation of late events, had begotten in the monarch's mind a foresight of the dark results to which the measure he was at this moment about to recommend from the throne, would so infallibly lead,—that moral convulsion which the reverberated cry of 'Reform' had created, was felt to be shaking the foundations of the throne, while it was threatening to extinguish the pure fire of Protestantism which blazed upon the altars of the land. I can believe this; although committed to the act, our gracious King could not now recede without a convulsion in the minds of his people and perhaps the fortunes of his country, even worse than that which the step he was taking was about to excite. I can, I repeat, believe this; because subsequent acts of this good King served to prove that the shadows of coming events were discerned by him on the day that he proceeded, with look so pensive and step apparently so reluctant to tell the Representatives of his people that he wished the manner of that representation to be 'reformed.' It was within one short year that he resolutely denied assent to the proposition, so degrading to, so destructive of the integrity of the House of Lords,—to create a batch of Peers which, in that noble and truly patriotic body, might drown the independent and conscientious voice of opposition:—it was within about two years of that period that he told the Bishops of England, with an energy of manner worthy of a Protestant King, that no innovation should ever be permitted by him upon the rights of that Established Church which he was sworn to sustain.

That excellent monarch is no more,—gone, we trust, to exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown; and we know that in politics he became a Conversative long before the death-summons taught him the vanity of human applause, and the folly of being flattered by its changeful breath; and we know, from testimony which it is cheering to advert to, that as became a Christian king, he died. A young and beautiful Sovereign wears his relinquished crown; and millions bear upon their hearts to the throne of grace, while their lips and deeds attest the warmth of their loyal homage, the loved and honoured name of 'VICTORIA.' Long may she reign; and ended with victory over every earthly foe, may she share at last in the conquest achieved by the Saviour of the world over death and the grave!

King William the Fourth, on the occasion I have alluded to, struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to the best portraits of his admirable father George the Third. He was attired rather plainly in an admiral's uniform, a silver star the only decoration,—over which, upon his return from the House of Peers, was thrown a mantle of ermine. The person who first struck my attention in the magnificent train by which he was accompanied, was the Lord Chancellor Brougham; for none who had seen the numerous prints of this distinguished individual in the windows of every picture or caricature-shop in London, could fail to discern the likeness. His countenance was any thing but prepossessing: the flowing wig ill became his elongated and harsh features; and upon his ungainly figure the splendid robes of state sat awkwardly. In Earl Grey, then the premier, the contrast was very striking. His was a tall, elegant

figure; and a countenance which bespoke the politician at once.—Although at that time fully seventy years of age, there was a firmness in his step and vigour of intellect stamped upon his pale brow and beaming in his mild bright eye, which told you that the destinies of the country were not entrusted at least to incapable hands. Earl Grey's adherence to the constitutional rights of his 'order' we much admired, and ever shall respect the strength of real British principle which would not allow him to be a party to the schemes of spoliation into which certain degenerate guardians of the sacred interests of the land would have dragged him. Earl Grey is a Whig; but as Lord Stanley, himself a bright specimen of what he described, lately explained it,—he is a Whig who clings to the principles which animated that body in the memorable year of 1688.

Lord Durham was also in the retinue,—tall in figure and slender; with features small and regularly formed, but his countenance extremely sallow and betokening ill health.—His appearance at the time was so extremely youthful as to draw forth expressions of surprise from many of the by-standers, that the cabinet should possess so boyish a member.

Times have changed since the sketcher of those distant scenes, and the painter of those living portraits beheld Lord Durham in that courtly train; and even as unexpected as they are extraordinary, have brought him, surrounded with vice-regal pomp and invested with more than vice-regal powers, to the shores of this new world. May he succeed in extracting the poison of disaffection from the tainted in our bosoms while he fosters the growth of that loyalty which is the bosoms of bold thousands amongst us is so thriving and vigorous a plant. It may be hard to do both for while the care and caresses lavished on the one fail to win them, with the soul's affection at least, the path of loyal duty, the other may droop and wither from unmerited neglect.—Lord Durham, too, is a Whig; but he is one to whom pertain the principles of an English gentleman and an English nobleman; so that while, from the avowed sentiments of his party, the rebel looks up to him with the expectation of lenity and forbearance, the loyal and the true turn with hope and confidence to his honour as a peer of the realm, and to his justice as the excellent representative of our loved and lovely Queen. An English noble, too, proud of the country of his birth, and proud of the institutions which his ancestors spent their blood and treasure to uphold, he will naturally wish to see transplanted to every appendage of the Empire the spirit at least of the institutions which adorn and bless our mother land. In this desire to be the bountiful instrument of good, he will not, we can believe, overlook the duty of scattering more diffusively in our moral soil the seeds of that 'pure and reformed Church' which gives to the free and happy institutions of our parent land their characteristic blessing, and which throw around their human glory something of the sanctity of heaven. Churchmen in Canada may not bozz and flit about the Earl of Durham with a gratuitous pleading of their claims. These stand out so brightly and broadly to the world, that they seek no better respect to them from that noble lord than what his own manly British spirit will naturally dictate,—the respect claimed by inherent and indubitable right, one which an English nobleman would feel that his honour was furnished in infringing upon.

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