

POETRY.

From the Times.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Twice has our happy land,
Swayed by a female hand,
Triumphant been :
Such, and still higher fate,
On thee, Victoria, wait ;
Glorious, and good, and great—
God save the Queen.

To thee we lowly bow,
To thee allegiance vow,
Hail ! mighty Sovereign, thou,
Of Ocean's queen.
Thy name auspicious be ;
Crown'd still with victory :
Liege Lady of the free—
God save the Queen.

Oh ! Lord of Earth and Heaven,
By whom all power is given—
All Monarchs reign :
Hear now our fervent prayer,
May she thy favor share,
Long, long this sceptre bear,
O'er land and main.

Queen, from where Ganges' stream
Drinks the Sun's early gleam ;
'Till fades his faintest beam,
On Arctic snows :
On her, thy blessings shower ;
Health, joy and peace, and dower ;
Shield thou, oh ! shield this flower,
Our England's Rose.

Thine, sacred Majesty,
Thine, every virtue be :
Justice and Clemency.
Mark thee a Queen,
In our hearts place thy throne,
Guarded by love alone ;
Thus through the world be known—
God save the Queen.

Ye gladden'd Isles rejoice ;
Lift heart, and hand, and voice,
For your loved Queen.
Shout, merry England, then ;
Shout, Scotland, hill and glen ;
Green Erin, shout again,
God save the Queen.

Halifax, 12th August, 1837.

From the British Critic.

THE LATE BISHOP JEBB.

It was in January, 1823, that Archdeacon Jebb was consecrated Bishop of Limerick. The appointment was signally honorable to the ministry and universally acceptable to the Church. By his own parishoners, Romanists and all, the event was hailed with exultation. On his return to Abington, when bishop elect, he was met on the borders of the parish by a multitude of the peasantry, who took the horses from his carriage and drew him in triumph to the glebe. And there a still more striking testimonial awaited him. He was presented with an affectionate address from the Roman Catholics of Abington, drawn up by their own pastor, and with his signature at its head. His first object, on entering upon the Episcopal function was to "guard the entrance of the sanctuary," by refusing ordination to those who were not prepared for it by competent erudition. And in this resolution he was accustomed to fortify himself by reference to the practice of Dr. Antony Tuckney, an eminent Puritan divine, who was Master of St. John's College Cambridge, and Regius Professor of Divinity, during

the usurpation. We are told that in the elections at St. John's, the president, Tuckney, was beset by solicitations that he would have due regard to the godly. His answer was, that none would have a greater regard to the godly than he; but that, nevertheless, he was determined to choose none but scholars. "For," said he, they may deceive me in their godliness, but they cannot deceive me in their scholarship." We respectfully, but urgently, recommend this example to the attentive consideration of Mr. Carlile, whose pamphlet we have already noticed in the present number. With him, we have seen, the main question is whether the candidate be *born of God*. And doubtless a most important question it is. But then, it is a question which (as understood by Mr. Carlile) often requires the discernment of an inspired apostle for its determination. The Puritan divine was, accordingly, content to introduce another test, the application of which was more within the competence of human sagacity. And we can assure Mr. Carlile, on the authority of the narrative before us, that the adoption of this principle by Bishop Jebb was successful to admiration. During his Episcopate no clergy were more exemplary than those of the Diocese of Limerick, both for pastoral assiduity, and theological acquirement.

Our limits forbid us to follow the biographer through all the remaining details of his most interesting life. We must hasten to the melancholy close of it. And yet, it is almost a libel upon the memory of Jebb to call in melancholy; for the light of Christian serenity and cheerfulness rested upon him throughout the whole course of a disease which confined him for nearly seven years to his chair. It was on Easter-day, in the fifth year of his Episcopate, that the trial came upon him. He had preached in his cathedral to a crowded congregation. At about five o'clock, the usual hour of dinner, he suddenly exclaimed, "I feel numbness in my hand; it is going up the arm; it has gone down my side: send for Mr. Thwaites." By instant and copious bleeding his life was saved; but, from that moment he was the victim of incurable *hemiplegia* which bound him for the rest of his days. His latter years were past in London. But, although he could not be present in the body with his people, his spirit continued to preside over the Diocese of Limerick to the last. The energy of that spirit was gloriously manifested throughout the whole period of his confinement. His right hand was smitten into utter helplessness. But the loss was at length repaired: for, patient and cheerful perseverance placed the pen of a ready writer in his left. The chamber of his captivity became a sort of sanctuary, to which men might resort to learn how sweet are the uses of affliction when the cup is commended to lips which have been used to taste *how gracious is the Lord*. The bitterness of it soon passed away; and little remained but the savors of that precious balm which the great Physician never fails to shed into the chalice, wherever it is received by the hand of pious resignation.

All this while the illness of Bishop Jebb was felt as a public calamity; and this, not only in his own diocese but almost throughout the empire. "I have fifteen thousand poor in my parish," said the Roman Catholic priest of the principal chapel in Limerick to his congregation,—"let them and all of us, pray, falling on our knees, for the good Bishop of Limerick. None before have done as he has for the poor. Never will they have such another benefactor." For some days after his attack, it was found necessary to relieve the public anxiety through the medium of the newspapers; for the inquiries, both personal and by letter, were far too numerous to be satisfied by any other mode of answer. A respectable inhabitant of Limerick happened, about this time, to pass through Sheffield. He was stopped in the streets by earnest and anxious inquiries from total strangers relative to the bishop's present state, and the prospects of his recovery; and this in a place where Bishop Jebb was wholly unknown except by reputation. For himself he scarcely ever knew a sad moment. Surrounded by his library, supported by the constant attentions of his faithful and incomparable friend, Mr. Forester,—conscious of the sympathies of the wise and good throughout the realm—and, above all, animated by that Presence which can only be realized by the power of faith, and hope, and love,—his days of visitation were

truly days of blessedness. The peace that passeth understanding was with him during the remnant of his life. And the "goodness and mercy which had ever followed him" throughout his pilgrimage were the constant theme of his thoughts and utterances in the hour of death. Surely, the memory of such a man forms a portion of that *salt of the earth*, which is ordained to keep the world from going into utter corruption and decay. The contemplation of such a life and such a death must occasionally flash across the path of the children of this world, as they are hurrying onward in their giddy and frantic chase. And who can tell how often the mightiest hunters of the game, which can be unearthed on this side of the grave, may have been arrested in their course, by an apocalypse (like that before us) of the last end of the righteous;—and so turned to the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

We cannot close this brief and imperfect notice, without transcribing the record of a little circumstance which beautifully indicates the benevolence which never faileth in the heart that has been deeply touched by the power of the Gospel. When nature was in the last stage of failure and exhaustion, a candidate for ordination for the colonies called for the purpose of procuring Bishop Jebb's Episcopal signature to his papers. He was dismissed by Mr. Forester under the full impression that the dying prelate was utterly unequal even to this trifling exertion. On hearing what had passed, the bishop expressed his regret; and declared that he would have given his signature. On this the disappointed applicant was recalled. The bishop was raised in his bed and subscribed his name. And this was the very last use he ever made of his pen.

Trust in God.—None ever trusted in God without increasing in spiritual strength. None ever trusted in him without discovering more and more of the plans of his providence, and of the depth of his unsearchable wisdom. None ever trusted in him without tasting largely of his bounty.—*Bowdler.*

A good man will rather lie in the dust than rise by wickedness.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE

And MISSIONARY ANNUAL for 1836, and 1837; Doddridge's Family Expositor; Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; Cooke's General and Historical View of Christianity, 3 vols; Brown's Life of Hervey; Brown's Essay on the Existence of a Supreme Creator, 2 vols; Bickersteth's Scripture Help; Bickersteth on prayer; Bickersteth on the Lord's Supper; American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1836, and 1837; New Brunswick Church Harmony; Bibles and Common Prayer Books various sizes & bindings; Burkett on the New Testament, 2 vols; Stebbing's History of the Christian Church, 2 vols; Lardner's (Rev. Nat. D. D.) Works, with a life by Dr. Kippis, 10 vols; Mason on self-Knowledge; Murray's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in search of a North West Passage, with Observations on Emigration, illustrated by a Map of North America, 2 vols. for TEN SHILLINGS! the Republic of Letters, 4 vols; Robertson's Works complete in one vol; Gibbons' Rome in one vol; Rollin's Ancient History in one vol; Saturday Magazine, in monthly parts, parts 1 to , or in vols. vols 1 to 9; Scott's Bible, 6 vols; Trigg's Evangelists, interlinear; Valpy's Greek Testament with English notes, 3 vols; Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names. For sale by

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 7th, 1836.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY

E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d.

Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

All Communications to be POST PAID.

General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.