

POETRY.

From the New York Churchman.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

The Church can boast of many a son
Meet for a mother's gem,
Who victor-palms in death have won—
Right well she honors them!
And yet no brighter name than thine
Is written 'mid the host that shine
Around her diadem;
And well thy epitaph might be,
"She hath no worthier son than he."
But iron superstition fain
O'er all thy course would frown,
And leave with guilty hands a stain
Upon thy fair renown.
There is a stain we cannot veil,
For thou wast man, and man is frail;
Yet dims it not thy crown,
Nor mars the whiteness of thy vest
In the calm paradise of rest.
One dark spot on yon glorious orb,
The monarch of the sky,
Can ne'er his golden rays absorb,
Or hide from mortal eye.
And shall a single stain obscure
A life like thine, so meek and pure?
Oh! if 't is writ on high—
That hour of weakness, darkness, doubt—
Some angel's tear will blot it out.
O'er troubled seas a gallant bark,
When tempests meet to play,
And storm-clouds round her hover dark,
Holds proudly on her way;
Then bounding o'er some billow's brink,
'Mid the wild waters seems to sink,
Yet mounts above the spray;
While moon-beams struggling through the clouds
Fall dimly on her tatter'd shrouds.
And then, the angry waves endured,
And the wild tempest o'er,
In calmer tides she's safely moor'd
Beside the wish'd-for shore,
Thus for awhile that fiery storm,
Meek prelate! crush'd thy aged form,
Too sternly tried before;
Yet soon the hour of weakness pass'd,
For thou wast victor at the last.
And if there be, who aught require
To wash that stain away;
A baptism of blood and fire
Hath purged thy mortal clay;
And 'mid the flames, with quivering breath,
Thou'st own'd thy Master to the death:
So brightly closed thy day—
Though transient clouds and shadows dun
Flitted across its evening sun.
But once thy noble spirit droop'd;
But once, with weary wing,
Down to the earth in weakness stop'd
In all thy journeying;
Then catching fresher vigor, flew
Up to its heavenward path anew;
And now, where anthems ring,
From martyrs, saints, and seers of old,
Nor faith can fail, nor love grow cold.

EPITOME OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

In one of the published sermons by Dr. Jacob, of Fred-
erickton, N. B. there is a brief recapitulation of the mer-
cies of Providence to our parent land, preceded by a sort
of epitome of its History. The text is from psalm 44, 1
v.—and the author thus introduces the subject:—

"In addressing a congregation of the established
Church of England, I shall scarcely be thought to act
an invidious and unbecoming part, if I take a view
of the history of our country as illustrative of the wis-
dom and goodness of Providence; and remind my
fellow countrymen, as the pious and patriotic Psalm-
ist reminded the people of Israel, that 'We have
heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us,
what thou, O God, didst in their days, in the times
of old.

The origin of ancient nations, except those of which
sacred history treats, is lost in obscurity; nor have
we any authentic account of the people who inhabited
Albion before the invasion of Julius Cæsar. Certain
however it is, that in days of very remote antiquity
a race of men capable of forming great designs, and
of carrying those designs into effect, must have been

planted in the island by Him, who "separated the
sons of Adam, and divided to the nations their inheri-
tance." Of those men, and of their mighty undertak-
ings, Stonehenge remains the monument and emblem.
In the midst of an immense plain, where to this day
the ploughshare hath rarely broken the glebe, the
traveller surveys with astonishment and admiration
stones of almost incredible magnitude, some fallen on
the ground, others still standing in their places, which
could never have been moved without mighty force,
directed by a mechanical knowledge hardly to be im-
agined of a barbarous age. These are the relics of
vast circles and ovals, which in all probability once
formed the metropolitan temple. By means of which
no certain idea can now be formed, these huge blocks
of stone were raised out of distant quarries, conveyed
to their present site, hewn with the instruments of the
mason, and some fixed upright as pillars on the ground,
on whose heads others, like prodigious architraves,
were accurately mortised. Examining these gigantic
remains of the ancient inhabitants of our country, with
a collection in my hand of all that historians and an-
tiquaries have said concerning them I cannot describe
my feelings when I found the earliest of all these
writers totally uninformed on the subject of their origin:
—the very age of the world when Stonehenge was
built, and the name of the people who built it, were
unknown alike to Norman, Saxon and Roman records.

'It appears however from the observations and ex-
perience of Cæsar and other Roman commanders,
who, with all the advantages of superior discipline,
and the long tried valour and conduct of legions which
conquered the world, hardly succeeded in effecting the
subjugation of Britain, that our aboriginal ancestors
were men of no ordinary cast. "At Cæsar's com-
ing hither," says our Milton, great in British history,
as well as in heroic poetry, "such, likeliest, were the
Britons, as the writers of those times and their own
actions represent them; in courage, and warlike readi-
ness to take advantage by ambush or sudden onset,
not inferior to the Romans, nor Cassibela to Cæsar;
in weapons, arms, and the skill of encamping, embat-
tling and fortifying (alone) overmatched." "Their
dealing," says Diodorus, the Greek writer of ancient
Sicily, "was plain and simple without fraud." And
so striking was the magnanimity of their prince Car-
actacus, when misfortune had betrayed him into the
hands of the Romans, that the Emperor Claudius felt
it impossible to keep so generous a spirit in chains.

'But it is especially to be observed that even in those
times the island was celebrated for its religion; a reli-
gion which, whatever might be its faults, was certain-
ly of a sublime and ennobling character. Amidst their
groves of enduring oak the Britons were taught by
their Druids to aspire after immortal honors; and such
was the reputation of these priests, that Britain, as
we are assured by Cæsar, became the fountain and
school of Druidical learning.

'The causes from which our forefathers, in their state
of comparative barbarism, attained to such honorable
distinction, it is not easy to discover. Something
might probably be due to a temperate climate; some-
thing to a soil worthy of cultivation, but at the same
time requiring it; something to an insular situation,
which threw the inhabitants on their own resources,
while it excited them to exploration and enterprise;
and something to the bold and hardy spirits of the first
settlers from the neighbouring coasts. After all how-
ever it is evident, that there must have arisen among
those children of Gomer (for that is their true and ori-
ginal name, preserved to this day in Cumberland
and Cambridgeshire, and by which their descendants in Wales
have always distinguished themselves and their lan-
guage) men of uncommon talents, by whom the mode
of the rest were formed to achievements surpassing
those of their continental brethren. And to what shall
we attribute the rise of these men,—these spirits of
ætherial temper, the Merlin, the Arturs, and Am-
brooses of ancient fable and legend,—but to the favour-
ing Providence, which even then destined our coun-
try to be pre-eminent among the nations of the earth?

'But the mere fact of the gradual subjugation of
Britain by the Romans may be allowed to prove that
there were faults in the aboriginal inhabitants, which
required the correcting aids of civilization. For this
purpose therefore, we may presume, it pleased God to
permit that subjugation; and Britain continued under
the dominion of the Roman Emperors, until she had
derived all the benefit which such a connexion was

capable of conferring. During that period the Britons
learned the arts of internal communication, fortification
and civil architecture; to the present day the great
roads may be traced by which the Romans traversed
the country in all directions, the principal cities bear
names derived from legions once encamped within their
walls, and the remains of proconsular villas indicate
how well the conquerors instructed their subjects in
the comforts and elegancies of domestic life. Numere-
ous, without doubt, must have been the advantage-
attendants on the residence of governors such as Agricola
who we are informed by his son-in-law and biographer,
Tacitus, after having reduced the southern part of
the island to tranquil submission, employed the happy
season of peace "in the most salutary designs;" teach-
ing and promoting, like a common father, the institu-
tions and customs of civil life. "The inhabitants,
rude and scattered, and so prone to war, he privately
persuaded and publicly assisted to build houses, tem-
ples, and places of public assembly; and by praising
the active and reproving the sluggish, he substituted
for necessity an honourable emulation. Moreover
he caused the young nobility to be educated in libe-
ral arts; and by preferring the native genius of Bri-
tain before the studied acquirements of Gaul, induced
them to cultivate Roman eloquence, whereas they
had previously held the language in abhorrence."

SUNDAY SAILING AT SEA.

'We had never thought of it before,' said Captain
C., and another Christian brother; 'but it seems to us
that the command to sanctify the Sabbath—'Six days
shalt thou labor and do all thy work,' &c., require
not only the omission of many things proper to be at-
tended to on other days for the comfort of the voyage,
but also that less effort be made on Sunday for the fast
sailing of the vessel.

'The Sabbath was made for man,' and not less for
seamen than for other men; for, in the sweet words
of the Sailor's Hymn:—

'Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, Oh Lord, to know;
Thou hast press'd a sailor's pillow,
— And can't feel a sailor's wo.'

Sympathizing thus with the tempted and troubled
mariner, does he desire that this most precious means
of grace and consolation should be debarred him?—
When, therefore, no dangerous navigation, threaten-
ing storm, want of provisions, or similar case of ne-
cessity, or distress exist, why should there not be as
much Sabbath intermission in the labors of seamen
as of landsmen? Does this seem like strange doc-
trine to any one? It will not, when all who dwell on
the land and sail on the sea, shall be converted unto
the Lord. O! what a glorious Sabbath will that be
when from every fixed and every floating dwelling its
approach shall be hailed in the glad anthem,—

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest."

Sailor's Magazine.

'THE BETTER DAY THE BETTER DEED.'

Capt. C. of the brig G. was already to sail from
the port of S. on Sunday. He did not, however,
weigh anchor until Monday morning, but remained
and engaged on this 'day of all days the best,' in 'the
better deed,' of attending on the public worship of
God. He reached B. in 55 days, the first of the fruit-
vessels of the season, having made an uncommonly
good voyage.

Capt. I. of the brig J. was ready also to leave the
same harbor on Sunday morning, to go to the adja-
cent port of C; and take in a cargo. He remained,
and enjoyed, as he said, one of the most delightful
Sabbaths in his life, in the services of the sanctuary,
in social worship, and in private devotion. Sailing
then, on Monday morning, he reached his place of
destination in ten or twelve hours, and as soon as any
of several vessels which had left on the previous Sab-
bath.—*Ibid.*

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