

POETRY.

From the *Pulchrum*.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

The Church of our fathers! so dear to our souls!
Ave, dear as the life-blood within us that rolls!
We'll rally around her, by dangers unawed,
The Church of our fathers—the Church of our God!

The Church of our fathers! how sacred the name!
How holy, how pure, the devotion she'd claim!
The Church shall we desert her? Far, far be the thought—
We'll abide to the death by the truths she has taught.

The Church of our fathers! once sacred and bright,
Illum'd by pure doctrine, shed forth her clear light,
Ere Popery arose, and her altars debased;
Her purity sullied—her glory defaced.

The Church of our fathers from that Stygian night,
Like a giant refreshed, then arose in her might—
To the moles, to the bats, superstition she hurled,
And stood forth the envy and praise of the world.

Her Charters, her Rides, for truth nobly stood,
Her rights and her charters they sealed with their blood,
Asserted her freedom, and sent forth abroad
The light and the truth of the pure word of God.

Built on the apostles and prophets alone—
On Jesus, the Saviour, the chief corner-stone—
The winds may arise and her prospects defame—
She fears not the tempest—she dreads not the storm.

The people may rage, and the heathen assail,
No weapon against her shall ever prevail—
The Church of our fathers for ages hath stood
Cemented and sealed by our ancestors' blood.

We'll rally around her with stout hearts and true,
Resolved in her cause both to dare and to do—
To our Bibles and altars tenaciously cling,
And fear to the winds and the waves we may fling.

From the Church of our fathers we'll never depart—
She's entwined round each fibre, each nerve of our heart;
The Church of our fathers! our glory and crown,
We will unimpair'd to our children hand down.

GEORGE THE THIRD.*

If there be such a thing as a character formed of the elements of the land which gave it birth, it was realized in the instance of our now bestifed sovereign. Our king exhibited the exactest specimen of the genuine English gentleman in its highest and fairest form. He had not only the general stamp and impress, but the minor modes and peculiarities of a Briton. He was also a representative of the religion of his country; he was a Protestant, not in name, but in heart and soul.

He began his reign with an act of self-control, which gave a flattering presage of his future magnanimity. He sacrificed, in the tenderest point, passion to duty. In the bloom of life, young, ardent, and a king, he felt there was something to which even kings must submit—the laws of their country. He made the sacrifice, and, by so doing, was rewarded in his large and lovely family, by the long enjoyment of the dearest blessings of domestic life in their highest purity, and in the greatest human perfection. A strict conscientiousness seems to have pervaded every part of his character: it appeared in his frequently repeated solemn reverence for his coronation oath—in his uniform desire to promote the good of his people—in his zeal for the spiritual welfare of the poor, expressed in a sentiment too notorious to require repetition. The fear of God seems to have been supremely his governing principle; and a deep sense of his own awful responsibility the corresponding result of that principle.

*From the works of Hannah More.

If, from a too tenacious hold of an opinion once adopted, he might be chargeable with a political error in a personal contest with the western continent, yet even then his pertinacity was principle; and if he was wrong, it was his judgment which erred, and not his intention: but he knew, even in this case, how to retract gracefully a favourite opinion when the event required concession. In a visit he made from Cheltenham to Dean Tucker at Gloucester (who had written strongly in favour of a separation,) the king had the candour to say,—“If, Mr. Dean, we had followed your advice by an earlier termination of the war with America, we had acted wisely, you were in the right.” Thus the dean repeated to the writer a few days after, together with the whole conversation, which was so honourable to the good sense, general knowledge, and rectitude of mind of his majesty, that it is to be regretted that it had not been preserved.

His understanding, though perhaps it had not received the highest cultivation of which it was susceptible, was soundly good, and the whole bent and bias of that understanding was turned to objects of utility. In such of his conversations as have been recorded by Johnson, Beattie, and others, his talents are seen to great advantage. His observations are acute, and his expressions neat. In the details of business he was said to be singularly accurate, and particularly well informed in the local circumstances of whatever place was the subject under consideration. His domestic duties were filled with eminent fidelity, and uniform tenderness. His family enjoyments were the relief and solace of his public cares; while the provincial correctness of his court furnished a model to contemporary sovereigns, and bequeathed a noble pattern to his own illustrious posterity. He observed the law of kindness as scrupulously as he observed all other laws, nor was its exercise limited to those about his person or court, but extended to as many of inferior rank as fell under his observation.

He was strictly punctual in the discharge of his religious duties, a practice which alone could have enabled him to fulfil his other duties in so exemplary a manner. The writer has heard an inhabitant of Windsor (a physician of distinguished learning and piety) declare, that in his constant attendance at the morning chapel, his own heart was warmed, and his pious affections raised, by the devout energy of the king's responses. Who shall presume to say what portion of the prosperity of his favoured people may have been obtained for them by the supplications of a patriot, paternal, praying king?

Firmly attached to the Church of which God had made him the supreme head—strong in that faith of which God had appointed him the hereditary defender,—he yet suffered no act of religious persecution to dishonour his reign. His firmness was without intolerance; his moderation without laxity.

Though involved in darkness, both bodily and mental, for so many of his latter years, he was still regarded with a sentiment compounded of sorrow, respect, and tenderness. He was indeed consigned to seclusion, but not to oblivion. The distinctions of party, with respect to him, were lost in one common feeling; and the afflicted monarch was ever cherished in the hearts of the virtuous of every denomination, whether religious or political.

Even in the aberrations of reason he was not forsaken. The hand which inflicted the blow mercifully mitigated the pain. His wounded mind was soothed by visionary anticipations of heavenly happiness. Might not these fanciful consolations indicate something of the habit of a mind accustomed in its brightest hours to the indulgence of pious thoughts? And may we not in general venture to observe, in vindication of the severest dispensations of the Almighty, that even during the distressful season of alienation of mind, the hours which are passed without sorrow and without sin are not, to the sufferer, among the most unhappy hours?

KNEEWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS.

It is a significant and long established custom of the Church, to make some external mark of reverence at the occurrence of the name of Jesus in the services of the sanctuary. Whether this took its rise from a literal understanding of the words of St. Paul, that “at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,” &c., or from the reasonableness of the thing itself,

or as a strong and palpable check against heresy respecting our Lord's divinity, it is at this time impossible to say. Perhaps all these motives had an influence in the establishment of the custom.

The usual form of obeisance adopted, is that of bowing the head; and in the eighteenth Canon of the Church of England, external obeisance is made obligatory not only in the Creed, but in other parts of the service where the name of Jesus occurs. The grounds on which it is placed will be seen in the following extract from the Canon:—“When in time of divine service the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be done by all persons present, as it has been accustomed; testifying by these outward ceremonies and gestures their inward humility, Christian resolution, and due acknowledgment that the Lord Jesus Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is the only Saviour of the world, in whom alone all the mercies, graces, and promises of God to mankind for this life, and the life to come, are fully and wholly comprised.”

No heresy can be more dangerous and destructive of the souls of men, than that of a denial of the essential divinity of the Son of God. And in proportion to the danger, has been the care of the Church to make her children strong in the faith, and ever watchful against the intrusion of this deadly error. Hence the powerful and striking language employed in all her Creeds, in asserting the cardinal point of every Christian man's belief; and the constant and undeviating proclamation of it in every part of the Liturgy, especially in the frequent occurrence of the Gloria Patri. The same beneficial tendency may be ascribed to the act of obeisance we are considering; which, though not resting on canonical authority in the American Church, is yet a custom too closely linked with important fact to be hastily thrown aside, or accounted a mere ceremony. It is a perilous matter, hints a writer, to abrogate a custom which nourishes the germ of a living doctrine. This is serious truth; and it may be safely predicted, that if the plague of Socinianism shall ever cross the threshold of the Church, it will not date its triumphs from the *pulpit*, but from the gradual disuse of the doxologies, the invocations and the ascriptions of honour to Christ, in that noble barrier of the Church—the Liturgy. In the forefront of these stands that act of obeisance, which the Church has long and universally rendered to her divine Head. We only ask those who neglect it, can they tell “whereunto this may grow?”

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