

The Church Times.

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MAY 14, 1866.

NO. 20.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. May 15. Whit-Sunday.	Deut. 18. Acta 19. Isaiah 11. Acta 19.	Deut. 18. Acta 19. Isaiah 11. Acta 19.
1. " 16. Whit-Monday.	Levit. 11. 1. Cor. 12. Num. 11. 1. Cor. 12.	Levit. 11. 1. Cor. 12. Num. 11. 1. Cor. 12.
2. " 17. Whit-Tuesday.	1. Sam. 19. 1. Thim. 5. Deut. 5. 1. Jo. 4.	1. Sam. 19. 1. Thim. 5. Deut. 5. 1. Jo. 4.
3. " 18. Whit-Wednesday.	2. King 19. Matt. 16. 2. King 19. 1. Cor. 1.	2. King 19. Matt. 16. 2. King 19. 1. Cor. 1.
4. " 19. Whit-Thursday.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.
5. " 20. Whit-Friday.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.
6. " 21. Whit-Saturday.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.	2. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2. 1. Tim. 2.

Three Psalms—118, 134, 135. The Athanasian Creed to be used. One of the Ember Week Collects to be used on this day, and each day in this week.

Poetry.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me;
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely,
Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hands!
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
What'er befall,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand!
Should friendship pure illumine,
And strew my path with fairest flowers;
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a Friend
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same, in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand;
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by Thy grace I, every day,
Deroting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee,
Where'er Thou comest to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand!
How'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ, my friend!
If He be nigh,
How'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in Thy hand!
To Thee I can entrust:
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand.
Awaking from the dust,
Beholding Thee,
What Bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity.

To spend eternity
In heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding an' resembling Thee—
Oh, too transporting sight,
Prospect too fair,
For flesh to bear!
Haste, haste, my Lord, and soon transport me there!

Religious Miscellany.

THE LATE BISHOP TURNER OF CALCUTTA.

(Continued)

The period during which I had the privilege of his intimacy, was previous to the last months of Mrs. Turner's life, and during the waning period of his incumbency of Wilmslow.

She was richly gifted in point of intellect, but possessed an endowment still more precious, that of the most gentle and winning piety. Though sinking under the inroads of an excruciating disease, and aware that from her daily sufferings death alone could release her, the extent to which she seemed to

forget her own agonies, and the intentness with which she strove to promote the temporal and eternal well-being of others, these alone could fully appreciate who witnessed.

At that period—I speak of some two and twenty years ago—within Wilmslow, was folded a somewhat rough and unmanageable flock. The village boasted of ten or more different sects, and as many places of worship. No slight sprinkling of infidelity lurked in the cottages. Hostility to a "State Church" was fashionable. Its easy communication with Manchester by no means served to check it. The rector's turkeys were poisoned; and on one occasion that fate was inflicted on a very favorite dog. Forbearing, kind-hearted, excellent man; his heinous and unpardonable sin was, that he was supported by tithes! But nothing checked the flow of his benevolence. He preached, and visited, and comforted, and toiled among these trying people—I hope they are more tractable now—with an earnestness truly apostolic.

Now and then he would complain quietly and gently, but not wholly without emotion, of the scowl with which he was received on entering a cottage, and of the sullen silence with which its inmates would listen to him. Mrs. Turner would reply, with her cheering sunny smile, "There will be fruit by and by. All will be well at last. The sheaves are ripening, slowly, but surely."

On one occasion, a Church dignitary called, overflowing with indignation at some enormities that had occurred in the neighborhood. He wound up his details of grievances with the piteous ejaculation, 'Ah it would require the possession of a faith that could remove mountains, to live contentedly among such hornets.'

"Nothing will conquer them but kindness. That will, most assuredly, and most triumphantly," was Mrs. Turner's reply.

One morning I was witness to a droll scene at that Rectory; and as it was characteristic of the principal actors, and may read a useful lesson elsewhere, I detail it. Late in a November day, a very smart young gentleman drove up to the gate, and inquired for the rector. The dennet he was seated in was extremely stylish. The horse he drove was a splendid animal, full blood, and a fast trotter. The knowing groom who sat beside him was equipped in a spruce livery; and altogether it was a dashing turn-out. The new arrival sent in his card; "The Rev. Mr. —, — Rectory."

Mr. Turner, was suffering from one of his sick headaches; had been very poorly all day; and would fain have pleaded illness and declined seeing visitors. But Mrs. Turner, always eager to do good, and on the watch to seize opportunities, replied, "Oh! pray see him. He is the new Rector of ——. It is a very important post. He is quite young and inexperienced; and you may possibly be of use to him. Pray see him—if only for five minutes."

Mr. — was admitted.

He had a great deal to say about his living; and, contrary to all expectation, holding a benefice worth at least £700 per annum, pictured himself as a martyr. He wound-up a long and heavy catalogue of woes by the ejaculation, "The truth is, I'm sold; regularly and fearfully sold."

There was a pause. Mrs. Turner eyed him with a perplexed and mournful air, while her husband's speaking countenance were an expression which I could translate at a glance, "Your people are—in-disputably!"

Mr. — continued:

"My parish swarms with artisans—horny-handed and sooty-faced wretches; but I keep such fellows at

a distance. I have nothing, and will have nothing to do with beings hardly human.

Another pause, broken at length by Mr. Turner's repeating *sotto voce*, but very distinctly, "Instant in season and out of season, doing the work of an evangelist."

I rashly thought—looking at the young Rector—the tone in which this versicle was uttered would startle him, if unobservant of the warning which the admonition itself conveyed. I was wrong. He proceeded:

I am now about to be visited by a most abominable annoyance. The working classes in my parish have a vile, horrid association, which they call a club, and they propose to come to Church on their anniversary—Thursday week, by the by—and have requested me to preach to them. What follows is more atrocious still. On this occasion they've a dinner. And they've actually had the face to send me a formal request that I will sit down at meat with them. Fancy, just fancy, Mr. Turner, my sitting down to eat and drink with a vile and vulgar mob—a rabble that description!"

"Well! I can hardly fancy it," said Mr. Turner with an involuntary smile.

"Receiving my commission direct from the Great Head of the Church, I am sensible though these clods cannot perceive it, of the distance, of the break, the chasm, the gulf, which separates the clergy from the laity.

"Oh!"

"And then for these creatures—this rabble—to imagine that I can sit down to meat with them! Ah! I see by your countenance the extent of your surprise. You cannot reconcile to yourself such presumption? No more can I! But, be at ease! Such an outrage will never be submitted to. Never! never! I thought I should amaze you."

"You have unquestionably."

"Yes; it's no common difficulty—but I've surmounted it."

"I was thinking of another far greater. You say" continued Mr. Turner, speaking slowly and very distinctly, "that you had your commission from the Great Head of the Church. Agreed. Now, your Chief, your Leader, your Master, had this life-long characteristic—humility.—He made himself of no reputation, that he might raise us to heavenly honors. He, to pour just contempt on human pride, had his first night's lodging in a stable, and spent his last night partly on the cold ground in an agony, and partly in an ignominious confinement, exposed to the greatest indignities. He rested his infant head upon hay, his dying head upon thorns. A manger was his cradle, and a cross his death-bed. Thirty years he travelled from the sordid stable to the accursed tree. Shepherds were his first attendants, and malefactors his last companions."

I never saw a young man more thoroughly non-plussed, or more thoroughly exasperated.

He jumped on his legs; would not trust himself to speak; made three stately bows and bolted.

Nor would he open his lips again. No reply, either to Mr. Turner's kind farewell, or to my—a neutral party—civil adieux. He silently signalled his smart attendant; took his seat in the dennet, with cheeks crimsoned with indignation; threw a glance of utter horror at the Rectory as he passed it; and was off at a tangent.

"Poor young man! he will get rid of this folly, I hope, in a year or two," said the rector.

"Few heads, over which only four and twenty summers have passed, can bear, all on a sudden, to be thrust into office and power," was Mrs. Turner's kind construction on the new rector's personal bear-