

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cochran---Editor. "Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order." W. Gossip---Publisher.

FOR. VER. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1884. NO. 100

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DATE	LENT	MORNING.			EVENING.		
		Exod.	John	21	Exod.	Job.	4
April 1	5. In Lent	11. Sam.	11. Acte	1 Sam.	10.	10	
2		12. Sam.	12. Acte	2 Sam.	11.	9	
3		13. Sam.	13. Acte	3 Sam.	12.	8	
4		14. Sam.	14. Acte	4 Sam.	13.	7	
5		15. Sam.	15. Acte	5 Sam.	14.	6	
6		16. Sam.	16. Acte	6 Sam.	15.	5	
7		17. Sam.	17. Acte	7 Sam.	16.	4	
8		18. Sam.	18. Acte	8 Sam.	17.	3	
9		19. Sam.	19. Acte	9 Sam.	18.	2	
10		20. Sam.	20. Acte	10 Sam.	19.	1	

Poetry.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

O SACRED head I now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown,
O sacred head I what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine?
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinner's gain:
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
Thou I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Touchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide,
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross exsiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow,
To praise thy glory, Lord,
Thy pity without end,
O make me thine forever,
And should I faltering be,
Lord let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

And when I am departing,
O part not thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throes,
Release me from my anguish,
By thine own pain and woe.

Be near when I am dying,
O show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Religious Miscellany.

"HE LINGERED."

GEN. XIX, 16.

Let us next consider the reasons that may account for Lot's lingering.
It is a question of great importance, and I ask your attention to it. To know the root of a sin is our step towards a remedy. He that is secured is forearmed.
Was there among you all that feels secure and has no fear of lingering? Come and listen while I tell you a few passages of Lot's history. Do as he did, and it will be a miracle indeed if you do not get into the same state of soul at last.
When then I observe in Lot is this, he made a choice in early life.
There was a time when Abraham and Lot lived together. They both became rich, and could live together in peace. Abraham the elder of the two, in respect of humility and courtesy, gave Lot the

Concluded from last week.

choice of the country when they resolved to part company. "If you," he said, "will take the left hand then I will go to the right, or if you depart to the right hand then I will go to the left." (Gen. xiii. 9.)

And what did Lot do?—We are told he saw the plains of Jordan, near Sodom, were rich, fertile, and well-watered. It was a good land for cattle, and full of pastures. He had large flocks and herds, and it just suited his requirements. And this was the land he chose for a residence, simply because it was a rich well-watered land.

It was near the town of Sodom! He cared not for that.

The men of Sodom who would be his neighbors, were wicked! it mattered not.

They were sinners before God exceedingly! It made no difference to him.

The pasture was rich. The land was good. He wanted such a country for his flocks and herds. And before that argument all scruples and doubts, "indeed he had any, at once went down.

He chose by sight and not by faith. He asked no counsel of God to preserve him from mistake. He looked to the things of time and not of eternity. He thought of his worldly profit and not of his soul. He considered only what would help him in this life,—he forgot the solemn business of the life to come. This was a bad beginning.

But I observe also that Lot mixed with sinners when there was no occasion for his doing so.

We are first told that he "pitched his tent toward Sodom." (Gen. xiv. 12.) This, as I have already shown, was a great mistake.

But the next time he is mentioned, we find him actually living in Sodom itself. The spirit says expressly, "He dwelt in Sodom." (Gen. xiv. 12.) His tents were left. The country was forsaken. He occupied a house in the very streets of that wicked town.

We are not told the reasons of this change. We are not sure there would have been no command of God. Perhaps his wife liked the town better than the country, for the sake of society. It is plain she had no grace herself. Perhaps she persuaded Lot it was needful for the education of his daughters. Perhaps the daughters urged living in the town for the sake of the gay company: they were evidently light-minded young women. Perhaps Lot liked it himself, in order to make more of his flocks and herds. Men never want reasons to confirm their wills. But one thing is clear,—Lot dwelt in the midst of Sodom without good cause.

Reader, when a child of God does these two things, which I have named, you never need be surprised if you hear, by and by, unfavorable accounts, about his soul. You never need wonder if he becomes deaf to the warning voice of affliction, as Lot was, (Gen. xiv, 12.) and turns out a lingerer in the day of trial and danger, as Lot did.

Make a wrong choice,—an unscriptural choice,—in life, and settle yourself down unnecessarily, in the midst of worldly people, and I know no surer way to damage your own spirituality, and to go backward about your eternal concerns.

This is the way to make the pulse of your soul beat feebly and languidly.

This is the way to make the edge of your feeling about sin become blunt and dull.

This is the way to dim the eyes of your spiritual discernment, till you can scarcely distinguish good from evil, and stumble as you walk.

This is the way to bring a moral palsy on your feet and limbs, and make you go tottering and trembling along the road to Zion, as if the grasshopper was a burden.

This is the way to sell the pass to your worst enemy,—to give the devil the vantage ground in the battle,—to tie your arms in fighting,—to fetter your legs in running,—to dry up the sources of your strength,—to cripple your own energies,—to cut off your own hair, like Samson, and give yourself into the hands of the Philistines, put out your own eyes, grind at the mill, and become a slave.

Reader, wake up and mark well what I am saying. Settle these things down in your mind! Do not forget them. Revolve them in the morning. Recall them to memory at night. Let them sink down deeply into your heart. If ever you would be safe from lingering,—beware of needless mingling with worldly people. Beware of Lot's choice. If you would not settle down into a dry, dull, sloopy, barren, heavy, carnal, stupid, torpid state of soul, beware of Lot's choice.

Remember this in choosing a dwelling-place, or residence. It is not enough that the house is comfortable,—the situation good,—the air fine,—the neighborhood pleasant,—the expenses small,—the living cheap.—There are other things yet to be considered. You must think of your immortal soul. Will the house you think of help you towards heaven or hell?—Is the Gospel preached within an easy distance? Is Christ crucified within reach of your door?—Is there a real man of God near, who will watch over your soul? I charge you, if you love life, not to overlook this. Beware of Lot's choice.

Remember this in choosing a calling, a place, or profession in life. It is not enough that the salary is high,—the wages good,—the advantages numerous,—the prospects of getting on most favorable. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be fed or starved?—Will it be prospered or drawn back? I beseech you, by the mercies of God, to take heed what you do. Make no rash decision. Look at the place in every light, the light of God as well as the light of the world. Gold may be bought too dear. Beware of Lot's choice.

Remember this in choosing a husband or wife, if you are unmarried. It is not enough that your eye is pleased,—that your tastes are met,—that your mind finds congeniality,—that there is amiability and affection,—that there is a comfortable home for life. There needs something more than this. There is a life yet to come. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be drawn upwards, or dragged downwards by the choice you are planning,—Will it be made more heavenly, or more earthly,—drawn nearer to Christ, or to the world?—Will its religion grow in vigor, or will it decay? I pray you, by all your hopes of glory, allow this to enter into your calculations. Think as old Baxter said, and think, and think, and think again, before you commit yourself. "Be not unequal yoked." (2 Cor. vi, 14.) Matrimony is nowhere named among the means of conversion. Remember Lot's choice.

Let me speak a few parting words to any who read this paper, and especially to all who call themselves believers in Christ. I have no wish to make your hearts sad. I do not want to give you a gloomy view of the Christian course. My only object is to give you friendly warnings. You live in days when a lingering Lot-like religion abounds. The stream of profession is far broader than it once was, but far less deep in many places. A certain kind of Christianity, is almost fashionable now. To belong to some party in the church, and show a zeal for its interests,—to talk about the leading controversies of the day,—to buy popular religious books as fast as they come out, and lay them on your table,—to attend meetings,—subscribe to societies,—and discuss the merits of preachers—all these are now comparatively easy and common attainments. They no longer make a person singular. They require little or no sacrifice. They entail no cross.

But to walk closely with God,—to be really spiritually-minded,—to behave like strangers and pilgrims,—to be distinct from the world in employment of time, in conversation, in amusements, in dress,—to bear a faithful witness for Christ in all places,—to leave a savor of our Master in every society, to be prayerful, humble, unselfish, meek,—to be jealousy afraid of sin, and tremblingly alive to our danger from the world,—these, these are still rare things. They are not common among those who are called true Christians, and worst of all, the absence of them is not felt and bewailed as it should be.

Reader, I give you counsel this day. Do not turn from it. Do not be angry with me for plain speaking. I bid you give diligence to make your calling and elec-