

# The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. Nov. 21	24 Su. of Trin.	1. Prov. 13 John 14. Prov. 14 Titus 1	1. 2, 3
M. 22		1. Sol & Drag. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
T. 23		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
W. 24		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
Th. 25		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
F. 26		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
S. 27		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
M. 28		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
T. 29		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
W. 30		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3
Th. 31		1. 1. 10	1. 1. 2, 3

\* The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the 23rd Sunday after Trinity to be used.

## Poetry.

### GOD'S WILL THE BEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done—  
To change my evil nature,  
He gave his spirit thro' his Son,  
And formed me a new creature,  
His mercy's sure,  
It will endure;  
And on this firm foundation,  
I rest me for salvation.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done,  
And right, his sovereign pleasure;  
Since He has made my care his own,  
I'll trust his every measure;  
He is my God,  
Through all my road  
He knows how to sustain me,  
And, for his service, train me.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done—  
He is my guide, defender;  
In various forms his care is shown—  
To Him my will I render  
In joy or wo;  
And time will show  
How well he had directed,  
And all my way protected.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done,  
And all for wisest reasons;  
By best of paths he leads me on,  
And at the darkest seasons;  
I find his grace  
In every place;  
And, conscious of his keeping,  
I change to joy my weeping.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done—  
Of this I have assurance,  
True, he may make my pathway, one  
Of trial and endurance,  
Still I shall share  
His loving care—  
His circling arms enfold me,  
And when I die will hold me.

Whate'er God does, is fitly done,  
His cup—shall I refuse it—  
Because it is a bitter one?  
He sees it best—I choose it.  
And He, at last,  
Will make me rest  
Where duty has no trials,  
And needs no self-denials.

## Religious Miscellany.

### PROVISION FOR THE MINISTRY.

The Provisional Bishop of N. W. York, at the close of his late Pastoral on *The Support of the Clergy*, makes the following excellent suggestions to the laity. They are worthy of general attention, applying to other Dioceses as much as to New York:

1. Consider the Christian ministry and the suffering poor as having the first claim upon your offerings.

2. Be inflexible in your determination to pay your pastor at least all that you have promised to pay, and to pay punctually at the beginning of every quarter.

3. Consider with yourselves, whether, over and above the appointed salary, there be not little private ways, in which individuals among you may contribute in friendly offerings to your pastor's comfort, supplying many of his wants at little cost to yourselves, and affording that evidence of kindly interest, which is often the greatest consolation and encouragement that, in temporal things, an anxious minister can receive.

4. Make it a leading object of your parochial efforts to secure for yourselves—and to assist other parishes in securing—a parsonage, and if your district be a rural one, a small glebe. These will serve as a permanent endowment in part for your parish. They will greatly contribute to the comfort

and support of the pastor, and they will often enable you to procure, or to retain, a faithful minister, when, without such advantages, you would be destitute. The importance of this object to the permanent welfare of a parish, it is not easy to over-estimate.

5. If you rely mainly upon the income from pew rents for the means of sustaining the ministrations of the parish, do not allow the insufficiency of that income to prevent you from making such a provision for your pastor as shall correspond to your ability and to his needs.

6. Cultivate a habit of laying by in store, at brief intervals, as God hath prospered you, for the uses of His Church, and especially for the support of His ministers. When blessings have been showered upon you, when you have been delivered from sickness, from danger, from threatened loss and sorrow, let a thank-offering, laid speedily on the altar, testify to your grateful sense of God's mercies, and to your zeal in His service.

7. There are opulent laymen in the Diocese, whose ability is by no means exhausted by their moderate contributions to the parish in which they reside, nor yet by their occasional offerings to the general objects of the church. It would be quite within their ability, allowing for every other reasonable claim upon them, to endow some one parish, in part, by the erection of a substantial parsonage, with the addition, if the case allowed, of a small glebe. If this be not required in the parish where the layman worships, let him seek out some other parish, where he was born, or married—where he has enjoyed or suffered something, or where he has some other reason for feeling an interest—and let him enjoy the happiness of conferring a great and permanent benefit—of leaving behind him a home for the man of God, which, long after he is gone from the earth, shall be revered as the abode of piety, as the centre of all holy influences—and not less a monument of departed goodness. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon Earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven; where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

### THE TONGUE'S USE, A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

What is sooner past and gone than a word? It is out of the lips in a moment, and in another moment the sound of it is over, no trace of it remains—yet how often, even in things of this life may depend on one little word! Life or death, poverty or riches, reproach or praise, health or sickness, sorrow or joy, may result from a very few syllables. It may make all a difference to us, and to many dependent on us, for life. A king, for example, gives the word, and there is peace or war for years. Among the Jews who stood by Pilate's judgment seat, there was very likely one person whose voice determined that it was to cry "Crucify Him;" and what great thing hung on that word!—yet it took no time to speak. Whoever will think on such things will be able to understand better our blessed Lord's words—"By thy words thou shalt be justified;" and surely, what we hear every day, and too often what we say, is enough to make us feel deeply the fearfulness of what He added—"By thy words thou shalt be condemned." The number of falsehoods told in business, or by persons to those above them, or by those who have done wrong, and fear to be found out and punished—how great, think you, will be the mass of sin which all these heaped together will be found to amount to at the last day! Then there are unkind and calumnious words—perverse meanings given to what those say and do whom we do not like; angry words, bitter, provoking hints; in a word, our reckless way of speaking of our neighbors' characters; above all, those evil corrupt words which do the Devil's work, when men speak evil words from the corrupt treasure of their evil hearts, ensnaring others on to sin. Now let us bear in mind that every such word—irreverent words, unkind, and corrupting words—are all set down in God's Book, and will be produ-

ced against us at the last day, to our utter ruin, if they be not blotted out by timely penitence and amendment, for our blessed Lord's sake. Let us think how, if not forgiven, we shall bear that burden—how that account will sound in our ears! These are deep and serious thoughts, when we remember how often we have sinned by words. But let us not forget that, by God's great mercy, the tongue may be used for good as well as for evil. If a cup of cold water, given in the name of Christ, shall in no wise lose its reward, surely the good and kind words also which are spoken—words of serious humility, words of charity to men's souls and bodies, words of loyal devotion to God, words which sincerely put away sin,—all these, though they pass away and are over in a moment, yet by His grace they are in a manner lasting, and have a substance given them.—The good words of obedient Christian men are, as it were, turned into deeds; and who knows what may come of them in the world where all things will be true and real, and from which shadows and figures will have quite passed away. The more we think on these things, the more earnestly let us pray—"Set a watch, O Lord, over my mouth, and keep the door of my lips." "Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—*Penny Post*.

### THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY.

BUT the Christian Sunday is something more than a Sabbath, or a day of rest,—it is the Lord's day; that is, it is not our day, it is not man's day, it is not the world's day, and it is not the tempter's day; it is the Lord's day; it is so called by the Holy Ghost in Holy Writ. Let us treat it as such.

The Church is the Lord's House, and would be profaned, if used for common purposes. The Eucharist is the Lord's Supper, and would be desecrated, as St. Paul teaches, if it were treated as a common meal. And in like manner the first day of the week is called the Lord's Day, and it is profaned whenever it is spent in secular business or worldly pleasure. It is the Lord's Day, and speaks to us of His sufferings for our sakes, and so it appeals to our gratitude and love; it speaks to us of the hopes of everlasting glory which he has purchased for us, if we obey him—by His triumph over death, and by His resurrection from the grave. If this day had a voice, it would thus speak: Christ died and rose again for you on this day; so reckon ye yourselves dead unto sin and alive unto God. Walk in newness of life. Be ye risen with Christ, and seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Surely, therefore, dearly beloved, every successive Sunday ought to find us more and more disengaged from earth, and nearer and nearer to heaven. Every succeeding Lord's Day ought to find us better prepared for the great day of the Lord. Our Sundays ought to be like quiet havens, to which we may retire from the storms of the world, and in whose still waters we may equip ourselves for our last voyage—the voyage of eternity. Our Sundays ought to be like fair gardens, fenced off from the world, and planted with the flowers of Paradise that may breathe a spiritual fragrance over the rest of our lives. Our Sundays ought to be like cool and clear fountains springing up in the parched desert of this world, from which we may drink living waters—refreshing our weary souls in our pilgrimage to heaven. Our Sundays ought to be like the calm heights of an evangelical Pisgah, from which we may have a clear view of our Promised Land. Our Sundays ought to be to us like the steps of a spiritual ladder—a ladder of angels, such as Jacob saw, on which we ought to be ever ascending higher and higher to heaven. They ought to be like the songs of Degrees in the book of Psalms (the 120th to the 124th Psalm), which David sang on his way with the ark to Jerusalem; so they ought to bring us nearer and nearer to our heavenly Zion. Ask yourselves therefore this question. Can I give myself on the Lord's Day to anything that has a tendency to make the soul more earthly, and not more heavenly; that trails it in the dust, or sullies it in the mire, instead of wafting it on the wings of faith to the pure air and light of the blessed place where angels dwell now, and where I hope to dwell with them for evermore?—*Dr. Wordsworth's Sermons*.