

His Name

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS

Day & Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. Feb. 22	Quinquages. 8 Gen. 29 Luke 11	Epist. 12 Gal. 6
M. 23	Heut. 3	6 Deut. 4
T. 24	St. Math. 19 Wisdow 19	7 Eccas. 1 Eph. 1
W. 25	Ash-Wednes. 1 Deut. 5	8 Deut. 6
T. 26		9
F. 27		10
S. 28		11

* The Athanasian Creed to be used.
† Proper Psalms--Morning, 6, 52, 57. Even. 103, 130, 143. The Communion Service to be used on this day. See ver. 20

Poetry.

"God requireth that which is past."--Leviticus. iii. 15.

PENANCE my hours are numbered now,
And life's remaining sands are few;
Still o'er the past my tears must flow,
Sad the review!

From unrefreshing sleep I wake,
And while in restless ease I sigh,
A mournful retrospect I take
Of days gone by.

How oft has morning's fragrant breeze,
Whose breath I now no more inhale,
Wafted the joys of health and ease
On every gale.

But still I slept and still I woke,
Thankless to Him who all bestowed,
And never, or profanely spoke
Of thee, great God!

A form of words, a heartless prayer,
This was the homage paid to thee;
Whose bounteous love, whose ceaseless care,
Gave all to me.

I loved my friends, and was beloved;
But still was all in all to me;
Thy gifts were not for thee improved--
I loved not thee!

And thus thy first and great command,
If not despised, was disobeyed;
Well may thy heavy chastening hand
Make me afraid!

Well may I fear that, now in wrath,
Thou wilt cut short life's brittle thread
And close for me that narrow path
I would not tread.

But mercy, mercy I implore
Through Christ's atoning sacrifice,
'To Him, ere life's short days are o'er,
I lift my eyes.

For poor lost sinners he was slain;
For them he died--for them he lives,
Hope kindles in my heart again;
That hope he gives.

Religious Miscellany.

THE REV. STEPHEN DOUGLASS,

WHOSE death in the midst of a singularly robust and energetic life we announced in the last number of *The Church Journal*, was a man of admirable good qualities, though of a kind that required familiar acquaintance to enable one to appreciate them thoroughly. His virtues had all the weight and worth, but lacked something of the ring and glitter of fine gold. He was a man of education, ability, and of a thoroughly kind heart. He was a man of sterling principle, moreover; but lacked the art, or the instinct, whichever it may be, of securing immediate popularity. He knew no path to men's hearts, but that of substantial good deeds--an excellent path, indeed, but somewhat slow and rough in an age of rapid travelling. It was consequently his lot, during a laborious ministry of sixteen years, to know chiefly the shady side of his profession.

So much was this the case, that after eight years of struggle, and toil, he became fully convinced, that to get even a scanty support for himself and a growing family, he must either subordinate his profession to some more gainful employment, or must serve himself to a system of most rigid, and what to any but an iron will would have proved a most intolerable system of self-denial. Under these circumstances, it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Douglass that he adhered to the patient exercise of his ministry. He made up his mind to work, as long

as work could be found, to keep out of debt, and to provide for his family, in case of his own death, by punctual payment of the annual premium on a life insurance. These three objects he managed to accomplish. He worked; he kept out of debt; he held on to his thoughtful provision for his family. If we were to tell our readers what it cost him sometimes to adhere to his honorable purpose, they would be more shocked, we fear, by the austerities he endured, than edified by the example of manly and christian self-denial.

About three years since, Mr. Douglass took in hand the Mission work in Jersey City--Trinity Chapel,--to which he devoted whatever remained to him of strength and zeal. He labored on the Free Church System, and on strictly missionary ground. In the congregation that he gathered, there was no wealth at all, and little promise of ability to support a married clergyman in any sort of comfort. To the credit of the Free Church system, he it said, however,--and statements have been made in some of the Daily Papers which require it to be said--that Mr. Douglass was better appreciated, and vastly better supported in this field of labor, than in any he had tried heretofore. His salary was, of course, not large. He had still to practise great self-denial--greater, perhaps, than the extent of it was not known sufficiently to his brother clergy. But he had the affections and the freewill offerings of his flock. In proportion to the means of those among whom he labored, and in comparison with what he had experienced in older and wealthier parishes, he had begun to be properly and almost liberally supported. His circumstances in fact were steadily improving. If he could have held on for a few years longer, we doubt not but he would have been in a position to give to his flock not only his earnest and zealous labors, but what is the best offering a clergyman can give, a mind free from harassing care, and entirely unembarrassed in the work of saving precious souls.

For this reward of his labors it has pleased God to substitute a higher and more enduring crown.--The overtasked laborer is often thus summoned to his rest before the evening comes. While the sun is still high in the heavens, the celestial watchers look down, and see the good ox drooping in the field. They come gladly to his help. They mercifully unyoke him in the midst of his unfinished furrow.--They lead him quietly away, and he quietly and religiously follows. In such wise our earnest and laborious brother departed to his rest. Whosoever shall be called to enter next upon his unfinished work, will find, we doubt not, that the plough he drew has struck deep into the subsoil of the best religious affections of a grateful and appreciative people.

We are writing a notice, not a eulogy; and will make no attempt, therefore, to sum up the excellencies of Mr. Douglass's character, though we believe them to have been both great and rare. Two remarks, however, we cannot help making, in connection with the painful and delicate subject of the privations, which most deserving and most laborious clergymen have often to submit to, for a lack of a sufficient remuneration for their willing, but self-denying labors.

In the first place, Mr. Douglass was a proof, that even in the deepest shade of the shady side of ministerial life, a faithful and high-toned Christian man can create, as it were, a sunshine peculiarly his own. We happen to know that in the midst of domestic straits, such as few men could have borne, Mr. Douglass managed to secure a very large amount of domestic happiness. And how could this be? Our answer is, that he taught his family, like himself, to be content with the Lord, for their portion. Life to them, as to him, was more than meat. The body, presented as a living sacrifice to God's service, was more than raiment. On the few occasions, in which he made known to others the extent of the self-denial he practised, it was to show, that a man could be happy himself, and could support a family in cheerful content, on less than many an unmarried man would deem necessary for food and raiment. In this respect, he was happier in what he had not, than most men are in what they have.

In the second place, the privations we have felt it

our duty to allude to in this notice,--more broadly, perhaps, than sensitive readers will consider consistent with delicacy and good taste,--are by no means uncommon among the clergy, and by no means confined to those who, as the saying is, "have mistaken their calling." In the Church's field there are doubtless many hard and stony lots. The calling to these is as true a calling, and in every way as divine as that are popularly considered more pleasant places. It requires, moreover, as good and true men to fill such places. This being the case, there ought to be more decided efforts than there are, on the part of wealthier parishes, to equalize in some measure the support given to the clergy. The abundance of one part of the field ought to be made to minister to the necessities of another. In Missionary labor especially,--and we believe there is no Missionary work so harassing as that which is undertaken by devotees men among the spiritually destitute parts of our own population,--the earnest laborer ought to be freed entirely, if possible, from pecuniary cares. We can only commend the subject, however, to the thoughtful consideration of our readers: we have not space at present to enlarge upon it.--*N. Y. Church Journal, Feb. 4.*

THE LORD'S JEWELS.

Rabbi Meir sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber laid them upon the marriage bed, spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing." "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked "Where are my sons, that, they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love," he replied. "A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "That is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed took the white coverings from their bodies. Ah, my sons! my sons! thus loudly lamented the father. My sons! my sons! the light of mine eyes, and the light of my understanding, I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that one should not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."--*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE ROMAN CHURCH IN MEXICO.--It is stated that in a secret conclave held at Rome on the 15th of December, the state of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, South America, and Switzerland, was taken into consideration; and an allocution since published by his Holiness on the subject clearly shows that the Papal influence is considerably less in these countries than in this. The Pope complains bitterly of the new government of Mexico, which has completely set aside the ecclesiastical jurisdiction and sequestered the property of the Church. We are told that the monastic establishments have refused to permit the "visitation" of the Bishops, and that some of them have, in open defiance of the canonical laws, sold part of their property. The permission given by the government to all sects publicly to practice their religious rights, is denounced as "an abominable measure, which is calculated to under-