

Miss Morris

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"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S.	April 6	1st Easter	1st Easter
M.	7	2nd Easter	2nd Easter
T.	8	3rd Easter	3rd Easter
W.	9	4th Easter	4th Easter
T.	10	5th Easter	5th Easter
F.	11	6th Easter	6th Easter
S.	12	7th Easter	7th Easter

* Proper Lessons. Morning 27, 40, 61. Even 69, 9. a To ver. 11. b Deut. ver. 35. c To ver. 29. d High ver. 10.

Poetry.

OUR MOTHER CHURCH.

Thou art lowly now,
Pale and discrown'd,
Laying thy holy brow
Flat on the ground;
Traitors deceiving thee,
Scorners surrounding thee,
False teachers grieving thee,
Feeble hearts leaving thee,
Crack hands wounding thee—

Though the storm hover,
Frowning and dark,—
Though the waves cover
The walls of thine ark;
Though hope's sweet dove for thee
Brings not one leaf,—
Mother, our love for thee
Grows with thy grief.

What if her word may be
Void of command?
What if the sword we see
Drop from her hand?
Shall we not fear her,
Dare we forget her?
Cling we the nearer,
Love we the better.

Let our thoughts only paint
What she has been,—
Meek as a lovely saint,
Crown'd as a queen:
Where she lies dumbly,
Rather we humbly
Kneeling and say,—
"Powerless and lonely,
Speak—whisper only—
We will obey."

No idle sigh for her!
Ye that would die for her,
Nerve ye to live for her,
Suffer and strive for her;
Pray for her tearfully,
Hope for her fearfully,
Let your tears rain on her,
Till each soul stain on her,
Pass from the sight,
And there remain on her
Robes of pure white.

Earth, now no home for thee,
Thou shalt become for thee,
One mighty shrine;
One vast community,
Known by its unity,
Truly divine.

—Penny Post.

Religious Miscellany.

DR. HAWES' REMARKS ON THE DEATH OF DR. KANE.

The following very impressive and touching remarks were made by Dr. Hawes at the meeting of the Historical Society, called on the occasion of the death of Dr. Kane:

It becomes my sad duty, as your presiding officer, to bring to your notice the removal, by death, of one of our most distinguished associates. Our friend, Dr. Kane, is no more. I know him intimately, and the strong bond of our personal friendship, while he lived, prompts me to solicit your indulgence if I depart from the formality of a mere official announcement on this occasion, and render my brief and humble tribute to the worth of a man whom I greatly loved. In my observation of human nature, it has seldom fallen to my lot to meet a fellow-being possessed of more striking excellencies, or in whom there was a combination more rare of seemingly opposite qualities. In him, however, they were all harmoniously blended, and it was precisely this fact which made him to me an object of deep and affectionate interest. To a fine mind, inquiring and analytical, he added great industry; and what he deemed worthy of study at all, he studied thoroughly.

The range of his attainments, too, was varied, and he had roamed largely over the wide-spread field of physical science. Both varied and accurate as were his attainments, there was a beautiful simplicity and modesty so blended with them, that no one ever could suspect him of feeling his superiority, in learning over those with whom he mingled. He had not studied for ostentatious display, but for usefulness in his station. The strong trait in his character was his indomitable energy. In his small and feeble frame there was combined an iron will, a great power of resolute purpose, impulsive, ardent as he was by nature, one might have expected that his would be just the disposition to rush prematurely to conclusions; but a very slight acquaintance soon proved that such was not his habit of mind. Rarely have I seen so much of impulsive warmth, blended with the soberness of patient, laborious inquiry, and sound practical judgement as in him. Thus, for instance, the strong conviction he had of the open Polar Sea, which he lived long enough to discover, was founded on no hasty or happy guess. In conversations which he held with me on the probabilities of its existence, when our discussion turned entirely on scientific considerations, I found that he had reasoned out his conclusions by a chain of induction almost as strictly severe as mathematical demonstration. Indeed, part of his process was mathematical. Before he sailed, he told me he was sure there was open water around the pole, and that, if he lived to return, he hoped to be able to tell me he had seen it. He no more proceeded on conjecture merely, than did Columbus in his assertion of the existence of our hemisphere. But with these intellectual traits, and with great personal intrepidity, he had a gentleness of heart as tender as a woman's. There was an overflowing benevolence in his soul which stirred up his benevolence to its lowest depths when he encountered human misery, whether of body or mind. He spared not time, nor toil, nor money, to relieve it. I may not violate the sacred confidence of friendship under any circumstance, and least of all when the grave has for a time sundered the ties which bound us as earthly friends together; but were it lawful to speak all I know on this point, both as his almoner and advisor, I could move your generous sensibilities even to tears, by stories of as pure, disinterested, liberal, self-sacrificing efforts for others, as any it has been my lot to meet with in the records of human benevolence. Alas! my countryman, what is his early grave but a noble testimonial to his humanity? He is dead himself, because he would snatch others from death.

Another remarkable trait in his character was the power he had of commanding and exercising an irresistible influence over men. You, sir, (Mr. H. Grundl.) can bear witness with me to this. You have seen him when, with gentle firmness, when love and resolutions were both unmistakably present, and both marvellously blended—you have seen him encounter the unequivocal purpose of insubordination and rebellion in the person of the enraged, reckless, and desperate seaman, who refused obedience, and who possessed a physical power that could have killed him with a blow. You have seen that light, frail frame, that, alas! now sleeps in death, approach with quick, firm step, and with no weapons but such as nature gives. He but fixes his keen eye on the offender, and the clear sound of his voice rings upon the ears in no tone of passion or anger. He but talks, and there is some strange magic in his manner and his words; for presently the tears begin to roll down the rugged, sunburnt cheeks of the hardy seaman. He has humanized him by some mysterious power made up of love and reason mixed. Rebellion dies, and in its place is born a reverence and affection so deep, so devoted, that to the end of our dear friend's life, none loved him better than the vanquished rebel.

These were some of his qualities as a man. Of what he has done in the cause of science, and of our chosen department in particular, there is but little need that I should speak. In a short career of but thirty five years, he has left upon the times in which he lived his impress so indelibly stamped, that science numbers him with her martyrs, and will not let his memory die. He has told too, so beautifully and modestly the story of his last suffering pilgrimage in her cause, and that of benevolence,

that his remembrance will be kept green in the land of our fathers, as well as in our own; for the English language is our common property, and that which is registered in the literature of that tongue. I love to think, is destined to a long existence and wide diffusion in our globe. Had he done less in science, England would not forget him; for his benevolent heart led him to seek the relief of Englishmen, undismayed by the horrors and perils of an Arctic voyage; but what he accomplished in science secured to him the generous tribute of acknowledgement and admiration from England's scientific men. He received there the medal of our sister institution the Royal Geographical Society, her highest tribute to eminent service in geographical discovery.

And as for ourselves, there is little danger that we shall forget him. He was a noble specimen of man, and he was our countryman. Letters may yield a graceful tribute to his worth in language fitted to her mournful theme; science may rear his monument, and tell the world she weeps over one of her most gifted sons, and this is all right; but there is a more touching tribute to his memory than either of these:

"Affection shall tenderly cherish his worth,
And memory deeply engrave it,
Not upon tablets of brass or stone,
But in those fond hearts where best 'twas known."

ROME AND EASTERN LITURGIES.—Never let it be forgotten that the same Rome which abolished the early Gallican liturgies—which crushed the Mozarabic rite till those of that system can be numbered by hundreds—which, at the English Reformation refused to tolerate the Sarum and York books—which is now extirpating in France the national offices of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—would have destroyed, with equal readiness, had it lain in their power, the venerable liturgies of the East. One of her most zealous missionaries, and, spite of all his faults, a true-hearted and excellent man, Menezes, Archbishop of Goa, so completely extirpated the rites of one of the most ancient churches in the world—the Christians of S. Thomas—that they are now absolutely unknown. Of him it is recorded that, holding all their ordinations as invalid, because not performed according to the Roman ritual, he caused those priests who adhered to him to be reordained, and then, because some mistake had occurred in the details of the ceremony, to be ordained over again the third time. Every one knows—and no one complains more bitter than Renaudot—that the Roman revisions of Eastern liturgies make them absolutely worthless; and that the changes wrought in the Syrian and Armenian offices have rendered them utterly unlike their original selves.

If any one desires to know the view which the more intellectual portion of the Eastern Church takes both of its own position, and of that of the 'two Western Communions,' namely, Romanism and Protestantism, it cannot better be learnt than in that most able pamphlet to which we have already directed the attention of our readers, and which stands third on our list.* There it will be seen that, just as a Protestant's eye can see no difference between Romanism and Orientalism, so an Eastern eye can discover no essential discrepancy between the Latin and the Protestant communions; regarding both as the religions of intellect, not of faith; both as the mere development, though it may be in different directions, of rationalism. To an Oriental, the substitution of affusion for immersion in baptism differs only in degree, not in kind, from the procrustian of that sacrament, as among Anabaptists, or its absolute rejection, as among Quakers. The Easterns can see no essential difference between the denial of the chalice to the laity, the refusal of confirmation and communion to infants, and the utter rejection of every pretence at apostolic ordination, which is the badge of so many dissenting bodies.

It must be confessed, that one remarkable feature of the Eastern system is the check which it holds—and which Rome is perfectly unable to hold—on rationalism. Our author relates, at some length, one of the most remarkable instances of its propagation.

* Quelques mots par un Chrétien orthodoxe.