

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cochran---Editor.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

W. Gossip---Publisher.

VOL. VI. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853. NO. 10

Poetry.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh soul of mine, be not distressed
Seek, but in Christ, thy Saviour, rest
And cast upon him all thy care.
He offers thee the cup of grace,
Go, and salvation's gift embrace,
Cast from the heart all sinful fear.

My infancy he did protect,
Has taught me now to walk erect,
And for my former faults atone.
With years came anguish, care and grief,
Unknow to youth; these found relief
Through Christ's eternal words alone.

My soul looks on the coming tide
Of woe; and says; the Lord does hide
His countenance beneath the dark.
The storm breaks loose; the waves o'erwhelm
The ship of life; but at the helm
Stands Christ and makes the wreck an ark.

How often have I erred and strayed
From duty's pathway, and delayed
To tear sin from its deep recess,
No more Thy wishes I'll neglect,
Humbly my daily life reflect,
Thy wondrous love and holiness.

Oh God what is the Son of Man,
That in his trials he still can
Call upon thee!—and help is nigh?
That thou art mindful of his grief—
Sending him angels with relief.
Man here below and Thou on high?

Soon will my time be spent and gone,
And soon my earthly life be done
To enter in the spheres above.
Death's shadows has no gloom to me,
I shall not die, but go to Thee.
Translated to the realms of love.

Episcopal Recorder.

Religious Miscellany.

DAILY WALK WITH GOD.

I LATELY met with the following from the excellent Bishop Hall, of Norwich, the author of the 'Meditations,' in a letter of his to Lord Denny. It furnishes a beautiful example to imitate. There is a pleasant quaintness in the style, characteristic not only of him, but of many writers of his day, in the former part of the seventeenth century.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number, not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate. We can teach others by ourselves. Let me tell your Lordship how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred: When sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would awake with God. My first thoughts are for him. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savor of him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling as it may my hours with my work. That done, after some meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting amongst them with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to touch any of them till I have first looked up to heaven and craved favor from Him to whom all my studies are daily referred; without whom I can neither profit nor labor.—After this, without any over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family having overcome all household distractions, invite me to our common devotions, not without some short preparation. These heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. One while mine eyes are closed; another while my hand;

and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both. One hour is spent in textual divinity; another in the controversy; history relieves them both. When the mind is weary of other labor, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits for present discourse, sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts. I am sure no play has more pleasure, no work more use; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious.—Before my meals, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and would forget that I studied: company, discourse, recreations are now seasonable and welcome. I rise not immediately from my trencher to my books, but after some intermission. After my latter meal, my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with the task of recalling of what may have been committed to her custody during the day. And my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses of the day's behavior. The evening is come. No tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student will be miserable which, like a camel lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.

But God's day calls for another respect. The same sun rises on this day and enlightens it; yet because that Son of Righteousness rose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept into it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, 'This is the day which the Lord has made' Now I forget the world, and deal with my wonted thoughts as great men use, who at some time of their privacy forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conferences, are the business of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work that is not heavenly.—I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole work is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest.

THE CONVERTED MUTE.

DURING a revival of religion in one of our New England villages, a son of the clergyman returned home for a brief visit. The lad was a deaf mute, and had spent his first term in the asylum just then commencing its history. His parents having no knowledge of the language of signs, and the boy being an imperfect writer, it was almost impossible to interchange with him any but the most familiar ideas. He therefore heard nothing of the revival.

But before he had been many days at home he began to manifest signs of anxiety, and at length wrote with much labour upon his slate, "Father, what must I do to be saved?" His Father wrote in reply, "My son, you must repent of sin and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "How must I do this?" asked the boy again upon the slate. The Father explained to him as well as he could, but the poor untaught boy could not understand. He became more than ever distressed; he would leave the house in the morning for some retired place, and be seen no more until the father went in search of him. One evening at sunset, the boy was found upon the top of the hay, under the roof of the barn, on his knees, his hands uplifted, and praying to God in the signs of the mutes. The distress of the parents became intense. They sent for one of the teachers of the asylum, and then for another, but it seemed that the boy could not be guided to the Saviour of sinners. There were enough to care for his soul but none to instruct him.

Days passed—days of parental fear and agony. One afternoon the father was on his way to fulfil an engagement in a neighboring town, and as he drove leisurely over the hills, the poor inquiring and helpless son was continually in his thoughts. In the midst of his supplications his heart became calm, and the long distracted spirit was serene in the one thought that God is able to do his own work. The speechless boy at length

began to tell how he loved the Saviour, and stated that he first found peace on the very afternoon when the spirit of his agonized father on the mountains was calmed and supported by the thought, that what God had promised he was able to perform.

The converted mute is now an instructor of others, and every Sabbath finds him in one of our large cities, with a gathered congregation of fellow mutes, breaking to them the bread of life, and guiding their attentive souls to that God who has power to do his own work.—*Am. Messenger.*

PRAYER SHOULD BE OFFERED UP IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

THROUGH him alone have we access with boldness to the throne of Grace. He is our advocate with the Father. When the believer appears before God in secret, the Saviour appears also: for he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." He hath not only directed us to call upon his Father as "Our Father," and to ask him to supply our daily need, and to forgive our trespasses; but hath graciously assured us, that "whatsoever (we) shall ask in his name, he will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—(John, xiv. 13.) And saith (verse 14.) "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." And again, (John xv. 23, 24.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you. Hitherto you have asked nothing in my name, ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

All needful blessings suited to our various situations and circumstances in this mortal life, all that will be necessary for us in the hour of death, and all that can minister to our felicity in a world of glory, hath he graciously promised, and given us a command to ask for, in his name. And what is this but to plead, when praying to our Heavenly Father, that Jesus hath sent us; and to ask and expect the blessing for his sake alone?—*H. More.*

AN ARMY OF WIVES.—The suppression of the Slave-trade in Western Africa by the English has developed some singular facts. Lieutenant Forbes of the Navy who had been sent out by the Queen, visited King Dahomey, one of those chieftains who set out periodically for the purpose of capturing his neighbours and selling them into slavery. Lieut. F. writes that this King has no less than eighteen thousand Wives, and in order that some idea of his captures may be given, states that the king's wives are notable fighters, and when a slave hunt is undertaken, they are sure to catch more than the same number of male troops. The scale of operations may be estimated when we state that, in one expedition he captured no fewer than 19,000 men, women, and children. After sacrificing 500 he sold the rest for exportation. His annual revenue for the sale of slaves is estimated at about £60,000 a year. According to the latest accounts he had thrown off the mask, and was laughing at the credulity of the English, who had fancied that he would degrade himself by employing the Amazonian body-guard in the cultivation of cotton, or in any other peaceable pursuit.—*Va. Col.*

SATURDAY EVENING.—Reader do not let this season pass without some profitable reflections. Carefully review the week; sum up the blessings you have received from a Father, whose provident care has kept you in life, in health, in comfort, while others every way your equals, and perhaps superiors, have been prematurely cut off, or spared to live in misery. Think of this, think of it with gratitude. Calmly and carefully review the transactions of the week. Have you been industrious and frugal? Have you habitually controlled your temper and your tongue? Have you thought of the poor and infirm, and to the extent of your ability relieved them? Have you labored to make your home pleasant and attractive; have you acquired or imparted any useful knowledge? Have you answered any of the great important ends of your existence? Look these questions in the face; answer them honestly and without evasion—and your sleep to-night will be more quiet, and your future life better than the past.