

# The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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## CALENDAR.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.									
MORNING.					EVENING.				
Day	Month	Lesson	Text	Page	Day	Month	Lesson	Text	Page
1	Jan.	Gen. 1-3	1:1-3	1	1	Jan.	Gen. 22	22:1-18	1
2	Jan.	Gen. 12	12:1-13	2	2	Jan.	Gen. 24	24:1-26	2
3	Jan.	Gen. 22	22:1-18	3	3	Jan.	Gen. 27	27:1-13	3
4	Jan.	Gen. 24	24:1-26	4	4	Jan.	Gen. 28	28:1-15	4
5	Jan.	Gen. 27	27:1-13	5	5	Jan.	Gen. 29	29:1-10	5
6	Jan.	Gen. 28	28:1-15	6	6	Jan.	Gen. 30	30:1-16	6
7	Jan.	Gen. 29	29:1-10	7	7	Jan.	Gen. 31	31:1-12	7
8	Jan.	Gen. 30	30:1-16	8	8	Jan.	Gen. 1	1:1-5	8
9	Jan.	Gen. 31	31:1-12	9	9	Jan.	Gen. 2	2:1-22	9
10	Jan.	Gen. 1	1:1-5	10	10	Jan.	Gen. 3	3:1-22	10
11	Jan.	Gen. 2	2:1-22	11	11	Jan.	Gen. 4	4:1-26	11

## Better.

### THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

Are these the ancient holy hills  
Where angels walked of old?  
Is this the land our story fills  
With glory not yet cold?  
For I have passed by many a shrine,  
O'er many a land and sea,  
But still O! promised Palestine,  
My dreams have been of thee.

See thy mountain cedars green,  
Thy valleys fresh and fair,  
With summers bright as they have been,  
When Israel's home was there:  
Though o'er thee sword and time have past,  
And Cross and Crescent shone,  
And heavily the chain hath prest,  
Thou still art all our own!

These are the wandering race that go  
Unblessed through every land,  
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,  
And quenched the desert sand.  
And thine the homeless hearts that turn  
From all earth's shrines to thee,  
With their lone faith for ages borne  
In sleepless memory.

For thrones have fallen—nations gone,  
Reverses the march of time,  
And where the ocean rolled alone  
Are forests in their prime,  
Since Gentile ploughshare marred the brow,  
Of Zion's holy hill!  
Where are the Roman eagles now?  
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,  
A pilgrim of the past?  
No! long deferred her hope hath been,  
But it shall come at last:  
For so her wastes a voice I hear,  
As from some prophet's urn,  
It bids the nations build not there,  
For Jacob shall return.

O! lost and loved Jerusalem!  
Thy Pilgrim may not stay,  
To see the glad earth's harvest home  
In thy redeeming day:  
But now resigned in faith and trust,  
I seek a nameless tomb,  
At least beneath thy hallowed dust,  
O give the wanderer room.

## Religious Miscellany.

### THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

And what a work is all this, my brethren! So depending upon the proper discharge of the duties of our station, so much resulting from the influence of our daily life and conversation.—The clergyman is to teach the living gospel in his parish: he is to exemplify all he teaches: he is to be the practical ruler of life to his people: he is, as I have said, to represent Jesus Christ to them: he is to speak for Jesus Christ, he is to labor for Jesus Christ, he is to suffer for Jesus Christ, he is to live for Jesus Christ; and if need be, he is to die for Jesus Christ, and for the good of the souls which Christ has committed to his care. Moreover, the minister of Christ has a high and responsible duty to perform to the Church of which he is a servant: he is to be the guardian of her doctrine, the defender of her interests, and the living witness of her holiness. He is, by his gravity, to repress the vain and frivolous character and amusement of the world: by the simplicity of his life to condemn its pride and its pomp; by his self-denial to condemn all unchastity and criminal indulgence; by his charity to shame the covetous; by his entire devotion to religion to rouse men to a just sense of

its claims upon them, and by his constant meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, long suffering, truthfulness and love, to exhibit a standing contrast to the spirit of the world—even the character of the man who walks by faith not by sight. And thus the true Christian minister is a separated man; whilst in the world, and necessarily mixing with the world to some extent, he is not of the world; aware of the danger of too much intercourse with the engagements and concerns of the world, he avoids all unnecessary contact and concern with it, lest he should unconsciously imbibe its maxims and opinions, and lose the simplicity and integrity of the gospel.

In fine the minister of Jesus Christ is to be a daily protest against sin, a daily witness for God, a leader and prime combatant in the great warfare ever going on in the world between Christ and Satan, sin and holiness, life and death, heaven and hell; at all times and under all circumstances, in every situation of life, he is to be solely and altogether, body, soul, and spirit, on the Lord's side.

And who is sufficient for all these things? It must indeed be a great consciousness of ability that feels itself equal to the discharge of duties and engagements so onerous as these.

Yet let St. Paul answer for himself, and for us also; 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

Yes, my dear brethren, there is the source, the only source of all our sufficiency and ability; and it is a full and perfect source. In the things of time and sense, the will thrown into the scales may make a man very powerful to compass the end he has in view; and the consciousness of past success may greatly increase his ability for fresh endeavors—  
*Extract from Christian Witness.*

### GLIMPSES OF THE BETTER LAND.

The following extract is from a new work, entitled the 'Better Land,' by Revd. Augustus O. Thompson, of Roxbury.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Let in new light through chinks that time has made;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home,  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller.

'It is the most beautiful island that eyes ever beheld.' As I arrived at this cape, there came a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers and trees of the land, that it was the sweetest thing in the world.' The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence.—Columbus.

It is worthy of remark, that in the New Testament we have only one account of a departure to the Better Land. One reason, doubtless, is that attention may not be unduly turned to the closing scene: that a natural curiosity of that kind need not become excessive and profitless. The circumstances and feelings of a man in the hour of death merely are not of the greatest moment. It is to Christ's death and the Christian's life, that the Word of God gives special prominence. One instance of dying repentance is given, that of the crucified thief, in order that no one may presume or despair; one instance of the experience of a departing Christian is supplied, to teach believers how to die. He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, 'Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'

'I have been,' said one of England's and one of Christ's choicest ministers, Walker of Truro, 'I have been upon the wings of cherubim! Heaven has in a manner been opened to me! I shall soon be there.' And again: 'Oh, my friend, had I strength to speak, I could tell you such news as would rejoice your very soul! I have had such views of heaven! But I am not able to say more.' The jubilant testimony of John Janoway was:—'Methinks I stand as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth. Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and, by faith, see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be forever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this?'

A friend called to tell Dr. Owen that he had put to press his 'Meditations on the Glory of Christ.' There was a momentary gleam in his languid eye as he answered, 'I am glad to hear it; but O, be-

ther Paine! the long wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world.' A few hours of silence followed, and that glory was to him revealed. Another, whose anticipations of heaven have been already cited in part, as he was drawing still nearer Canaan, exclaimed, 'More praise yet; O help me to praise God; I have now nothing else to do!'

### CANADA CLERGY RESERVES.

The Quebec Correspondent of the Toronto "News of the Week" Dec. 9, makes the following energetic observations on the spoliation of the Church of England in Canada:

"The curtain has at last fallen upon the Clergy Reserves. The agitators, sole capital; the political life boat which has from time to time floated ignorance and low cunning into high places; the leveling demagogue's great theme, and the religious agrarianist's very staff of life for twenty years, has at length been removed from the stage! The actors and the audience, how did they behave?"

"Mr. Morin, who has perhaps more than any other man in Canada, led to this result, actually shed tears at the final vote; and for upwards of half an hour afterwards looked stricken down at the contemplation of his own act. Sir Allan McNab, who sat alongside of him, heard the cheers of such men as David Roblin and his ministerial colleague Mr. Spence, with a countenance marked by poignant regret. There was at least the feeling of a gentleman exhibited in the hardly suppressed tear. Whatever his political necessities were, he could not contemplate the pulling down of the flag, dear to his younger years, and round which he and his political friends struggled, without emotions impossible to conceal. I know not how it was with him; but I could not help returning to the memory of a Hagerman and a Jones, and contrasting them and the Strachans, the Robinsons, the Melbourns, with the poor, soulless and characterless politicians, with whom he now acts. Yes, there were forty French Canadians, who abhorred in their inmost hearts Secularization and Secularizers. There were upwards of twenty-five Conservatives, too, who, if the men who clung to the sacred rights of their Churches and their religion, were left out of their poll-books, would have represented but a leggy array of loose fish and recreants. There they were—embracing nearly all that was valuable in principle, in talent and in consistency in the House—succumbing to absolutely nearly all that was characterless, loose in religion, and utterly inconsistent in politics!"

"For what are the facts? The rouges were all the persons in Lower Canada who really desired secularization; and the rouges are seven-tenths deists.—Such men as McKenzie, and Roblin, and the Smiths, and Mr. Hincks and George Brown, and Mr. Wilson of London, were its advocates from Upper Canada. And what were they? Mr. Hincks is a Unitarian, and would drag down the Churches of England and Scotland, as a matter of religion, if he has any; and if he has not, he would drag them down equally for political advantage. Mr. Wilson, of London, can only be coupled in politics with disgust at his assumptions of honesty. Whilst such men as Mr. McKenzie are absolutely the fallen angels from all that is safe or sacred in religion. And it was to these men, numbering but fifty-five or sixty at most in the present Parliament, and representing, I solemnly believe, but five hundred thousand out of our whole population of two millions, to whom a million and a half of Conservative ruffians and Upper Canadian Tories surrendered their colours! If there ever was a measure lost by sheer cowardice, it was the Clergy Reserves. If ever the insolent spirit of agrarianism over-awed timid, or ill-defended truth and right, it was done in this instance.—When I consider that nearly a million Roman Catholics, and four or five hundred thousand Protestants,—who believe that the Reserves were set apart for the sacred purposes of religion—surrendered their arms to such a motley mass of incongruous destructionists, I feel that convictions have ceased to make men bold, or consciousness of truth, to make them chivalrous or steadfast. However the curtain has at length fallen upon the last scene of seculariza-