

# The Church Times.

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## Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.		MORNING.		EVENING.	
Day & date.					
May 8.	Sund. after Ascen.	Deut. 12.	Matt. 6.	Deut. 13.	Rom. 7.
9.		1 King 22.	7.	2 King 1.	8.
10.		2 Kings 2.	8.	3.	9.
11.		4.	9.	5.	10.
12.		6.	10.	7.	11.
13.		8.	11.	9.	12.
14.		10.	12.	17.	13.

## Poetry.

### THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

“I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”—Ps. cxxxix 14.

Fox! Atheist, could a giddy dance  
Of atoms, blindly hurled,  
Produce so regular, so fair,  
So harmonized a world?  
Why do not Lybia's driving sands,  
The sport of every storm,  
A palace here, the child of chance,  
Or there a temple form?

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey,  
That lesser fabric scan;  
Tell me, from whence the immortal dust,  
The God, the reptile, man?  
Where wast thou when the embryo earth  
From chaos burst its way?  
When stars exulting sang the morn,  
And hailed the new-born day?

What fingers trace the tender nerves—  
The twisting fibres spin?  
Who clothes in flesh the hardening bone,  
And weaves the silken skin?  
How came the brain and beating heart,  
Life's more immediate throne,  
Where fatal every touch, to dwell  
Inmated in solid bone?

Who taught the wondering tide of blood  
To leave the vital urn—  
Visit each limb in purple streams  
And faithfully return?  
How know the nerves to heed the will,  
The heavy limbs to wield—  
The tongue ten thousand tastes discern—  
Ten thousand accents yield?

How know the lungs to heave and pant,  
Or how the fringed lid,  
To guide the tearful eye, or brush  
The sullied ball unbid?  
The delicate and winding ear,  
To image every sound,  
The eye to catch the pleasing view,  
And tell the senses round?

Who bids the babe, now launched in life,  
The milky draught arrest,  
And with its eager fingers press  
The nectar streaming breast?  
Who with a love too big for words,  
The mother's bosom warms,  
Along the rugged path of life  
To bear it in her arms?

A God! A God! Creation shouts,  
A God! each insect cries;  
He moulded in His palm the earth,  
And hung it in the skies!

### Religious Miscellany.

#### INTERRUPTIONS TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

##### Concluded.

I have now done with the class impatient of the interruption in their great work, and wish to speak to a far more numerous class of offenders—I mean those who are indifferent to all such interruptions of the intensely important office to which they are devoted. How many clergymen are to be seen who, instead of appearing to take a deep, solemn, serious view of the awful position which they occupy, are mere triflers in it. Diametrically opposed to the class last considered, they not only welcome every providential interruption to their labors, but they make the interruptions which are not made for them. Any trifling ailment of their own, a hypothetical cold,

a threatened sore throat, an imaginary fever, a slight nervous derangement, for which good active duty would perhaps be the best remedy, a fit of indigestion, of which their own indulgence is the author, a slight indisposition in a wife or child, or fourteenth cousin, a tedious visit which there was no effort to close, a silly book, four folios in the Times, with a glance at the births, marriages, deaths, and advertisements; any of these are sufficient to arrest the wheels of life, and paralyze the arm of the man appointed by God to stand between the dead and the living, and stay the plague of ungodliness. Souls thus go down to the grave unvisited. Sermons are protracted till Sunday morning, or invade those hours of Saturday night's sleep, which are to give the necessary tone and vigor for Sunday. Every particular business is done a little too late. Business letters remain unanswered, parish accounts remain unsettled. Mole-hills of difficulty are magnified into mountains; and that work by which the minister is a fellow-laborer with God, is arrested by the spirit of trifling, laziness, and sensual indulgence. What account is such a man to render at the bar of God? Honest old Latimer conceived that a vacant gulf between Doyer and Calais would not be large enough for unpreaching Bishops. Is there no more awful gulf for the indolent and thoughtless clergy?

Shall I be thought presumptuous if I venture to offer a few words of Counsel to this last class of persons, as to the mode of economizing time? In the first place, would it not be well to consider the infinite value of those very hours we are so apt to throw away? It is an integral, and to us an infinitely important portion of that eternity on which we are called, as Christians, to fix our own eyes, and, as ministers, the eyes of others.

In the next place, let everything be done in order. The box well packed, holds vastly more than that which is without orderly packing. And thus well arranged and distributed hours add at least one day to the week.

Let us, in the next place, endeavor to strike off superfluous engagements and occupations. We must be men of our profession: “Give thyself wholly to these things.”

A clergyman and a courtier; a clergyman and a farmer; a clergyman and an artist; a clergyman and a politician, is to be regarded as a sort of anomaly in society—a bundle of incongruities which, as Lord Bacon says of another forced union, “Like the clay and the iron in the feet of the image of Nebuchednezzar, may cleave, but will never incorporate.”

Let us also call to mind the resolution of the Psalmist: “In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee.” Here we have most important counsel at once, as to the hour of rising, and the employment of these early hours. The early riser is the only man secure at least of a certain portion of uninterrupted time, in which he may brace himself in quietness and devotion of soul for the hard duties of the coming day. Death is only a longer sleep; and long needless morning sleep appears to me to lead to the probable death of the soul. Above all let us labor, by watchings and prayer, to fill the soul with just conceptions of the greatness of the occupations to which we are called. Life and death—eternal life—eternal death—are, by mysterious appointment, suspended upon the labors of fallen man. Let us then, so live, as that not a soul may arise to reproach us at the judgment-seat of God.

#### THE LATE BISHOP TURNER OF CALCUTTA.

“Which,” said the Rector of Wilmslow, addressing a party of young men, who were seated around him, “which do you consider the most practical proof

of temper thoroughly conformed to the precepts of Christ?”

Various answers were given; some with considerable hesitation, some feebly, some confidently; but none without some moments of severe reflection.

“Daily self-denial,” said one.

“Continuous self-sacrifice,” urged another.

“Patient endurance of undeserved calumny and reproach,” was the conclusion of the third.

“Surrendering affluence and welcoming poverty in the cause of Christ,” was the response of a fourth.

The future Bishop looked earnestly at the speaker, who was the destined heir to great possessions—who, on attaining his majority, was tolerably sure of commanding a seat in the senate—and of whose public career the anxious pastor had formed the highest expectations:—“Never forget the reply, G—; it does you credit; you may have opportunities by and by of reducing it to practice. But as sacrifices to that extent fall within the reach of few, we must seek for some test more general; which can more easily be put in practice; which all may abide by. It appears to me that practical forgiveness, exercised under circumstances of great provocation—forgiveness, not of the lip, but carried out into action—is characteristic of a spirit which has drunk deeply of the teaching of Christ. What more instructive to us on this subject than His treatment of Malchus? It was the last miracle performed by our Lord while on earth—in some respects the most suggestive—the most touching. The power of Christ undoubtedly was most displayed when he raised Lazarus; but his grace was surely most brightly evidenced in that bitter hour, when in the power of his foes, and writhing under their cruelty, his gentle, loving, compassionate nature induced him to heal an enemy. The cure of Malchus has always seemed to me fraught with this lesson—that if we wish to be Christ's disciples we must learn practically to forgive.

A day or two afterwards he reverted to this point, and connected with it an incident in the career of a well known political character. If memory serves me, the Bishop's early life had been in some way linked with the Stuart family; and of the first Marquis of Londonderry he had been a personal favorite.

At the first outset of the celebrated Lord Castlereagh's political career, he incurred by some means the displeasure of a hot headed Irishman, named O'Reilly. This worthy was by no means devoid of talent, and employed it in attacking Lord Castlereagh through the press, with unsparing severity. Favored by an unsuspected enemy, O'Reilly was in possession of some unguarded sentiments—some republican, or, as he contended, some *regicide* toast—which, when quite a youth, his lordship had uttered; and the purpose to which his assailant turned this thoughtless sentence—if, indeed, it was ever really said—was most galling. There never seemed an end to the repetitions this unlucky sentiment underwent, or the modes of attack it was made to assume. At last O'Reilly died. His daughter married a man named Burke, who held a subordinate government office. He met his death in some affray, and his widow petitioned for a pension. There were some peculiar features about the case, which raised discussion, and brought it under the award of Lord Castlereagh.

“Oh!” said he “give the poor woman her pension.”

“But, my lord,” it was objected, “Burke has only served such a period [naming it], and it is questionable whether his widow is strictly entitled to a pension.”

“As she children?”

“Two my lord.”