

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Day	MORNING.			EVENING.				
S.	April 8	Exod.	12	Num.	0	Exod.	14	Acts	9
M.	9	10	Mat.	28	17	17	17	17	3
T.	10	20	Luc.	24	23	23	23	23	15
W.	11	1	Sam.	25	Act.	8	1	Sam.	12
T.	12	27	1	1	9	1	25	Jan.	1
F.	13	28	1	1	10	1	29	1	2
S.	14	29	1	1	11	2	Sam.	1	8

Prophet Isaiah - Morning, 2, 67, 111 - Evening, 113, 114, 118
The Athanasian Creed to be used. Begin verse 22. To verse 13.

Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

THE PARRICIDE.

BY REV. A. GRAY.

The Village festival is fleeting by,
The buoyant children watch the setting sun
As if they would delay its onward course,
While here and there a group more aged gaze
Upon the sportive train. Walter and George
Are there, and one whose heart and hand defend
Our country's cause, Mordaunt, an honour'd guest.
Their converse turns on human passions curb'd
By early discipline and moral sway,
Unlike the system that instructs the mind,
And leaves Religion to the Sceptic's care,
"Some darling passion then usurps the soul,"
Said Mordaunt, "drives the man, and blindly goads
Him hopeless to the grave. Examples teach
This lesson to us all. Where tropic suns
Arouse all living things, and leave disease
To creep unseen upon the midnight air,
Our troops were station'd, there a handsome youth
By impulse led had mounted the cockade,
Taught in the Schools to master science, not
To govern self, a slave of passion, driven
By anger, or revenge, or envy, lust,
Or passing whim, as each bore rule within.
The fever rag'd, and in the hospital
His sleepant suffering lay. And there I hope
He still may lie till with his feet rovers'd
They bear him to the tomb." Thus spake the youth
A vain and evil wish. The Invalid
Recover'd, and as they take him from the seat
Of penitence the youth suppli'd his place,
And unforgiving, unforgiven, dies—
"Man unsubdu'd," said George, "will like
The smould'ring fire in Etua's mount
When, least expected, devastate and slay.
There was a Black, who in our stately ship
Had long been thought submissive, bland and mild,
His form was noble, and his features cast
In grave and manly mould. He stood alone
One evening while the placid deep blue sea
Contrasted with the ruddy western sky.
A picture form'd of Ocean in repose.
A boy "cloth'd with a little brief authority"
For some offence, a trifle, struck the Black,
And then retreated to the Quarter Deck.
Again he came and with repeated blows
Assail'd him—then inflam'd with rage,
His eyes dilating, and his lips compress'd,
His nostrils widen'd, and his head thrown back.
The savage Black has seiz'd the glittering knife,
His arm is rais'd and with a giant's force
He pierc'd his young assailant to the heart—
Then rushing with a cry of maden'd hate,
He sought the vessel's bow. A frail old man
Whose thin and whiten'd hair proclaim'd his age
Has stretch'd his feeble arms to stop his way,
Again that bloody steel has done its work,
Again he heard the Black's wild cry of hate
As plunging headlong in the boundless deep
He stretches from the ship. A boat is lower'd
All watch with eager eye the Murderer's course,
But ere the rowers came, with one stern look
He turns him round and lifts his drawn arm,
And thrusts the fatal knife deep in his heart,
And in the waste of waters finds his grave."
"By land or sea, in solitude or town,"
Water replied, "Without the fear of God
No barrier bounds the erring human will,
Which is unguided prompts to evil deeds.
That fill our prisons, desolate our homes,
And make this world the wilderness it is.
What man will do unaided, unrestrain'd,
Surpasses all Imaginary scenes
Of crime. And dark as is the bloody page
Of history, in some obscure abode
Such deeds have happen'd register'd above,
As Nero's hand would tremble to have done.
"Within a deep wide Bay, where wooded Isles
Without inhabitants, were scatter'd round,

One Islet only of the verdant group
Bore any marks of man. A low log house
Moss-grown, yet incomplete, with here and there
Some scanty patches of their blighted grain,
Gave evidence of labour misapplied,
Or with reluctant hand. There 'twas
For years a Father and six Sons. The Mother there
A pale emaciated woman liv'd
—A family that never knew to love—
With silent glare upon each other cast.
They daily gather'd round their meagre board,
Watching with greedy eyes and hungry look
And woeish grow, the sordid meal. Then crept
Away the indulgence to sleep, or dully snar'd
The game but ill supplied. Some poor attempt
At thine to till the stubborn soil fulfill'd
Their restless daily life, that seem'd to stand
Like stagnant water unrefresh'd by change.
"The moonlight glimmer'd through the gloomy fire,
And hollow sounding broke the rising tide
Upon the rocky shore. A precipice
O'erhung the approaching sea. Two men had led
With careful pains an unresisting sheep
Close to the cliff. A third kept watch below.
Why do they eager hasten to the spot
When they had hurl'd their living burden down,
Why seek so earnestly for signs of life?
Ask yonder pale fac'd boy, who gazing stood
Behind a rock projecting on the strand.
He hears the dreadful threat of coming ill,
For well he knows the meaning of these words:
"A surer way, a quicker death than this
Must be his doom."—Half dead with fear
He unperceiv'd mov'd silently away—
His Brethren still in sight. The Autumn winds
Rush'd past the trembling boy, who as he sought
The bleak and tottering barn, beheld within
His stern cruel father crouching on his knees
And begging earnestly for life—only
For life—while murderous hands fast bind him down.
'Twas piteous to hear the Father pray his sons
To spare his old grey hairs. 'Twas horrible
To see a woman's hand cover his mouth
Bleeching for his life. Tho' most ill us'd
Of all that family—that timid boy
Alone felt pity, yearn'd to save his sire.
Yet stir'd not, mov'd not—found his forc'd tongue
Stood mute with dread. He watch'd the struggle, knew
When all was done. When turning from the dead
His wife and sons on one another look.
"How pass'd that night within the blood-stain'd Islet
Full little rock'd that boy. Ere early dawn
His log canoe was distant from the shore—
His story told—and the Avengers sent
To drag reluctant guilt before the day.
The trial came and hundreds flock'd to hear
A tale so darkly criminal. The boy
In artless strain his story told. All knew
The bloody deed, the parricide
The sons had done. Yet evidence had fail'd
To bring conviction, as the law requir'd,
And they escap'd to distant lands. The Mother hid
Herself and crimes in some obscure abode.
"It was a lovely morning, and the dew
In silver drops stood trembling o'er it fell
From grass and flowers—bright lilac-tints had ting'd
The eastern clouds before the sun had ris'n,
And on the waters, through the ambient air,
The morning stillness led the soul to prayer.
I stood alone, musing on dreams of love
To man, which only youthful fancy knows,
That moment while my spirit drank in peace
That woman pass'd me; like a stend'ho mov'd,
Gliding with stealthy steps, and haggard look,
Which seem'd to spread contagion all around,
The sallow seal of long imprisonment,
The sunken restless eye, that never paus'd,
Worms-like, by which I knew the criminal,
As on this Sabbath morn just freed from gaol
She sought that hour to shun the public gaze,
And slink unnoticed to some secret den—
—Yes twenty summers have not yet escap'd
The sudden shock that her cadaverous form
My spirits gave that day. A husband's blood
Had stain'd her wither'd hand. An age of crime
Had stamp'd its impress on her wrinkled face—
"O let me look upon those children now,
Their glowing cheeks fresh from their healthy play,
And let me breathe the fragrance of this day
Lest I forget that Paradise was man's
And only sin can sully Nature's face,
Yes these are God's—and may they early learn
Now to remember their Creator's name
Ere evil days their shades of darkness cast
Upon their path—and tears of suffering come."

These verses were written to show that education with-
out religious instruction is a questionable good, and that
the want of education is the worst of evils. If there ap-

Religious Miscellany.

EASTER DAY.

THE RESURRECTION.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first
fruits of them that slept." 1. Cor. xv. 20.

The condition of man in this world is so limited
and depressed, so relative and imperfect, that the
best things he does he does weakly; and the best
things he hath are imperfections in their very consti-
tution. Our very liberty of choosing good and evil
supposes weakness of reason and weakness of love;
and our hope, though it is the resurrection of the
soul in this world from sorrow and her saddest plea-
sures, and like the twilight to the day and the har-
binger of joy; still it is but a conjugation of infirmi-
ties, and because it is uneasy here, thrusts us for-
ward towards the light and glories of the resurrec-
tion.

For as death is the end of our lives, so is the re-
surrection the end of our hopes; and as we die dai-
ly, so we daily hope.

For God, knowing that the biggest endearment of
religion, the sanction of private justice, the band of
piety and holy courage,—does wholly derive from
the article of the resurrection,—was pleased not only
to make it credible, but easy and familiar to us;
and nature alone is a sufficient preacher of this mys-
tery. Night and day; the sun returning to the same
point of east; every change of species in the same
matter; generation and corruption; the eagle renew-
ing her youth, and the snake her skin; the silk-worm
and the swallows; the care of posterity and the care
of an immortal name; winter and summer; the fall
and spring; the faith of believers and the philoso-
phy of the reasonable; all join in its verification:
and every night we so converse with the image of
death, that every morning we find an argument of
the resurrection.

Sleep and death have but one mother, and they
have one name in common. Charnel-houses are but
"cemeteries" or sleeping places; and they that die
are fallen asleep, and the resurrection is but an awa-
kening and standing up from sleep. In sleep our
senses are as fast bound by nature as our joints are
by the grave-clothes: and, unless an angel of God
waken us every morning, we must confess ourselves
as unable to converse with men as we are now afraid
to die and to converse with spirits.

But, however, death itself is no more; it is but
a darkness and a shadow, a rest and a forgetfulness.
What is there more in death? What is there less
in sleep? For do we not see by experience that
nothing of equal loudness does awaken us sooner
than a man's voice, especially if we be called by
name? and thus also it shall be in the resurrection.
Christ, Himself, shall "descend with a mighty
shout; and all that are in the grave shall hear His
voice." We shall be awakened by the voice of Man,
because we are only fallen asleep by the decree of
God; and when the cock, and the lark call us up
to prayer and labor, the first thing we see is an ar-
gument of our resurrection from the dead.

Here, therefore, are the great hinges of all relig-
ion. Christ is already risen from the dead, and
we also shall rise in God's time and our order.
Christ is the first-fruits; He is already risen; for
He alone could not be held by death. "Free among
the dead." Death was sin's eldest daughter,
and the grave-clothes were her first mantle; but
Christ was Conqueror over both. And as His re-
surrection and exaltation were the reward of His per-
fect obedience and purest holiness, so now, calling
us to an imitation of the same perfect obedience and
the same perfect holiness, He prepares a way for us
to the same resurrection. But there is one thing
more in it yet; "Every man in his own order;
first Christ, and then they that are Christ's." But
what shall become of them that are not Christ's?
Why, there is an order for them too; first, they
that are Christ's, and then they that are not His.

There is a first and second resurrection even af-
pears to the reader more of "stern reality" than poetry.
In these stories, the Author can only regret his inability to
give to his "own true tales" the charms of fiction. He
must also apologise to those who have not seen his small
volume of Poems, for introducing his anecdotes in the
way of dialogue, between a Soldier, a Sailor and a Pastor.
The truth is, this was intended to be published with his
other pieces; but it was determined otherwise, for reasons
in which his readers would take but little interest.