

Ship Times

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	Lesson	MORNING	EVENING
S.	Feb. 16	Lev. 16	Gen. 1	Col. 1
S.	17	Lev. 17	Gen. 2	Col. 2
S.	18	Lev. 18	Gen. 3	Col. 3
S.	19	Lev. 19	Gen. 4	Col. 4
S.	20	Lev. 20	Gen. 5	Col. 5

Poetry.

JESUS MY DEAREST FRIEND.

BY J. BRUNCK, 1653.

LET who will in thee rejoice,
Oh, thou fair and wondrous earth!
Ever anguish'd sorrow's voice,
Pierces through thy seeming mirth.
Let thy vain delights be given
Unto them who love not heaven;
My desire is fixed on thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Wearied souls with toil out-worn,
Drooping 'neath the long hot light,
Wish that soon the coming morn
Might be quenched again in night,
That their souls might find a close
In a soft and deep repose;
I but wish to rest in thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Others dare the treacherous wave,
Hidden rock and shifting wind—
Storm and danger let them brave,
Earthly good or wealth to find;
Faith shall wing my upward flight
Far above yon starry height,
'Till I find myself with thee,
Jesus, dearest friend to me!

Many a time ere now I said:
Many a time again shall say,
Would to God that I were dead,
Would that in my grave I lay!
Rest were mine, and sweet my lot,
Where the body hindereth not,
And the soul can ever be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with thee!

Come, O Death! thou twin of sleep,
Lead me hence, I pray thee come,
Leave me rudder, through the deep,
Guide my vessel safely home;
Thy approach who will may fly,
'Twere a joy to me to die,
For death opens the gate to thee,
Jesus, dearest friend to me!

Would that I to-day might leave,
This my earthly prison here,
And my crown of joy receive,
Waiting me in yon bright sphere!
In that home of joy, where dwell
Hosts of angels, would I tell
How the Godhead shines in thee,
Jesus, dearest Lord to me!

But not yet the gates of gold,
I may see, nor enter in,
Nor the heavenly fields behold;
But must sit, and mourning spin
Life's dark thread on earth below;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with thee.

—Lyra Germanica.

Religious Miscellany.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

EVERYTHING on earth receives the mark of Time. Nothing can escape it. No monument can be reared, no edifice, no structure, upon which Time will not lay his potent arm and impress upon it his indelible stamp; and the efforts made by man to counteract the progress is only a variation of the same power that Time asserts over everything under the sun. Thus it is that the proudest and the most indestructible of human works are no proof against it. What it does not actually corrode or dissolve, it covers or conceals, as if to bury out of view, and is ever adding layer upon layer to hide or deface the works of man. No structure can be reared, no instrument, no machinery, no work of art or industry, completed, without some of the same efforts or labour to preserve that was necessary to produce it. The massive pyramid, the colossal sphinx, the towering obelisk, and the spacious

temples and palaces for gods and for kings, have everywhere been more or less covered with the rude materials of Time, ever at work to hide, obscure, or bury that which has not had the same care for its preservation as for its erection. There is not a single production of man but what suffers by neglect. The very materials that seem to bid defiance to decay still have their hostile elements, that are slowly, perhaps, but still effectually at work. Gold itself will lose its lustre under the searching probator of Time, and the diamond will lose its brilliancy if allowed to be forgotten, when the accumulations of matter and the incrustations of time may again be gathered around it. The monuments of Egyptian skill and ancient power once doubtless seemed calculated to outlive the overflowing of the Nile, and to rise with the same lofty pride that their elevation and vastness seemed to promise; but the hand of Time has been crumbling as well as coating them over and over again, ever since their erection. By the one process, they have often been clad in the dust and the mould of ages; by the other, they lie mingled in the rubbish and ruins that form their grave. Indeed, there is nothing that escapes the incrustations of Time. The proud monument, whether brass or bronze, iron or stone, from the moment it takes its station on the solid earth, the work of decay and dissolution begins. The winds and the waters of heaven may indeed sweep away the rough coating of earthly dust from the column, the statue, or the monumental edifice, and thus perform a service to save the labour of man from the neglect of appearance. But these same elements that serve to protect in one view are preparing dissolution in another. The things of Time can never remain unchanged. Some mutation, some modification, some corruption, some dissolving element, is everywhere at work. Time is dissolving what does not hide, and it is burying and taking from our view what it does not dissolve. It is gathering its spoils where it does not reduce them, and when it dissolves it only stores them up for the general destruction.

Oh, what a monitor is Time! What mighty voice is that which issues from the survey of universal change! No day like its departed brothers, no year like any that are past, no century that can form a parallel with its predecessors. All new, all untried, all dark, as we advance, and yet all known, and all light! Nothing new under the sun, and yet all new, with every step we advance into the future! What mystery is this in the midst of which we live and move? Mysterious our origin, mysterious our duration, mysterious and incessant changes, our interminable transition from day to day, nay from one moment to the next. We scarce begin when we begin the end,—we scarcely rise before we begin to sink; we scarcely begin to live, ere we begin to die. Death is everywhere written on the works of man. We need not go to the solemn cemetery, where we visit the silent city of the dead,—we need not go to the sculptured tomb or fix our eyes upon the monumental urn, the stately column, or the marble slab that records the names or the virtues of departed worth,—ah! we have the monuments of death everywhere around us. No step we take but what is a memento of the irrevocable past. Time has everywhere left the indelible impress of his deep and terrible track, and everywhere has erected a solemn monitor that points the traveller to the days that are gone, and holds out the doubtful programme of the future as he points the warning finger to the skies. Oh, what a monitor is Time! What a monitor of the past, what a prophet of the future! Onward he goes, and sweeps the universe in steps more rapid than the velocity of light, and leaves naught behind that has not felt the pressure of his step, the scathing blast or soothing fan of his wings, the power of his arm, or the potency of his sceptre. Time himself is in league with death, and the one is only there to perform the commands of the other.

And here, all glory to God, for light in our darkness,—there is no state of existence, and only one, where Time has no power and Time has no place. There its mutations and vicissitudes cannot come.—There, in that region of unchanging peace, the varied drama of these sublunary scenes give way to ever-growing blessedness, where, amid the infinitude of glories, the salvation is one. God Himself is the

glory that illumines that world, and, as the Lord of Time, so He is the Creator, and when He once admits us to His presence there, earth, with its appendages, passes away, and "Time shall be no more."
—N. Y. Churchman.

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

It is amazing what vigour of character divine consolation imparts to the human soul. In those happy moments we can say with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."—Ps. ciii. In such a frame of mind, all religious duties are practicable, and all religious blessings are within our reach; our appetites and passions are like the surface of the peaceful lake, when not a ripple is seen upon its face, and the whole body of the water is as clear as the vaulted sky. (Like Sampson under his Nazorite inspirations, our arm becomes omnipotent, and every enemy of our souls is chased away, and flies before us as the dust before the wind: and like the blessed Apostle Paul we can say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. viii. 35.

The most edifying parts of the sacred volume are the devotional compositions of inspired and holy men: and in which we see the agency of God and man united, and producing virtue and happiness in this world, in preparing them for greater happiness in that which is to come. We have a fine example in the following words:—"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips; when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me." Ps. lxiii.

Never is a human being so truly honorable as when he is holding communion with God;—never are the human faculties so happily employed as in seeking the favor of the Deity; never is the human character so highly elevated as when we are aspiring to the blessing of eternal life; and never is human agency so mighty as when it is sustained by the consolations of the Holy Ghost:—and never is a man so like the Son of God, as when he takes supreme delight in God, and God vouchsafes to come and dwell within his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. This, and this only, is religion! This, and this only, can bring us into fellowship with God, and make us meet for that inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and which fadeth not away. This, and this only, elevates man above a brute; and this duly accredits him as being an undoubted heir of everlasting life.—*Private Ponderings. Ibid.*

LOVE TO CHRIST.—Not only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light; the heart of a man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it, and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; all is included in the daily question: How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must conclude, since he in truth, requires of us an affection for his own person such as no one