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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

MORNING		EVENING	
1. Gen. 1. 1-5	2. Matt. 23. 1-12	1. Gen. 1. 1-5	2. Matt. 23. 1-12
3. Exod. 13. 1-10	3. Exod. 13. 1-10	3. Exod. 13. 1-10	3. Exod. 13. 1-10
4. Exod. 13. 11-16	4. Exod. 13. 11-16	4. Exod. 13. 11-16	4. Exod. 13. 11-16
5. Exod. 13. 17-22	5. Exod. 13. 17-22	5. Exod. 13. 17-22	5. Exod. 13. 17-22
6. Exod. 13. 23-27	6. Exod. 13. 23-27	6. Exod. 13. 23-27	6. Exod. 13. 23-27
7. Exod. 13. 28-35	7. Exod. 13. 28-35	7. Exod. 13. 28-35	7. Exod. 13. 28-35
8. Exod. 13. 36-41	8. Exod. 13. 36-41	8. Exod. 13. 36-41	8. Exod. 13. 36-41
9. Exod. 13. 42-49	9. Exod. 13. 42-49	9. Exod. 13. 42-49	9. Exod. 13. 42-49
10. Exod. 13. 50-57	10. Exod. 13. 50-57	10. Exod. 13. 50-57	10. Exod. 13. 50-57

Poetry.

TOIL AND HOPE.

Toil on, thou child of frail mortality,
Hope on, immortal soul!
Fid with patience all thy destiny,
However fortune shall
What though if thou fall a thousand times and
more,
Thou wilt not be so for aye,
They who would win the golden ore,
Must toil for many a day.
Toil on, though the lot seem hard,
And profitless, and vain;
Is there dead? bring'st duty no reward?
No balm to soothe thy pain?
Toil on, and cause enough for tears,
But thou should'st smile as well:
Are there no sunny spots in by-gone years,
Whose memory loves to dwell?
Toil on, toil on; 'ere struggle to the end,
And cope against thy doom;
But thou no home? no brother, sister, friend,
Whose smiles thy heart must numb?
O thou, who art the Saviour of mankind,
Lead me where to lay my head,
That thou, less worthy, nobly art called
On downy-cushion'd bed
Toil on, toil on; upon life's stormy main
Thou, sailor, should'st be brave,
Tempests may rage, and flood the dark'ning rain,
God's arm is strong to save,
Lightnings may flash, and deepest thunder roll,
Thy bark on rocks be driven,
Hope thou in God with earnestness of soul,
Thou landest safe in heaven.

Religious Miscellany.

SUFFERINGS OF A CLERICAL U. E. LOYALIST.

From the New York Churchman.

Mr. Bailey, like many of the Episcopal clergy, took to the mother country in the revolutionary war. This, of course, rendered him very obnoxious to the British. The following extracts illustrate the life of the period:—
"I proposed that the minister should be considered as a sufficient military force from his habitation, and there be obliged to consecrate this exemption of freedom; others, indeed, were so desirous to oppose the motion, and when it was carried to the common suffrage, it was carried in the affirmative by a trifling majority only. . . . Immediately after this distinguishing event, nearly one of the congregation withdrew from the church, the man was stigmatised as a moral enemy to his country, and was appointed to observe a thanksgiving at the Provincial Congress, though the very persons who were present in their exclamation 'certainly knew he had received no information time enough to be late.' . . .
My Presbyterian neighbors were so zealous for the good of their country that they killed seven of my sheep of twelve, and shot a fine Leifer as she was in my pasture, and my necessities were so great the following winter that I was obliged to dispose of the remainder of my cattle except one cow. . . . In the spring as I was endeavoring to cultivate a potato, which I had prepared from a rocky wilderness with great labor and expense, the leaders immediately began to interrupt my honest endeavors for the support of my family. They daily threatened that numbers of people were assembling in the settlements to pull down the church and to burn my habitation over my head.
—Before the Committee for not reading

the Declaration of Independence, for praying for the King, and for preaching a seditious sermon."

"In a letter written some time after this to the Secretary of the Venerable Society, Mr. Bailey says: 'In the universal confusion, tumult, and destruction which prevailed in the beginning of the war, many persons were driven by the impulse of fear to act against both conscience and inclination. On the one hand, we were assaulted by armed multitudes, pouring out torrents of reproach and execration, and threatening to make us the victims of their vengeance. On the other, we were besieged by the entreaties and tears of our friends to practice a little complaisance (which, by the way, only made our enemies the fiercer) while we were confidently told that our brethren in other parts had fully yielded to the requisitions of Congress and the spirit of the times. I had myself all these difficulties to encounter. In particular, the Sunday after the news of the Declaration of Independence arrived: for besides the ravages and menaces of the wild sons of freedom, the more moderate of the same character assured me that every clergyman had been omitted all honors for his Majesty, and published the Declaration of Independence, while my real friends earnestly besought me to prevent the destruction of our church. . . . I answered them that we must conscientiously perform our duty, and leave the church to the protection of Heaven, and that if all my brethren had deserted from the anti-ertry, I could never think myself excused from blame by following their example. I will observe, that though I had then courage to resist, perhaps my fortitude at another time might have failed."

Mr. Bailey's ministrations being constantly interrupted, and his personal safety endangered, even after he had submitted to the revolutionary government, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that he applied for and obtained leave to withdraw to Nova Scotia in 1778. . . . His income from his parish had been cut off, and he was entirely dependent on the charity of his friends here and there for support. His cheerfulness, however, never seems to have deserted him, and he thus humorously describes his appearance, on a visit to Boston during this period.

"I then repaired to Mr. Domett's, and was kindly received by that worthy and benevolent couple. They no sooner perceived the poverty and uncleanliness of my apparel, than they contributed towards a reparation, and furnished me with a handsome coat, jacket, and breeches. My dress before this recruit was as follows: an old rusty thread-bare black coat, which had been turned, and the button-holes worked with thread almost white, with a number of breaches above the elbows; a jacket of the same, much fractured about the button holes, and hanging loose, occasioned by the leanness of my carcass, which was at this time greatly emaciated by the constant exercise of temperance, a pair of breeches constructed of coarse bed-tick, of a dirty yellow color, and so uncoat (sic) as to suffer several repairs, in particular, a perpendicular patch upon each knee, of a different complexion from the original piece; a pair of blue thick-seamed stockings, well adapted to exclude the extreme heat of the season; a hat with many holes in the brim, adorned with much darning in many other places, of a decent medium between black and white. My wig was called white in better days, but now resembled in color an old greasy bed-blanket; the curls, alas! had long since departed, and the locks hung lank, deformed and clammy about my neck, whilst the shrinking caul left both my ears exposed to public view. But the generous Mr. Parker soon made me a present of a very elegant wig, which, though it might not furnish my brain with an addition of wisdom, yet certainly enabled me to show my head with greater confidence."

The missionary did not leave his field of labour until June, 1778. His voyage from Pownalborough to Halifax is described at some length in a journal from his own pen, which forms one of the most agreeable portions of the volume. It is principally occupied with descriptions of the scenery of the coast, and with reflections on the character of the people with whom he had parted. The following description of the appearance presented by the prominent members of the party, on their arrival at Halifax, is a capital bit of humorous writing:—

"I at that moment discovered among the gathering crowd Mr. Kitson, one of our Kennebec neighbors, running down the street to our assistance. He came instantly on board, and, after mutual salutations, helped us on shore. Thus, just a fortnight after we left our own beloved habitation, we found ourselves landed in a strange country, destitute of money, clothing, dwelling or furniture, and wholly uncertain what

countenance or protection we might gain from the governing powers. Mr. Kitson kindly offered to conduct us to Mr. Brown's or Capt. Callahan's: and just as we quitted our vessel, Mr. Moody, formerly clerk to the King's Chapel, appeared to welcome our arrival. But as it may afford some diversion to the courteous reader, I will suspend my narrative a few moments to describe the singularity of our apparel, and the order of our procession through the streets, which were surprisingly contrasted by the elegant dresses of the gentlemen and ladies who happened to meet in our lengthy perambulation. And here I am at a loss where to begin, whether with Capt. Smith or myself, but as he was a faithful pilot to this haven of repose, I conclude it is no more than complaisance to give him the preference. He was clothed in a long swinging thread bare coat, and the rest of his habit displayed the venerable signature of antiquity, both in form and materials. His hat carried a long peak before, exactly perpendicular to the longitude of his aquiline nose. On the right hand of this sleek commander shuffled along your very humble servant, having his feet adorned with a pair of shoes, which sustained the marks of rebellion and independence. . . . My legs were covered with a thick pair of woollen stockings, which had been so often mended and darned by the fingers of frugality, that scarce an atom of the original remained. My breeches, had formerly been black, but the color being worn out by age, nothing remained but a rusty gray, bespattered with lint and bedaubed with pitch. Over a coarse tow and linen shirt, manufactured in the looms of sedition, I sustained a coat and waistcoat of the same dandy gray russet; and to secure from public inspection the innumerable rents, holes and deformities, which time and misfortunes had wrought in these ragged and weather-beaten garments, I was furnished with a blue surtout fretted at the elbows, worn at the button-holes, and stained with a variety of tints, so that it might truly be styled a coat of many colors; and to render this external department of my habit still more conspicuous and worthy of observation, the waist descended below my knees, and the skirts hung dangling about my heels: and to complete the whole, a jaundiced-colored wig, devoid of curls, was shaded by the remnants of a rusty beaver, its monstrous brows replete with notches and furrows, and grown lousy by the alternate inflictions of storm and sunshine, lopped over my shoulders, and obscured a face meagre with famine and wrinkled with solitude. My concert and noise came lagging behind at distance, the former arrayed in a ragged baize night-gown tied round her middle with a string instead of a sash: the latter carried upon her back the tattered remains of an homelock-colored bussey woolsey, and both their heads were adorned with bonnets composed of black moth-eaten stuff, almost devoured with the teeth of time. I forgot to mention the admirable figure of their petticoats, jagged at the bottom, distinguished by a multitude of fissures, and curiously drabbed in the mud, for a heavy rain was now beginning to set in. And to close the solemn procession, Dr. Mayer and our faithful John, marched along in all the pride of poverty and majesty of rags and patches, which exhibited all the dyes of the rainbow. The Doctor proceeded with a yellow bushy beard, grinning all the way while his broad Dutch face opened at his mouth from ear to ear. The other continued his progression with a doleful solemnity of countenance, as if he designed to give a kind of dignity to the wretched fragments of his apparel which floated in the wind. In this manner our procession began, and was supported till we arrived at Capt. Callahan's, near half a mile from the place of our landing."

Mr. Bailey was, soon after his arrival, established in the parish of Cornwallis, where he remained about two years. From this place he was called to St. Luke's Annapolis, where the remaining twenty-five years of his life was passed. He died of a dropsy July 26, 1803, in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Bartlett has executed his task of biographer with great diligence and excellent taste. He has not attempted to exalt a man of ordinary merits and abilities into a great hero. He has presented a faithful picture, illustrating an important portion of our history in a simple, dignified, and truthful manner.

This work forms the second volume of the "Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society." It is not for sale, but as the annual subscription, entitling the subscriber to a copy of all works published by the Society during the year, is but two dollars, it is readily accessible to the public. We trust that this, and kindred Historical Societies, established by other religious bodies in imitation of its plan, may be as eminently successful as they are eminently useful.—*Literary World.*

* We believe it was the Grandfather of Rev. Mr. Moody now of Yarmouth. Ed. C. T.