

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

VOL. IX. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1868. NO. 10.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Month	Day	Lesson	Evening
1	Apr	1	Deut. 10	1 Peter 1
2	Apr	2	Deut. 11	1 Peter 2
3	Apr	3	Deut. 12	1 Peter 3
4	Apr	4	Deut. 13	1 Peter 4
5	Apr	5	Deut. 14	1 Peter 5
6	Apr	6	Deut. 15	1 Peter 6
7	Apr	7	Deut. 16	1 Peter 7
8	Apr	8	Deut. 17	1 Peter 8
9	Apr	9	Deut. 18	1 Peter 9
10	Apr	10	Deut. 19	1 Peter 10
11	Apr	11	Deut. 20	1 Peter 11
12	Apr	12	Deut. 21	1 Peter 12
13	Apr	13	Deut. 22	1 Peter 13
14	Apr	14	Deut. 23	1 Peter 14
15	Apr	15	Deut. 24	1 Peter 15
16	Apr	16	Deut. 25	1 Peter 16
17	Apr	17	Deut. 26	1 Peter 17
18	Apr	18	Deut. 27	1 Peter 18
19	Apr	19	Deut. 28	1 Peter 19
20	Apr	20	Deut. 29	1 Peter 20
21	Apr	21	Deut. 30	1 Peter 21
22	Apr	22	Deut. 31	1 Peter 22
23	Apr	23	Deut. 32	1 Peter 23
24	Apr	24	Deut. 33	1 Peter 24
25	Apr	25	Deut. 34	1 Peter 25
26	Apr	26	Deut. 35	1 Peter 26
27	Apr	27	Deut. 36	1 Peter 27
28	Apr	28	Deut. 37	1 Peter 28
29	Apr	29	Deut. 38	1 Peter 29
30	Apr	30	Deut. 39	1 Peter 30

Poetry.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE

An angel of peace from heaven sped:
 All nature brightened as he drew near,
 While a poor man toiled in his lonely shed
 And thanked the Lord for his scanty bread;
 The angel breathed in the Christian's ear,
 "Thy God beholds, and thou shalt not forget
 Have patience; the rod will bloom yet!"

He spread his pinions, then paus'd again
 Where prayer for a sick man's soul was heard,
 In weary weakness in restless pain,
 For tedious months and thro' affliction laid;
 But his pale face beamed at the inspired word,
 "Thy God beholds, and will not forget;
 Have patience; the rod may blossom yet!"

The angel flew where a mother pined,
 For a godless son on the world's stage,
 She wept, half trusting and half blind,
 She felt God alone could afford her aid;
 And to her was the message of comfort sent,
 "Thy Saviour hears, and will not forget;
 Have patience; the rod may blossom yet!"

With cares depressed, and with trials worn,
 A persecuted believer knelt;
 With drooping heart he had in daily borne
 The unkind word, and the loss of scorn,
 Till the angel's smile was his comfort felt,
 "Thy God beholds, and will not forget;
 Rejoice, for the rod shall bloom!"

The seraph hovered where death had been,
 In its little coffin an infant lay;
 The parents wept, but a calm serene
 Stole o'er their souls, as a hand unseen
 Gently wiped the trickling tears away:
 "Your God beholds, and will not forget;
 Your bud shall blossom in heaven yet!"

Happy such, to whom grief comes not in vain,
 Though afflictions bow, or the world condemn,
 Thrice blest in sorrow, thrice blest in pain,
 Reproach is honor, and loss is gain;
 For the angel of peace shall visit them!
 Their God beholds, and will not forget;
 The rod shall blossom in glory yet!

Religious Miscellany.

From the Toronto Church, March 21.

THE SYNOD.

We may, perhaps, be thought guilty of Provincial egotism, when we state our conviction that the Synod summoned by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese to meet on the 17th of next month, may probably be among the most important, in its ultimate results, that have occurred in the history of the Church Catholic.

It will probably be composed of one hundred and fifty clergymen, and perhaps double that number of lay delegates. Its numbers alone will, therefore, give it unusual prominence; but it is the circumstances under which it meets, and the purposes for which it assembles, that will give it its vitally important character.

The Diocese is then to meet for the first time after its real connection with the State is discovered; a solemn fact, when it is remembered that this connection—through the Mother Church, of which, thank God, it is still an integral part—had subsisted, in one shape or other, for 1500 years or more.

It assembles, and complacently unfettered, to legislate on some of the most important principles of its future government.

It is the first time that any portion of the Anglican Church has assembled under the same circumstances. True, the Scottish (Episcopal) Church has long been similarly unconnected with the State, but then it gradually struggled into existence under the pressure of bitter political persecution. In like manner, the American (Protestant Episcopal) Church

has, for upwards of half a century, been in like unshackled condition, but then its organization was carried on amidst a people deeply tainted with those low views of the Church of Christ which is the unlovely and chilling consequence of Puritanic Rationalism, and also at a moment when the nation, intoxicated with delight at its recently achieved independence, was abandoned to the wildest theories of democracy. We repeat, therefore, that the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto is about to assemble under circumstances entirely new to the Anglican Church; yea, and as we believe, such as have never occurred to any portion of the Church of Christ during the long period of its previous history.

It is also more than probable that it is the last time that it will ever all meet together as one Synod. And while we rejoice at the expected division of this large Diocese into three, believing as we do that the increase of the Episcopate is, in its results, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, yet we cannot forget that *we meet to separate!* The closeness of our Catholic relations with many whom we have loved, with whom we have long walked and taken sweet counsel together, will then be discovered, and with the larger preparation, preparation will then be made for separating them from that Father in God whose untiring energy and unwearied care on their behalf they will never forget. Now, this fact in itself is surely calculated to give more than ordinary solemnity to our approaching assembly. May it tend to deepen our brotherly love, and soften those asperities which are too apt to arise, even amongst brethren, in the warmth of discussion.

Again, the subjects to be decided in the approaching Synod can scarcely be surpassed in importance, since the whole constitution of the Synod is to be reconsidered, as we understand the Bishop's suggestion, and confirmed or altered. Amongst its various laws two are of especial note, as involving principles of the very highest importance—the Episcopal veto, and the mode of electing our Bishops.

But the fact which gives the importance of this Synod its greatest magnitude is, that being the first its decisions will, without doubt, have great influence in all succeeding primary Synods in every part of the British dominions, and even, as we think, upon the great question now agitating the Church at home—the method of reviving Convocation; for, after all the manner of doing so is the chief difficulty there, as here.

Were we an influential member of the Synod, therefore, we would propose that the laity should have a *two thirds negative* on doctrinal and Episcopal questions, and on all others a *full and coequal voice with the clergy*; that is, that when two-thirds of the lay delegates, voting by parishes, were opposed to any one elected by the clergy for a Bishopric, the election should be void—and the same with any point of doctrine, should at any future period such discussions arise.

We spoke also of the *Episcopal veto*.—To this, we trust, no opposition will be offered, for what is a Church without its Bishop? He may not enact any new law, involving a principle, of himself; and surely none can be lawfully enacted without him. Is he not the Chief Overseer of the Flock of Christ? And let us remember who it was that said, "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." Hence opposition to a lawful Bishop was a thing unthought of by the faithful in the simpler and purer days of the Church. Thus Ignatius, about the beginning of the 2nd century, says, "That as he that honors his Bishop is honored of God, so that he that does anything secretly in opposition to him is the servant of Satan! And Cyprian defines the Church "to be a people united to its Bishop—a flock adhering to its Pastor." "Whence," the learned Bingham takes occasion to remark, "the Church may be said to be in the Bishop, and the Bishop in the Church; and if any are not with the Bishop, they are not in the Church." Strong as is this language, the enlightened reader of the New Testament will not fail to perceive how strictly in accordance it is with its general teaching, with the practice of St. Paul, and with his instructions to St. Timothy and Titus with respect to their fulfilment of the Episcopal office.

If by the preceding observations we should have induced any of the members of the approaching Sy-

nod to think more seriously and deeply upon the solemn nature of their duties therein, and to pra, more humbly and fervently for the Wisdom that cometh from on High, that they may be rightly directed in all their doings—we shall not have written in vain.

CATACOMBS OF MOUNT OLIVES.

A correspondent of the New York Observer, who recently visited this interesting locality, gives a description which we copy. The discovery of tombs and sarcophagi in Syria and the Holy Land bids fair to throw additional light upon that country, similar to that already shed upon Assyrian and Egyptian history by discoveries made in those countries.

On a fine bright day during that season of the year which in Jerusalem is the most favourable for exploring (viz., the winter or rainy season) I was invited, early in 1846, by a friend well acquainted with the environs, to visit the Catacombs in the Mount of Olives. So few travellers mention them that my curiosity was excited, and accompanied by a party of young people, I started in search of these almost unknown caverns. We each were provided with twisted English papers, and our friend who acted as guide with a mahi ball of twine. The dignified beauty of the scenery, the abundance of associations which it supplied, and the glorious anticipations of its coming destiny, seemed to inspire some of us with emotions of deep and mysterious pleasure, while the freshness of the atmosphere, and the rich display of wild flowers, imparted elasticity and gladness to the junior members of the party, who, some mounted and some on foot, hurried forward with joyous laugh as they rivalled each other in the pursuit or possession of some new plant. When we had ascended the mount about half-way, our guide requested us to help him in his search for a hole in the ground, as such was the entrance into the mysterious caverns. While thus employed he amused himself in executing our alarm by saying that some time previously three Jews had entered the catacombs, and having been watched by a Mussulman, these egres had rendered impossible by his placing a large stone to exclude the daylight, so that only after many days was their horrible position discovered, when they were found dead not far from the entrance.

This narrative, being true, produced a sudden change of feeling in the party. The younger ones turned pale, and declined the undertaking, preferring to remain with the armed native servant, who, as a guard, was to wait outside with the animals. Thus when the aperture was found, only our guide and two others ventured in. This aperture is a natural opening formed by the decay and falling in of a part of the roof, and is just large enough easily to admit one adventurer at a time, while the crushed wall and large stones formed a rude kind of a staircase by which, clinging with hands and feet, we descended into the darkness below.

Feeling ourselves on firm ground, we lit our tapers, and looked around; we were in a circular chamber, out of which there appeared at first no means of egress except by the roof again; but as our sight adapted itself to the obscurity, we observed that all around the floor of this chamber were low arched passages, so low and so narrow as only just to admit us singly, as one after another we crept through the one selected on hands and knees, holding our tapers as well as we could. Happily the passage was only a few feet long; and soon emerging thence, we stood upright in a long narrow winding corridor, the low ceiling of which we could mark with the smoke of our tapers. Old dates and strange characters were there, great variety, but the only smoke-written autographs which I can now recall to mind was that of "John Clarke, 1794."

On either wall of this corridor, on the floor, were low arched recesses, quite near together, which once had contained the dead, long since returned to dust. From this corridor branched others; we selected one and from it again branched others, all apparently alike appropriated to the long forgotten dead. Thus on we went till our tapers failed, then remembering the sad stories told of the catacombs of Rome, we did not proceed; but silent and thoughtful, through this wilderness of sepulchres we retraced our steps to the round chamber.

Here for a few moments we paused to think on the mysteries of this remarkable mountain. We