

H. C. C. C. C.

# The Church Times.

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### Calendar.

#### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day's Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
Nov. 9, 26th Eccl. & Tris.	Prov. 15: John 11: Prov. 16: Th. 5	Prov. 16: Th. 5
10, 27th Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 3: Job 2: Eccl. 4: Th. 1	Eccl. 4: Th. 1
11, 28th Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 5: Job 3: Eccl. 5: Th. 2	Eccl. 5: Th. 2
12, 29th Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 6: Job 4: Eccl. 6: Th. 3	Eccl. 6: Th. 3
13, 30th Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 7: Job 5: Eccl. 7: Th. 4	Eccl. 7: Th. 4
14, 1st Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 8: Job 6: Eccl. 8: Th. 5	Eccl. 8: Th. 5
15, 2nd Eccl. & Tris.	Eccl. 9: Job 7: Eccl. 9: Th. 6	Eccl. 9: Th. 6

### Poetry.

#### HARVEST HYMN.

Up with the early morn,  
See how the yellow corn  
Waves o'er the hill.  
Reapers! the sickle bring,  
While hill and valley ring  
With your glad harvest-hymn,  
Praise to the Lord!

Now let the fruitful field  
Gladly its full ears yield,  
Bind ye the sheaves!  
Thou, of all joy the spring,  
We to Thy glory sing,  
And in our harvest-hymn  
Praise Thee, O Lord.

Gleaners, who o'er the plain  
Gather the scatter'd grain  
With eager hand,  
Bless ye the bounteous King  
Who feeds each living thing,  
Swelling our harvest-hymn,  
Praise to the Lord!

Now to the open store  
Bring ye yet more and more,  
Still there is room.  
There—the last sheaf is in;  
Now, 'ere the twilight dim,  
Once more your harvest hymn,  
Praise to the Lord!

Saviour! at Thy command,  
Soon shall the angel-band  
Thy harvest reap!  
Where then shall we be found,  
Cumbering the Master's ground,  
Tare-like, for judgment bound,  
Or with Thy wheat!

Oh! like ripe sheaves may we  
Laid in Thy garner be,  
As precious grain;  
While earth and heaven ring  
With a new harvest-hymn,  
Taught by Thy love to sing,  
Praise to the Lord!

—Penny Post.

### Religious Miscellany.

#### THE PENNY POST.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR ALL READERS.

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We resume our notice of the Contents of the October No. of this cheap and withal amusing and instructive Church publication. Following the last of our quotations is an engraving of the great Bell at Moscow, which introduces a chapter, entitled

#### "BELLS—PEAL THE FIRST.

I love ye, chimbes of motherland,  
With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line.

"And like a son I sing the lay  
That England's glory tells,  
For she is lovely to the Lord,  
For you, ye English Bells."

Christian Ballads.

BELLS! and who is there who loves not the sound of a merry peal, as from the old church tower the chime goes forth, over hill and dale, over woodland and cornfield, over barren heaths or fruitful pastures; or meeting here with some lofty rock, the sound is sent back again, re-echoing as it floats over some grassy mound, or dives into some wooded dell! The bells at least know no distinction; rich or poor, good or bad, they ring out—generously to all alike.

How they whisper on each Sunday morn (and in many parishes on each week-day morn as well) in the ears of the faithful Churchman, and he blesses God for them. "Come to God's house," say they,—"Come." Sweet music to him, sweet and glorious music, that tells of the assembling of worshippers to fall on their knees before their Lord and God, and join in His holy service:—

"How glorious must their music be,  
As breaks the hallow'd day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice,  
A nation up to pray."

To the loiterer, to the undecid whether he shall serve God or mammon, whether he shall join his companions and ramble here and there, and laugh and be merry with them to his heart's content, or whether he shall join in praise and thanksgiving to his Creator, they speak with no doubtful voice, "Come!" and that not once or twice, but again and again, as they toss in the old ivied tower, and strain their voices to the uttermost. "Come!" say they, but still he hearkens not; they strive in vain,—he will not hear, but goes forth on his way. He mounts the hill, and descending on the other side, thinks to hear them not; but they follow him with their chime, gently gliding down the steep, their music comes softly to his ear; he stops, he meditates: the sound for the moment seems to have died away in the distance; but no, again it strikes upon his ear—he still listens, still hesitates. Winning, charming bells. Mark now, as on some gentle breeze the chime is wafted loud and clear, that at last touches his heart; he turns, retraces his steps, and once again, at the top of the hill, they ring out boldly, triumphantly, and, as he approaches near the old tower, they swing, and toss and turn, and know not how to restrain their joy!

And to the wilful man, who Sunday after Sunday cares not for their call, the merry peals are but hateful sounds. They come to him cold, cheerless, meaningless. No music can he detect in them; but they still ring on,—they ring to him as to the rest, and they hope that in some still hour their voice may be heard, and that he too at last will obey when they say, "Come! come!"

And then, again, what a variety of associations do the church-bells suggest to our minds. The name comes home to every Churchman. All through his life he has heard them; from his earliest childhood they have called him to church, or ushered in the holy days and seasons of the Christian year. They rang when the Bishop came, and he renewed his baptismal vow at his Confirmation; they rang on the day of his First Communion; they perhaps pealed merrily at his marriage;—one will toll mournfully at his death!

If so be that we love the sound of the bells, perhaps a few pages devoted to their history will not be quite unacceptable to our readers. Our attention, too, has been drawn recently to the subject, by the account of the casting of the great bell for the clock-tower at the new Palace of Westminster. As it will take its place among the "great bells of the world," we shall begin by laying before our readers a list of some of the largest, with their respective weight:

Great Bell at Moscow	lbs. 443,772
St. Ivan's Bell	127,836
New Bell at Westminster	35,666
New Bell at Montreal	30,800
York Minster	24,000
St. Peter's, Rome	18,600
Great Tom, Oxford	17,000
Palace at Florence	17,000
Great Tom, Lincoln	12,000
St. Paul's, London	11,500

First in the order of weight stands the great bell at Moscow, of which we give an engraving in our present Number. It now lies in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin, where, as our readers are probably aware, such magnificent ceremonies have been recently performed in connection with the coronation of the Emperor of Russia. Among the towers of the Kremlin—a wonderful palace, or rather collection of palaces, cathedrals, and chapels—stands one called Ivan Valik, of about 250 feet in height. It still contains some thirty bells, and all of monstrous size. One still hanging, and which has probably tolled forth many a deep and hollow sound amidst the late joyous festivities, weighs, as will be seen, 127,000 pounds, or twice as much as the four bells of York, Oxford, Lincoln, and London put together. But the great bell, which is on the ground, is between three and four times more heavy than even this. How it came to be in its present position we have never been able to learn, and we have very serious doubts whether it ever was hung in the tower: we are inclined to think it now stands in the very pit in which it was cast. How it was broken is again a puzzle; but we have seen it stated, "that a fire taking place while the bell was still hot, the firemen poured cold water on to the building, which, falling on the hot metal, caused it to split." It is a sad history; for there lies the beautiful bell—the largest in the world—useless!

It is thus described by a traveller in Russia:—"The

bell is truly a mountain of metal. It is said to contain a very large proportion of gold and silver. While it was in fusion the nobles and the people cast in as votive offerings their plate and their money. We endeavoured in vain to assay a small part, but the natives regarded it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow a grain even to be filed off. At the same time, it may be observed that the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell-metal in general; and perhaps its silvery aspect strengthened, if not caused, the conjecture respecting the nature and value of its composition. We were, however, frequently thither, in order to ascertain the dimensions of the bell with exactness. We applied a strong cord close to the metal, as nearly as possible round the lower part where it touches the ground, taking care, at the same time, not to stretch the cord. The circumference thus obtained equalled sixty-seven feet and four inches. We then took the perpendicular height from the top, and found it twenty-one feet four inches and a half. In the stoutest part—that is which it should have received the blow of the hammer—its thickness equalled twenty-three inches. The cost of this enormous mass of metal, if valued at three shillings a pound amounts to £66,565 16s., lying unemployed and of no use to any one."

The next in size (as we have already mentioned St. Ivan's bell) is the one recently cast for Westminster: of this we shall give some account in our next number—explaining the method employed in casting bells. We hope also to tell something about the other bells, and the history of bells in general,—how they were baptized of old by the priest, with religious ceremonies; and also to say a few words about their inscriptions.

On our fourth page will be found Chapter II. of "The Lost Child—A True Story,"—it is the conclusion of the story, as it appears in this No. of the Magazine, Chapters I. and II. having occupied the pages of the No. for September.

Next follow Six Reasons for Loving the Church, which will approve themselves to the consciences of every true Churchman, and which might easily be multiplied ten fold:

#### SIX REASONS WHY I LOVE THE CHURCH.

1. Because the Church is founded on the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner-stone. (Ephes. ii. 20.)

2. Because its doctrines are Scriptural, and the words of the Book of Common Prayer are so perfect, so devout, and so plain, that they are suited to every man, in every condition of life.

3. Because it provides for the training up of children in the way they should go, and we have the promise of God, that when they are old, they shall not depart from that good way.

4. Because the Church, having been divinely founded, its ministers claim authority to administer its sacraments, inasmuch as they have been severally appointed by bishops, who were appointed by the apostles themselves: thus the sacred rite of ordination, or the laying on of the bishop's hands, has come down in regular succession from Christ himself.

5. I love the Church because I understand the words, "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature," (Mark xvi. 15); and the words, "For lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world," (Matt. xxvii. 20.) in this way. It was not said, "Go every man and woman that pleases to preach the Gospel," but "Go ye my disciples, whom I, (that is, Christ) now send for that purpose; and I am with those also whom you and your successors shall continue to send forth in my name and by my command:" therefore I love the Church, because from the apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church,—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,—(See Preface to Ordination Service.)

6. I love the Church because Christ committed to her keeping the two sacraments which He Himself instituted, so that by holy baptism I am made "a member of Christ's body (the Church), and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" and by faithfully partaking of Christ's body and blood, my soul is strengthened and refreshed, as my body is by the bread and wine. (See Catechism.)

Then follow three Articles in the order here-with quoted:—

#### A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

The following account of a Russian marriage occurs in the diary of Colonel Lake, which has recently been published. As the ceremony was a very singular one, and must have been exceedingly impressive, we have extracted it for the benefit of our readers.

"While I was at Moscow, the niece of General Mouravieff, of Kurs celebrity, a very clever and accomplished girl, was married. I was asked to the wedding—to which I accordingly went,—and much interested I was. The wedding took place at 9 p. m., in