

# The Church Times.

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. June 12	3 Fund of Trinity	1 Sam. 2; Mark 12
M. " 13	Job 19	13 Sam 3; 2 Cor 4
T. " 14	21	14
W. " 15	23	15; 21; 25
T. " 16	20; 27	16; 24
F. " 17	22	17; Luke 1; Gal. 1
S. " 18	23	2; 31

## Poetry.

### SPRING—THE WAKING.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CAHIRT.

A lady came to a snow-white bier,  
Where a youth lay pale and dead,  
And she took the veil from her widow'd head  
And bending low in his ear she said—  
Awaken I for I am here.

She pass'd with a smile, to a wild wood near,  
Where the boughs were barren and bare;  
And she tapp'd on the bark with her fingers fair,  
And she call'd to the leaves that were buried there,  
Awaken I for I am here.

The birds beheld her without a fear,  
As she walked through the deep'n'g dells;  
And she breath'd on their downy citadels,  
And she said to the young, in their ivory shells—  
Awaken I for I am here.

On the graves of the flowers she dropp'd a tear,  
But with hope and with joy, like us;  
And open as the Lord to Lazarus,  
She called on the slumb'ring sweet flowers thus—  
Awaken I for I am here.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,  
To the reeds by the golden pond,  
To the moss that rounded the marge beyond,  
She spoke, in her voice so soft and fond—  
Awaken I for I am here.

The violet peep'd with its blue eye clear,  
From under its own grave-stone;  
For the blessed tidings around had flown,  
And before she spoke, the mandate was known—  
Awaken I for I am here.

The pale grass lay with its long locks serene,  
On the breast of the open plain;  
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,  
And cried, as she filled each juicy vein—  
Awaken I for I am here.

The rush rose up with its pointed spear;  
The flag, with its falchion broad;  
The dock uplifted its shield unaw'd,  
As her voice ran quick through the quickening sod,  
Awaken I for I am here.

The red blood ran through the clover near,  
And the heath on the hills overhead;  
The daisy's fingers were tipp'd with red,  
As she started to life, as the lady said—  
Awaken I for I am here.

And the young year rose from his snow-white bier,  
And the flowers from their green retreat;  
And they came and knelt at the lady's feet,  
Saying all with their mingled voices sweet—  
O Lady! behold us here.

## Religious Miscellany.

### WORK DOING.

How happy would it be, if a spirit prevailed in our large cities like that exhibited in the proceedings of which a partial account is given in the following letter from a correspondent of the *Independent*, of this city.

#### HOMES FOR WORKERS.

There was unusual stir and a pleasant excitement in St. James's, Westminster, on the 12th, on the occasion of laying the foundation of a new building, under the auspices of the General Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes. The structure is admirably planned, and intended to include sixty-eight separate residences, with every necessary domestic convenience and appliance. The

site was recently occupied by hovels, the haunts of the wretched and criminal, with whom the respectable workman and his family were brought into close contact.

It was quite a strange gathering; royalty and aristocracy, zealous friends of the people, and crowds of the poorest were associated. The Duke of Cambridge did the masonic honors; the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Blantyre, Earl Talbot, Viscount Ingestre (one of the most hearty and laborious friends of the working-classes), Dr. Jackson, the new and highly respected Bishop of Lincoln, long a London Clergyman, and many other notabilities, were present, with the pleasant addition of the splendid band of the Horse Guards. The Bishop prayed; the Sunday-school children sang the old 100th Psalm, the effect of which, accompanied by the best band in London, is said to have been remarkably fine. The following is the inscription on the stone:—

“To the glory of God, and the well-being of his creatures, these buildings, intended as a home, for the families of the laboring classes, were erected by the General Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes, on a site once occupied by wretched hovels.”—date, &c., following.

An address to the Prince, reciting the objects and efforts of the Society, was read, who in responding, said:

“But a year since, I took the Chair at a preliminary meeting; and it is most satisfactory to me to see the progress that has been made in that short space of time. (Hear, hear.) I trust that our present ceremonial of laying the first stone will prove an earnest that the good work will be continued and extended as it has been begun, and thereby will conduce to the comforts and advancement, both here and hereafter, of numerous and deserving classes of our fellow-countrymen. I trust that it will continue to receive your steadfast and earnest support.”—(Loud cheers.) His Royal Highness was again much cheered on his departure.

In the evening 150 noblemen and gentlemen dined together in honor of the occasion, and to promote the interests of the Society. The Duke of Argyre presided. Great Britain has much to hope for from this fine spirited and religious young statesman, should his life be spared. The speeches were in capital spirit, and plain and direct in style; but most worthy, of note in them,—the unflinching moral courage and faithfulness with which evils were boldly looked and described, with the fixed purpose of grappling with and subduing them. Thus, the Duke of Argyre, in expressing his deep sense of the importance of the objects of this Society:

“He was sure there was no public man in this country who ever thought at all, who did not put to himself the question, *What was to be done with the great cities of this Empire?* (Hear.) No nation except, perhaps, the United States, had made such rapid progress of late years, as the United Kingdom; but it was remarkable that nearly all this progress was to the cities, while the rural districts stood still, and in some instances, retrograded. He had himself lately occasion to look into the question, more especially as regarded his own district, and he had been astonished to find the disproportion in population existing between the country and the towns.—Glasgow, since the commencement of the century, had increased in population from 50,000 to 320,000, and so it was all over the empire. Villages had become towns, towns had become cities, and cities had swelled beyond all bounds of anticipated probability. (Hear, hear.) Could we say that we were overtaking the vast increase with a proportionate amount of moral and religious instruction? He grieved to

say, there was but one answer to this question, and that was, that we had not overtaken it.” (Hear, hear.)

He invoked the missionary spirit; it was as much required as under the Palms of India,—

“But still there was a bright side to the picture. A lady of his acquaintance had told him, that in her young days the condition of the poor never formed a topic of conversation with the higher classes, but that was no longer the case; as not only did they seriously consider the condition of the poor, but also made strenuous exertions in their behalf. Such exertions had never such prospect of success as at present, because we had got hold of the right principle, and had ascertained the inseparable connection there existed between the physical and moral condition of the people. (Hear, hear.) We have discovered it first in our treatment of the insane, in which we had learned much from the continent of Europe, and it was now, he was happy to say, the principle upon which we acted in all our exertions to ameliorate the condition of the poor.”

So Lord Ingestre, the president of the Institution, who when deservedly complimented, wished to transfer the honor to Lord Shaftesbury:

“Nobody would, without seeing it, believe the misery that existed in large towns; and this he would say, that it was impossible to do much towards the moral improvement of the people until you first ameliorated their physical condition. It was no use of the clergy preaching or building churches until the people had first decent and Christian homes to live in.”

So Mr. Denison, one of the most respectable members of the House of Commons, who has himself done much of this kind of work in Leeds:

“Alluding to the observation of Sir John Pakington, respecting the contrast between the dwellings of the rich and poor, he begged to express his hope that the distance between the two classes was not widening, but lessening, and that, whereas formerly our higher classes knew little of the condition of the poorer, now, the amelioration of that condition formed one of their most important studies.”

Eight hundred pounds were collected on this occasion. The building is to cost £10,000—£5,000 has been raised in the course of the past year.

The benefits conferred are not to be measured by the capacity of the model dwellings springing up. Here the irresistible law of competition will operate powerfully and beneficially. Lord Ingestre's “Christian Socialism” will successfully compete with the selfishness of the owners of small house property. They will have to come up to the requirements of the new standard, and down to the level of the rent of the Society. In this new building the working man will get three good rooms, with all the appliances of science, to make them healthy and pleasant, for the rent now paid for a single wretched room, surrounded by every hurtful influence.—*Independent.*

### MODERN JUDAISM.

Though apparently asleep in its indifference, the synagogue of Marseilles does not remain inactive.—A vague impression of their worship, torments secretly a numerous class of Israelites. Tired of a sterile religiosity, they seek to replace the life that is ebbing, either by modifying the old traditions and renewing the exterior forms, or by giving themselves over to a sort of mystic rationalism. Two young Israelites, distinguished in more than one respect, but strangers to the Gospel, declared to us that they had nearly renounced frequenting the worship of the synagogue, because it did not satisfy the wants of