

# The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

VOL. X. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. NO. 46.

## Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.		MORNING.		EVENING.	
S. Nov. 8	22 Sun. at Trin.	Prov. 2	Luce 24	Prov. 8	1 Th. 4
M. 9	23 Sun. at Trin.	Ecclus. 31	John 1	Ecclus. 22	2 Th. 5
T. 10	24 Mon.	Ecclus. 32	John 2	Ecclus. 23	1 Th. 1
W. 11	25 Tues.	Ecclus. 33	John 3	Ecclus. 24	2 Th. 2
T. 12	26 Wed.	Ecclus. 34	John 4	Ecclus. 25	1 Th. 3
F. 13	27 Thurs.	Ecclus. 35	John 5	Ecclus. 26	2 Th. 3
S. 14	28 Fri.	Ecclus. 36	John 6	Ecclus. 27	1 Th. 4

## Poetry.

### "OVER THE RIVER."

OVER the river they beckon to me—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;  
The gleam of the snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels that met him there,  
The gate of the city we could not see,—  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another—the household pet,  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Mamma! I see her yet!  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearless, entered the phantom bark,  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the further side,  
Where in the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of two golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their bark's no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unscen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of Death shall carry me.

## Religious Miscellany.

### "NOVELTIES" IN DIVINE SERVICE.

THERE can be no greater mistake than to suppose that renovation is innovation, or that restorations are novelties; and when such a misapprehension of the fact, such a perversion of the principle, in any course of action which would effect improvement in the things of God and in the ordinances of His Church, is either from ignorance or prejudice encouraged or persisted in, it must needs be that more or less of mischief is done in the most sacred of all causes. In the Christian religion, above all things, there is to be no yearning after what is new, what is strange, what is peculiar. We are to hold fast therein, not only the "form of sound words," but the accredited method of using it. We are not to be driven about by every wind either of doctrine or of devotion. In one, as in the other, we are to give heed to the declaration of the Prophet, when he says—"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Such a divine precept as this is utterly opposed to all innovation—taking this word as signifying change to be effected by the introduction of novelties. The maxim of an English moralist will hold good equally in sacred as in secular things, when he affirms, that "a spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views," since it shows that "people will not look forward to posterity, who will not look backward to their ancestors." It arises not only

from a habit of misapprehending and misjudging, but often from the prevalence of that self-conceit which isaverse to discerning, or, at least, acknowledging the real motives of action. And hence comes it to pass that there are so many of whom it has but too truly been said, that they "reverse both the principle and the practice of the Apostle—they become all things to all men, not to save others, but themselves: and they try all things only to hold fast that which is bad."

Certainly it is a laudable thing, as far as it goes, to have, for instance, even a traditional respect for our Prayer Book and for the order of Services therein, which has so long been in use in the Reformed Catholic Church from which we have derived it. But then this respect must not resolve itself into a blind prejudice, or childish partiality, but must be something rational and intelligible. It must be something of sound principle, not of mere predilection—a feeling that has regard to the sacred significance, the religious integrity of such an object. Its traditional character too, must be something, as it were, *ab initio*—not anything that may have sprung up at some modern, some degenerate day, when the original design may have been lost sight of, or when the whole scope and object may have gathered an irregularity, and much of its primitive institution may have been worn away. That such has been the case with much in the Catholic Church, there is only too abundant historical testimony to show. Even our post-reformation history abounds with evidence to the fact, that, in the words of one of the closest observers of men and manners, and whose immortal records of the same are seldom at fault, "there was so great fever in goodness, that the dissolution of it had to cure it; that novelty was only in request; and that it was dangerous to be *lagged* in any kind of course,"—for it was a time, as he quaintly adds, when "there was scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed; and much upon this riddle, too, puzzling the wisdom even of the world." This, then, were assuredly a time of innovation. It was a time when, as the same great portrayer of human nature we have just quoted declares—

"New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, but them be unmanly, yet are followed."

And since it was in religion that such novelties and eccentricities most of all prevailed, and perhaps more remarkable than anything else—and we have but to study the rise and progress of Puritanism to be convinced of this—it certainly behoves us, as Catholic Churchmen, to be careful that we do not derive our traditional feeling from so unhappy, so mischievous an era as that. And yet was it in such puritanic times to which the origin of the present too common misuse of our Prayer Book may be distinctly traced. The cold cratianism, the heartless worldliness of the times which supervened, had their blighting influences also upon the Catholic ritualism which our Liturgy was so well designed to illustrate and enforce. The two most clearly combined to introduce and to perpetuate a mode of performing the Divine Services therein contained, which has done much, unhappily, to establish formality and indirection in our congregations; and surely, therefore, any rational and pious effort to remedy such a state of things can never deserve to be called, as they sometimes are, novel devices. May we not, indeed, cast back the imputation of novelty upon those who, under such circumstances, so unreasonably seek to fix it upon ourselves? Why, to introduce kneeling on their knees in prayer, as the rule, in many a congregation, would, upon such principle, be a novelty. And so would it be to sing instead of reading the Songs of the Church. Yet which is the right way? The one that is the so called novelty, most undoubtedly. Very narrow limits to the notion of antiquity do they assign, who would limit it, or the traditional respect which they attach to it, to so comparatively brief a period, for instance, as that of the existence of our branch of the Catholic Church.

What we want, is a more general practical knowledge, and practical application of the principles of our admirable and venerable Book of Common

Prayer. And certainly it can never be consistent with those principles to make the performance of the solemn Services it sets forth for us, the affair of cold dry, undevotional *reading* or *preaching* throughout, that they are now-a-days so commonly made; any more than it can be to divest them of the reverent ceremonies which so properly attach thereto. These very ceremonies were all "of godly intent and purpose devised;" and we have been taught—or we ought to be—to observe them, "as well for a decent order in the Church, as because they pertain to edification, whereunto all things done in the Church (as the Apostle teacheth) ought to be referred." If, then, they have fallen into disuse—or any of them—through ignorance, or prejudice, or perverseness, or self-will, surely the restoration even of such things can never with truth or propriety be stigmatized as innovation. There is a class of men, we know, inside as well as outside the pale of the Church, without thought, without knowledge, without reverence, without stability, without self-discipline, who not only care for none of these things, but dislike and denounce them. And the world is naturally ranged against such sacred ceremonies, if only for the reason that they really do "pertain to edification"—an edification which the god of this world must of necessity regard with aversion and with dread. So likewise with the mode of saying the Services themselves. They are to be performed as our "daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," as well as our constant utterance of prayer and supplication. In one place they require us to stand up, in another to kneel down, in another to bow the head. And we are all of us, severally, to engage in this way, in the worship of God. We do not go to lounge and listen, but to think and act. The prayers are not to be didactically read to us, but reverently offered up to God. And our hearts are to be earnestly occupied therein,—ever remembering, that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Yet to effect all this, in many a congregation, must it not necessitate what, upon the plea set up, would have to be called *innovation* and *novelty*?

In a word, our Church Services, and our individual interest and participation therein, whatever imputation of having recourse to novel devices we may incur, must be what the judicious Hooker describes Divine Service in general to be, when he says,— "That which inwardly each man should be, the Church outwardly ought to testify." And therefore the duties of our religion which are seen must be such as that affection which is unseen ought to be. Signs must resemble the things they signify. If religion bear the greatest sway in our hearts, our outward religious duties must show it as far as the Church hath outward ability. Duties of religion performed by whole societies of men, ought to have in them according to our power a sensible excellency, correspondent to the majesty of Him whom we worship. Yea, then are the public duties of religion best ordered, when the militant Church doth resemble by sensible means, as it may in such cases, that hidden dignity and glory wherewith the Church triumphant in heaven is beautified."—*N. Y. Churchman.*

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—We are gratified to find that so influential a publication as the *Church Review*, has at length taken up the position we have so often contended for, as to the true character of the Church, and of the designation which it ought, by right, to possess,—that, namely, of the *American Catholic Church*. We have a lively remembrance of the outcry that was raised against us, some two or three years ago, for having taken this ground in the *Churchman*.—Time, however, works wonders. We have always, it will be remembered, objected to the title inflicted upon the Church, as that of "Protestant Episcopal," and the mention of this objection has, on several occasions, exposed us to rebuke and to obloquy—our own Protestantism having been on such occasions more than questioned. The *Church Review*, at last, like ourselves, has taken the bull by the horns; and we rejoice to record it. "The question comes up at once," says our able contemporary, "and who are we, priesthood and laity,