

# The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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**CALENDAR.**  
CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Month	Day	Lesson	Evening
S. May	12	S. An. E.	11	11
M.	13	12 Kings	12	12 Kings
T.	14	13	13	13
W.	15	14	14	14
T.	16	15	15	15
F.	17	16	16	16
S.	18	17	17	17

• Proper Place. - Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, 26, 27, 30.  
! The Athanasian Creed to be used on these days.  
• Begin verse 44.      • To verse 17.

**Petry.**  
"I will lead them in the paths that they have not known." Isaiah xlii. 16.

How few who from their youthful day,  
Look on to what their path may be.  
Painting the visions of the way  
In colors soft, and bright, and free:  
How few who to such paths have brought  
The hopes and dreams of early thought!  
For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,  
Who pant to toil for God and man.  
And view with eyes of keen desire  
The splendid way of toil and pain:  
Almost who scorn they think of rest,  
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast.  
But God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid—  
With love to make the labor light,  
And there their beauty they must shed  
On quiet homes and lot to night.  
Changed are their visions high and fair,  
Yet calm and still they labor there:  
For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thicks with pain,  
It scarce can lowlier tasks fulfil.  
And if it dreads its life to cease,  
Would ask but pathway low and still  
Often such lowly heart is brought  
To act with power beyond its thought:  
For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,  
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,  
How fresh from earth their grateful love  
Can spring without a stain or spot—  
Often such youthful heart is given  
The path of grief to walk to Heaven:  
For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

What matter what the path shall be?  
The end is clear and bright to view:  
We know that we a strength shall see,  
Whatever the day may bring to do.  
We see the end, the house of God,  
But not the path to that abode:  
For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead His own.

**Religious Miscellany**

**THE ENGLISH HOSPITALS AT SCUTARI.**

ENTERING any of the corridors or wards, the same scene presented itself. The occupants of some of the beds sat strongly up, eating heartily their soup and meat—others, associated to skeletons, were like corpses than living beings, except for the large, hollow, anxious eyes, lay back on their pillows, or tried with difficulty to swallow the spoonfuls of arrow-root or sago offered to them by the attendants. There seemed no doubtful class—all were broadly marked either for life or death. The patients appeared comfortable—had good beds and plenty of bed-clothes—and the temperature of the chambers was, as before said, regulated to a very pleasant warmth. At some beds, a woman, the wife of the patient, sat chatting with him; beside others stood the somewhat ghastly appearance of a (Roman) Catholic sister of charity, upright, rigid, veiled, and draped in black; the veil projecting far beyond her face, threw it, as well as the white dress folded across her bosom, into deep shadow. The thimble of some of the forms propped up a-

gainst their pillows, their chests exposed by the open shirts, was absolutely frightful, the bony hands wandered vaguely about the hair and sunken temples, and the eyes were fixed on vacancy. Some lay already in the shadow of death, their eyes reverted, showing only the whites beneath the drooping lids; and others had passed this last stage, and waited for the grave.

At the end of a corridor in a tower are quarters once held by General Sir George Brown, but now occupied by gentle tenants. There dwelt the sisterhood that had come from England to tend the sick—the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoses of the Crimea. That quarter of the building threw a softening and romantic tinge over the rest,—in its neighbourhood pain and misery seemed less forlorn. The corridor opened on a kitchen where some good sisters were preparing soup, sago, and wine, and other comforting compounds. Doorways opening from the kitchen were screened by long folds of black cloth, or tapestry, behind which dwelt the lady sisters, and high up the wall of the kitchen were windows, across which flitted nun-like forms, heard presently to descend the stair to our level. It was while one of two or three who accompanied me, a man of sedate and respectable aspect, such as might without presumption engage the attention of a sister of charity, extracted from a motherly benevolent lady some statistical details of the sisterhood, that the chief of them herself, Miss Nightingale, lifting the piece of tapestry before her door for a parting visitor, stood for a moment revealed. During that short interval the statistics of the motherly lady were unheeded—we steadily regarded the chief as she laid her visitor adieu—then the tapestry fell and she vanished.

There were eight Protestant ladies, and a rather large number of (Roman) Catholic sisters, in all, with their attendants who officiated as nurses, there were about forty in the sisterhood.

In the Great Kitchens, done by their quarter, rice pudding, manufactured on a grand scale, was transferred, smoking, by an enormous ladle to the destined platters; beef-tea and mutton broth were being cooked in huge caldrons, such as the witches dances around; and flocks of poultry were simmering into boiled fowls or chicken broth.

There are three English hospitals besides this. One at a little distance, a large red brick building, was originally built and used for the purpose by the Turks: it is the most comfortable and best suited to its object of all. Another is known as the Kiosk, or Palsco Hospital; and the third is at Coolali, a place some miles up the Bosphorus, on the Scutari side, where there is a large barrack which was occupied by the English cavalry and artillery before the army left for Varna. All these buildings were clean, cheerful, airy, and comfortable. They contained in all, at the time of my first visit, 4,700 sick, increased to 5,000 at the end of January; and from first to last 10,000 men had passed through—some back to the Crimea, where in many cases they had relapsed into sickness and died—some to England—and some to their final resting-place.—*Story of the Campaign, in Blackwood's Magazine*

**REVERENCE IN CHILDREN.**

WHAT state of society can be blind to the meaning of the imprecation which was pronounced at the entrance into the promised land, and joined in the same doom the idolator and him who should "ret light by his father and mother?" What Philosophy can gainsay the sage of the book of Proverbs, whose sententious moralizing rises into prophetic grandeur as he speaks of the unnatural son, "The eye that mocketh at his father, or refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it." Who needs any interpretation of the feelings of David, or Joseph, or Solomon, in their joy or trial? How heart rending was the grief of the Psalmist over his recreant son—"Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" What beauty, as well as simplicity, in the inquiry of Joseph for his father, when the Prime Minister of Egypt dismissed his courtly train, and weeping aloud, could only ask, "Doth my father yet live?" What grandeur, far above its gold and gems, surrounded the throne of Solomon, when he rose to meet his mother, and called her to a seat at his right hand, "And the

King said unto her, ask on, my mother, for I will not say thee nay." What pathos and sublimity in the Saviour of men, when embracing home and Heaven in His parting words on the cross. He commanded His spirit to the Eternal Father, and entrusted His mother to the beloved disciple's care. We need no more than this to show how the gospel glorifies the law, and crowns its morality and piety alike in its perfect love—"Woman, behold thy son"—"Disciple, behold thy mother." Hear the amen that goes from Calvary to Sinai—and honor thy father and thy mother.—*Heartstone.*

**THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

A French clergyman, the Abbe Laborde, has published a pamphlet which makes a great noise in the religious world, entitled "A Memorandum of the Opponents of the New Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Ineffable Bull." The author, immediately on his arrival at Rome, in November last, presented a petition to the Pope against what he terms the "profane novelties" intended to be enforced upon the Church. The only answer made by his Holiness was a summons to attend the *Segretaria*, and there in a dark chamber, he received from a monk the order to leave Rome immediately. He did not obey. Shortly afterward the "Lieutenant of the police of Conscience" made an incursion into his lodgings, and seized the copies of his petition, and also a pamphlet entitled "The Immaculate Conception not a Dogma of Faith." A few days later the Lieutenant of police renewed the order that he should leave the country. M. Laborde replied that he would not attempt to resist physical force, that he had come to Rome to do his utmost to avert what appeared to him a great calamity for the Church, and he protested against the violence with which he was menaced. Ultimately, and after being compelled to appear before the Inquisition, he was conducted by gendarmes to Civita Vecchia, and there put on board a vessel bound to France. The Abbe gives a flat contradiction to the story that Rome "was drunk with joy" when the new dogma was proclaimed. He saw nothing like enthusiasm anywhere. He concludes that the Pope's decree is void, because, according to the laws of the Catholic Church, the dogma ought not to have been promulgated without the authority of a General Council, in which all Bishops might have been fairly heard without being exposed to persecution.

**News Department.**

From Papers by R. M. S. Asia, April 28.

**TERMINATION OF THE VIENNA NEGOTIATIONS.**

Mr. Bright.—I wish to know whether the House is to understand that the noble lord the member for London has left Vienna, and that the conferences and negotiations are considered by the Government to be at an end.

Viscount Palmerston.—It is well known to the House that the English and French Governments, in concert with the Government of Austria, had determined that the proper development of the third point, which regarded the treaties of 1840 and 1841 with respect to the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, should, amongst other things, be that the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea should henceforth be made to cease. That was the principle laid down by England and France, and agreed to by Austria, and the principle was in the abstract accepted by the Russian plenipotentiary. On Thursday last, in a conference held, at which were present the English, French, Austrian, Turkish, and Russian plenipotentiaries, the plenipotentiaries of England, France, Austria, and Turkey, proposed to the Russian, as a mode of making to cease the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea,—which proposals had been admitted and accepted by Russia—they proposed, I say, as a method of carrying that principle into execution, either that the amount of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea should henceforth be limited by treaty, or that the Black Sea should be declared neutral ground entirely, and that all ships of war of all countries should be excluded from it, so that it henceforth should be only a sea of commerce. The Russian plenipotentiary requested forty-eight hours to take that proposal into