

# The Church Times.

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date	MORNING.	EVENING
S. Oct. 17	Dani. 3	Dani. 6
M. " 18	Luko 3	Gal. 3
Tu. " 19	Eccl. 1, 2	Job 1
W. " 20	W. 11	W. 12
Th. " 21	13	14
Fr. " 22	15	15
Sat. " 23	16	16

## Poetry.

### "THY KINGDOM COME."

KING of Kings, and wilt thou deign  
O'er this wayward heart to reign?  
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,  
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

Thou, like heaven's angelic bands,  
Waiting for Thy high commands,  
All my powers shall wait on Thee,  
Captivè, yet divinely free.

At Thy Word my Will shall bow,  
Judgement, Reason, bending low,  
Hope, Desire, and every thought,  
Into glad obedience brought.

Zeal shall haste on eager wing,  
Hourly some new gift to bring;  
Wisdom, humbly casting down  
At Thy feet her golden crown.

Tuned by thee in sweet accord,  
All shall sing their gracious Lord;  
Love, like Thine own seraphim,  
Leading on the blissful hymn.

Be it so—my heart's Thy throne,  
All my powers Thy sceptre own,  
And, like them on heaven's bright hill,  
Rejoicing in Thy will.

—Evang. Catholic.

### ENOCH.

He walked with God in youth's bright morn,  
When life was in its spring;  
And his young spirit soared aloft  
On hope's exulting wing.

He walked with God, when joy's fresh buds  
Were opening on his way,  
And tempting him with fragrant breath,  
In pleasure's path to stray.

He walked with God in manhood prime,  
And shunned ambition's snare;  
Nor heeded he the gilded toys  
That are the worldling's care.

He walked with God when time entwined  
His locks with threads of gray;  
Still leaning on his pilgrim's staff  
He kept the narrow way.

He walked with God from youth to age,  
And unto him was giv'n  
A deathless entrance to the land—  
The bright fair land of Heaven.

—Echo.

## Religious Miscellany.

### PARIS ON THE 15TH AUGUST, 1852.

ON the 15th August, 1769, the wife of a Corsican lawyer gave birth to a son in the town of Ajaccio. Little was it then imagined that that infant was to shake the thrones of Europe, and that, after a life of chequered grandeur and abasement, his memory was once more to revive in France, so that in 1852 the anniversary of his birth should be celebrated at Paris by a military festival, a parade of myriads of troops, illuminations, fireworks, and rejoicings, scarcely ever paralleled even in the midst of a nation pre-eminant for its gaiety, and in a city remarkable for its love of spectacles. There is, however, something melancholy intermingled with these sacrifices to the vanity of a great nation. They are conducted with an entire disregard to the laws of God, and as if religion were something intended only to give a zest to worldly enjoyment. The day chosen for these rejoicings was the Lord's, and although it would appear that a short morning service at the magnificent church of the Madeleine was not omitted on the part of the President, it would seem as if this homage was intended not for God, but the Church, and was only a proper tribute of respect to

that great apostacy which is striving more and more to intermingle itself with the affairs of Government. From an early hour in the morning to a late hour at night Paris seems to have given up herself to revelry and mirth. Myriads of strangers had poured in from the provinces. Excursion trains from London brought hundreds, probably thousands, from England whilst nothing seemed to be wanting but fine weather to render complete the pleasure of the thoughtless multitude.

The display of fireworks, ended with a magnificent fire-balloon, bearing the cipher of Napoleon surmounted by an Imperial crown, suspended over Paris for some minutes, and darting stars of variegated colours, which, as the fiery pageant passed away, might have reminded a spectator of this scene of the vanity of the famous lines of Lord Byron on the overthrow of Napoleon.

"For who would climb the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night."

It is indeed a solemn and melancholy thought that amidst the teeming population of Paris, amidst the myriads and tens of myriads, who thronged to witness these spectacles, amidst that living mass of intelligent, responsible, immortal human beings, how few there were that were not substantially and actually casting God behind their backs, and acting as if there were neither heaven nor hell, a judgement to come, or an eternity of happiness or misery; acting, in short, on the atheistic motto inscribed on some of the flags, *Vox populi, vox Dei*.

And yet amidst this scene of vanity and practical atheism, Paris was not without its witnesses for God. Hard by the church of the Louvre, whose ill-omened bell sounded the tocsin of massacre on the night of St. Bartholomew's, and hard by the windows out of which the blood-stained Charles VIII. fired at the flying Hugonots, the Gospel is now preached in the church of the Oratoire, by M. ADOLPHE MONOD and M. GRANDPIERRE. Whilst these very scenes were going on we have heard from those who were present, how, in another Protestant temple M. ADOLPHE MONOD was setting forth the essence of true religion as consisting in subordinating the material to the spiritual life—in seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and having established this great truth on the basis of Divine authority as applicable to individuals, he next exhibited the applicability of the same principle to societies and to nations, and with that fervid eloquence which so distinguishes him pressed home the truth, not without some references to the events which were passing around him, announced as they were by the booming of the guns from the Champ de Mars, that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the shame of any people. Other witnesses there are for God in that great city, and surely this is a call on British Christians to work by their instrumentality, and endeavour to promote the knowledge of that Gospel which can alone save from the dominion of sin and the slavery of Satan both individuals and nations.—*Record*.

### I AM A LOST MAN.

BY REV. M. B. GRIER.

THE newspapers inform us that these were the last words of Bugeaud, Marshal of France, and Duke of Isly. When he uttered them he was just closing a brilliant, many would say a useful life. He had led vast armies to battle. He had governed extensive states. He had been conspicuous in the councils of his nation. The president of France made anxious visits to his death-chamber. The stern Cavaignac wept as he looked upon the dissolving frame of his old comrade, and the convention was profoundly affected when the news of his death was announced. With all this accumulation of honour, he was, by his own confession, "a lost man." How mournful the contrast between the glory of his life, and the deep gloom of its close.

From the same source we learn that Bugeaud had a pious mother. In the history of his eventful life, this seems to have been the only quarter in which a good influence was exerted upon his heart. His mother's voice alone warned him of his danger, and spoke to him of eternity, all other influences led him astray.

In the camp he heard of God only in blasphemy. In civil life he saw nothing but a desperate struggle for earthly power. In the saloons of Paris he heard wit mocking, and philosophy denouncing the religion of his youth. The quiet voice that had warned him and prayed with him was, alas for him, overborne and lost in the midst of these babbling voices of the world.

In the hour of death, however, these voices die away and are forgotten. The acclamations of a world could not have made the fainting pulse of Bugeaud beat faster. Other tones were in his ears; for the accents we will not listen to when they admonish us, we are often forced to listen to when they accuse. The dying moments are often the time of resurrection for abused privileges and neglected gifts. They stalk forth from the "burial places of memory," to foreshadow our doom, and convince us of its undeniable justice.

Thus we explain that fearful expression which fell from the dying warrior. He heeded a voice which he had long neglected and forgotten. Across the waste of years, and through the storm of battle it comes, clear, distinct, upon his failing ear. It asks for the fruit of early counsel. It seeks for the result of pious care and zeal. One comprehensive glance over his life satisfies the man that he has wasted it. His own conscience condemns him. In this he knows that he but anticipates the sentence of God, and he sinks into death, "a lost man."

The lesson of this sad incident is easily read. It is only another instance of the ease with which carelessness can turn our blessings into curses. A mother's love and a mother's pious care, are inestimable gifts of God's mercy. Indifference and impenitence can make them causes of our deeper damnation, and so change the soft voice that sang our infancy to sleep, that it will haunt our dying pillow with accusations that we can neither gainsay nor resist.

### IRISH REFORMATION.

IN the district of West Galway there are now between 5000 and 6000 converts in connexion with this society, where in 1840, not 500 Protestants were to be found. For the accommodation of these converts the Bishop of Tuam has lately issued an Appeal to raise funds for the building of eight new churches, (two one at Sellerna to be capable of holding 900,) and the enlargement of two others. These converts remain steadfast in the faith, though many of them are bitterly persecuted by their relatives; several have died in Christ, refusing to the last to send for "the priest," affirming "they have a great High Priest in heaven, able and willing to intercede for them." In this district of the country upwards of 3500 children are daily attending the Mission Schools, and are instructed in the Scriptures, which they delight to read. These often prove a blessing to their parents, in conveying from their schools the information they receive, whereby, many of the aged and infirm have learned the way of salvation,—thus, out of the mouths of these babes has God perfected His praise? They are each of them, more or less "able to give to him that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in them." On asking a girl in the Streamstown (or Barratrough) school-house "What is it to believe in Christ?" the reply she made would put to shame many more advanced, and under greater advantages from their youth; she said—"It is the Spirit of God moving the soul to lean upon Jesus, and trust Him for salvation!" Would to God this explanation of what faith in Christ is, were apprehended by our young and old! In visiting these stations in the far west, one cannot but observe the decrepid and famine-stricken appearance of many—yet the eye brightens up, and the whole countenance changes when Jesus and His salvation are the subject of conversation. The eagerness and facility which they exhibit in finding out passages of Scripture is remarkable, and nothing they delight in more than holding a controversy with their priests or neighbors, concerning the way in which a sinner can be saved.

There are various Irish teachers employed in this district, to teach the people to read the Scriptures in Irish. Many of the school-children, who are more advanced, occupy their leisure hours in this way, and Mr.