

Correspondence.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 48.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IS HOLY BAPTISM.

"But God forbid." &c.—Gal. vi. 14.

THE Cross! the Cross! the scorner's jest,
On which my Savior deign'd to die;
I bear it in my secret breast,
I watch it with my gladden'd eye.

The Cross, the Cross! with all its shame,
I cherish on the field and flood;
Icherish with Immanuel's name,
And stained with his precious blood.

'Twas sign'd upon my infant brow,
To enlist me for the world above;
And shall I fail to own it now,
That I can comprehend its love?

O God forbid that I should boast,
Save in this sign and seal of Heav'n,
This mark of safety to the lost,
This pledge of peace and sins forgiv'n.

Above the Temple spire it shines,
The emblem of the Lord who died;
And to the careless world designs
To teach and preach the Crucified.

In ev'ry scene that meets my view,
In ev'ry thought that stirs within;
O let the Cross my soul subdue,
And keep me from the ways of sin.

I count the world itself but loss,
And bind my soul, O Christ, to Thee;
E'er in the pow'r of thy Cross,
Tho' world is crucified to me.

W. D.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

TO THE SUN.

GLORIOUS art thou, Oh Sun!
Whether, when giving entrance to thy state,
The rosy morn unbars her pearly gate,
Thy course is just begun;
And, eastward, floating on the breezy air,
All dazzlingly, thy amber locks appear:

Or gain'd the glowing West,
Shorn of thy lustre, yet still glorious,
The evening star, with motion tremulous,
Points to thy place of rest;
Where, on the margin of the crimson'd sky,
Is spread thy golden-fringed canopy.

"Points to thy place of rest?"
Not so! thou tak'st, and thou requir'st none,
But, ceaseless, travellest from Zone to Zone,
Above the earth's broad breast.
An emblem of thy Maker! on whose eyes,
No falling dew of slumber ever lies.

Another hemisphere
Beholds thy shining visage, when the haze
Of evening rests on objects that thy rays,
Erewhile, engirdled here;
And, brilliantly, thy beams then reillumine
Each mountain-peak emerging from Night's gloom,

Oh, Sun! all-glorious thou!
No marvel the half-civiliz'd Parsee,
And old Peruvia's aborigine,
To thee should lowly bow
In adoration! deeming that enshrin'd
Within thy essence, dwelt the Eternal Mind.

Oh, thou Projectile vast!
Since first through His illimitable space
Thy Maker launch'd thee, there to fill thy place,
While earthly time shall last:
What changes hast thou witness'd here below!
Eflux and reflux tides of human woe.

Thou did'st survey the pair
In Eden's garden, ere the tempter vile,
Did, subtly, our mother Eve beguile,
Blighting their prospect fair:
And thou beheld'st th' Angel of the Lord
Expel them thence, with fiery, flaming sword.

And since that fatal time,
'Mong their descendants, doom'd to till the soil,
And earn their food by sweat of brow, and toil,
(Sad fruit of that first crime!)
What scenes of suffering hast thou look'd on,
In each diurnal course that thou hast run.

And thus 'twill be, Oh, Sun!
Until—one mighty foot placed on the land
One on the sea—the Archangel great shall stand,
Proclaiming Time is done!
And, quench'd in darkness, 'mid the stars around,
Thy place no longer in the Heavens be found.

Among the orbs that roll
Around thee, great is thy preeminence!
Yet thou dost sink to insignificance,
Weigh'd with the human soul:
To which now powers and lustre shall be given,
When thou art blotted from the face of Heaven.
Shelburne. A. D.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

BELIEVE ME.

BELIEVE ME, the World with its proudest array,
Pomp, fortune, fame, beauty, are all—but a dream,
Of illusive enchantments that tempt us astray.
From "the things of reality" eye hath not seen.

Yes! believe me, the world's bright pageantries moving,
Whore dominions, kings, nobles, with coronals teem,
Are but as dew-drops, like diamonds, all sparkling,
proving
How starlike the splendour of falsehood may gleam.

Believe me, "the hopes" that are fixed on time's day,
Whatever the glories emblazoning the scene,
Are but as water globes floating in rainbows away,
They dazzle—burst—vanish, and—what have they
been?

Believe me, no grandeur the senses enthralling
With effulgence that beams but from "vases" of dust,
Can enliven the soul in her intervals calling:
With none but thy Saviour deposit thy trust!

No! believe me, "the trust" where the pleasures are
sure,
Is not in a world whose foundations are sand!
They are found in "these realms" where are mansions
secure,
With pavements of Jasper where angels may stand.

Then what are the glories demanding our care,
But those beams from the sun of Emmanuel's throne.
And the soul that shall shine in the light that is there,
By the prayer of faith makes those glories her own.

P. W. M.

The Church Times.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

COLONIAL CHURCH LEGISLATION.

Our readers will see by our Parliamentary news received by the last Steamer, that the Archbishop of Canterbury has introduced a Bill into the House of Lords in reference to this long talked of subject, and which appears to have passed a second reading without much opposition. We have not seen the Bill, but we gather from the remarks of the different speakers, that the measure has undergone considerable modification since it was brought forward by Mr. Gladstone, which we trust may render it more palatable to those whose fears were then aroused.

It will also appear that their Lordships were wide awake, and were watching every word of every clause, to see that nothing should become law inconsistent with the rights and privileges of any class affected by the measure. For ourselves, we never have had any fears on the subject, and we now heartily rejoice that we are at last likely to have permission to meet together for consultation on the affairs of our own Church, and shall thus obtain a privilege which every Dissenting body around us has long enjoyed.

We omitted last week to call the particular attention of our readers to this poetical communication from Shelburne, on the "Last Day," which possesses no common merit. We publish another to-day from the same hand, addressed to the "Sun," and worthy of its brilliant theme.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

We regret to see that Mr. H. N. Arnold, third son of the late Rev. H. N. Arnold, of Sussex Vale. N. B. died at Melbourne, Australia, of fever, on 20th Feb. last. He left St. John the August before.

Mr. J. S. Allan, of Yarmouth, is about starting a weekly paper at Liverpool, to be called the *Liverpool Transcript*.

Archdeacon Sinclair of Middlesex, (brother of the celebrated authoress,) is coming out as a Delegate from the English Church, to return the visit of American Bishops, and we presume to be present at the General Convention in October. He was to have sailed yesterday.

The New York Exhibition is in active progress. The total number of exhibitors from abroad is 2,605, of whom only two are from Nova Scotia—7,000 persons admitted in one day.

The Earl of Ellesmere, Lady and family, have been here for some days, on a visit to the admiral. It is said they are to return to England in the *Leander* frigate.

It is stated that arrangements are actually in progress for laying down a submarine telegraph between Galway and Halifax.

Professor Bolman, of St. Petersburg, has just published a work on the Potato disease and its remedy, which he says he has found by actual experiment often repeated, to be thoroughly drying the potato before planting.

MR. R. G. FRASER, Druggist, advertises liquid Chloride of Lime, for removing noxious vapour from drains, &c. It is to be wished that the authorities may speedily and resolutely administer copious doses to all the foul mouths of drains along our streets, which are every moment exhaling pestilential effluvia, most dangerous to the public health.

THE Tribune Printing Office, in New York, is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the United States. It embraces 1 Editor, 10 assistant editors, 14 reporters, 80 correspondents, 1 publisher, 6 clerks, 1 foreman of composing room, 7 assistant foremen, 32 regular compositors, 4 proof readers, 4 office boys, 1 foreman of press room, 2 assistants, 10 feeders, 2 engineers, 3 wrapper writers, 6 occupied in the mail room and 26 carriers.—Total 174.

51,000 MEN, (more than died at Cannan or at Waterloo,) are killed every year in the United States by alcohol.

THE Free Church of Canada and that of Nova Scotia are bestowing serious attention on the great cause of Temperance, with the avowed purpose (as regards the former,) of putting forth a strenuous effort to procure the passage of a Law prohibiting the manufacture or importation of intoxicating liquors.

16,000 emigrants had arrived in Canada, this season, up to the 16th of July.

MR. JACKSON, the Railway contractor, accompanied by Mr. Stephenson, was at Portland on Tuesday last, en route for Canada.

THE RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON.—The residence of Washington, at Mount Vernon, has been sold to speculators. An old woman peddles cakes at ten cents a piece by the door of Washington's tomb—and pretty soon a whirligig and swishing will be erected in the grounds—a saloon opened in the venerable mansion—and along the piazza, through which, with slow and dignified step, the best man of his age used to walk for recreation, there will be a line of smokers and tobacco chowers, with their feet up, guzzling mint juleps, and talking politics! Will the speculators be good enough not to use the sarcophagi in which are the remains of the hero and his wife for their contemptible penny-getting operations. We hope that they won't sell them to Barnum.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

THE Canada Temperance Advocate is an excellent paper, and has just put forth an appeal for an enlarged circulation. It is published at Montreal, twice a month, 16 pages, at the small price of 2s. 6d. per annum. Agent at Halifax—Robert Noble, Esq.

THE General Convention of the P. E. Church in the U. States, will meet (D. V.) in Trinity Church, New York, on Wednesday, 5th October, 1853. Such meetings of the whole Church are triennial—of Diocesan Conventions annual.

THE London "Guardian" says in reference to some published rumours of Episcopal changes:—

"We have copied the preceding paragraphs for the purpose of giving them a flat contradiction. In respect to the first, we do not believe there is the slightest foundation for stating the Bishop of Bath and Wells intends resigning his diocese. As to the second the Bishopric of Graham's Town, has not been offered to the Rev. Daniel Moore; and as to the third, there is not, as far as we know, the remotest probability of the Rev. Thomas Jackson being made Archbishop of Sydney."

THE Free Church Ministers of Nova Scotia are actively engaged in promoting the collection of £7,000 for the maintenance of their College at Halifax.

SAVAGE TROPHIES.—A correspondent of the *Buffalo Express*, at St. Paul, Minnesota, paid a visit to the Indian village of Kaposia, about five miles down the river. One of the sights is thus described: We saw hanging before one of the lodges a fresh scalp taken within a few weeks from one of their natural foes, the Chippeways. It was hung upon a hoop, surrounded by eagle feathers, and what was most strange, there was also a comb and scissors hanging by. The skin of the scalp was kept painted of a bright red, to represent the dropping blood, and the whole thing was most horrid. The feud between the Sioux and Chippeways cannot be cured. They are afraid of each other; only three weeks since a woman of the Sioux was shot in the street of St. Paul, by a party of Chippeways who were in ambush. The scalp we saw had been taken in revenge for this murder.