

# The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Days	Lessons	MORNING.	EVENING.
Aug. 10	12	1 Kings 10	1 Kings 18
11	11	Jerem. 6	Jerem. 21
12	10	Levi. 2	Levi. 11
13	9	Levi. 1	Levi. 10
14	8	Levi. 2	Levi. 11
15	7	Levi. 3	Levi. 12
16	6	Levi. 4	Levi. 13
17	5	Levi. 5	Levi. 14
18	4	Levi. 6	Levi. 15
19	3	Levi. 7	Levi. 16
20	2	Levi. 8	Levi. 17
21	1	Levi. 9	Levi. 18

## Poetry.

### THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

BY MYRTA MAY.

In this world of sin and sighing,  
In this world of pain and dying,  
Where the purest joys are fleeting,  
And the brightest hopes are chattering,  
Where the flowers we fondly cherish,  
All too soon must fade and perish;  
Born on earth, to breeze,  
Sighing through the waving trees,  
We may hear a faint strain,  
Like a plaintive, sweet refrain,  
Sung by the angelic band—  
In the far-off "Spirit-land."

While the scalding tears now,  
Whispering voices, low and low,  
Bid us look from earth, above,  
To that better home of love,  
Where in those immortal bowers,  
Blossom never-fading flowers,  
Where the white-robed angels dwell,  
And the mournful wail "Farewell,"  
Nearer thrills the aching breast,  
"Where the weary are at rest,"  
In those realms of endless day,  
"Every tear is wiped away."

And when earthly ties are riven,  
Still we fondly dream of Heaven;  
So impatient while we wait,  
The opening of the "Pearly Gate."  
Ever hoping, when at last  
All life's weary days are past,  
We shall "meet, to part no more,"  
With the loved ones "gone before."  
We shall sing that new, glad song,  
Nearer learned by mortal tongue;  
When we join the angel-band,  
In the bright, the better land.

Yet, while thus we're fondly dreaming,  
While the lights of joy is beaming,  
Oh, how oft the dark Death-wing,  
Will o'er the heart its shadow fling,  
Casting on our path the gloom,  
Of the dark, and dreary tomb;  
And we whisper, with a sigh,  
"Tis a fearful thing to die!"

—N. Y. Oct.

## Religious Intelligence.

### THE CHURCH'S ENCOURAGEMENTS FROM THE EAST.

If anywhere in the history of the Church of God, there are plain marks of the presence and protection of its Divine Head, those marks appear in the pages where stands recorded the story of our Reformed Anglican Communion. What a history it is from first to last! And what lessons of unwavering trust in God, and the power of His grace, ought it to teach us!

How stood our Church three hundred years ago? Twenty-two years had elapsed since the Convocation had solemnly and to all man declared, that the Bishop of Rome had no jurisdiction in the realm of England; and during all these years, the work of Reformation had been advancing; not without drawbacks and mistakes, indeed, but still advancing steadily and surely. But now, an evil day had come upon the Church. The bones of their martyrdom were all that remained on earth of her Archbishop and three of his brother prelates, and many faithful priests and laymen. The iron bonds of Rome were on her once again, and by the waters of Babylon she was weeping bitter tears. Was it all over with the reformed and liberated Church? So thought her Roman foes. But she rose from those ashes, strengthened and renewed.

A country went by. How stood the Church of England? Her Archbishop slept in his bloody grave, a headless corpse, and his ancient see was vacant. Her prelates and clergy were dead or exiles. The voice of her solemn ritual was silent in the land; her holy houses were shattered, desecrated,

and abandoned. The chapel of the British ambassador, in Paris, was the only place in the Eastern world where the Book of Common Prayer was publicly used in the worship of the sanctuary; inasmuch, says John Evelyn, "that in various controversies, both with Papists and Sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation. Was all lost then? So Papist and Puritan both thought, and they watched to see that little spark die out, and the Mother Church sink in utter annihilation. But God kindled up that spark again into a mighty flame, and it shone out with a new and glorious lustre.

Another century went by. The branches had gone over the sea, and one had taken root here among us. Yet it was a dark and evil time. An ungodly government steadily refused to send bishops to North America. Too many of the Church's prelates were more occupied with attendance on the Court and Parliament, than with their proper duties as successors of the Apostles. From the pulpits was heard a poor, and meagre, and low morality, but little of redemption by the blood of Christ, or sanctification by the presence of the Spirit. A grievous schism had just rent the Church, which claimed allegiance only as the creature of the State. Brethren were cast out, who might have been retained, and who would have been retained, but for the timidity, and lukewarmness, and narrowness of the Church's rulers. And even such a man as Bishop Butler had not long before been fain to say, in the bitterness of his spirit, that "it was too late to save a falling Church."

Did the Church fall? Pass over one century more; come to the present time, and let the whole, wide world give answer to the question. The Episcopate of that Communion girls the globe. Her clergy are numbered by their thousands, her laity by their tens and hundreds of thousands. Daughters have sprung from that honored mother, that are bearing far and wide, our English Bible, and our Book of Common Prayer, and all the precious privileges that God has preserved to us, through ages of blood, and fire, and denial, and lukewarmness. Everywhere, the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, for God has hastened it in his time.

Did time permit, brethren, I might go on, and speak to you of our own diocese. I might lead you back to the days in 1722, when Johnson stood the solitary sentinel on the watch-towers of our Zion, and yet brave and fearless, and looking forward with prophetic instinct to a brighter day; and then ask you to come down to that day, when in a little upper room in a provincial town in Scotland, Seabury knelt down to receive his commission as our first Bishop, and so came back to his feeble diocese—thrown now upon her own resources—alone, and yet how mighty in his loneliness; and then, bid you again pass on to the time when he who sits among us now in his venerable age, stood in the vigour of his maturity as your third Bishop; and then ask you to think of all that he, and those who went before him through honored lives to honored sepulchres, did for our struggling Church. But I forbear. That story, I am sure, is written in all our hearts. And cold must those hearts be in death before its remembrance shall cease to make them swell with deep emotion.

Here, then, in all these memories of the Past, and all these indications of the Present, we have special grounds for encouragement and hope. It cannot be, that a Church which has been thus marvelously preserved and guided; raised up time and again from the jaws of destruction; saved from her enemies on this side and on that; renewed from torpid coldness; delivered from fiery fronts; and now sent out into all the world, and the scattered islands of the sea; it cannot be, that such a Church has not, if she will but gird herself to it, a mighty work to do for Christ her Lord. He must be a coward, who, as he reads the story—on the barest outlines of which I have had time to touch—can entertain one fear for the issues of the future, except the fear of faithlessness. He must be worse than a coward, must be blind or stupid, who can doubt that God has of a truth been with our Church, and given her a share in the gifts and blessings which form the heavenly dowry of the Saviour's Bride.

And O! my brethren, to think, that with such a past to rest upon, with such a present—allowing for any and every drawback of man's infirmity—to rejoice in, with such a future to look forward to, men should have been found, who could shut their eyes to all of it, and making nought of all these living proofs of living unity with Christ, could seek that blessed gift where all the unity there is results from the pressure of a spiritual despotism that has crushed out all the life, and left the unity that we see, "when the human voice is stilled, the hand motionless, the breath suspended, and the will to frame locked in the iron grasp of death." They have chosen to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land;" they have striven to "forget thee, O Jerusalem;" and how often have we seen their right hands forget their coupling, and their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths.

So much, then, for one side of the picture. And how bright a side, resplendent with what almost dazzling hues, it is. Let it nerve us, rouse us, cheer us, as we thus seem to hear our fathers telling us, "of the noble works which God did in their days, and in the old time before them;" and as the present causes us to feel that "He is with us as He was with those fathers," that He doth "not leave us or forsake us." And now let us turn to the other side, and consider some of our dangers.—*The Assistant Bishop of Connecticut's Conv. Sermon.*

### WIT NO MORE MIRACLES.

Among those who passed up Lake Superior in the course of the present summer, there may be some who will recollect a scene of great danger in which they were at least passive participants. The large and powerful steamer on which they were travelling, met with a serious accident in her machinery which entirely disabled her. Carrying no sail, she was thus at the mercy of the winds. A strong land breeze was then blowing, and continued during the night. The next morning it was found that the vessel was slowly drifting against a reef of rocks, that extend for half a mile east and west, near the centre of the lake. Had the wind continued, there was no possible means of extricating her. No vessel was in sight, and in the charmed atmosphere which hangs over that remarkable lake,—not the least remarkable in the transparency of the air above, and of the earth beneath,—even had a sail been observed in the far horizon, it would have been hours before she could have come up. It would have been equally long before the damaged machinery could be repaired. So deficient was she in boats, that but few or a small proportion of her passengers and crew could, in this way, have escaped. Had not the wind abated, therefore, the destruction, both of the vessel, and of by far the greater part of those on board of her would have been inevitable; for she could not have grated against the sharp edges of the reef without being lost. But the wind did abate, and this just at the time when its continuance would have been fatal. If, therefore, there ever was a solemnizing moment, we would suppose it was when this ship and those in her thus lay in the hollow of the Almighty's hand. We could hardly look around without witnessing His great presence; and yet if there was a moment when that presence was peculiarly felt, it was then. Profanity is the disgrace of the officers and crew of our Western boats, but the profanity of that moment assumed an intense and vehement type, which seemed to raise its crest against Him who was in the winds and the waves.—The Lord spoke, but He was not heeded. He spoke in warning, and then He spoke in mercy, but neither voice was heard. Perhaps when the boat at last entered into port, there were none that felt that the solemnities of eternity were brought near to the heart by the direct and awful manner in which they had been introduced to the eye.

And is it not so always? The wild and outlaw revelries on the San Francisco at the moment she was expected to be ingulphed,—the voluptuous festivities in which, when the plague was raging in Florence, those who might the morrow be carried off to the dead cart, spent that night which alone they could expect to call their own, and the light and equally voluptuous elegance with which Boccaccio has not hesitated to describe these amazing scenes,—the outrages committed at Philadelphia during the