

Ship News

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth—Apostolic Order."

VOL. 3. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1857. NO. 96.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S.	June 23	1 Sam. 11, Luke 11, 1 Sam. 3, Eph. 6	19 A to 4
SL.	29 St. Peter.	Eccl. 15, Acts 8, 19 A to 4	19 A to 4
S.	30	Prov. 9, Luke 13, Prov. 10, Eph. 6	19 A to 4
T.	July 1	11, 28, 22, Phil. 1	19 A to 4
W.	2	18, 14, 24, 2	19 A to 4
T.	3	15, 15, 10, 1	19 A to 4
F.	4	17, 15, 18, 4	19 A to 4

Poetry.

THE CHURCH OF MY AFFECTIONS.

I love her for her lofty words,
Of holy prayer and praise,
And for her deep-toned psalty,
Her blessed heav'nly ways.
I love her for the open page
Of God's most holy word,
Which on thro' all my riper days,
From childhood, I have heard.

I love her for her gentle care,
Which welcomes e'en a child,
And for the heav'nly charity
Which on our youth has smiled.
I love to think of that blest day
When at her chancel bow'd,
I felt her blessings on my heart,
Alone, amid a crowd.

I love her miserrone's strains
Of heart-felt penitence;
For these become our pilgrim state,
While in a world of sense.
I love her for her soaring wings,
Which oft have upward borne
My drooping faith and feeble cries,
When by temptations torn.

I love her for her angels' food,
Upon the table spread,
When Jesus' dying love is seen
In heav'nly wine and bread.
I love her for th' exquisite heart,
Which teaches me to pray,
O'er ocean's wide and distant hills,
With brethren far away.

I love her for the fervent words
Which glow in every prayer,
For brethren dear of every name,
Who Jesus' image bear.
I love her for the cords of love
Which bind us all in one,
One blest communion of the saints,
Pressing united on.

I love her for her solemn vows,
Which on my soul have laid
With mighty force and eloquence,
And oft the power have stayed
Of worldly things, to draw the heart
Away from God and heaven.
The recollection of these vows
The tempter far has driven.

I love her for the gentle tones
Of sympathizing care,
Which oft have soothed the weary soul
When called by God to bear
The burden of a bruised heart,
Temptations sad and sore;
The whispers of a Saviour's love,
Who all our burdens bore.

I love her sweet simplicity,
Her reverential fear,
So free from empty pageantry,
When she to God draws near.
Her decent order, too, I love,
Her solemn look and tone,
When like a sinner penitent,
She ventures near the throne.

But, most of all, I love the voice
Which in the prayers, and praise,
In all her precious offices,
In all her heav'nly ways,
Is speaking of redeeming love,
A Saviour crucified,
Telling to dying sinners doomed,
The Lamb of God has died.

I love her 'mid the city's hum
Of busy, bustling care,
When from the din and dust of earth
She calls to fervent prayer.
I love her pealing organ's notes,
Rolling far up to heaven,
And the low, softly-swelling strains,
Which speak of sins forgiven.

I love her in the hamlet still,
Or on the hill-side green,
Or where, 'mid rural loveliness,
Her lowly fane are seen,

Where happy birds are singing near,
Their hymn of joy and love,
And where her spies, illumin'd by heav'n,
Are pointing us above.

I love her for the blessed hopes
Beyond life's troubled wave,
And for the holy care which guards
The dust within the grave.
I love her for the precious trust
That they and we shall meet,
When nothing earthly can disturb
A union there so sweet.

—Episcopal Recorder.

Religious Miscellany.

CHURCH PROSPERITY.

CONTRASTING the advance of the Church in this diocese during the last year, with that made in either of the three years immediately preceding it, we cannot withhold an expression of earnest thankfulness at the indications we possess of the Divine blessing which has been poured out upon us. The annual address read by the bishop at convention, reports the number of confirmations from May, 1856, to May, 1857, as 1462. In 1854, the number was but 960. In 1855, it was 1294; and in 1856, it was 978. This year, therefore, the church in Pennsylvania has received 167 more members than in the most prosperous, and 502 more than in the least encouraging of the three foregoing years. It exceeds the average number (1080) by 382 confirmations.

Something of this, it is true, is to be attributed to the natural increase of population, and to the fact that the agencies established in past years are only now beginning to produce their legitimate fruits.—But this does not fully account for the enlargement of our borders. The population of the state has not augmented thirty-seven per cent. in the last four years; and this is the exact difference between the number of confirmations in 1854 and 1857. It is only, we believe, that our ministers have been more faithful and earnest in proclaiming the word, and our people more influenced by the Holy Spirit working in their hearts, and striving with them, to make the word effectual to the salvation of their souls.

If we look forward to the future, the prospect is not less encouraging. In 1856, only two corner stones of churches were laid, and two churches consecrated; in 1857, eight corner stones were laid, and six churches consecrated. Hence, the yearly increase of church-accommodation has been in the ratio of 14 to 4, which certainly promises much for the future.

In 1856, seven Candidates for Orders were admitted deacons; in 1857, nineteen young men were ordained. Thus there is also an encouraging increase in the numbers of the clergy.

With all these facts before us, and the most liberal allowances being made for the influence of merely adventitious circumstances in increasing the indications of our religious prosperity, we think that there is abundant reason for a renewed effort on the part of the clergy and people to work so earnestly during the next year, as to bring down upon them a continuance of these spiritual blessings. If we have received much from the Lord, it is only that we may work the more, that our beloved church may take a higher stand as a people's church, to bring the masses under the influence of her heavenly teachings.—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

OUR WARFARE.

O beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us? Were those pains so light that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying?—Is this the recompense of that infinite love of his, that thou shouldst thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sins? Every one of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to him. Whilst thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a poison of gall: whilst thou despisest his poor servant, thou spittest on his face: whilst thou patest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy head with vain conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on his head: whilst thou wringest and oppressest his poor children, thou scourgest him and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou

hypocrite, how darrest thou offer to receive the Sacrament of God with that hand which is imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest? In every ordinary thy profane tongue walks, in the disgrace of the religious and the conscientious. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do. Hear him that saith, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou striketh; Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are "what remains" of Christ's sufferings. In himself it is finished; in his members it is not. We must toil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign. This is our warfare; this is the region of our sorrow and death. Now we are set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils—evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worse, our own evil hearts, temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infirmities, death; all these must, in our courses, be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our General hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our Consummation est? God and his angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us. Our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we, that have sown in tears, shall reap in joy.—*Ep. Hall.*

(From the Colonial Church Chronicle for May.)

THE SYNOD AT THE CAPE.

THE circumstances, social and political, of the South African Dioceses differ so materially from those of nearly all other colonial sees, and yet, probably, are so little understood, or so imperfectly allowed for by most readers of colonial Church news, that it may be well to advert to these peculiarities by way of preface to a short account of the recent Capetown Synod.

Although South Africa is not our only colony whose European population includes a large foreign element—for the Canadas, several of the West Indian Islands, and Ceylon, so far fall under one common description with the Cape—yet, with regard to the proportion borne by the foreign element to the British, the Cape Colony, we believe, stands quite alone among our colonial possessions. More than half the population, exclusive of British Kaffraria, consists of coloured races, who, by language at least, are much more allied to the Dutch than to the English; and of the European portion, certainly more than two-thirds are Dutch, the inheritors not only of their own national preferences and sympathies in the wider sense, but of a national form of doctrine and ecclesiastical rule in several ways very different from our own, and least appreciated, perhaps, by many of its most active adherents where it is most in harmony with our own system. For, though the Heidelberg Catechism and the Confession and Canons of Dordrecht are acknowledged as the joint test of the orthodoxy of the Dutch Reformed Church, yet the last-named of these formularies is practically the most influential at the Cape; and to this it must be added, that some of the most energetic and deservedly respected of the Dutch Clergy are in fact Scotch Presbyterians, speaking Dutch, and officiating in Dutch churches. Now, it is not our desire to suggest the inference that the Dutch Church in South Africa is generally hostile to our own. We speak advisedly when we say that the Dutch and English Clergy at the Cape have ever maintained an excellent understanding with each other; and if we have comparatively lacked occasion for showing substantial kindnesses to them, their manifestations of good will towards us have been too often and too warmly alluded to in the Bishop of Capetown's journals to need any recognition here. But the good will and Christian courtesy of the best and most enlightened section, lay and clerical, of a large and very widely-spread community, leave ample margin for the too successful working of less commendable influences; and the Independents, themselves a powerful body in and around Capetown, have availed themselves of their natural alliance with some other dissenting communions, and of their position as the leaders of the ultra-democratical party in the colony, to excite periodically against the Bishop and Clergy of the