

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cochran—Editor.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
Jan. 23	Isaiah 65 Matt 20	Isaiah 65 1 Cor 4
24	Gen. 41 Gen. 45	Gen. 45 Gen. 46
25	Gen. 46 Gen. 47	Gen. 47 Gen. 48
26	Gen. 48 Gen. 49	Gen. 49 Gen. 50
27	Gen. 50 Exod. 1	Exod. 1 Exod. 2
28	Exod. 2 Exod. 3	Exod. 3 Exod. 4
29	Exod. 4 Exod. 5	Exod. 5 Exod. 6
30	Exod. 6 Exod. 7	Exod. 7 Exod. 8
31	Exod. 8 Exod. 9	Exod. 9 Exod. 10

c To verse 22.

Poetry.

From the Calendar.

HOME.

The organ's thrilling notes swell forth
And fill the Temple's dome;
But ah! my sudden heart is mute
For I am not at home—
I strive to meet a stranger's gaze—
Unwelcome scenes will come—
How can I join in notes of praise
Away, away from home?

There is my home—where first I knelt
With Jesus' table spread,
And ate with trembling, trusting faith,
The consecrated bread;
No earthly voice can ever sound
So heavenly to my ear,
As his who stood beside the board,
And bade me welcome there.

But stranger tones fall on my ear—
And oh! I long to see
One tender glance from gentle eyes
Fall lovingly on me;
Then should sweet praise the voice employ
That has so sadden'd grown,
And I should feel a thrill of joy
That I am not alone.

Alone! ungrateful thought! ah, no!
I cannot be alone—
My God is with me where I go,
And Jesus is my own;
How chang'd, how bright, each face appears—
How loving and how dear,
Yes, all who kneel beside me now,
For Jesus' sake are dear.

To seem no longer strange and cold—
And peace within me reigns,
For the warm glow of Jesus' love,
Dissolves these chilling chains:
My Father's house! it is my home
Wherever it may be;
My Saviour's flock wherever found—
To are the friends for me!

Thou art unchanging, mighty God!
And tho' all else grow strange,
My Prayer Book still remains the same—
My Bible cannot change—
And should I ever reach the fair
Blest world of joys to come—
O there will be no strangers there,
We all shall be at home!

Religious Miscellany.

SPIRITUALISM.*

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

For the gentlemen who have given this volume to the world, plunge into still greater absurdities, and the spirit of Bacon responsible for the following specimen of logical acumen: 'the act of Adam, according to this doctrine, implicated, involved the not yet developed as distinct identities. It was not only shrouding the earth, but leaped over and penetrated eternity, and hid all spirits whether segregated from the parent source, or those who developed under tribute of the same sin. It seems its influence went still further, and as God himself and is the source of all spirit, the very Creator, the God, came under the law of punishment it was said he pronounced upon the first man.' 'It was said he pronounced upon the first man! Thus the entire volume the revelations of the sacred

* Concluded from last week.

pages are sneeringly referred to, and of the Apostle Paul, with whom one would have thought Swedenborg by this time had formed some acquaintance, he is made to say: 'Somewhere your said to be inspired writers say, When I would do good, evil is present with me.' Such a sentence we may well suppose may have been written by Dr. Dexter, the professed medium, but it could not have come from any man, in the body or out of it, at all acquainted with the Bible and with English grammar.

Towards the writings of Moses these gentlemen are especially spiteful. The following they father upon Swedenborg: 'That there was a first man specially and particularly created to occupy the garden of Eden is opposed to all my belief of what the character of God is and ever has been.' Opposed to your belief, is it? Verily, we had a right to look for something more than a speculation. Either Edmonds or Dexter could have given us that without your aid, quite as intelligibly, and with just as much authority. He appears to think, himself, that this is rather wishy-washy, and springs to the subject with fresh vigor, and plies us with arguments as follows: 'To confine God to the formation of one man, ready made to his hand, cannot exemplify the power of the Creator; for if that Creator had established laws for the working of this globe, he must have adhered to their principles, as he himself could not have been their first violator. Now, do you suppose there is any difference in the birth and growth of animals and of man? And are there any accounts of the creation of any animal as man was created? Now this man was created, as we were all created, from the same causes, and their action has not been changed or altered since the world was fashioned.'

That is to say, there was a time when this world was made, and the first man had a father and a mother like ourselves. Unfortunately it is about this first man's father that we are seeking information. Well, here it is. He came into being as did all the rest of us. Very clear certainly; borrowed, however, from the philosophy of the Indian, who supposed this world to rest upon the shoulders of one of his ancestors of gigantic size, and that he stands upon the back of a great tortoise. When asked upon what the tortoise stands, 'Brother!' said he, 'I came away then?'

But we weary the reader with these absurdities.—They come to us, be it remembered, professedly from the spirits of the departed, who are, according to their own statements, neither in paradise nor in hell. They are simply in another 'sphere,' where it seems they cultivate the land, raise wheat and pumpkins, manufacture cloth, make pantaloons and petticoats, dress and undress, doze, dream, eat, sleep and drink, and perform the necessary functions thence resulting.

Thus Swedenborg, very much in the same style in which he spoke while on earth, informs Messrs. Dexter and Edmonds: 'The new spirit often finds it necessary to shelter its body from the sun or storm; not because it gives pain, or that it would induce sickness or disease to expose its body to all the variations of temperature, but that its pleasures are enhanced by its compliance with all the laws of nature. Consequently it erects its habitation and clothes its body, and looks out for the means of sustaining its strength, or rather of providing for its appetite.'—Page 197.

And again: 'We occupy earth—tangible, positive earth—as much as your earth; but the advanced state of both spirit and locality renders it unnecessary for us to labor much to obtain food for the support of our bodies. We have trees—real trees, and flowers, and mountains, and rivers and rocks, and everything material.'—P. 175.

On another occasion, when the session had been prolonged until after midnight, Mr. Edmonds tells us he inquired if the spirits ever sleep? To which there came a cozy reply:—'Sleep? Certainly, judge.—How can our bodies support the wear and tear of life without sleep? But the nearer I approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings.—Thus I feel inclined to-night to be cozy with you two,' &c.—P. 163.

It is not strange that, while meditating upon such abominably gross absurdities, Mr. Edmonds should re-

vert to Mohammed and his luxurious paradise of muscous fruits and pretty women. Accordingly one night when he was in his library, and his special friend, the spirit of Bacon, announced his presence, he had the curiosity to inquire, 'Where is Mohammed?' To which Mr. Edmonds says Lord Bacon replied, 'Where he is I know not, but perhaps he is in the beautiful gardens which he has so graphically described. At any rate, there is some truth in what he has taught.'—P. 153.

The fact that these 'visions' are hallucinations,—for we are unwilling to suppose them impositions,—produced by a morbid state of the physical system, is abundantly demonstrated by the inconsistencies and absurdities in which they abound. Perhaps the best way of treating them is to indicate these features of terrestrial origin, and leave them then to take care of themselves.

But at the same time it is well that Christian men should remember that the 'oracles' themselves are entire infidels, and that instead of 'Spirit Rapping' being a collateral and tolerable hobby, which can be entertained in perfect consistency with at least nominal Christianity, it is entirely in the hands of men who are now professed and proselytizing infidels.—L. O. ERIC. REC.

"GOT RELIGION."

A WRITER in the Central Christian Herald, under the head of 'Western Sketches,' gives the following account of a conversation he had with several serious minded persons who had been listening to his sermon. The first person addressed acknowledged she was a member of a church, but, according to his standard, knew nothing about religion. We are inclined to believe that the state of mind disclosed in this case is by far more common than is generally supposed in the West.

The writer, in reply to the woman's confession said:—

'Why then, are you a professor of religion?'

'I was excited in a meeting last winter, I felt happy; I loved to sing, I even learned to shout. They all told me that I had got religion. I believed it, and joined the Church.'

'Got religion! Did you love God with all your heart? Did you delight in reading his Word, in meditating upon his goodness, and in laboring for his glory? Did you hate sin, find pleasure in secret prayer, and long for holiness of heart, that you might be like God?'

'No, sir, I was never told, or dreamed even of any such thing. I thought I had only to feel happy, and go to heaven. When you told about consecration of heart and life; about loving and serving God as if we were his children, I felt as if I had been a hypocrite ever since I joined the Church—as if I had no business in it. My religion was all like that dead man you told of, who was galvanized. I have been excited, but never converted. Now, I want to begin right—to get a new heart—to learn to love God—to know that my sins are pardoned—to have a hope that will be an anchor to my soul. I want such religion as you have been preaching about, and I mean to seek until I find it.'

There was a deep and tearful earnestness in this woman's manner.

After a few words of direction and encouragement, I passed on. Number two was a similar case, and number three, and so on, for a score of cases. They said, 'We thought that we had religion; but now see that we did not even know what it is.'

It was a strange scene, and a most solemn one.—There were persons who supposed themselves in the ark, and floating smoothly on to heaven, awakened to find that they were adrift amid the breakers of sin, and in hourly peril of shipwreck for eternity. Honest, zealous, but ignorant men, had led them into this state of false security. Our first work was to undo what other ambassadors of Christ there seemed to have done. Never before did I so appreciate the value of the truth—the plain, discriminating truth of God's Word—and the necessity for having ministers well grounded in it, if we would not send them abroad to be 'blind leaders of the blind.'