

The Church Times.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DATE.	MORNING.		EVENING.	
	Scripture.	Lesson.	Scripture.	Lesson.
Dec. 17	1st. In Adv't.	Isaiah 25	Acts 17	Isaiah 25
18	2nd. In Adv't.	Isaiah 49	Acts 17	Isaiah 49
19	3rd. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
20	4th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
21	5th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
22	6th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
23	7th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
24	8th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
25	9th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
26	10th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
27	11th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
28	12th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
29	13th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
30	14th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61
31	15th. In Adv't.	Isaiah 61	Acts 17	Isaiah 61

* One of the Ember Week Collects to be used on this day and each day in this week.

Poetry.

Selected for the Church Times.

THE DEVOTED.

Who says that the herole stirs no longer,
In this our English life:
That its rude times men's frames and hearts were
Their souls in faith more rife;
That mercy has snapped the deep foundation
On which alone it based
What makes a great man, and a mighty nation,
The noble deed, and lofty aspiration,
Like giants, in a pigmy population,
Seen monstrous and misplaced?

Whoso says this makes falsehood more than truth,
Good weak, and evil strong,
Sets forceful manhood under stormy youth,
Asserts God's rule is wrong,
Our heart revolts against the withering creed,
And though our eyes were blind,
There shines an inner light by which we read—
It is not, and could never be decreed,
Ill should on good, not good on ill succeed,—
Or, was to human kind!

And if sight fall, and if that inner light,
Darkling, at times, appear
Out of the war, where good and evil fight,
(Our fainting faith to cheer.)
Some champion of the Right, when cowards fly,
Keenotes the battle still;
Still rears his spotless flag against the sky,
Still shouts aloud his glorious rallying cry—
Still shows how soldiers of the faith can die,
Victors o'er World and Will.

Such champions our England still has found,
When needed eye at hand,
Baser, put off thy spear, and look around—
Behold them where they stand!
Where storm-winds rave, and sunless skies lie dark
About the Arctic shore,
Devoted Franklin and his sailors mark,
Wrestling with death upon their ice board bark,
Wandering snow—then frozen stiff and stark,
But suffering no more!

Look southward now; the wounded of our foes
Srew Alma's bloody plain,
The victors march upon the battle's close—
But one will to remain.
A man we knew not—never thought to know—
Who what he can will try,
Moving among that mass of pain and woe,
Upon his work of mercy to add fro,
He used his life in succouring the foe,
Then sought his friends—to die!

I said "one willed to stay"—I was unjust,
He did not stay alone,
A soldier errant shared the ghastly trust,
His name even is unknown;
And there in faith and love and duty strong,
Among that writhing host
Of enemies, all day and all night long,
Defying chance of violence or wrong,
To entomb the dead and help the living throng,
These two men held their post!

Not to men only, such heroic mould of heart is given,
See reader band of women, young and old,
Ye nuns, yet brides of Heaven,
Forgetting all that to their vex is dear,
Some, wealth,—all home and ease—
Womansly pity chasing woman's fear,
They go to that lopped limbs, pale heads to rear,
And with soft touch and softer speech to cheer
Our sufferers o'er the sea!

If England have sought good, 'tis that she knows
Dee reverence to give
To those who die in duty's work, and those
For duty's work who live,
Griefs far all that these great dead have borne,
All these great living bear.

We know they die and suffer, to adorn
Life with examples—such as, though we mourn
In our hearts and our children's shall be warm
While men breathe English air.

—Punch.

Religious Miscellany.

THE CLOAK LEFT AT TROAS.

PHILIP Groy was a hard-working man who loved his Bible. In the evening when his labour was over, and he sat down to rest himself for an hour or so, his usual companion was a large-printed and well-used copy of God's Word. And Philip was not satisfied, as some persons are, with simply reading the Bible; he always tried to understand what he read, and to receive the truths which it taught him.

One evening he had been pondering over St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, and he lingered a long time over one verse. It was this: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee,"—(ch. iv. 13.) Nothing very difficult, you think, in that simple and straightforward message. No; and yet it seemed to puzzle Philip. I will tell you why. Joe Wilkins, his fellow workman, who did not like the Bible and therefore endeavoured to disbelieve it, had brought forward this passage as one proof, that the Scriptures were not inspired. "For if they were," he argued, "such a trifling matter, such a domestic detail as this, would have been omitted."

"Well," said Philip to himself, as he gazed upon the words, "it does seem a rather insignificant and unedifying subject for the apostle to mention. I don't think there is any thing instructive to be gathered from it."

Just then there was a gentle tap at the half-opened door, and the next minute Mr. Howard, the clergyman, came in. When he came to see Philip, he always called in the evening, because he knew that Philip was quite at leisure then, and they often had very nice conversations together; and Mr. Howard was always ready and glad to assist in anything which Philip wanted to know. So, as you will imagine, this verse about St. Paul's cloak was soon alluded to, and Philip's little difficulty frankly stated.

"Well," said Mr. Howard, "this verse, Philip, appears to me a most touching and instructive one. St. Paul had lost everything. In his youth he was great among men; favoured by princes, admired of all,—but he left all for Christ. During thirty years and upwards he had been poor, in labours more abundant than others, in stripes above their measure, and in prisons more frequent; of the Jews he had five times received forty stripes save one; thrice he had been beaten with rods; once he had been stoned; three times he had suffered shipwreck, in journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils in the towns, in perils in deserts, in perils by sea, oft in watchings, in hunger, in thirst, in nakedness. These are his own words. (2 Cor. xi. 23-27.) He is now Paul the aged, in his last prison at Rome, expecting sentence of death; he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; but he is suffering from cold as the winter sets in, and lacks clothing. Thrust into a dungeon of the prison, he bore a name so vile that even the Christians of Rome were ashamed to acknowledge him, so that on his first arraignment no man stood with him. Ten years before this period, when a prisoner at Rome, and loaded with chains, he had at least received some relief from the Philippians, who knowing his miserable condition, had, notwithstanding their own need, laid themselves under restraint in order to minister to his wants. But now he is almost friendless; Luke only is with him; he is forsaken of all others; and the winter is about to set in. He would need some additional clothing, he had left his cloak with Carpus at Troas, two hundred leagues away; there was no one in the chilly dungeons of Rome to lend him one. How affecting the picture! I was myself in Rome last year, and at the commencement of November, on a cold and rainy day, I recollect with what vivid reality I imagined the apostle Paul down in the deep dungeons of the Capitol, dictating the last of his letters, regretting the absence of his cloak, and begging Timothy to bring it before the winter!"

Philip's honest, sunburnt face expressed the emotion which he felt on listening to this account. "I never thought all this, sir!" he exclaimed; "I had no idea that the apostle, when he wrote to Timothy, was in such want and distress. Oh how different the verse looks to me now! It brings St. Paul in his prison, cold and friendless, right before me. What a noble character he was!"

"Yes, Philip, and these few words of his, thrown as it were negligently among the closing commissions of a familiar letter, shed a glancing light upon his ministry, and a passing remark enables us to see the character of his whole apostolic life."

"They do indeed, sir; and it comforts and encourages me to think how patient and cheerful the apostle was in the midst of his poverty and privation."

"And who can tell, Philip, the power and consolation which this portion of his history has imparted to many of the Lord's tried and even martyred servants. I remember hearing, twenty years ago, of a Christian pastor in Switzerland, who was refused a blanket in the prisons of the Canton of Vaud. There is also the instance of Jerome of Prague, who was immured during three hundred and forty days in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and fetid tower, which he only left to be transferred to the hands of his murderers. And you have read yourself, Philip, of Bishop Hooper, led from his damp unwholesome cell, covered with tattered clothes and borrowed cloak, passing to the stake resting upon a staff. Ah, such men would doubtless call to mind their brother Paul, shut up in the dungeons of Rome, suffering from cold and lack of raiment, and asking for his cloak! They would not consider this verse too trifling or too undignified for the page of Scripture."

"Nor do I now, sir," said Philip. "And I am much obliged to you," he added earnestly, "for helping me to see so much meaning in it, I shall never forget, I think, in future, that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—(2 Tim. iii. 16.)

"I hope you will not, Philip, settle it down in your mind that there is not a chapter or verse in the Word of God, from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see its use, it is because we have not eyes to see it.—But all, we may rest assured, is precious. All is 'very good.' 'Well,' said Bishop Jewel, 'there is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, but is written for thy instruction.'—Church of England Sunday Schools' Magazine.

BISHOP OF LONDON'S RECENT CHANGE.

The editor of the *Record*, who has formerly commented severely upon the conduct of the Bishop of London thus indicates his views of his present charge:—

We have from time to time expressed our disapprobation of many of the acts which have marked the long and important Episcopate of the Bishop of London, and have freely criticised those party tendencies and High Church principles from which these acts have proceeded. We are, therefore, the more forward to give the due meed of praise to the clear and decided doctrinal statements made by his Lordship in the Charge delivered during the past week to the clergy of his diocese. In the present very peculiar position of parties in the Church of England, this unexpected decision on the part of the Bishop of London is the more important, and we are much mistaken if considerable results do not flow from it.

The greater part of the Charge was occupied in the discussion of practical questions of the utmost importance, but which do not bear immediately upon the great controverted questions of the day.—But in the concluding portion he expressed, with great emphasis and solemnity of manner, the following views:—

1. As to the mode of conducting Divine service, he distinguished between innovations, of which he disapproved, and had legal power to stop, and innovations of which he disapproved, but had no legal power to stop, remarking in regard to the latter, with just severity, upon the conduct of those clergymen who would allow him none but the strictly legal right. Choral services he considered unsuitable to