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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Date	Day	Lesson	MORNING.	EVENING.
8.	Aug. 9	Sun. of Trin.	1 Kings 18	1 Kings 19
9.	10	Mon.	Jerem. 48	Jerem. 49
10.	11	Tue.	Jerem. 50	Jerem. 51
11.	12	Wed.	Jerem. 52	Lam. 1
12.	13	Thurs.	Lam. 2	Lam. 3
13.	14	Fri.	Lam. 4	Lam. 5
14.	15	Sat.	Ezek. 2	Ezek. 3

THE FAREWELL.

The world is full of greetings and farewells;
The morning dawn welcomes the stranger homo;
Ere's silly hour is broke by "passing bells,"
And wanderers and waifs again we roam.

The feet of time but lightly touch the earth,
And mark their silent touch by day and night;
So times of sorrow come, and times of mirth,
Weaving a chequered web, now shade, now light.

Man, in his barque, an hermit soul apart,
Floats by himself upon life's teeming tide;
We meet, and words of cheer from heart to heart
Are signalled, and then on again we ride.

The world is full of greetings and farewells:
Morn opens the bursting bud, to greet the sun;
At eve, "lost" freshness and lost fragrance tells
Its best of life is o'er, its work is done.

The moon, first seen in the far western sky,
Crescent, her bath of glory quickly leaves,
Her fulness reached, as quick she turns to die,
And all our nights of her pale beams bereaves.

The sun, returning to solstitial ray,
Wakens the earth to summer's gorgeous bloom,
It culminates retreats its southern way,
And autumn deepens into winter's gloom.

The fading flower with hidden force is rife,
The full moon waneeth but to wax again,
The sun departs to quicken newer life,
For only that which dieth doth remain.

Change—ever change—upon the world and us,
Moving forever in monotony,
Monotony the least monotonous,
Like the full chorus of the surging sea.

Like the full chorus of the surging sea,
Or wailing of the winds through groves of pine,
Ever the same, yet e'er harmoniously,
Singing all changes, of all change the sign.

Our life hath cycles, like the flower and sun:
Its first slight change leads on to further change,
Its finished work is but a work begun,
Whose end o'ersteps death, o'ersteps time's range.

And He who ordereth all things for the best,
Hath ordered this for us in love supreme,
He wills no tarrying, wills nor stay nor rest,
On life's swift tide, or time's fast gliding stream.

For life and time's swift stream, by His command,
Ran to the quiet haven of His Peace,
There, sheltered in the harbour of His Hand,
Partings are never known and farewells cease.

New York Churchman.

Religious Miscellany.

AN HISTORICAL NOTICE OF JERUSALEM.

There is no spot on earth comparable in attraction to that which has been associated with the name of Jesus; there is a halo about Jerusalem, an atmosphere which one breathes in, not only in the mountains around, but even amid its crumbling ruins, which has an untold charm; and the Holy City, the place ever dear to us, at once excites a feeling of attachment deepening soon to a calm satisfaction, a peaceful resting in it as the home of one's affections, which no other spot on earth can impart. It is here that Jesus came to His own and His own received him not; here is the place that was chosen for the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, that the sin of the world might be taken away, the place where the only and all sufficient oblation for sinful man was made, "a place that was quite sufficient," writes a very recent traveller, "to bring tears to my eyes, and to fill my heart with emotions of gratitude mingled with awe. And whilst my heart elevated itself in devout thanksgiving for the inestimable blessing, I uncovered my head who adored Him who gave us this His unspeakable gift." The

gift of God is eternal life, and this life is in His Son.

Any view of Jerusalem, as it now is, will fill the heart with sadness; for it is faith alone in the past and in the future that brightens up the picture. Surrounded by a well built wall, with massive looking towers, hiding most of the buildings within, the modern city occupies scarcely half the area of ancient Jerusalem. Large portions of the mountain once covered with the abodes of men, are now desolate: Zion, as the prophets wrote, is ploughed as a field to this day, and the city has become heaps, and the mountain of the House of the Lord as the high places of the forest. But for the memories of the past, the Holy City could not detain one day within its narrow and cheerless streets. "I say cheerless," writes the traveller already quoted, who was there in the winter of 1851 and 1852, "for all the while we were living in Jerusalem I never, in my walks along the streets, heard the merry shout of children at their sports, nor saw that contented look on the faces of the poor and aged, which gives to their declining years such an inexpressible charm." And this renders one prophecy of the restoration of Jerusalem in the last days exceedingly attractive, "Thus saith the Lord, there shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and each one with his staff in his hand for every age. And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." This was written since the return of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, and has yet to be fulfilled in the still future restoration of the Jews to their own land.

There is an allusion by the same prophet to the Mount of Olives which, to say the least is very remarkable. Our Divine Master's words to His disciples while standing upon it, "Have faith in God, for verily I say unto you that whosoever shall say to THIS MOUNTAIN, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but does believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatever he saith," seem to connect themselves by a profound bond with those words of the prophet beforetime, when speaking of the kingdom and appearing of the Lord from heaven, "And his feet in that day shall stand upon the Mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the East, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof towards the East and towards the West, and there shall be a very great valley, and half the mountain shall remove towards the North, and half of it towards the South."

It is worthy of remark, how Jew, Mahometan, and Christian, attach mysterious interest to the Last of Jerusalem. Prophecy, interpreted in divers manners seems to have led them all to connect this eastern side of Jerusalem, with the momentous events yet to take place on the earth, involving the eternal interests of mankind. A popular Mus-ulman tradition connects it with Mahomet, assigning a projecting column there as his seat in the last day, when all nations shall be summoned to judgment. From the oldest times to this hour, men have desired to be buried there, and been gratified in their desire, so that it is no wonder that the scene of the Judgment has been placed in this neighborhood, even though there was no authority in the prophets to sustain its fearful claim to that tremendous scene. For the very fact of so many burials there would lead the Jew to imagine, that of all the numbers which from any spot of earth, shall come forth at the sound of the trumpet, the most multitudinous shall be the harvest of this valley of Jehoshaphat. Still waiting to be buried there, in degradation, yet in faith indomitable, and close beside the walls of their ancient temple site, but with no temple, sacrifice, or priest to bless them, is the chosen home of the modern sons of Israel.

The city of Jerusalem is situated about thirty seven miles from the Mediterranean sea, and is built upon the mountain's top. And upon the East is this valley of Jehoshaphat separating it from the Mount of Olives. The walls which enclose the city, are described as about three hundred years old, having been built by Suliman the First, near the middle of the sixteenth century. They are from twenty to seventy feet high, and from three to ten feet broad, furnished with towers and gates, and

enclosing in their irregular course a circuit of about two and a half miles. With modern appliances for the conduct of war, Sebastopol would stand a better chance than the modern city of Jerusalem: still its fortifications are by no means contemptible, and quite adequate for defence against any attack from the Eastern nations. The gates are shut every evening at sundown, preventing all egress and ingress, as many travellers are said to have ascertained to their cost.

And now, in closing this number in our humble historical notice of the city of the Great King, it may be said that to him who seeks, in all ways and at all times, to remember the Lord Jesus his Divine Master; to him who confesses the difficulty of the question, as well as to the power of his humble-mindedness, to him whose heart is ever dwelling on the love "which passeth knowledge," of the Man of Sorrows whose form was so marred more than the sons of men; to him that would be thankful for the love that can forgive the greatest sinner and wash away his guilt and pollution in the fountain of His Blood; to him there is a deep interest in the city and land in which his Divine Saviour abode while He tabernacled in flesh. As He was, so are we, pilgrims and strangers in the world. And He left us an example.—N. Y. Churchman.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL MISSION OF DELHI.

SIR—Your readers will grieve to learn from the subjoined letter of the Rev. Dr. Kay that the promising mission of Delhi has, for the present, come to an end by the sudden and awful death of its founder and devoted missionaries. Let us pray that a rich harvest may yet spring up from the ground watered by their blood.

Bishop's College, Calcutta, June 5, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir—My last hasty note will have prepared you for my present sad tidings. The Delhi Mission has been completely swept away. Rumours to this effect were current from the beginning of the outbreak; but we kept on hoping that some of the members of the mission might have escaped.

It is not, indeed, absolutely certain, even now, what has occurred. Yet even the most sanguine are compelled to believe that the Rev. Mr. Jennings and his daughter, the Revd. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Sandys, and Chinnum Lall were all killed. Captain Douglas, too, a warm supporter of the mission, shared their fate. Of Ram Chunder and Louis Koch (the latter of whom left College only last January) nothing is said. They may, therefore, have escaped, though our hopes are of the faintest kind.

Two native Christians succeeded in escaping to Agra. One of them says that he saw Mr. Hubbard fall, and the other that he saw Mr. Sandys' dead body.

And Mr. Jackson has been spared—"his life given him for a prey." What a deep interest will now attach itself in his mind to every incident of his missionary life at Delhi! Could you get him to send us a short narrative of anything that would illustrate the history of the mission?

Surely the place where they fell will henceforward be a hallowed spot. May it prove the seed plot of a future large harvest of souls, to be gathered out of the ignorant fanatical population.

It must have been a fearful trial to encounter the wild, unrelenting bigotry of the Mussulman crowd. But our assured hope is that our dear brethren were supported by the power of Him, whom the first martyr saw "standing at the right hand of God."

I will not say much of those whom God has taken in this solemn way to Himself. You well know the unwearied diligence of the secretary—I might almost say, the founder of the mission; Mr. Hubbard's subdued energy, and Mr. Sandys' eager and zealous activity, and Chinnum Lall's honest integrity are known to all.

I cannot, however, withhold from you a remarkable testimony to the character of the mission, which was sent to me by the Bishop of Calcutta only a few days before the outbreak. It is an extract from the Visitation Report of the Bishop of Madras (who, you