

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Month	Day	MORNING.				EVENING.			
		Gen.	Mark	Gen.	Cor.	Gen.	Cor.	Gen.	Cor.
Jan.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Feb.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Mar.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Apr.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
May.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
June.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
July.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Aug.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Sept.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Oct.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Nov.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dec.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

a To verse 20

Poetry.

PRAY FOR THE BRAVE!

PRAY for the Brave,
The Brave, who toll afar,
In the field, and on the wave,
In Freedom's glorious war.

Pray! there is need of pray'r,
When Widows round us weep,
And children mourn the Sires who now
Beyond the Euxine sleep.

This of the gathering storm
Is but the first dark wave;
O, cease not one bad man but pray
For mercy on the Brave.

The Mother's faithful voice,
The Wife's deep earnest pray'r,
To Heaven we do not bid arise,—
They are already there.

Do ye, whose hearts are torn
With sorrow for your dead,
Pray, that your tears may be the last
For man's ambition shed.

From homes Death yet has spared,
From mourning that are free,
From children, liping to their God,
Beside their mother's knee;

From Altar and from Throne,
From forge, and loom, and mart—
Wherever tolls an English arm,
Or beats an English heart;—

Hence let our pray'rs ascend,
There be God's pow'r implored,
For those who stand at England's helm,
And wield their country's sword.

Pray! they have need of pray'r,
Who flend, not men oppose,
That crawl, all dying though they be,
To stab their wounded foes.

Pray for each glorious form,
Each noble English soul,
That dars and wins, or "bleeds and dies,"
Around Sebastopol.

Aye, and forget not those
Whose heart and hand unite,
LEAVING "time honour'd" prejudice,
To battle for the right,

Friends, when all others fall'd,
Their blood has seal'd their truth,
Where, amid England's sons lie piled
The flower of Gallia's youth.

In crowded wards, in sheds,
Between the decks of ships,
Sporn of their limbs of giant strength,
Death's fever on their lips;

Writhing within the grasp
Of sickness's fierce King,
The agonies of whose wild pang
Cries from the helpless wring.

Powerless, as life departs,
Pardon from God to crave,
O, if you've human hearts,
Pray for the Brave!

—London Guardian.

Religious Miscellany.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

As blood runs cold when I think of the horrors of war. We see enough of it here to fill us with shuddering, and what must it be at Sebastopol, where the air is tainted with putridity of unburied dead! Almost daily steamers arrive here with the wounded and of prisoners. In the English hospital in Scutari, there are at this moment, no less than 7500 of their own troops disabled by wounds

and sickness, and numbers of them dying every day! They are maimed and mangled in every way, and many of them, if they live, will never be capable again of any labor. It is cheering, however, to see how their wants both temporal and spiritual, are looked after. A number of female nurses are now on their way from England, to serve in this hospital and ministers and colporteurs have daily access to the different wards, to administer spiritual instruction and consolation. Nor are the Russian prisoners forgotten in those attentions. Already have several copies of the Bible in their own language, been distributed among officers and men, and generally they have been very thankfully received. The other day, as an English colporteur offered a copy of the New Testament, in modern Russ, to a poor wounded soldier, the latter expressed his delight by springing up in his bed, getting upon his knees, seizing the hand of the donor, and impressing upon it a most fervent kiss! They could not speak to each other for want of common language, but may we not hope, from the manner of the man, that he knows experimentally something of the Word of God. While on this point I must relate briefly what happened lately in the French hospital there. The same colporteur, accompanied by a minister of the Gospel, visited the Russian prisoners in that establishment, for the purpose of offering to them also the Scriptures. They took the precaution to call first upon a Russian priest who accompanies the prisoners, and ask his permission.—He examined a copy of the New Testament which they brought, and replied, 'This is our gospel, received by our church, and you may distribute as many as you like among our men.' He also kindly furnished them with an interpreter to go around with them. They found a number of the soldiers capable of reading, and willing to receive the Scriptures, and had distributed some eight or ten copies, when a 'Sister of Charity,' employed there as a nurse, came fiercely upon them, and in the rudest manner took all the books out of the hands of the poor and helpless prisoners, and gave them back to the Colporteurs, saying, 'What right have you to come here to the French hospital to distribute your books? Go among your own English people, if you like, but here you are not permitted to come.'

In vain did they urge that they had come not to Catholics, but to Russians, who belonged to the Greek Church, and that they had obtained the permission of their own priest for the distribution of the Russian Scriptures among them. The mis-named 'Sister of Charity,' who acted more like a Sister of the Evil One, drove them angrily away, thus dashing the cup of salvation, as it were, from the very lips of these dying men, some, at least, of whom, might have drunk thereof, and lived forever! They neither enter the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor suffer those that are entering to go in.—*Correspondence of the Traveller.*

HELL DEMONSTRATED BY THE NATURAL LAW.

Without the Bible—by the experience of mere natural religion—Hell is demonstrable; for all history tells us that the more awful the sanctions, the more immediate the punishment, and the more ghastly the scenery, just so much more unrestrained becomes sin, and more malignant and undisguised the operations of the human heart. Of this take the following illustration:

(1). When Philadelphia was prostrated by the yellow fever in 1793, nothing could exceed the pitch of depravity of the lawless population which remained. Profligate marauders patrolled the city, whose public and conspicuous rendezvous were houses of ill-fame, where, amid the dead and the dying, even of their own tribe, their orgies were pursued, and their plans of rapine perfected.

(2). Boccaccio's Decameron proves the same state of things to have existed at Naples at the time of the plague in that doomed city. Over the pestilential grave—for such the whole city had then become—dancers strolled to and fro, amusing themselves with tales of levity if not of lust, until one by one the band was stricken down by death, and the survivor was left to chant his own ghastly monologue, until upon him too the destroyer came.

(3). Depravity and misery, we are told by Defoe, locked arms at the plague of London, until

even the corruption exhaled by the body was surpassed in intensity by the corruption exhaled by the soul.

(4) "The crew was possessed with a malign profligacy," writes one of the survivors of the San Francisco wreck, "which increased as the danger grew more imminent—passengers' trunks were rifled and their persons insulted, while the stow-rooms were prostituted to the worst drunkenness and excess."

If, then, it be a law of our nature that the more awful the sanctions and immediate the peril, the more reckless grow its passions, what, on mere natural reasoning, must be the condition of that world where the judgment is matured and danger consummated?

O thou who in this life shrinkest from open and gross sin and boisterous depravity, even though they here are checked by the restraint of finite powers, how wilt thou bear to enter into companionship with them in the next world, where they will become as unrestrained as they are malignant!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

SLEEP—SATAN'S FAVORITE WEAPON.

Satan's chief object is to get the soul asleep, for it is only through sleep that he can expect to conquer. Luther illustrates this very forcibly in one of his sermons. "The devil," he says, "held a great anniversary, at which his emissaries were convened to report the results of their several missions." "I let loose the wild beasts of the desert," said one, "on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now bleaching on the sands." "What of that," said the devil, "their souls were all saved." "I drove the east wind," said another, "against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned." "What of that," said the devil, "their souls were all saved." "For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep," said a third, "and I succeeded and left him so." "Then the devil shouted," continues Luther, "and the night stars of hell sang for joy." It is indeed Satan's only chance of success thus to lull the Christian into a slumber. And this is done not by attacking, but by not attacking. The heart suddenly awakes and finds itself let alone. It is like a convalescent man suddenly relieved from a weight of sickness. It congratulates itself on feeling no temptation and feels quite exhilarated. But take care! The want of temptation may be the wildest temptation of all. The freedom from the atmospheric pressure of sin may, like the vacuum of a bleeder's cup, be the means of drawing your very heart's blood. Do not feel confident, except in your want of confidence, or strong except in your weakness. Elation, indeed, is the first stage of slumber, and slumber the period for a fall.—*Ibid.*

In our number of the 7th inst., we published an able letter from our highly esteemed correspondent A T, the subject "Wilberforce and the Royal Supremacy." As usual he familiarly and clearly treated the question in a manner calculated to dispel any doubts which might have been entertained by some few of the members of our Church, and exposed the absurdity of the late Archdeacon's conduct in quitting the Anglican Church where the Sovereign's authority is acknowledged to be supreme in temporal matters, and joining a Church which acknowledges the supremacy of the Pope in all things whether spiritual or temporal. We now commend to our readers the following paragraph, clipped from a late number of the *English Churchman*. So entirely do we agree with the writer that we are ready to endorse every word of it:—*Toronto Church.*

"With respect to the Royal Supremacy, we heartily concur with his Lordship's (the bishop of London) observation that it in no way interferes with the clergy's primary duty—the salvation of souls; and well would it be if the majority of those clergy who now occupy their minds and ensoble their powers with such secondary matters, would constantly remember and diligently perform those primary duties which, under God's providence, depend mainly upon their own earnestness, diligence and devotion. It is not the Royal Supremacy which stops the evangelization of the masses of semi-heathens around us. It is a very plausible excuse to say that there is this or that 'lion in the way' of our path; but