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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

		MORNING.		EVENING.	
1	1st East.	Num. 19	Acts 20	Num. 22	1st Pet. 2
2	2d East.	2 Sam. 30	21	2 Sam. 21	2
3	3d East.	Exodus 4	22	Exodus 6	1st John 1
4	4th East.	1 Sam. 22	23	1 Sam. 23	2
5	5th East.	1 Kings 2	24	1 Kings 2	3
6	6th East.	1 Kings 4	25	1 Kings 4	4
7	7th East.	1 Kings 6	26	1 Kings 6	5
8	8th East.	1 Kings 8	27	1 Kings 8	6

Poetry.

DUST.

THE races of the past,
The fading now, and veiled to come,
Flow from one common source, and rest
Within the common tomb.

Oh man! within whose heart
Quick truths and eager passions burn,
Ever remember, that from dust thou art,
To dust thou wilt return.

Dust! like to that upborne
By this Autumnal breeze on high,
Telling the glories of the blushing morn,
And clouding the pure sky.

A cloud of dust! whence
Shells from forgotten graves arise:
From oblivion's shore, obscure and dim,
Gleam past my trance'd eyes.

Within this cloud, I see
Death's painless drama o'erspread,
From Cain's portentous prologue, to the tree,
Whereto the Linnæus expired.

And on, age after age,
The crawling hosts, with noiseless tread,
Appear our household dead.

The army of to-day,
That with us shares the vital breath,
And the overflowing flood, whose waves obey
Thy stern commands, O Death!

Onward the cloud still flies!
And lo! the prophet eye,
Earth's future countless myriads rise,
Exist, endure, and die.

The heaving, throbbing tide
Of life, in death's embrace is hushed;
And on the tomb of human power and pride,
God's hand has written Dust.

But O! thou earnest soul,
Whose immortality would earn,
Fear not; thy hopes shall reach their goal,
Though dust to dust return.

Death cannot grasp the mind;
And from its prison it will roam,
And speed its onward course, free, unconfined,
To its eternal home.

And see, from that bright clime,
The dust-formed worlds in darkness die;
And nature, weary with the flight of time,
Veilish beneath God's eye.

N. Y. Churchman.

Religious Miscellany.

IN THE DESERT ON RELIGION.

At the time I was in Asia (said my friend) I was in a part of the Arabian desert, to the Red Sea. Of course, on this journey it is necessary to have not only a guide, but a body-guard; and we were composed of eight or nine as wild and picturesque Bedouins as you would wish to see in the desert, and Ishmaelites of pure descent. There could not be much doubt about that, as we had encamped as usual beside a well, secured our horses, lighted a fire, and our coffee.

It did not much disturb the loquacity of the Bedouins; but I paid little heed to their rapid conversation, all the sheik, turning suddenly round upon me, and saying:

"What do you Englishmen are?"

"How so?" I asked. "Why strange?"
"You never fast," said he.
"Not often," I replied, laughing; "that is, when we can get anything to eat."

My Arab friend laughed too, for that evening we had supped sparsely from necessity. "But," said he "it is not part of your religion? and—before I could reply—"I don't think you have any religion. You don't pray; you don't give alms; you do nothing."

This was a home-thrust, and my conscience felt it. I had looked upon the poor fellows around me as so bigoted in their faith, and had considered myself so completely in their power, that I had deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might rouse their passions. In my solitary tent at mid-day, I had read the Word of Life; but I had concealed, with jealous care from my guards the knowledge that I carried about me "the Christian's Koran;" and when at morning and night I had commended myself in prayer to God my Maker, through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent and whispered low and fearfully, lest I should be overheard: "You have no religion," said the sheik; "you don't pray; you do nothing."

"God forgive me!" I thought. "The rebuke is not altogether unjust."

"Now we," continued my reprover—and he went on boastfully to tell what their prophet required of them, and how faithful was their obedience in matters of devotion, charity, and self-denial; and while he spoke, I lifted up my heart to God, and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to his Word. When the sheik paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew out a New Testament. "I have a religion," I said. "Would you like to hear what it teaches me on these high matters?"

By this time the attention of all my guard was directed to me. Their sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me, their dark visages looking more grim by the flashing fire around which they were seated; and their hands were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily bring down vengeance upon the head of the infidel dog who should dare to blaspheme their prophet.

"Listen," I said, as I opened the New Testament at the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "You speak of almsgiving; hear what my Koran says about giving alms; and I rendered into Arabic the first four verses: 'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, &c.'" When I stopped, I looked up, and the dark countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

"Good!" exclaimed the sheik; "this is very good; go on."

I gathered courage, and read again: "And when thou prayest," &c. I read—translating as I read—to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

"Bismillah! but this is wonderful!" exclaimed one to another, stroking their black beards: "wonderful!" and every harsh and forbidding feature was softened down to quiet, calm attention.

"More, more."

I read on: "Moreover, when ye fast," &c.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the sheik again, "but this is wonderful!"

I needed no further urging on. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by their exclamations of wonder and approbation.

"Wonderful!" said my swarthy friend, the sheik, when at length I closed the book; "but this is wonderful!" And what good people you Christians ought to be!"

I never (continued my friend) forgot, and I hope I never shall forget, the lessons taught me by that desert fire. In the first place, I saw as I had never before seen, that caution may degenerate into cowardice, and I learned, in the second place—the enemies of Christianity themselves being our judges—that if the professed followers of Christ were but in all things what they ought to be, "like-minded one toward ano-

ther, according to Christ Jesus," then would they "with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the constrained verdict of the unbelieving world would be, 'Nay, but this is wonderful!'"—*London Tract Magazine.*

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

"The men to make a State must be intelligent men." I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or that six per cent a year is a half per cent a month. I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has no place. And this will come, almost unthought, the contact of the rough and rugged world will force men to it in self defence. The lust for worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement; but men so made will never make a State. The intelligence which demands will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know itself. Who else can govern men? Who else can know the men to govern men? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom and discretion and intelligence of no ordinary standard. It takes in at every exercise the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward, through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a fool, a slave? How many do! There are not men to make a State.

"The men to make a State must be honest men." I do not mean that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single eye. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do not care for the highest bidder. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder, men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will do anything where they cannot climb, these are not men to make a State.

"The men to make a State must be brave men." I do not mean the men that pick a quarrel. I do not mean men that carry dirks. I do not mean the men that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names, and uses threats; the man that stabs in secret, with his tongue or with his pen, the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never loses the first; these are not the men to make a State.

"The men to make a State, are themselves made by obedience." Obedience is the health of human hearts; obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are to children in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern men, who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a State.—*Bishop Doane.*

ANNOYANCE IN CHURCH.—A medical man in the *Leeds Mercury*, says, "Repeated observation has convinced me that a very large proportion of those who Sunday after Sunday disturb our congregations by their coughs, are not the subject of any diseased condition, but that their cough is either voluntary or is simply the result of habit. The action, performed at first because it is agreeable, by frequent repetition, comes to be performed almost involuntarily, and almost insensibly to the individual."