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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

| Day | Date | MORNING. | EVENING. |
|-----|-------|--------------|--------------|
| S. | May 6 | 1st Matt. | 1st Matt. |
| S. | 7 | 1st Kings 18 | 1st Kings 19 |
| S. | 8 | 2nd Kings 23 | 2nd Kings 24 |
| S. | 9 | 2nd Kings 25 | 2nd Kings 26 |
| S. | 10 | 2nd Kings 27 | 2nd Kings 28 |
| S. | 11 | 2nd Kings 29 | 2nd Kings 30 |
| S. | 12 | 2nd Kings 31 | 2nd Kings 32 |

Poetry.

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution he wrote the following unique and most exquisite poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review:—"A poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul!
And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.
If He loanded thy perdition.
Would He have laid down His life for thee?
Would He have called thee with so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of His Spirit?
Would He have given thee His Cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul:
Behold thy Jesus calls thee:
He prayed for thee upon His cross:
There He extended His arm to receive thee:
There He bowed down His head to kiss thee:
There He opened His heart to give thee entrance:
There He gave up His life to purchase thee for thee.

It is told me I must die;
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest;
To the land of the living;
To the Heaven of security:
To the kingdom of peace:
To the palace of my God:
To the nuptials of the Lamb:
To sit at the table of my King:
To feed on the bread of Angels:
To see what no eye hath seen:
To hear what no ear hath heard:
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of Fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all Thy children!
I was lost, but Thy mercy found:
I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised again!
I was gone astray after vanity,
But now I am ready to appear before Thee.
O my Father!
Come now in mercy, and receive Thy child!
Give him Thy kiss of peace:
Remit unto him all his sins:
Clothe him with Thy nuptial robe:
Permit him to have a place at Thy feast!
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death!

Religious Miscellany.

Bishop Mellvaine of Ohio, has just published a volume of Sermons which are largely quoted in magazines of our U. S. contemporaries. Their diction is simple and elegant, and they are distinguished by their eloquent enforcement of religious truth. We take the following extract from the *Protestant Magazine*—

Two sermons on the Resurrection are in the vein of sacred eloquence. We cannot refrain from extracting the concluding passage of the first of these sermons, concluding, however, in doing that it loses much of its effect by being separated from the sermon, all of whose truths it concentrates into one grand resurrection note:
And now we have seen probably as much as we can here, of what the rising of the dead means, really of those who sleep in Jesus. And what

precious consolation does the Gospel thus bring to the aching hearts of bereaved believers! "Thy brother shall rise again." "Yes," answers Martha, sorrowing over some recently tenanted grave, "but not till the last day. Oh, that He may now come to life again!" No, the wise Christian heart replies, it is a great part of the consolation that he will not rise now, while death still reigns, and sorrow, and sighing have not fled away; that he will not rise till that day, when all things shall be made new, "the times of the restitution of all things," when he can come forth in a body that will never die again; into a world where there shall be no more sin, or pain, or woe: in company with the whole harvest of the dead in Christ, His holy brotherhood, and then go with that whole blessed company to be "over with the Lord." This is our "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death," and even the dust, "of his saints." Not a Christian's grave is there, in the silent city of the dead, but is well known to him—well watched and kept under his care—though its memorial, for human eye, has centuries ago been lost. As we walk along those solemn streets, a voice seems to say, "these all shall rise again!"

Then we think of the dead of all generations, since the world began; the graves on land and sea; the whole earth a cemetery of unknown millions! Not a particle of their dust has perished, however widely it has wandered. All are waiting "the day of redemption." What a multitude that cannot be numbered, of God's beloved people, are there—the tribes of his true Israel, dispersed through all lands enduring the captivity of death, but "prisoners of hope," listening for "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God." Then shall the earth cast forth her dead, and all shall come forth, and rejoin the souls from which they have been so divorced; and then shall be joy among the angels of God, to welcome home to Zion the children of that long and dark captivity. They "return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." They are clothed in the white raiment of their Redeemer's righteousness, is heard from every heart. Rank upon rank, a boundless congregation, they press towards "the Throne of God and the Lamb," to "show forth the praises of Him who called them out of darkness into His marvellous light." It is the "royal priesthood, the holy nation," gathered out of all nations, and people, and kindred, and tongues. The Lord of Glory, having finished his work, begins that endless Sabbath. His Church, "without spot or wrinkle," walking with Him "in white," keeps holy that long hoped-for day of eternal rest. They are "joint-heirs with Christ." He "glorified in them," they glorified in Him. His joy is in beholding in them "the travail of his soul;" their joy is in beholding in Him "the author and finisher of their faith," and their portion forever. Oh, what believer would wake the sleep of a brother in Christ—sleeping in death till the last trump of that day of days shall call him; till he can rise in that great communion and fellowship and begin that Sabbath! No, beloved one, we will wait in hope. Sleep on, in thy silent, lowly bed, till this stormy sea is passed, and the war of sin and hell is ended, and the last vial of wrath is poured upon the earth. Come not again to us, till we are ready to mount with thee to the Heavenly gates. The time is short. The day will soon break. Farewell, precious one, till then!

But St. Paul has an exhortation for the living, founded on the assurance of that day: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." With such perfect redemption in view, such a day in prospect—an inheritance of life eternal, for body and soul, in the glory of God—shall anything move you from the steadfast, unshaken setting of your hearts and the earnest devotion of your lives to the obedience of Christ? Shall any temptations seduce, any trials discourage, any wrath of man affright you, from the patient continuance in well-doing, knowing, as you do, that not the least moment of your labor, or trial, or patience, or suffering, shall be in vain in the Lord; that all will ripen unto, and that all will bring forth fruit abundantly in that great harvest. The Lord strengthen us

thus to abide, seeking our rest not here, on these troubled waves, this open sea, where all winds blow and rage, but in that haven where only the anchor of the soul is cast, and where remaineth the rest of the people of God. Amen."

Our limits will not permit enlarged references and extracts, but we cannot conclude without directing the reader's attention to the delightful discourse which follows on "The final satisfaction of the believer in Jesus." We know of no sermon that we would more willingly take to the bedside of a dying Christian. To all who are accustomed to have pleasant thoughts and anticipations of the "rest that remaineth," the following suggestions are most important:

"Let us be careful, when we indulge a hope of the Heavenly bliss, that it is the Heavenly bliss we are hoping for, and not some creation of our own imagination. Many a man who comforts himself with such hope, would find nothing that his heart could enjoy in the happiness of the saints, were it once revealed to his view. How infinitely it is exalted above the grovelling ideas which the world forms of its nature, as if any but a holy heart could know it. You have heard, in this discourse, how the Scriptures speak of it. Job's expectation of it was, "In my flesh, I shall see God." David's, "I will behold Thy face in righteousness." John's, "We shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is." Our Lord expressed the same, when He prayed, "Father I will that those whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my Glory." (John xvii. 24.) You see the grand idea. Intimate communion with God; happiness arising out of being with Him: such is the highest conception presented in the Scriptures of the eternal life. We love to speak of it in the beautiful imagery of the Scriptures; but let us take care that we rest not in the imagery. To think of heaven as "a rest which remaineth to the people of God," gives a refreshing prospect to the wearied heart; but we must be careful to think of it as a Sabbath rest, a holy rest—rest in God: rest which none but holy hearts can know. The sorrowful heart, to which all this world, viewed through the darkness of affliction, appears shrouded in continual night, dwells with pleasure on the thought, *there shall be no night there.* But you must remember that it is only because the saints shall see the face of the glory of God; and that to all who are not prepared by a personal holiness to commune with that glory, it is all night, even as the brightest day is darkness to the blind.

"I doubt not there will be innumerable contributions to the happiness of that inheritance; beauties to the eye, harmonies to the ear, noble offices for every faculty of mind, a universe of knowledge to enjoy; intellectual and spiritual communion with the works and people of God; a thousand inlets and streams of bliss, of which we can have no conception here. But they will be only the tributaries to the ocean. They will aid, but not contribute, to the blessedness. To its great source in the divine fullness, they will stand related, as the loveliness of the garden of Paradise, to Adam's walking with God in its midst; the smiles of God reflected, his praises echoed, his love expressed; all of them the varied forms under which he will spread the table of his heavenly communion. But the King himself shall come in to see the guests, and "God will be all, and in all."

Long may the author of these discourses be spared to minister the Gospel in his Diocese, and to the Church at large, with the same simplicity, power, fullness, and fidelity.

THE PRAYER BOOK IN ITS INTEGRITY.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that on both sides of the Atlantic—in this country and in England—efforts should at one and the same time be making to tamper with that inestimable inheritance of the Anglican Church—the Book of Common Prayer.—We cannot for a moment suppose, that our own Memorialists had any understanding with those disaffected members of our Mother Church, who, in the words of one* who is taking a prominent and most praiseworthy part to counteract their machinations, "seek a great change in the doctrines of the Church

* The Rev. Dr. Baylee, Principal of St. Aidan's College, Liverpool.