

# The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cochran—Editor.

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date.	MORNING	EVENING
S. Sept. 4	15 B. of Tris.	Jer. 53 Matt. 8 Jerem. 56 Rom. 6
M. 5	Amos 6	Amos 6
T. 6	Amos 7	Amos 7
W. 7	Amos 8	Amos 8
Th. 8	Amos 9	Amos 9
F. 9	Amos 10	Amos 10
S. 10	Amos 11	Amos 11
M. 11	Amos 12	Amos 12
T. 12	Amos 13	Amos 13
W. 13	Amos 14	Amos 14
Th. 14	Amos 15	Amos 15
F. 15	Amos 16	Amos 16
S. 16	Amos 17	Amos 17
M. 17	Amos 18	Amos 18
T. 18	Amos 19	Amos 19
W. 19	Amos 20	Amos 20
Th. 20	Amos 21	Amos 21
F. 21	Amos 22	Amos 22
S. 22	Amos 23	Amos 23
M. 23	Amos 24	Amos 24
T. 24	Amos 25	Amos 25
W. 25	Amos 26	Amos 26
Th. 26	Amos 27	Amos 27
F. 27	Amos 28	Amos 28
S. 28	Amos 29	Amos 29
M. 29	Amos 30	Amos 30
T. 30	Amos 31	Amos 31

## Poetry.

### THEY BLOOM IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

THREE tender buds, all nursed with care,  
Were blooming in the summer air;  
When lo! the fairest, sweetest gem  
Was plucked from off its tiny stem,  
And borne by angel-hands on high,  
To bloom more sweet in yonder sky!

Two lonely buds, so soon bereft,  
Were all their parents now had left,  
They grew in beauty, side by side,  
Their father's hope, their mother's pride,  
And seemed unfolding, day by day,  
New charms to cheer their earthly way.

When lo! another angel hand  
Reached forth from out the seraph band,  
And plucked the bud so sweet and fair,  
That earliest claimed her mother's care;  
And bore aloft that earthly flower,  
To bloom again in heaven's bower!

One little bud—a dearer prize,  
Alone remains to cheer their eyes;  
The others, far in yonder clime,  
Will feel no more the ills of time,  
But now beneath their Saviour's beam,  
They bloom beside the crystal stream!

Then, weeping parents! dry those tears!  
Mourn never more, but calm thy fears;  
Far sweeter ties bind thee above,  
Than ever claimed thy earthly love;  
Two angels clad in garments bright,  
Watch o'er thee now from realms of light!

[Gleeson's Pictorial.]

### MY DEAD ARE THERE.

OLD Church, I love thee very well,  
And wherefore! Shall my sadness tell?  
Not for thy renovated air,  
But rather that *my dead are there.*

Within, without, how strange the scene,  
Save the mute stones and evergreen;  
Yet I will love thee, house of prayer,  
Because *my cherished dead are there.*

Sad memory the past past surveys,  
As o'er the gathering throng I gaze!  
Familiar faces gone, ah where?  
Be still my soul, *thy dead are there.*

Among the slumberers 'neath thy sod,  
Whose souls in glory rest with God,  
I claim a host, to memory dear,  
And can't forget, *my dead are there.*

Oh! how they loved, on holy day,  
To tread thy courts, to praise and pray;  
May I their bliss and glory share!  
Ill love thee too—*my dead are there.*

Old Church! I prize thee from my heart,  
For what thou wast, and what thou art—  
MY DEAD, that lie around thy walls,  
Shall rise to life, when Jesus calls.

Blest morning, when the trump shall shake  
The tomb, and its long silence break;  
Heaven shall its richest lustre wear,  
The dead in Christ shall all be there.

## Religious Miscellany.

### ECCLESIASTICAL CHARGES.

NO. CXXII.

Extracts from a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the  
Archdeaconry of Wells at the Visitation, in 1853.

BY THE VENERABLE HENRY LAW,  
ARCHDEACON OF WELLS.

### Introductory.

MY REVEREND BRETHREN.—Our united service of  
prayer and praise is ended. The voice of instruction  
from the pulpit has ceased. It only remains to close

this ordinance by such effort as I can make to leave the  
savour of abiding blessing. Far be from me the heart  
of indifference which can untreblingly regard the oc-  
casion—the audience. A privilege is before me, in  
which the full scale of mercy is balanced by a weight of  
responsibility. But I come among you in the name of  
the Lord Jesus. He is our help and hope; and He  
commends His boundless love, and the supereminence  
of His might, and the perpetuity of His faithful pro-  
mise, by using the weakness of the weak to minister  
strength to the strong. I trust that all our eyes are unto  
Him. To Him be the incense of praise from all that is  
within us this day and for ever!

The interval since our last assemblage has not seen  
any legal enactment affecting our position. No new  
measure, therefore, requires explanatory comment. It  
would indeed be joy to add that, throughout our eccle-  
siastical polity, there is neither cloud nor murmur.—  
But the Church's ark has her allotted course through  
thwarting tides and threats of rising storm. Earth is at  
best a rugged walk. It is Jerusalem above which is  
paved with peace. But let not our hands hang down.  
There is need always for a school—sometimes for a  
furnace—of trouble. Graces mature therein. We are  
thus taught by the Spirit to wrestle in prayer—to em-  
ploy faith—to distrust self—to cease from man, and to  
long for the promised rest.

### Is Convocation safe?

A glowing mind can paint in captivating colours  
what assembled ministers of Christ should be. Fancy  
soon cites all that is high in ecclesiastic station, vener-  
able for age, mighty in mind, deep in learning, matured  
in experience, sobered by reflection, skilled in what  
books and observation can supply. We may gaze on  
the picture till we suppose it life. Feelings may be  
entranced in hallowed admiration till it seem sacrilegious  
to suspect that this may be the figment of fancy or the  
cradle of harm. But, after all, the synod can be only  
men, and “every man in his best estate is altogether  
vanity.”

### Freedom of the Church.

There have been murmurs that to withhold this priv-  
ilege (of Convocation) is oppression—that its absence  
lays our freedom in the dust. This suspicion fosters  
discontent; and then the chariot-wheels of our work  
drive heavily. But need I say that, to us, each step  
should be alacrity; each pulse, joy; each breath, praise.  
A downcast ministry is the undoing of souls. It dishon-  
ours God, our Masters, and the godlike work. Can I  
better reply to this evil suggestion than by appealing  
to conscience and to fact? Where is freedom if our  
pulpits are not free? Here we may range at large  
through the whole world of grace, proclaiming all which  
revelation opens. Here we may unfold salvation;  
showing all its wisdom, all its love, all its provisions from  
the eternal rise in God's heart to the end, which has no  
end, in heaven. Here we may uplift the gift of gifts—  
the mercy of mercies—the blessing of blessings—the  
wonder of wonders—the glory of glories—the Lord  
Jesus Christ. Amazing theme!—boundless in breadth  
and length, and depth, and height! Here we may read  
till utterance fail all the pages of the vast volume of  
redemption—the foes subdued—the difficulties vanquish-  
ed—the chains broken—the debt paid—the curse re-  
moved—hell spoiled—God's kingdom peopled. We may  
present the blood which infinitely atones for every sin  
—the righteousness which is so emphatically the right-  
eousness of God that Omniscience can discern no flaw  
in it—eternity cannot adequately honour it.

Here, too, we may set forth the Holy Spirit's mighty  
love—how His power removes sin's blinding veil, and  
prompts the wrestling prayer for deliverance from the  
wrath to come—how He gently guides to the cross, and  
firmly establishes the full assurance of faith. Here we  
may open our mouths wide to teach the joy and peace  
which go hand in hand with believing—the holiness  
which evidences the reality of conversion—the new  
heart which proves the new birth—the perseverance  
which is the earnest of the heavenly call. I maintain,  
and no man can deny, that we are free to publish aloud  
the whole counsel of God, so simple in majesty, so ma-  
jestic in simplicity, which angels' lips would joy to min-

ister, and angels' minds are narrow to embrace; which  
the heaven of heavens cannot comprehend, but which  
will contract into a poor sinner's heart. We may preach  
from day to day that truth which changes earth's dark-  
ness into heaven's light—nature's dreary dungeon into  
grace's pure abode—and death in trespasses and sins  
into the life of righteousness for evermore. Whose lips  
will say that we need liberty? We cannot bless the  
Lord that we have a free commission to be ambassadors  
for Christ—fellow-workmen with God—dispensers of  
the word—stewards of the mysteries of heaven. The  
holy robes of such office should not be depreciated as  
if they were some prison garments. Again, we have  
unimpeded walk amid the dwellings of the flock. The  
door flies open to our touch. The cottage group ex-  
pands its circle to receive us. The chamber of sickness  
smiles its welcome. Here, amid the failings of the  
flesh, we may administer health and gladness to the soul.  
By the dying bed our seat is set. Eager ears wait for  
our reviving tidings of death abolished—of life and im-  
mortality brought to light. Till the eye closes we may  
persuade. “Behold Him, behold Him!” Where is the  
sorrowing, the afflicted, the bereaved, the back-sliding,  
the broken in spirit, the wounded in conscience, the  
bleeding in heart, to whom we may not give the word  
to warn or comfort? Thought cannot measure the  
wideness of such liberty; let us exhaust it before we  
murmur that we serve in chains.

There is, too, the multitude of the openly profane,  
treading the Gospel of the Most High God beneath  
their reckless feet. But we may watch the fitting time  
to check the downward step, and while we point to the  
cross, the voice of pitifulness may melt the heart—  
“Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?” Is there a lost  
one in our parishes whom we are not free to seek and  
to bereave? I say not that in each case our words will  
be life. This is as the Lord hath willed. But the faith-  
ful minister may have the glory of being unto God a  
sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved and in  
them that perish around him. Nor is that all. We  
have our schools—the pastor's pleasure ground. Here  
childhood's morn may be bright through our scriptural  
teaching. Here we may engrave the first lines on me-  
mory's tablet—lines which no cares nor toils of life can  
utterly efface—lines testifying of a Saviour's loving  
heart, redeeming death, and willingness to gather the  
lambs with His arm. Objections there may be as to  
some points of management. But all worth contending  
for is ours. Mind cannot imagine, zeal cannot ask, dil-  
igence cannot fill, larger opportunities than we possess  
of guiding heavenward the earliest thoughts.

The same is true as to the philanthropic and mission-  
ary institutions which make England a name and a  
praise in the earth. In parochial meetings, we may  
give information as to all woe and all means devised to  
alleviate. We may organize and arrange channels to  
diffuse all subsidiary aid. Do these Societies extend  
the Gospel to benighted masses in our cities, our man-  
ufacturing, our mining districts? We may help. Do  
they hasten to emancipate the ensnared Irish from the  
galling yoke—too long endured—and to try what di-  
vine truth can effect to raise them in the scale of na-  
tions, and to make them kings and priests unto God for  
ever? We may co-operate. Do they, in obedience to  
a Saviour's last command, send messengers of mercy to  
every creature? We may be fellow-labourers. Truly  
region beyond region spreads limitless before us. If  
there be misery, if there be ignorance, in our land, or  
in all earth's compass, we are free to animate zeal, and  
kindle the fire of sympathy, and quicken the slight of  
love, in its behalf. I would not unduly magnify the  
eminence on which we stand, but, whose are the hap-  
piest openings to bring glory to the Lord of Glory and  
blessedness to the souls of men? Surely the faithful mi-  
nister of England's Church claims this portion to be his.

Strange!—that in this liberty some eyes should have  
imagined a phantom of ideal bondage. Sad!—that  
any should have left us to breathe, as they dreamed,  
the freer air of Popery or Dissent. Have they gained  
the hoped-for gain? Do they shine now in brighter  
labours? Once they seemed high on the pedestal of  
influence: now obscurity is their home, and they sink,  
warning of the grave, to which unthankfulness for in-  
estimable privileges goes down.