

The Church Times.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DAY & DATE	MORNING.	EVENING.
July 23	2 Sam. 12 John 11	2 Sam. 12 2 Tim. 2
24	Jerem. 13 14	Jerem. 16
25	Eccles. 21 13	Eccles. 22
26	Jerem. 17 14	Jerem. 15 Titus 1
27	19 13	20 2
28	21 18	22 Philom. 1
29	23 17	24 Heb. 1

*The Apostles Creed to be used.

Portry.

PRAYER.

LASK has not to make less weary
The waste through which my pathway lies,
I would but feel that path, though dreary
Is leading onward to the skies.

Guide me, my Father! if before me
The angel of thy presence go,
I will not shrink, though clouds are o'er me,
And round me gathered many a foe.

I do not falter at the distance
That parts me from my heavenly home;
Weary as seems this earth's existence,
I know 'tis bounded by the tomb.

Nor do I dread the ill that gather,
Thick from the cradle to the grave,—
Not from earth's cares and griefs, my Father,
Lo I implore thy power to save.

Only from this—this darkness brooding
O'er every path of life I tread,—
And from the gloomy fear intruding
That Thou my spirit hast not led.

I seek Thy aid; I ask direction;
Teach me to do what pleaseth Thee,—
I can bear toil—endure affliction,
Only Thy leadings let me see.

Saviour! Thou knowest that the earth is dreary,
For thou hast trod its thorny maze;
Guide me through all its wanderings weary;
Keep me forever in thy ways.

Oh God! my God! make no delaying!
Haste Thee to help me when I cry!
Oh let me hear thy Spirit saying,
“This is the way! Thy Guide is nigh!”

Guidance and strength! for these imploring,
Jesus my prayer ascends to Thee;
Lead me through life, that I adoring,
May praise Thee through eternity.

—Episcopal Recorder.

Religious Miscellany.

DR. IVES' EXPERIENCE OF HAPPINESS IN HIS CHANGE.

News. Editors.—In the book just published by Dr. Ives, he lays great stress upon the calm which his mind has gained by his abjuration of Protestantism. What is such an argument worth in his case? The Rev. Mr. Seymour, in his interesting work, *Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome*, gives an account of an interview which he had with a Clergyman who had made the same change as Dr. Ives, and claimed to enjoy the same experience. “He entered,” says Mr. Seymour, “into some details of his former history—in fact, the story of his life, and concluded by saying he had never known peace or happiness until he had taken the final step; and then from that moment he had experienced a tranquillity of mind and a satisfaction of feeling, a joy and delight, which he had never known before. Instead of being disturbed in mind, he felt calm; instead of being restless, he had peace; instead of unhappiness, he had full satisfaction; instead of uncertainty, he had the most perfect certainty; and less from the moment of his seeking rest in the bosom of his Holy Mother the Church of Rome, like the wandering child in the bosom of its loving mother, he experienced in her embrace and communion perfect happiness. He then added that he believed the happiness was experienced by all who, like him, embraced the Church of Rome; that he knew it to be the experience of others as well as his own, that he could not regard it otherwise than as the special

gift and blessing of God—the reward of Heaven to those who entered his true Church; and that if I took the same step, I should assuredly be partaker of the same reward.

“I answered,” continues Mr. Seymour, “all this by stating that I could well understand it, as I had seen very much of the same nature in the case of persons who had acted in a manner the very opposite to that which he had adopted. I had known many persons who had been brought up from infancy in all the principles and practices of the Church of Rome, who, by reading the Holy Scriptures, or by hearing the preaching of the Gospel, had been led to entertain doubts as to the verity of their former faith, and to receive and adopt the simple and scriptural principles of Protestantism, and so to go on to the final step of embracing the communion of Protestants; and such persons had often told me of the peace of mind and happiness of heart—the gush of joy and delight that they experienced in forsaking by that act what they regarded as the unscriptural and unstable errors of one Church for the scriptural and stable truths of the other, speaking with rapturous ecstasy of the peace and joy which they had never known before, and of the sweetness of which they had previously no conception. I added that I supposed this feeling among those who embraced the Roman faith—and among those who embraced the Protestant faith—this feeling common to both alike, may arise from the casting aside the doubts and difficulties that had previously occupied and absorbed the mind, but that I could not regard it as a reward or recompense for the final step, that I could not think that God would give this reward to both sides; to the Romanist for embracing Protestantism, and to the Protestant for embracing Romanism.”

This work of Mr. Seymour's was republished by the Harpers in 1840, and I would advise such as have not read it, to refresh themselves with its interesting revelations, after they have perused Dr. Ives' “Letter to his old friends.”

—Protestant Churchman.

READ THE BIBLE MORE.

“Oh that I had read other books less, and my Bible more!” were almost the last words of an aged friend, as the intense gaze of her dying eye seemed to pierce into eternity.

These were not the words of a worldlyling, or a thoughtless reader of fiction. She was a consistent Christian professor, who had lived eighty years, and had read her Bible through many times. She was left a widow young, and through long years of loneliness, found, in a love for reading, relief from sorrowful thought. Her mind, by constant use, retained the vigor of youth, and was richly stored with valuable information.

Old age was relieved of its solitude by the attraction which her society possessed for the young, and she could scarcely realize that her probation was near its end. Death came suddenly, and with the dread summons the veil of the future was lifted, and the acts of her past life, illumined by the light of eternity, stood out before her bewildered sight. Then that eye, which calmly beamed an hour before, spoke of agony; and that voice, usually so cheerful, changed to one of woe, as she saw and bewailed a neglected Bible.

If a mother in Israel who had daily read the Word of Life, and whose children were trained to follow God, could utter such a bitter reflection when suddenly called to die, what will be the feelings of those who devote all their time and energy to the things which perish with time using? Many Christian professors spend whole days of secular reading and study, while the thoughtless perusal of a chapter night and morning is gradingly given to the Word of God. “It is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” The poor woman who snatches a few moments from sleep at the close of a toilsome day, to spell out her verse, and sustains her soul by divine meditation, may enjoy the favor of God, and die in peace; while the gifted scholar, who reads the Book of Life in many languages, may be left to bewail a neglected Bible.

This is an age of Bibles. Whether on land or sea, at home, or in foreign parts, the water of life

is ever before our eyes, inviting the thirsty to come and drink, ‘without money and without price.’

“We do well to examine our hearts with care, lest ‘other books’ engross our time, to the neglect of the ‘words of eternal life.’”

“Most wondrous hook I bright candle of the Lord
Star of eternity I the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss securely.”

THE SABBATH OF THE HEART.

“Every heart knoweth its own bitterness;” every bosom its own weight of sorrow. Weary and faint beneath its own burden, which the tenderest sympathy cannot remove, the throbbing heart sends up its aspiration, “O that I had wings as a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.” Yet how frequently comes over it, we know not when or how, a cheering respite—a mysterious influence, soft and refreshing as a summer shower on the parched earth. Suddenly but gently, the soothing calm spreads over the heaving heart. The storm subsides. The winds are hushed. The fears that have haunted us suddenly vanish. The clouds that frown so darkly on the future brighten with the light of hope. Each bitter recollection of bereavement or misfortune is for awhile forgotten, and the heart disburdened of its crushing load, smiles, tranquil as the beaming star reposing on the bosom of night.

As the green spot with its deep shade and cooling stream is hailed by the weary traveller; as the sacred day, with its hallowed recollections and sweet repose, is welcomed by the toil-worn laborer; so are these dowy hours of inward quiet welcomed and cherished by the tried and weary heart. They are its green spots in the desert—bright islets in the storm-tossed ocean—Sabbaths of the heart, whose chimes ring in soft melody through its inward chambers, whose light seems brighter than that of earth, and whose soft airs seem fragrant with the breath of heaven.

The return of such sweet experiences we should look for and encourage. To the sanctified heart their constant recurrence would make ‘heaven on earth begun.’ They are ‘delectable mountains,’ from which the Christian pilgrim can catch glimpses of heaven and foretastes of its endless rest. Blessed is the man who, walking through the valley of bitterness, maketh a well, the rain also filleth the pools.

NEW BISHOPRIC IN UPPER CANADA.

In a Canada paper (*the Middlesex Prototype*), just received, we find the following paragraph with respect to the “New Episcopal Fund:”—

“London (Upper Canada) is now subscribing handsomely to the fund for the permanent endowment of a bishopric, to be created as soon as the necessary means shall be secured. The western division will extend from the eastern line of the Indian lands on the Grand River, west to St. Clair, south to Lake Erie, and north to Huron. Twelve thousand five hundred pounds are intended to be raised by the Church people in this extensive tract, from the yearly interest of which the bishop is to be paid his annual stipend, so that no additional sum will ever be collected from the people for the bishop's support.

“We regret that some of our people object to the endowment of a bishopric at present, and allege that a greater number of clergymen should first be secured for the townships. Were we not satisfied that the true and speedy way of increasing the number of clergymen is, first, to secure the services of a devoted, active, godly bishop, elected by the people and supported by their free-offerings, we should not aid the present movement. But being fully impressed with the idea that the future growth and prosperity of the Church, in that section of Canada, depends, in a great degree, on proper episcopal supervision, we go heart and hand for the immediate creation of the endowment, and fear not that it will succeed.

“A look at the present list of subscriptions must create surprise, admiration and regret—surprise and admiration to find the names of several young men, of limited means, dependent on a precarious salary in some of the public offices, down for sums from 100l. to 70l.; working mechanics evince the same Chris-