

The Church Times.

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"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

W. Gossop—Publisher.

Vol. V.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1853.

No. 61.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	MORNING	EVENING
Monday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Tuesday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Wednesday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Thursday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Friday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Saturday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Sunday	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2
Christmas Day	Isaiah 53	2 Pet. 2

For the year ending—Morn. 10, 45, 60.—Even. 60, 110, 112. The American Creed to be used. To ver. 8. To ver. 15. To ver. 10 to ver. 17. To ver. 10 to ver. 17.

Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT.

DAY is past!
Stars have set, their watch at last,
Founts that through the deep woods flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Sleep all dove-like on thy breast!
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night!

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!
Go and in the spirit land
Meet thy home's long parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good night!

Fence to all!
Dreams of heaven on mountains fall!
Exile o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams;
Bards! away to worlds more bright—
Good night!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Religious Miscellany.

NAUVOO ON ICHABOD.

A writer says that the widow of the great Mormon leader—Joe Smith—is married to a tavern keeper, who keeps his rum-mill in Smith's old residence, in Nauvoo; that one-half of the houses built by the Mormons are torn down, and the other half are tenanted; and that out of the former 20,000, there are now only about 200 Mormon population left. About 100 French Socialists own a great part of the city, including the ruins of the temple.—*Exchange paper*

The Cincinnati Atlas adds:—"The rum-mill" is the old hotel that Joe Smith kept in his day. For Joe had so many visitors to entertain that he found it rather expensive, and opened a large hotel, where in his lifetime he furnished "entertainment for man and beast." After his death his widow, who by the way, was never a very devout Mormon, kept the hotel on her "own hook" till she married her present husband, and handed him over the keys of the Establishment.—The last time we visited Nauvoo, some time last winter, it was the very picture of desolation. The long table at the hotel had but some half-dozen guests seated at it; and as we rambled the deserted streets, and gazed upon the tenantless houses and dilapidated temple, we could not but pity the poor infatuated Mormons, who have been persuaded and driven from their houses, not as we are sorry to say, in every case without cause. The city of Nauvoo is the most beautiful on the Mississippi, and had the great Yankee Mahomet and his followers were prudent, it might now be the loveliest and most flourishing city in the Far West, instead of the desolate and deserted place it is at present.

In March, 1829, fourteen months prior to the appearance of the Book of Mormon, the following startling words were published by Sontley in the second volume of his "Colloquies":—

"America is in more danger from religious fanaticism, the government there not thinking it necessary to provide religious instruction for the people in any of the States, the prevalence of superstition, and that, perhaps, in some wild or terrible shape, may be looked upon as one likely consequence of this great and portentous mission. An old man of the mountain might find

dupes and followers as rapidly as his Alfriend Jemima; and the next Aaron Burr, whose aim to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union, may discover that fanaticism is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces; and that camp-meetings may be very well directed to forward the designs of a military prophet.—Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope or fairer opportunity, than in that part of the Anglo-American Union into which the elder States continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can; for in the march of modern colonization, both are left behind."

Fourteen months after these remarkable words were published, their fulfillment came. The Book of Mormon appeared; Joseph Smith, junior, arose as prophet, seer, and revelator; ambition armed its self with fanaticism, and Joseph Smith became "a military prophet," a "second Mohammed."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE BRITISH ARMY.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian, writing from Montreal, gives the following account of a spectacle which attracts the attention of most travellers.—Making due abatement for the prejudices of the writer, there is much in his representations and comments which our readers will peruse. With all the censures lavished upon the religious services of the English Establishment, it is pleasing to find occasional attestations to their usefulness. In this country we are free from the admitted evils of an establishment, but we have been more ready to condemn and discard them, than secure in our own way, the benefits with which they are associated.—*Southern Churchman.*

ENGLISH SERVICE FOR THE SOLDIERS.

At half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, we attended one of the Church of England churches, where service is regularly held at that hour every Sabbath, for the benefit of the regiment stationed here. There are about 800 or 1000 men in the regiment. They were marched to the church in military order, but without music, and tolerably well filled the church, there being no other persons present but a few strangers. With their scarlet uniforms and white belts they made a gay-looking congregation. The band of the regiment, consisting of probably some thirty persons in white uniforms, was stationed, at a set of music stands in the middle aisle as the choir. They had no instruments, except a single trombone and a clarinet, which were not used, however, except during the prayers, to play two notes, to which the "Amen" was ever and anon responded.—How devotional this particular part of the exercises was, I will not stop to say. The choir or band seemed to do all the responding, and, accompanied by the organ from the gallery, all the musical part of the services. The voices of the boys, and of one or two of the men, were very fine. The whole exercises were interesting—the sermon having been quite evangelical—and I was once more impressed with the sound policy, and, in many respects, good sound sense of England. Wherever she sends her soldiers, she sends with them provisions for religious services. I could not but think, that with all the unnecessary formality, and the want of adaptedness in many respects, of the kind of service to such a class of men as these soldiers, how salutary must be the effects of gathering them together from Sabbath to Sabbath, from their indolent and dissolute life, that they may be reminded that, in common with the rest of mankind, they are travelling to the grave and eternity, and have souls that, unless washed from sin in Jesus' blood, must perish for ever. After the service was concluded, the regiment re-formed in the street in front of the church, and marched back in silence to the barracks, apparently attracting but little attention.

ATTACK ON CAPT. PAKENHAM IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce states that Capt. Pakenham, the zealous friend of the Vaudois, recently got into trouble at a little town on the hill above Spezzia:

Having made a halt at Spezzia on his journey in that direction, he walked to a neighbouring village to get a view of the bay. Seeing some children there he called them around him, and talked with them about Christ and the Apostles and the holy Scriptures, and also read to them from the gospels, gave them several copies of the Epistle to the Ephesians, translated by a worthy monk, and printed at Florence, also several copies of a tract called the Brazen Serpent—a simple explanation of faith in Christ, promising to come to see them again on his return that way. On returning through Spezzia, he lost no time in climbing up to the village again, with a friend. But no sooner did he make his appearance in the village, than several women rushed towards him and commenced abusing him. The school happened to be let off just at this moment, and the children also all came crowding around him, and it was not long before the whole village turned out to see the heretical intruder. One furious Amazon took the lead in railing accusations against the poor Captain. He tried to argue and to pacify, but in vain. No matter if the book was a part of the word of God—"If the Apostle Paul himself should come here," said this woman "and tell us anything contrary to what the priest says, we would not listen to him!" The women now commenced burning the tracts and Epistles which he had distributed on his former visit, lighting them with matches and waving them blazing in his face. One woman went so far as to seize hold upon the light summer coat which he wore, and attempted to burn that also!

The Priest now came up with a band of men, and rushing into the crowd, confronted the Captain with the most menacing air—demanded to know his business there, and how he had dared to distribute bad books among his people. Captain P., waited very calmly until the priest got through with his first burst of rage, and then asked how he dared to call a portion of God's word a bad book. An Epistle of Paul a bad book. The priest at first attempted to evade the charge by abusing the translation—but there the Captain had the better of him again, as the translation was approved by the Archbishop of Florence! The Priest then fell upon the tract; but here he was worsted also; for he could find nothing in it but faith in a Saviour crucified for our sins!

Finding that he lost ground, and that the Captain was making a favorable impression on some, the priest resorted to abuse, and insisted that the Captain was a minister of the Church of England, and paid for coming here to disseminate heresy. In vain the Captain denied this—in vain the gentleman from Spezzia remonstrated with the priest for asserting what he knew nothing about. The priest was determined to raise a riot, and get the heathen Captain out of the village by the fanaticized people. He got upon some steps, and calling his parishioners to hear, and beating upon his breast each time, shouted, "I swear! I swear! I swear!" that this man is a minister of the Church of England, paid to come here and disseminate damnable heresies. The Captain however turned the tables upon him by saying to the now excited men, "My good friends, I am no minister of the Church of England, but an old sailor like many of you, and I take no pay for distributing the word of God among my poor brethren." This caused a division among them, and the priest had no other argument left but violence, to which he endeavored to instigate the people.

The Captain, advised by one of the authorities, now turned to go down to Spezzia, and was followed out of the village by a mob, who hooted and gave him a shower of sticks and stones. At Spezzia he was advised by the governor to leave the place as soon as possible, as the priest was a notoriously malicious person, and would be sure to have revenge in some way. The Captain, whose arrangements were already made to leave the next day, declined to hurry at all; as he insisted that the laws of the country were clearly on his side, and that the priest was the disturber of the peace. That, the Governor told him, was of no account whatever. The religious sentiments of the country were against him, and that was enough. That evening six young men from the village on the hill, called on the Captain, to say that if he would come up there again