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Rev. J. C. Cochran—Editor.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DAY & DATE	MORNING				EVENING	
	Leviticus	1 Act.	Leviticus	2 Heb.	10	11
S. Dec. 8	10	11	12	13	14	15
M. 9	16	17	18	19	20	21
Tu. 10	22	23	24	25	26	27
W. 11	28	29	30	31	1	2
Th. 12	3	4	5	6	7	8
F. 13	9	10	11	12	13	14
S. 14	15	16	17	18	19	20
M. 15	21	22	23	24	25	26
Tu. 16	27	28	29	30	1	2
W. 17	3	4	5	6	7	8
Th. 18	9	10	11	12	13	14
F. 19	15	16	17	18	19	20
S. 20	21	22	23	24	25	26
M. 21	27	28	29	30	1	2
Tu. 22	3	4	5	6	7	8
W. 23	9	10	11	12	13	14
Th. 24	15	16	17	18	19	20
F. 25	21	22	23	24	25	26
S. 26	27	28	29	30	1	2
M. 27	3	4	5	6	7	8
Tu. 28	9	10	11	12	13	14
W. 29	15	16	17	18	19	20
Th. 30	21	22	23	24	25	26
F. 31	27	28	29	30	1	2

a. To ver. 30. b. Begin ver. 30.

Poetry.

THE DWELLING PLACE OF GOD.

BY JAMES CHANTLON.

There is a world we have not seen,
And time can ne'er that world destroy;
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught the sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far,
Than angels know, or poets sing—
Brighter than Summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of Spring.

There is a world with blessings blest,
Beyond what prophets e'er foretold:
Nor might the tongue of Angel guest,
A picture of that world unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No darkness dims the radiant scene,
Nor sorrow's fear within it flows.

It is not fann'd by Summer's gale,
Nor refreshed by vernal showers:
It never needs the moonbeams pale,
And there are known no evening hours.

In vain the Philosopher's eye,
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the cupriated sky—
It is the dwelling-place of God!

—Montreal Witness.

Religious Miscellany.

EXTRACTS.

From a notice in the O. O. C. of a Charge by Ep. Anderson, of Rupert Land, 1853.

Since his primary Charge in 1841, the number of clergy has increased, he tells us, from 10 to 15. The Rev. W. Ludd, has been ordained priest, and another native catechist, Mr. James Settee, was admitted to the diaconate last Christmas day. The advantage is obvious, of obtaining a class of teachers, who, by the mother's side at least, will have a natural access to the Indian population: and the half breeds of Rupert's Land exhibit an aptness for the task, which raises them far above the neglected and degraded Eurasians of Hindostan. The Bishop has been occupied the last two summers in journeys across his vast diocese, confining at stations 2,000 miles apart, visiting all the infant stations, except Fort Pelly and the Nepowin, and indulging the hope of penetrating to Vancouver's land on the shores of the Pacific, and of carrying the Gospel to the Arctic Sea, the Esquimaux tribes, and the Indians of the Mackenzie River. At the most numerously attended confirmation, viz. at Moose, out of 130 recipients, 105 were Indians. The Bishop writes with solicitous sympathy, on the difficulties which a Missionary often feels in admitting candidates to baptism, through his anxiety neither to delay the sacrament too long, by requiring more than was done in the earliest apostolic times; nor yet to administer it too readily, and so to lower this holy rite in the eyes of others. "Can you not," he asks, "quote cases in illustration of this, where you felt grief at one being taken to whom you refused baptism, and yet of whom you hoped that the Saviour noted with approval the desire of his soul, and accepted him? Others again, on the contrary, regarding whom you had made every inquiry and examination, and, as you thought, after due caution you baptized them, and yet, after all your fondest hopes have been disappointed? It is in such cases the general rule is impossible, and the very trial of your faithfulness and wisdom lies in the treatment of the individual case." Upon the whole the Bishop

inclines to but slender requirements from the catechumen; and says, that if we would rescue souls from Satan's grasp, we must be content often to teach the symbols, and give the Indian the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and a few texts, such as a Christian ought to know and believe for his soul's health. More particularly he observes, that our Baptismal Service for the baptism of adults, beautiful as it is, proves yet too difficult for the cases which come before his clergy; it presupposes far more knowledge, and a higher degree of intelligence and civilization than can be expected in an entirely heathen land. This difficulty has been also felt at the Cape, and is noticed in one of the minutes of the Capetown Synod. In Rupert's Land it has occasioned the practice (if we understand the Bishop aright) of adapting the service to the occasion.

It is for deliberation on such points of discipline, that Bishop Anderson would gladly see the establishment of Diocesan Synods in all the Colonial Churches, and regrets his involuntary absence from the conference of North American Bishops at Quebec. He would be glad to see his own diocese united with their's under an archbishop or metropolitan. He thinks that the establishment of a metropolitan see in Canada, in the West Indies, in India, and at Sydney, would help to consolidate each province of the Colonial Church, and give them a regular medium of communication with the Primate of Canterbury.

Such are some of the particulars of interest which mark the Charge and the Sermon before us. What most impresses us in the perusal is the union of scholarly writing and most fervent piety. A prelate, whose acquirements would have adorned any station at home, banishes himself from all the solaces of society, renounces the cultivation of congenial literature, for the oversight of 15 clergy, a few hundred traders, and some scattered Indian tribes. The quotations from Bossuet and Bellarmine, from Irenaeus and St. Augustine, the allusions that ooze out to his classical favourites, just let us know how rare a scholar has given himself to tend a few sheep in the wilderness. We seem to see before us the "Ouranos" of William Law's "Serious Call."

ARE YOU ALIVE UNTO GOD!

Are you indeed alive unto God? Can you say with truth, I was dead, and am alive again. I was blind, but now see? Then suffer the word of exhortation, and incline your hearts unto wisdom.

Are you alive? Then see that you prove it by your actions. Be a consistent witness. Let your words, and works, and ways, and tempers, all tell the same story. Let not your life be a poor torpid life, like that of a tortoise or a sloth; let it rather be an energetic, stirring life, like that of a deer or a bird. Let your grace shine forth from all the windows of your conversation, that those who live near you may see that the Spirit is abiding in your hearts. Let your light not be a dim, flickering, uncertain flame. Let it burn steadily, like the eternal fire on the altar, and never become low. Let the savour of your religion, like Mary's precious ointment, fill all the houses where you dwell. Be an epistle of Christ so clearly written, penned in such large bold characters, that he who runs may read it. Let your Christianity be so unmistakable, your eye so single, your heart so whole, your walk so straightforward, that all who see you may have no doubt whose you are and whom you serve. O! dear brethren, if we are quickened by the Spirit, no one ought to be able to doubt it. Our conversation should show plainly that we seek a country. It ought not to be necessary to tell people, as in the case of a badly painted picture, "This is a Christian." We ought not to be so sluggish and still, that men shall be obliged to come close and look hard, and say, "Is he dead or alive?"

Are you alive? Then see that you prove it by your growth. Let the great change within become every year more evident. Let your light be an increasing light—not like Joshua's sun in the valley of Ajalon, standing still—nor like Hezekiah's sun going back—but ever shining more and more to the end of your days. Let the image of your Lord wherein you are renewed, grow clearer and sharper every month. Let it not be like the image and superscription on a coin, more indistinct and defaced the longer it is used. Let it rather become more plain the older it

is, and the likeness of your King stand out more fully. I have no confidence in a standing still religion. I do not think that a Christian was meant to be like an animal, to grow to a certain age and then to stop growing. I believe rather he was meant to be like a tree, and to increase more and more in strength and vigour all his days. Remember the words of the apostle Peter, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." (2 Peter, i. 5, 6, 7.) This is the way to be a useful Christian. Men will believe you are in earnest when they see constant improvement, and perhaps be drawn to go with you. This is the one way to obtain comfortable assurance. "So an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly." (2 Peter i. 11.) O! as ever you would be useful and happy in your religion, let your motto be, "Forward, forward," to your very last day.

Brethren believers, I speak to myself as well as to you. I say the spiritual life there is in Christians ought to be more evident. Our lamps want trimming—they ought not to burn so dim. Our separation from the world should be more distinct, our walk with God more decided. Too many of us are like Lot, lingerers, or like Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh, borderers; or like the Jews in Ezra's time, so mixed up with strangers, that our spiritual pedigree cannot be made out. It ought not so to be. Let us be up and doing. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. If we really have life, let us make it known.—Ryle.

Pitcairn; the Island, the People, and the Pastor.

By the Rev. T. B. Murray. Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1854.

The main features of this interesting narrative will have been long familiar to our readers. Mr. Murray, in his fourth edition, brings up our intelligence of the Pitcairners to the most recent date—The Rev. Mr. Nobbs reached his little flock on May 15, 1853, in H. M. S. Portland, and found they had been suffering for some months previously, from a scarcity of food, in consequence of the want of rain, which had prevented their planting their usual crop of sweet potatoes. For some weeks, it seems, they were on the brink of actual starvation, and had no other resource than half-grown pumpkins. The evening of his arrival, being Sunday, Mr. Nobbs read from the pulpit his ordination letters and licence, as chaplain of Pitcairn's Island, granted by the Bishop of London; and the Rev. Mr. Holman, who had temporarily officiated in his room, preached his farewell sermon. Mr. Nobbs now administers the Holy Communion every month, and has as many as 75 communicants, out of a population of 172. In fact, the whole adult population communicate, and this little Christian community revives in this particular the strictness of primitive piety.

Mr. Nobbs' last letter is dated November 3, 1853, and acknowledges the receipt of stores and gifts from friends in England, by the *Dido*. Their dependence upon such occasional supplies from Europe, and the growing increase of their numbers, induced the Pitcairn Islanders, as far back as May last year, to petition our Government to remove them to some larger island, naming especially Norfolk Island; and it was recently in contemplation to accede to their request, as soon as all the convicts should have been conveyed from that spot. That island is situate in the 49th parallel of latitude, to the north of New Zealand, and is about twenty miles in circumference, the low land exuberantly fertile, and thousands of acres in high cultivation, fully capable of supplying all the necessities of our Pitcairners—On the island stand a fine range of buildings, raised for the convict establishment; and it has been suggested that they might form the material for a Missionary College, which the Bishop of New Zealand is desirous of establishing for the instruction of Melanesian youth. But nothing has been yet decided on the subject.

HUMILITY.—Of trees I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant which creeps upon the helpful wall: of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb: of all fowls, the mild and gall-less dove. To be humble to our superiors, is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity.—Fellows.