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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & Date	MORNING.				EVENING.			
	Gen.	Luke	Gen.	Phil.	Gen.	Phil.	Gen.	Phil.
March 2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7

Poetry.

[The following beautiful stanzas are from the pen to which is to be credited the lines on Milton beginning "I am old and blind" which received the rare compliment of being printed in the late Oxford edition of the writings of that great poet, as a supposed lately discovered poem of his own. We print now from a manuscript copy.]—Ed. E. R. H. C.

WHY STAND YE GAZING UP INTO HEAVEN?"

We are mourning! Boughs of cypress overhade our Christmas hearth;
Tear-drops gem the skirts of gladness,—sorrow clasps the hand of mirth.
Desolation's sable garments trail across our household floor!
Heralded by pain and sickness, death has crossed our threshold o'er.

We are lonely! From our couch one true heart is called away!
From affliction's clasping tendrils, is moved the prop and stay.
Round our fireside when we gather, saddened memories take the place
Of our father's tones of kindness, and his dear familiar face.

Now the old arm-chair is empty, and the time-worn Bible clasped,
With the marker folded in it, at the page he opened last.
Daily waited he with his Davour—daily from his lips we heard,
Precepts beautiful and precious, taught us from God's holy word.

Noble was his life's example, upright hearted and sincere;
Firm when weaker hearts were shrinking, in the truth devoid of fear,
Bold, where boldness is a virtue—steadfast in upholding right;
Guided by the clear shining, of the true and inward light

So he lived, that when the summons came to him, which comes to all—
He was at his post of duty, watching on the outer-wall.
From afar he heard the trumpet, though our listening ears were sealed:—
From afar discerned death's angel, to our vision unrevealed.

"But a little while," he murmured, "and life's closing scenes will come!
Gracious Father, I am ready! wilt Thou take my spirit home?
O Heart-searcher, I am nothing! Thou hast been my strength and stay!
Where thy voice of love has led me, I have followed day by day."

But a little while we lingered round about his dying bed,—
Seeking how to soothe his anguish, how to prop his weary head,
But affection's ministrations, may not stay the enfranchised soul,
When its prison-bars are broken, and the gates of pearl its goal!

Clapping in his own the dear hand of his loved one yet again,
With a smile serene and holy, wearing not a trace of pain;
His pure spirit was borne upward, to the sapphire throne of heaven,
Where the new name, and the white robe, and the crown and harp are given.

Marvel not that we stand gazing! oh, revealed to mortal eyes
For a moment, seemed the opening of the gates of Paradise;
Scents from vials full of odors, blending with the sounds which rolled
Outward, as of shining angels harping on their harps of gold.

We are lonely! He is mingled with that countless angel throng!
We are weeping—he is joined with the seraph hosts in song!
From his ransomed soul outpouring anthems holy and sublime,
Thro' the eternating ages, circling round the orb of time

We are fatherless and widowed, but our heavenly Father's care,
Has been as a living answer, to his earnest voice of prayer.
We are sitting 'neath the cypress, but with saint and seraph;
By the tree of Life overhadowed, oh, we love to think of him!

Religious Miscellany.

THE WASHING OF THE FEET.

THERE are some Christians who consider that the work of conversion is the whole work in which the believer has to engage. He is to throw himself upon God's grace, and then every thing is done. His future Christian life, like that of the inhabitant of the extreme North, who is to live through the coming winter on the stock collected by him during the preceding fall, is to be spent in hibernating on the provender secured when he made his preparation to enter upon his religious career. And perhaps he may find some texts of Scripture which he may wrest to sustain him in this view. "He that is born of God cannot sin." "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." But let these texts be taken in connection with the last words of our blessed Lord, and how wonderfully does their real meaning overshadow their apparent, so that from them as well as from the whole of His gospel, the fulness of the Christian life appears.

"HE THAT IS WASHED NEEDETH NOT SAVE TO WASH HIS FEET, AND IS CLEAN EVERY WHIT, AND YE ARE CLEAN, BUT NOT ALL."

It is as if our Lord had said, "You, whoever you be, whether the first or the last sinner saved by grace, when once justified by faith in Me are purified from sin. The payment of your debts is made. Your new nature is of God, and cannot commit sin. But against that new nature there are many temptations constantly arising which, if not beaten back, may destroy the soul. At present they may but cast pollution round your feet. But unless that pollution be from day to day cleansed, it will strike upward, and at last reach the heart. Think not, then, that in being washed by grace you need no further cleansing. But recollect that the Christian, cleansed as he is, must continue ever sitting by the fountains of divine grace, so that even his feet may be washed in righteousness, and his path be perfect."

The application of this to us is very direct. If we could pierce through the veil of human imperfection that is over us, we would see ourselves sitting in a vast circle, which is the church, in the midst of which stands our Lord. He girds himself and takes a towel. It is His loving face that is bent over us, and His divine hands that are stretched down to wash us from the soil which temptation has cast upwards on us. Who, then, in the pride of his heart, will cry, "Thou shalt never wash my feet!" Who is there that will say, "My own strength is sufficient for my own perfection; I can keep myself clean now that I am made clean." Or who will not rather cry, "Dearest Lord, to be cleansed from my minutest sins I come to Thee. With deepest gratitude I thank Thee for Thy converting grace, but I feel that if Thou hadst left me when converted, my own pollution would again have grown over me as a leprosy, until I would again have become utterly corrupt. But Thou didst come day by day to me and didst wash my very feet! And I do come day by day to Thee, O blessed Lord, and do cling to Thy very knees, so that as Thou didst love Thine own even to the end, I to the end may love thee!"—*Epis. Recorder.*

SIN'S HOSPITALITY.

Sinful habits are like importunate hosts. When the heart drops in upon them for a short visit, just to see how they are, and what they look like, they immediately set to work to try to induce it to stay. "Just one day, and just one more, and then another," is the cry. It is extremely hard to get away, the pressure of civility is so great; and the result is that an interchange of hospitality takes place, and after the heart becomes domesticated with sin, sin becomes domiciled in the heart. It is this that so greatly impedes the journey of the soul to the promised land. And it is here that we find the difference between the soul in sin, and the soul which has put sin under its feet. The latter is but a wayfarer passing from inn to inn, who rises when he pleases and passes on to the next post. There are none to call on old reminiscences or invite present sympathies or love. He passes through the world as a strange place, for, to his chastened heart, there is no hospitality which sin can exercise

which can detain him. He is like a man hurrying to reach his home, and has that home always rising before him in its splendor and its loveliness. "Lord, I am a stranger here and a sojourner," he cries, and then he hears that sweet voice replying, "In all thy travail I will be thine."—*Ibid.*

The zeal of some of our Roman Catholic contemporaries does not appear to do them much good. Without noticing similar instances nearer home, the following from the *American Celt*, published in New York, shows how absurd is ecclesiastical interference in political affairs. In allusion to the coming Presidential election the *Celt* styles it "a struggle between the seven sacraments and the seven thousand false ideas which the fanatics disguise under the name of liberality." Upon which the *Express* remarks:

For the first time in the history of our beloved country, the seven sacraments are to be dragged into the political arena,—so that instead of slavery, and Kansas, and Missouri, compromises, and Wilmot proviso, the Romish platform is to be—

Baptism,	Communion,
Confession,	Extreme Unction,
Confirmation,	Holy Orders, and
	Matrimony.

Candidates for the Presidency, we may expect now, to be called upon to say whether they are sound on the sacraments,—not whether they are in favor of a high tariff, a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, internal improvements, a Pacific railroad or any other of the ordinary politicalisms of the day.—*Toronto News of the Week.*

"The law of God is infinitely spiritual, and obligeth us not only to the performance of the external duties of obedience, but requires also the absolute perfection of the inward dispositions; not only that our love of God be sincere and cordial, but that it must be intense and perfect to the highest degree; thus, Deut. vi 5. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.' The Law and covenant of works exact a perfection of degrees in our love and obedience, as well as our parts, it must not only be sincere, but complete: it not only tries our obedience by the touchstone, but weighs it in the balance, and gives us no grains of allowance. Now is there any man upon earth that so loves God, or obeys Him, that it is not impossible he should love Him more, or obey Him better? Do not some Christians exceed others in their grace and holiness?—And might not all exceed themselves if they would? The law gives no allowance for any failings. And therefore if thou canst love God more, and serve Him better than thou dost thou art not a fulfiller of the law, but a transgressor of it. Hence, St. Austin, in his Confessions, hath a pious meditation, 'Woe to our commendable life, if thou, Lord, setting thy mercy aside, shouldst examine it according to the strict rules of justice, and the Law.'—*Bishop Hopkins.*

PRONOUNS OF THE BIBLE.

Luther pronounced pronouns to be the sweetest and most consolatory expressions to be found in the Word of God. What, in fact, more tenderly elevating than where the prophet Isaiah heralds peace and refreshing to the people of Israel? "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." No longer the "Lord God, the Lord strong and mighty;" your God and my people." And how marked the difference between saying, "The Lord is a shepherd, and "The Lord is my shepherd;" between the heathen who acknowledge God as the Father of all things, and the ransomed of his well-beloved, who behold in the Lord "Our Father which art in heaven," and say, "the Lord will hear me when I call upon him," and who best Christ answer, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

CHEERFULNESS A VIRTUE.—Dante places in his lowest Hell those who in life are melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine.—*Tristi fummo nel ar dolce*, and in some of the ancient Christian systems of virtues and vices, Melancholy is truly, and a vice; Cheerfulness is holy, and a virtue. Lord