

The Church Times.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JAN'Y. 26, 1856.

PERVERSION.

Tan account on our first page, of the restoration to the bosom of the Church, of a pervert to Rome, will be read with much interest. It ought to stir up serious thoughts upon such matters. Some may be inclined to blame the subject of it, and to think of him as a man of unstable mind, easily swayed by conflicting influences. It must be confessed that instances are rare, although by no means singular of late, of a return to the fold which had been left.—There are numerous causes to prevent such a return. The warmth of encouragement which welcomes a convert, especially one who is sought after, is of itself no small inducement to confirm him in his new ideas.—stronger than all must be the sense of shame, although his conscience may convict him of folly, to prevent an acknowledgment that he has turned aside from the right, and is seeking again to be reinstated in the communion he has left. It requires a brave and honest mind indeed, to withstand considerations such as these; and the contempt to which a recantation exposes him who is so unfortunate as to have made it, is a heavy cross to bear through all his future pilgrimage. Doubtless he who in the sincerity of his soul, became dissatisfied with the jarring and seeming inconsistencies displayed within his own communion, and fancied he saw in another an escape from such turmoil, but like Noah's dove found no rest for the sole of his foot, and returned again to the ark of refuge, will find there the best consolation for his wayward journeyings; and although he may mourn his momentary defection, will bless the Power that had compassion on his wanderings, and stretched out the hand to welcome him again.

We find that the Providential instrument of this restoration is Bishop Southgate. There is something remarkable in this interposition. Were we to judge of him and his Church, in Boston, by the opinions of a party, he would be the very last to whom we should think such a restoration ought to be due. He is in fact one of those whom opposing brethren delight to honor with the epithets of Tractarian, Puseyite, and as holding opinions tending decidedly Romeward. Yet Bishop Southgate and his friends have been the means of reclaiming from Rome, one who in the heyday of youth had become enamoured of her corruptions. How or why is this? Was the youthful pervert immature in judgment, and in the principles of his Church, and therefore easily deceived by the wiles of the enemy? And was the Bishop fully taught in her principles, and knowing their extent, capable of proving to him the just distinction between them and the dogmas of Romanism—of marking for him not only the boundary which either hand he must not pass without risk of his salvation, but also the path of safety. This he must have done, and should not this be the duty of every true son of the Church, by whatever name he may chuse to be distinguished, high or low. Yet withal it is well for the youthful pervert that he had made his friends among those who thus humbly and zealously undertook to resolve his doubts, instead of those who would have condemned him and gloried in his shame.

That many will fall away in these latter days, we have the best authority to expect—that it may be part of the mission of those that endure, to reveal the man of sin to them, and so to save some, does seem to consist with and to render more intelligible, that movement in the Church which seeks not only to make her distinct from, but chief among religious communions professing pure Christianity. This is a subject which might fill the whole Church with serious reflection, and form a ground for a reconciliation of doctrinal differences. If it be not in human nature to find two minds constituted alike, rules formed for its guidance will admit of a variety of operations without affecting their fundamental precision. If parties in the Church recognized this more fully, they would war against error without their pates instead of allowing distinctive doctrine to disturb the harmony and unity that ought to prevail within it. Where it could be surely demonstrated that the licence of private judgment led men into all kinds of religious vagaries, and sometimes out of all religion, it might then be the province of one section of the Church, advocating this licence to its full extent, but capable of proving that there was a boundary beyond which it could not pass without lapsing into schism and infidelity, to prevent error at this extreme. In like manner, with a system so accurately defined that neither idolatry nor superstition could hope to find an entrance, those on the other hand, of warm imaginations, and minds constituted to prefer a ritual adorned with grave cere-

monial, and religious grandeur, might hope to reclaim as well as to win many from an excess in error which would lead them bound hand and foot in the embraces of Rome. We believe ourselves that there is nothing chimerical in the idea of such a realization of unity—for we know of no Churchman who does not more or less assent in his mind to all the shades of doctrine taught by the articles and rubrics, however much he may value some above the rest, according as they impart to him a stronger faith and a better assurance of Christian hope.

There has been no news of importance since our last. A telegraphic message from New York which has come to hand is not worth reporting. The New York papers received by the last steamer are filled with accounts of the destructive effects of violent storms of wind and snow which had taken place within the previous ten days. Many vessels have been wrecked and lives lost, and much suffering is recorded on the part of those who were saved. The following statement of the loss of the pilot boat E. K. Collins, off Five Island Inlet, will afford some idea of the hardships which attend the adventurous occupation of pilot on the Jersey and Long Island coasts:

STATEMENT OF JAMES RUSH, THE CABIN BOY, WHO WAS FOR THIRTY-TWO HOURS ON THE FROZEN WRECK.

We struck the shoal about 5 A. M. on Thursday morning. It was bitterly cold, and a thick mist, like a cloud, rose from the water, so that we could not see the boat's length ahead. On looking out I saw a dull light ahead, that looked like as if it shone from the jib-boom of a large ship. None of us thought it was the lighthouse, as the lamp off that point revolves every sixty seconds, and this seemed through the mist to be stationary. We afterwards learned that the intense cold had covered the glass with frost, so that it looked like insulating, and the lamp ceased revolving. I went below a little before five o'clock, and Mr. Murphy had charge of the helm, at which time the boat was laying to with a three-reef mainsail and jib. On seeing the light Mr. Murphy put the helm about, but the vessel would not obey it, as the ice with which it was surrounded prevented its doing so. We soon after struck and the boat was thrown on her beam ends, with her deck tilted towards the shore. The sea broke over the boat heavily, and the lee yawl boat, the largest we had, was swept away before we had time to secure her, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could clear the weather yawl, it was so encrusted with ice. I was in the cabin when I was called upon to enter the boat, but before I had time to get to the side of the vessel, the sea raised so that Mr. Murphy was compelled to cut the lashings, and the yawl was swept towards the shore, leaving me on board, with Mr. Robt. B. Mitchell, the other boy William Williams, and the colored cook, whose name none of us knew, as he had been but recently shipped. About half an hour after the boat left, (this was about ten o'clock, as near as I can remember,) the cook died. We were all in the companion way which leads to the cabin, at this time, and the cook, when he died, was seated on the lowest step and fell over on the floor. Billy Williams died about half an hour afterwards, and rolled over by the dead man's side in doing so. Mr. Mitchell, who was a large fat man, was seated on the same step with me, and did not die for an hour and a half after the boat left. During all this time scarcely any of us spoke; indeed, we were so numbed with cold that we lost all sensibility, and hardly cared what happened. They all died easily, first falling into a quiet sleep before expiring. I had three flannel shirts on and an oilskin overcoat, which kept me dry and tolerably warm. About eleven o'clock the tide had fallen, so that the cabin was fit to enter. I crawled in and found my way to the bed, upon which I lay down. It was wet and encrusted with ice, and the floor was covered with frozen water, in which were swimming the seats and cabin utensils. The next tide in the afternoon floated the bed, and during the whole of Thursday night and Friday morning I remained in the cabin up to my armpits in the freezing water. I did not suffer a great deal, considering, yet it seems to me now like a fearful dream. I wished for the morning to break, and the night seemed as though it would never end. But with the morning my position became much more dangerous. The tide rose so high in the cabin that there was not left room enough for me to breathe in, and I came near suffocating—to prevent which I broke the window of the stateroom to get fresh air. I remained in this way until the tide went down and about 12 o'clock I forced my way on deck through the stateroom, as the cabin door was so blocked up by timbers and floating wood as to prevent its opening. I was much exhausted on reaching the open air, and the cold wind had the effect of increasing my insensibility. I looked anxiously on the land, and towards the sea, but could see nothing stirring. At length, towards two o'clock, I saw a schooner, due east, bearing down towards me, and, eager to attract attention, I climbed up the gaff to make signals, and in doing so burst my fingers, which were frost-bitten, open. On reaching the gaff, I waved my hat, but no one heeded it on deck. I then took my coat and shook it violently, but the schooner kept on her way, and not a soul on board saw or knew of my condition. I returned to the deck, terrified at

the prospect before me, as night was approaching, and I could not have survived the horrors of another night like the last. I got some loose timbers, with the intention of making a raft, which the returning tide would sweep in towards the shore, and I got out on the sand to construct it. By this time the people on shore saw me on the wreck, and they launched the life-boat and took me off, after having been on board for thirty-two hours. I was taken to the lighthouse and on Saturday night came up to the city in the steam-tug Tiger.

ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

We have much pleasure in publishing the Communication below, showing the exertions made by the people of St. Margaret's Bay, in behalf of their Church. It is a good example, and if so much can be done on that rugged shore, it ought to stimulate other places, much better off in worldly prospects, to go and do likewise.

St. Margaret's Bay, Jan. 21, 1856.

MR. EDITOR,

The kind remarks of your Pugwash correspondent respecting the liberality of the Fishermen of St. Margaret's Bay, induces me to add a few words to what has already appeared in the *Church Times* concerning the Thank-offering.

Of course we have our dark side here, too, as well as elsewhere. We have those who do not consider it a pleasure or a privilege of which they are unworthy, to make Thank-offerings to God of what really belongs to Him already, and who, therefore, very naturally never let money go out of their hands without the greatest trouble in the world. But that is no reason why I should not express my gratitude for what is done in my parish generally; and happy would I be if the example of humble fishermen (just emerging from a most depressing state of mortgage to the Halifax merchants, and not unlikely to be so again before many years) could stimulate more wealthy persons to go and do likewise.

I have, therefore, the greatest pleasure in being able to say, that the sum of about £300 for all Church purposes, over the whole Mission, has been contributed during the last year by my people. In this sum must be included what was paid towards my own salary, what was received on every Sunday at the offertory, what is paid in surplice fees, what was raised for St. Andrew's Chapel, for the St. Peter's Parsonage, and for the repairs of St. Paul's Church.

The Thank-offering for the last year's good fishery now amounts to nearly £100.

The more that is done for my people the more they do for themselves. If it were not so I should leave them in disgust, tho' I had to start elsewhere.

And yet may God keep us from boasting, and may He, for Christ's sake, accept our unworthy offerings.

I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours truly,

J. STANHAUE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Church Society of the Diocese of Quebec, was held on the 9th January. The Lord Bishop presided. There was a numerous attendance, and the proceedings were interesting. A collection was taken amounting to £18 8 6.

Rev. T. Dunn (Episcopalian) delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, on Tuesday evening last, on "Columbus and his Times." The next Lecture will be delivered by the Rev. J. T. Rand (Baptist)—subject—"God in Languages."

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

A Telegraphic despatch at the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, on Wednesday, reports the arrival at New York, same morning, of the R. M. S. *Africa*, 13½ days from Liverpool. English dates are to the 9th inst. Subjoined is the latest intelligence by this arrival:

Cotton had declined 1-16th of a penny per lb.
Flour advanced nine-pence per barrel.
Wheat advanced two-pence per bushel.
Corn, quotations stiff, but prices unchanged.
Provisions—prices unaltered.
Consols quoted at 86 to 86½.
News wholly unimportant.

DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that drunkenness was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, may be thus accounted for. The true cause of conduct, which is taken for intemperance, is very frequently a diseased state of the Liver. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. And instead of applying remedies to the manifestation of disease, as is too often the case, physicians would prescribe with a view to the original cause, fewer deaths would