

The Church Times.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. Jan. 16.	Gen. 29	Gen. 30
M. " 17.	Mat. 14	Mat. 15
T. " 18.	Mat. 16	Mat. 17
W. " 19.	Mat. 18	Mat. 19
T. " 20.	Mat. 20	Mat. 21
F. " 21.	Mat. 22	Mat. 23
S. " 22.	Mat. 24	Mat. 25

Poetry.

STANZAS.

BY ELIHU DUNNITT,
The "Learned Blacksmith,"
ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

THOU art not dead, my son! my son!
But God hath hence removed thee:
Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
While lives the sire who lov'd thee.
How canst thou die, while weeps for thee
The broken heart that bore thee.
And even the thought that thou art not,
Can to her soul restore thee?
Will grief forget thy willingness
To run before thy duty?
The love of all the good and true,
That filled thine eyes with beauty?
Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
When others had offended,
That made thee look as angels look,
When great good deeds are ended?
The strength with which thy soul sustain'd
Thy woes, and daily waning?
Thy prayer, to stay with us, when sore
That thou from us wast hastening?
And that last smile, which seem'd to say,
"Why cannot ye restore me?"
Thy look'd farewell is in my heart,
And brings thee still before me.
What, though the change, the fearful change,
From thought, which left thee never,
To unremembering ice and clay,
Proclaim thee gone for ever?
Thy half-clos'd lids, thy upturn'd eyes,
Thy still and lifeless tresses;
Thy marble lip, which moves no more,
Yet more than grief expresses;
The silence of thy coffin'd snow,
By awed remembrance cherish'd;
These dwell with me, like gather'd flowers,
That in their April perish'd.
Thou art not gone, thou canst not go,
My bud, my blasted blossom!
The pale rose of thy faded face
Still withers in my bosom.
Oh, Mystery of Mysteries,
That took'st my poor boy from me!
What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
If weakness can o'ercome thee?
We hear thee not! we see thee not,
E'en when thy arrows wound us;
But viewless, printless, echoless,
Thy steps are ever round us.
Though more than life a mystery
Art thou, the undeciever,
Amid thy trembling worshippers
Thou seest no true believer.
No!—but for life, and more than life,
No fearful search could find thee:
Tremendous shadow! who is He
That ever stands behind thee?
The Power, who bids the worm deny
The beam that o'er her blazes,
And veils from us the holier light
On which the seraph gazes.
Where burns the throne of Him, whose name
The sunbeams here write faintly;
And where my child a stranger stands
Amid the blest and saintly,
And sobs aloud—while in his eyes
The tears, o'erflowing, gather—
"They come not yet; until they come,
Heav'n is not heav'n, my Father!
Why come they not? why comes not she
From whom thy will removes me?
Oh, does she love me, love me still?
I know my mother loves me!
Then, send her soon! and with her send
The brethren of my bosom!
My sisters, too! Lord, let them all
Bloom round the parted blossom!
The only pang I could not bear

Was leaving them behind me:
I cannot bear it. Even in heaven
The tears of parting blind me!"

Religious Miscellany.

ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY.

THE venerable Metropolitan of the Australasian Dioceses arrived at Southampton on Nov. 19th, in the *La Plata*. We extract from the *Sydney Morning Herald*, of Aug. 16th, the account of his departure; and we beg to call the special attention of our readers to the important matters adverted to in his Lordship's touching address. An extract from the (London) *Times*, of Nov. 20th, is subjoined, containing a statement of the interesting circumstances connected with the Bishop's arrival.

"On Saturday morning, Aug. 14th, the Bishop of Sydney bade farewell to the Clergy of Sydney and the members of the Church, previous to his departure for England.

Divine service was celebrated in the Cathedral at ten o'clock in the morning, at which a large number of persons were present, and partook of the holy communion at the hands of the Bishop, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon of Cumberland, the Rev. R. Allwood, and the Rev. George King.

After the service the congregation adjourned to St. Andrew's school-room, in the Cathedral Close, for the purpose of receiving the Bishop's farewell address.

The schoolroom was completely filled. His Lordship having taken his seat, the Venerable Archdeacon of Cumberland, in the name of the clergy of the diocese, addressed his lordship as follows:—

"To the Right Reverend Father in God, William Grant, Lord Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan.

May it please your Lordship.—We the undersigned licensed and officiating clergymen within your diocese, are unwilling to allow you to depart from the province, for England, without conveying to you an expression of our sincere attachment to the high office which you hold in the Church, and of our earnest hope that the important and pious objects for which you have deemed it necessary to undertake so long and perilous a voyage may be realized,

We desire at the same time to tender the warmest assurance of our own personal respect and regard for your Lordship: and fervently pray that it may please him who ruleth the winds and commandeth the waves, and whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and on earth, to conduct you safely on your travels, "by land or by water," and to grant you a successful issue of all your self-denying endeavors to promote the glory of God and the good of His Church."

The Bishop then read the following farewell address:—

"My dear Venerable and Reverend Brethren—I thank you from the depth of my heart for the affectionate and brotherly address which you have now presented to me. It is indeed a good and joyful thing for brethren to dwell together in unity. As we have lived so long under the influence of that feeling, I trust that in now separating for a time we shall not depart from it. As I have been at all times sensible of the importance of your services in the Church, and now desire emphatically to recognise it, so I trust you are assured I have had no object in view in all I have attempted or accomplished, but to co-operate with you, and to direct you in your endeavours to teach the people of the Lord the way of truth, and to lead them in a plain path. In acknowledgement of your devout supplication for the mercy of God to watch over and protect me on the arduous voyage upon which I am now about to enter, suffer me to assure you of my earnest prayer, that the blessing of the same God may rest upon you in your lives, in your ministry, in your families, and in every undertaking by which you are attempting, with sincerity, and in a true spirit of faith, to promote the glory of God, and to set forward the salvation of mankind.

And now, having discharged imperfectly the debt of thankfulness which the clergy, by the unanimity of their proceedings, have entailed upon me, I desire my brethren of the laity, from whom I have experienced

so many acts of personal kindness, and proofs of strenuous and disinterested earnestness to serve the cause of the Church, to address to you no less than to those who are set to watch for your souls, the few observations which I have now to offer: conceiving that to the clergy their import cannot be greater than to you, who constitute with them the body of Christ's holy catholic and apostolic Church.

The progress of events if watchfully observed in a spirit of self-surrender to the divine will, and under a conviction that all things are subject to its direction, affords the safest and surest guidance to those who are set for the work of the ministry in the Church. In forming a decision as to my own future proceedings, I have looked to that guidance, and entertain a humble persuasion that it bids me direct my course once more to the shores of England. I go, let me trust, for your benefit: to consult the judgement of the Church upon many important questions, and to abide by its decision. You will not require me to tell you that this is, personally, an involuntary exertion. My years are no longer such as to render a voyage of this extent and duration an easy task. To this country I am attached by long connexion, by the strongest sense of duty, and by all domestic ties and remembrances. To England, on the contrary, absence has rendered me comparatively a stranger, without an object to accomplish there excepting that which I have spoken of as impelling me to this undertaking; namely, your welfare. Let me earnestly solicit the benefit of your prayers and intercession for my preservation; and still more for my success in the important work which is now to be entered upon in faith. My trust is, that God will make me His instrument in assisting to establish and strengthen this Church, whereof I am made a minister according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you.

Upon this point my mind is filled with confidence, derived from past experience of the divine blessing vouchsafed to a similar undertaking. Eighteen years ago, when I embarked for England, there was established here one archdeaconry; within which there were, in this colony, twelve clergymen licensed to minister. Eight churches then existed, and no more. The limits of that one archdeaconry contain, at this time, the province of a metropolitan bishop, having jurisdiction over five suffragan sees: and this through the infinite mercy of God, has arisen out of that proceeding to which I was then directed,—and which I have now once more in contemplation; the same mercy, in both instances, let us hope, guiding my judgement. The bishoprics of New Zealand, Tasmania, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle, have since sprung forth from the smallest of seeds, which was sown at the epoch here spoken of. So also has the great increase of clergymen who have been introduced into, and are now ministering in, this and the other dioceses. With few exceptions, all the links in this wonderful chain may be traced to, and connected with, the appeal which was made in 1834-35, to the piety of the Churchmen of England, on behalf of their brethren in Australia. And to confine my notice to those additional churches which have been erected since 1836 within the principal portions of this diocese, let me explain to you that no more than one church, (St. John's at Camberly, built by the late Robert Campbell, Esq., aided only by the Colonial Government,) out of the entire number, has been or could have been erected, but for those large donations which have been intrusted to me for distribution towards these pious uses, by men of earnest zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, with whom my former visit to England enabled me to form association.

While I pray that it may be Thy pleasure, O God, to direct my steps to the attainment of as important results in the present instance, I must press upon your observation that it is not the material so much as the moral constitution of the Church which now forms the subject of anxiety. My design was to solicit in the proper quarter the removal of those restrictions by which our Church is at present inhibited from the free exercise of those faculties of self-guidance with which she was originally endowed: that there might no longer exist any obstacle to the meeting of the Bishop, clergy, and laity in a lawful assembly, to consult and make regulation for the better management of the affairs of