

His Honor

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

VOL. 2. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857. NO. 22.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S.	June 7	Trinity Sund. Gen. 1 Matt. 3 Gen. 18	1 John 5
M.	8	Job 10 Mark 9 Job 11	2 Cor. 6
T.	9	Job 14	10
W.	10	Job 11	11
Th.	11	Job 11	11
F.	12	1st Barn. A & M Eclus. L. Acta 14 Eclus. 12	Act 16
S.	13	Job 17 Mar. 12	Job 17, 15
S.	14	Job 19	121

* The Athanasian Creed to be used.

† To verse 39

Poetry.

THE BERMUDAS.

[The following verses are probably the earliest which have been written in English on the subject of emigration. The author of them, Andrew Marvell, lived in the seventeenth century.]

The Bermuda Islands are not now sought by emigrants, but Mr. Anderson, in his History of the Church in the Colonies, vol. II. chap. 14. states, that during and after the Civil War in England many parties, both of Royalists and of their opponents, fled for refuge to Bermuda.]

WIZEN the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received this song—

"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?"

"He gives us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

"He hangs in shade the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

"He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the figs on our feet:
With cedars close by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

"He casts—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel pearls upon our coast,
And, in those rocks, for us did frame,
A temple white to sound His name.

"Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence perhaps resounding may
Echo beyond the Mexican bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A hoit and a cheerful note,
And all the way to go to their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Comp. Missionary.

Religious Miscellany.

SPIRITUAL PRIDE AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES.

WHEN Diogenes was walking over Plato's carpet, he said, "Behold, I tread on the pride of Plato." "Yes," responded the philosopher, "and with more pride than his."

Thus do Christians often show more pride in professing humility, than if they gave full scope to spiritual egotism. They narrate what they call their religious experience, and often paint their past lives and their present sinfulness in striking colors, only that they may magnify the power which they would have men to think they have acquired in subduing their lusts and conforming themselves to the true standard of Christian perfection. When they talk to people of the world on religious subjects, they tell a story of their own thoughts and feelings which is positively astonishing. Miracles of answers to prayer, prodigies of protecting Providence, direct divine interpositions in the most trivial matters are the staple of their story.

Now, it is no wonder that their accounts are often taken with a large allowance for fancy. Men of sense see, what sensible Christians ought to notice, that if there be any truth in Christianity, that truth will be manifested rather in the little ordinary acts of God's government, than in claims of wonders and miracles.

All this undue exaltation of religious experience retards, we think, from the presence of a deplorable spiritual pride—often the more deplorable because the less suspected.

The deepest experiences are those of which, if genuine, it is most difficult to speak. For instance: There is no more beautiful experience to the soul than the assurance of the love of God, and the

disposition of the individual to accept its proffers, and to do all which its presence would dictate; yet if a man be continually talking of this love, and dissecting this deepest and holiest feeling of his heart to the gaze of every friend, we are tempted to attribute much of the so-called "experience" only to a spiritual pride acting on a morbid sentimentality. It is true, that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," but then this speaking is not the continual prating of a misjudged sentiment, but the occasional and careful exhibition of a zeal according to the most perfect "knowledge." The shallow brook is ever babbling of the stones which line its bed, while the majestic ocean never speaks of the mountains which are covered by its depths.

The true rule to avoid all this is, never to speak of what one does not entirely feel. Sinners are never won by the unfeigned description of the Christian's joys. Such accounts always want some connection which the narrator may not discover, but which the hearer is sure to miss, and thus not only is the spiritual pride of the one fostered, but the belief of the other in the whole of Christianity is weakened, and religion is wounded in the house of those who should be her friends. Nor is the effect less disastrous to the Christian than to the man of the world. The man who has been long accustomed to tell such marvellous experiences, or to be in the constant habit of hearing them, is at last persuaded that he really feels them, and they then act as so many shutters of the soul to close out the Gospel light. We lately met with a case which will illustrate what we mean. In talking to a somewhat uneducated person, shortly before her death, the question was asked "whether she had any sure evidence of Christ's mercy?" "Yes," she replied, "the very surest." "What is it?" was asked. "Oh," said she, "as I was lying here and thinking of Christ and praying to experience some palpable evidence that God had accepted me, a bright light came into the room and stood over my breast. Then I knew that Jesus loved me!" "Have you no other evidence?" asked a clergyman who was present. "I need none," she answered. "This is enough, this is the ground of my hope." On inquiring into her past life and associations, it was found that she had been accustomed to the society of persons who habitually exalted their experience above every thing else, and this accounted fully for her ignorance of the first principles of the evidences of grace.

We therefore assert that descriptions of extraordinary displays of divine power and particular instances of divine love are to be always given with great caution, and that the intercourse of a pastor with his people, of a Christian with his friend, is to be confined only to the great truths whose reality admits of no question. As a city set on a hill or a candle placed on a candlestick, the Christian certainly must be a guide and a light to those who are yet wandering without the guidance of religion; but it is simply impossible that as a city, he should be composed altogether of watch towers; or as a candle, should persuade men that he is always casting a light, unaccompanied with shadows.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A LONELY PARISH.

DEAR reader, has it ever been your misfortune to make one of a flock without a pastor? If so, you can sympathize with the condition of many a Church in our land at present, and especially with our little country parish, from which the faithful Pastor of many years, providentially called to another field of labor, has gone out with a sore heart, and some misgivings, leaving a void which only the Great Shepherd, to whom he has led us, can ever fill. There is no one between us and Him now. Whatever comfort comes to us in this trial, must come straight from the Fountain Head; and, blessed as the thought is, and must be to a Christian heart, it brings with it a pang of loneliness which He who wept with the sisters of Bethany will surely forgive.

You have seen our name in the list of "vacant parishes," or have read among the "clerical changes," that Mr. — had resigned his charge, and you have passed it by with scarce a thought of the sad reality, and as we read the notice

of a stranger's death, without remembering the home from which that death has blotted out the sunshine. Think of the grievous struggle it must have cost that Pastor, with the multifarious ties of habit, sympathy, and, strongest of all, affection for those he had benefited, tugging at his heart-strings, to put them all aside, and consider only the one question of duty; that decided, to do his last work faithfully—to plead with the oldurate, to warn the erring, to break, for the last blessed time the Bread of Life to the faithful, and, commending the flock which for years had lain so near his heart to the Good Shepherd's care, to go out sadly, but with strong faith and a good courage, to his new work among strangers. Such a deed done quietly, and without ostentation, is a noble sight to see, and proves that the old martyr spirit which prompted the early disciples to give up all for Christ's sake, is among us even yet. But for us who are left, think you it is a light trial to lose such a Pastor? Day after day, for years, a quiet figure has been going in and out among us, in the broad streets and spacious homes of the rich, in lanes, and alleys, and hovels of the very poor, in the almshouse, and the prison—always and everywhere doing his Master's work. All among us who found any form of sickness, or sorrow, or bereavement in our path, were sure of one friend's coming, bringing with him the assurance of Another and better One, in whose Name he was sent, and for whose sake he was always welcome. "All days are alike now," in the weary sick rooms, where his visits were so watched for; and, from the rich man who, with his heart full of this world's goods, has discovered at the eleventh hour his need of a pastor's counsel, to the bed-ridden pauper who prayed to die before his Pastor left, that the hand which had so often smoothed his pillow might lay him in his final rest, each one laments his loss. The little church, built by his zealous labor, looks with its closed doors like a deserted homestead; festivals and fasts go by unnoticed, save by the faithful few who in their closets remember sadly how they were wont to be honored; and the Sunday Service, dearer than ever now, yet partakes of the general change. The black coat of the lay reader looks strangely in place of the snowy surplice, and the familiar words of the Exhortation sound oddly from his unaccustomed lips. The Confession has room for no thoughts but of God and our sins; but the blank space which for a moment takes the place of the Absolution, brings a thrill of regret, not all for the manifold transgressions, and the blessed "Our Father," which follows, comes brokenly, and with an unwanted earnestness, from hearts drawn nearer to that Father by this chastening of His hand. The Psalms and Lessons, the Creed, the Litany and Commandments, all bring some memory of him who has led us through them so often, and the printed sermon is scarcely heard by those whose hearts are busy with the sweet Gospel stories of other times.

But the Sunday-school is perhaps the saddest place of all, for the lambs of the flock were his peculiar care, and the children's faces share in the general gloom. "Is Mr. — gone for good? Will he never come back any more?" asks one little girl to whom he has been the one impersonation of all things good and true; and the teacher's glance of sympathy brings a sob. Things are done quietly, and with a vague sense of something wanting. The usual catechizing is omitted, for no one has the heart to take the Pastor's place; and when the final hymn is sung, even the manly voice of the Superintendent is not quite steady, and there are some there who cannot join in it. Yet, after all is over, we are surprised to find how much is left to us; we thank God as we remember the "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." The Pastor in his distant home, and the lonely flock here, are still one—one in the Church on earth—one in the blessed hope of a home in heaven.—*New York Church Journal.*

There is frequently more truth in the common acceptance of general terms, than in the more precise and rigorous definitions of science. Common sense gives words their ordinary significance; and common sense is the genius of business.—*Guizot.*