

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Month	Lesson	Evangelist	Epistle	Gospel
Jan. 1	Jan.	1	1	1	1
Jan. 2	Jan.	2	2	2	2
Jan. 3	Jan.	3	3	3	3
Jan. 4	Jan.	4	4	4	4
Jan. 5	Jan.	5	5	5	5
Jan. 6	Jan.	6	6	6	6
Jan. 7	Jan.	7	7	7	7
Jan. 8	Jan.	8	8	8	8
Jan. 9	Jan.	9	9	9	9
Jan. 10	Jan.	10	10	10	10
Jan. 11	Jan.	11	11	11	11
Jan. 12	Jan.	12	12	12	12
Jan. 13	Jan.	13	13	13	13
Jan. 14	Jan.	14	14	14	14
Jan. 15	Jan.	15	15	15	15
Jan. 16	Jan.	16	16	16	16
Jan. 17	Jan.	17	17	17	17
Jan. 18	Jan.	18	18	18	18
Jan. 19	Jan.	19	19	19	19
Jan. 20	Jan.	20	20	20	20
Jan. 21	Jan.	21	21	21	21
Jan. 22	Jan.	22	22	22	22
Jan. 23	Jan.	23	23	23	23
Jan. 24	Jan.	24	24	24	24
Jan. 25	Jan.	25	25	25	25
Jan. 26	Jan.	26	26	26	26
Jan. 27	Jan.	27	27	27	27
Jan. 28	Jan.	28	28	28	28
Jan. 29	Jan.	29	29	29	29
Jan. 30	Jan.	30	30	30	30
Jan. 31	Jan.	31	31	31	31

Poetry.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, 1851, (SUNDAY) IN ENGLAND AND IN THE CRIMEA.

The Sun was bright, and hearts were light
On that November day,
And to Britain's myriad churches
Peaceful people came to pray.

At that hour when many a bosom
Was heaving, deep in prayer,
For some dear warrior far away,
What was their Sunday there?

No rest for weary captains,
For men fatigued and worn:
No thought of prayer for anxious people,
Came with that Sabbath morn.

But with the early sunshine
Came the Russians' fierce attack,
And seven long Sunday hours were past,
Ere the British drove them back.

And the dearest blood of England
Was poured upon that plain,
While loving hearts in church at home
Prayed—it may be in vain.

At noon, by a thousand altars,
Through England far and wide,
Ten thousand anxious worshippers
Are kneeling, side by side.

And who shall say, no ray of light
From that bleak scene was shed
On many a fearful sinking soul,
Stretched on a gory bed;

As wild the dreadful battle,
Its anger waned, dim,
Where near once, meekly kneeling,
Were praying, all for him.

And as many a stricken soldier
Death's darkening valley trod,
"In faith and fear" of Christ, he felt
Thousands were "blessing God."

For him—strange thought, yet sadly sweet—
Their end they sure must reach;
Thus offered at Christ's very feet,
Fond prayer, and blessing, each.

And then, when gloomy evening fell
On that November day,
Edmund Britain's myriad firesides
They groped, the young and grey.

And cheerfully conversed, and read
And prayed,—and when the night
Crawled, each, upon his bed,
Sought rest and slumber light.

But on that lonely hill-side,
By Black Tchernaya's blood
Lay English soldiers thickly slain,
Each in his bed of blood.

And robed in English homesteads
The window darkly fell,
And the sound of a solemn funeral dirge
Rang in each Sabbath bell.

And thousands, who had hoped and prayed,
Now came to pray and weep—
For those who slept in peace there,
And for those who were sleeping.

Religious Miscellany.

THE BROtherHOOD OF THE CHURCH.

For every object of charity and benevolence what agency could be more appropriate than that of the Church? For is it not especially incumbent upon us, as members of that divine institution, to respect and enforce the Apostolic precept, "bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ?" In the earliest and purer times of the Church, this was strongly manifest. For then were Christians literally "members one of another." The principle was forcibly illustrated—"There are many members, but one body." And the injunction was strictly complied with, "That there could be no schism in the body, but that its members should have the same care one for another." What system of Brotherhood could man devise that would be better than this? And it was a natural sequence to the adoption of Christianity, which is a religion of brotherly love, and sympathy, and charity. "When men planted the feet of their faith," it has been well observed, "on the doctrine of the resurrection of the Incarnate Deity, they built upon that which was the reunion of earth with Heaven, of man with God, and of man with man. Every man henceforth was a brother—every man was the blood relative of all mankind; the streams which flowed on Calvary had watered the earth, and in the unconquered blood which purpled the Cross, was the cementing power which united the scattered members of one human family. And therefore we no longer wonder at the beautiful communion and intercommunion of the whole Christian society. It was in the profoundest sense a sacramental union. The baptism of each member of this holy brotherhood was a baptism into a body, of which Christ was the Head. As truly as He Himself became human, our bone, and flesh of our flesh, so truly was each and every one a member one of the other; and therefore as strictly as the eye has no separate interest from the ear, or the foot from the hand, in the human frame, so rich and poor, high and low, exalted birth or humble parentage cease to be for a time matters of distinction or separation: the one great principle of sacramental membership overspread and overpowered all other diversities." Such was the social character of the early Church—such the brotherly relations which it established among its members. And that early Church, be it remembered, had not contracted any corruption—had not been refined upon—had not then departed from any of its first principles; and its members were linked together in the bonds which they knew were of their Divine Master's own imposing, and which His immediate Disciples, had settled and fixed—realizing the holy precept, the divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And this theory of the Christian Church is still in force—or, rather, is still in readiness to be enforced wherever there is faith and charity enough to carry it into effect. When it was in operation—as we know it was—selfishness had no place or being, but all hearts beat in brotherly unison. It may sound like romance—it may seem like the dream of the poet, to men of the world, and even to too many calling themselves Churchmen, in these degenerate days. But it was nevertheless strictly true. And it was based upon just and blissful principles. Undoubtedly men were in earnest then. No sacrifice of worldly position, or comforts, or conveniences, was then deemed too great a price to pay for the honest discharge of their Christian obligations. Christianity in its influence on men's minds was in deed a sacred reality then. TIMOTHY and LYCIVS, and JASON, and SOSTRATOS, and TERTIUS, and GAIVS, and KRASSUS, and QUARTUS—some of them of noble birth and social dignity and authority, but others, humble, poor, despicable—all were united as brethren, and had all things common, they who had any selling their possessions and goods, and parting them to all men, as every man had need,—a practice neither the necessity nor the expediency of which are we advocating as by any means called for in the present circumstances of society, but the principle of which is binding upon Christians now, and for all time.

The Church, in short, is a spiritual organization,

not only for ruling and disciplining mankind, but for establishing their brotherhood. It is a ministry of universal mercy to the wants and sufferings of men, as well as a community for spreading the glory of God. And when placed with its Episcopal polity, among any people, and given scope to act, by infusing throughout them its own blessed principles of obedience, fraternization, and love, it will never fail to answer, by its own operation, every purpose of renovation, benevolence, and charity. So that by this means, when properly executed, the poorest among us may be raised from degradation, and be invested with self-respect—his wants, whatever they may be, relieved—his best affections cultivated, his whole condition ameliorated.

That there is wanting such an action of the Church upon the masses in this land, is admitted and deplorable. And it must be made, if the Church is faithfully to fulfil her mission. Her cords must be loosened—her operations must be enlarged—and she must be no respecter of persons: ever remembering that "there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

At this season, especially, is such a practical application of Church principles imperatively called for. There is a cry of distress in our ears, to which Churchmen, with their vows upon them, can never be indifferent. They must remember their brotherhood; and that the poorest is equally conjoined with them, in that relation, with the richest. And while they "do good unto all men," they must do it "especially unto them that are of the Household of faith." This good is the surest attestation of the reality of our profession. It is that charity, which is greater than faith or hope, when put forth as an active principle. To be good, we must do good. For, as SPANNA quaintly, but truly says—

"Good is no merit, but if it be good,
God gives good for good."
—N. Y. Churchman.

The Rev. BAINBRIDGE SMITH, late Professor of Mathematics, and Vice Principal of King's College, Windsor, is (some of his old friends will be pleased to learn) Rector of Sothly, Lincolnshire, England. We find in the *Church of England Magazine*, a short sermon preached by him after the late victory, from which, by request, we have made the following extracts:

"My brethren, there is much in the pomp and circumstance of war, in the array of might and of human strength, to lead men to forget God, and to rely on the arm of flesh. But we hope and trust that the heart of the English people is yet sound in the belief that all things are ordered by the Almighty, and that they look to His overruling disposal, not only in the smaller affairs of life, the falling as it were of a sparrow to the ground, but also in the destinies and events of empires; that, whilst taking every precaution, making every preparation to ensure success, so far as man may ensure it, they will ever humbly reply upon God and upon the righteousness of their cause.

"And here we would humbly trust, from the signal triumph lately vouchsafed us, that our cause is a righteous one. To support the weaker against the stronger; to repel unjustifiable and unrighteous aggressions—aggressions made in this instance under the cloak of religion; but, as we judged, made in reality from the lust of dominion and the desire for aggrandizement—to repel such as this approved itself as right in our eyes. And we would far rather from the success attending our efforts—efforts which were commenced with chastened humiliation before the Almighty—that the contest we were led to undertake is a righteous one.

But next, whilst thanking God for what He has granted us, let us never forget that war must always be considered as a judgement, however it may, in answer to a nation's prayers, be accompanied with victory. Think, my brethren, of the blood and carnage with which such victory is achieved; of the thousands of souls that are prematurely hurried out of the world in a moment, in an instant. And O, is the din of the battle-field, when men's passions are let loose, and fierce men meet in deadly strife, is such a season of intense excitement, think you, the one that we should desire wherewith to meet our end? No

First Sunday in the Month.
On the Tchernaya, called "the Black River," the battle was fought.

Men could love the truth before they thoroughly believe it; and the Gospel has then only a free admission into the extent of the understanding, when it brings a passport from a rightly-disposed will, as being the great faculty of dominion that commands all—that sets out and lets in what object it pleases, and, in a word, keeps the keys of the visible soul.