

The Church Times.

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NO. 21.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date		MORNING.			EVENING.		
S. May 22.	Trinity Sunday.	Gen. 1.	Matt. 3.	Gen. 18.	Jo. 6.		
M. " 23.		Lara 4.	21.	Lara 6.	11 Cor. 8.		
T. " 24.		1.	22.	7.			
W. " 25.		9.	23.	Nobem 11.			
T. " 26.		Nobem 2.	24.	4.			
F. " 27.		6.	25.	6.			
S. " 28.		8.	26.	8.			

The Athanasian Creed to be used.

Poetry.

LOVELINESS IN DEATH.

A DESCRIPTION FROM NATURE.

"And we shall be changed in a moment; for this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall death be swallowed up in victory."—*Scripture.*

SHE slept, but not kind Nature's sleep;
Friendship could only hope—and weep.
That hope was vain; the vital power
Was wasting with the wasting hour.

Her lips unclosed. She breathed no sound,
But calmly look'd on all around,
And each, in silence, sweetly blest—
Then closed her eyes, and sank to rest.

Gone was the life-sustaining breath;
But, oh, how beautiful was death!
Mortality had pass'd away,
But there a sleeping angel lay.

No voice the slumbering silence broke,
But life in every feature spoke;
For death itself appeared to be
Radiant with immortality.

The countenance a glory wore,
A loveliness unknown before;
So perfect, so divinely fair,
A sainted soul seem'd present there.

On that calm face were still impress'd
The last emotions of the breast;
There still the parting impress lay
Of fond affection's lingering stay.

And still did resignation speak
Serenely on the placid cheek;
And kind benevolence was there,
With humble faith and trusting prayer.

Oh, how did beauty's softest bloom—
So uncongenial with the tomb—
With love and piety unite,
And sweet repose, and calm delight.

If sleep there be in realms above,
This was the sleep that angels love;
Mortal ne'er dream'd a dream like this,
Of perfect, pure, celestial bliss!

Loved spirit! while thy friends remain
On earth we cannot meet again:
But, ah, how blest their souls will be,
That pass through deaths like thine to thee.

Liverpool Mercury.

Religious Miscellany.

THE LATE BISHOP TURNER OF CALCUTTA.

(Concluded.)

'And his being so placed,' remarked her husband, 'without undergoing, previously, years of probation, as curate, arises from that system of buying and selling livings, so indefensible in itself, and so injurious to the Church. His father a wealthy speculator, purchases, from a needy squire, the next presentation to — for his son. He, in his turn, regards the whole affair as one of barter, and condemns his flock. A spiritual appointment made a matter of traffic! Is it likely any blessing would be permitted to rest upon it?'

At no very distant date from this conversation, Mr. Turner received an intimation that it was the intention of the Government to raise him to the See of Calcutta. But before his appointment took place, he

I saw him for a couple of hours the day on which it was decided that the sufferer should be removed to London for the benefit of the best advice, and abide by whatever painful remedies the consulting surgeons should prescribe. Even then, such was the strength of his attachment, his aversion to entertain the possibility of losing her, that he was blind to her danger, and talked humbly and hopefully about her "restoration to comparative ease," and of "their speedy return into Cheshire." While on her part, such was her cheerfulness, such her determination to leave none of her domestic duties unfulfilled—such the serenity with which she submitted to bodily torture, because such torture was sent by UNERRING LOVE—that none would look on her and believe that she was a dying woman, and that she herself, of all others, was most conscious of the fact. It was the realization of the promise—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on THEE!"

Months elapsed, when, by his own desire, we met again in town, shortly after his irreparable loss, and prior to his consecration as Bishop.

He was exceedingly shaken. His countenance, voice, and manner, betokened deep depression. He complained—the first time I had ever heard him do so—of an "utter inability to collect his thoughts," and "fix them, with any intentness, on any subject submitted to him." He was "borne down," and "no longer able to cope with the demands of his position. All was gloomy, dim, and indistinct." He alluded to his distant diocese—to the many interesting features it possessed—to the vast field of usefulness that lay before him; but listlessly and dejectedly. With him do I err in saying this was "The Winter of the Soul?"

"The trust about to be confided to him was one he had not sought for. He did not imagine he should occupy it long. But he had no children—nothing to bind him to England—no natural ties to rend asunder in making India his future home. Why should not his grave be there?"

"Moreover, it had been her wish that he should accept the appointment. She had always taken deep interest in missionary enterprises; and the slight service which, perchance, he might be able to render the cause of Christ in that far-distant land, was a subject which had engaged much of her thoughts towards the last."

As I rose to take leave, I scanned him closely and narrowly. There was an unwonted feebleness in his gait, and a marked alteration in his complexion, which alarmed me. I hazarded the question, "Have you consulted your medical men on the propriety of your encountering an Indian climate?"

"They sanction it," was his emphatic and brief rejoinder.

A warm shake by the hand, a few kind expressions, and we parted—forever.

His episcopate was singularly limited. He reached Calcutta early in December, 1829, preached for the first time, in the Cathedral Church, on the 13th of the same month; and died July 7th, 1831.

One who watched by his sick bed thus records the march of death:

"Wednesday, July 6th, was a day of intense and incessant suffering from difficulty of breathing. He seemed unable to attend to anything, but on Miss Bird going into the room, he desired her to read to him a psalm, and conversed about a quarter of an hour on points which occurred in reading. About four o'clock, Archdeacon Corrie went into his room. The Archdeacon observed, that he feared he (the sufferer) had had a trying day.

The dying prelate said, with emphasis "Fery." But all was bright at the close. Among the last

words of the patient sufferer were, "I have an assured hope."—*Erskine Neale's Summer and Winter of the Soul.*

MONEY-LOVING PREACHERS.

So much disposed are men to charge ministers of the Gospel with loving money, that it is scarcely safe for one of them to accept a call from a church, where his salary does not meet his expenses, to another with a higher salary, even if the field of usefulness is wider. Ministers themselves sometimes countenance this mean spirit.—We have now before us a pamphlet published by a layman, the title of which is, "An Appeal to the Churches; or the Cause and Cure of Remissness in the Support of Pastors. By a hearer of the Word." The writer, a man of business, draws the following contrast between the *ministry* and *other avocations* in the matter of pecuniary support. He states that, after careful investigation, he has ascertained that, "in every calling in life, where men are industrious and frugal, he finds them ascending from a competency to wealth. One physician of his acquaintance was in the habit of booking from *nine to twelve thousand dollars per annum!* He has since died, leaving his family a large estate, accumulated in some twenty years! An enterprising young merchant, who is doing apparently not the largest business, realized from one winter's sales the enormous sum of *nine thousand dollars!* The farming interest is in the same prosperous condition; The writer commenced life with several friends and relations who are engaged in this business.—Within the period of twenty or twenty-five years, almost every one of these men have accumulated large and flourishing estates."

Now, look at the other side of the picture.—He says: "In the writer's whole experience, he has never been acquainted with a minister of the Gospel who has made a *fortune* by preaching. Nor is this all. He recollects not one instance in which the clerical profession has yielded what the men of the world would consider a *competence*. By a competence we mean a sum sufficient for the support of a family during the lifetime of its head, and which will also screen a widow and orphans from want after the husband and father has been removed. Every man may be said to be morally bound to accumulate this much for the wants of a family. Probably there is no cruelty greater than that which leaves a delicate female with some half-dozen children to buffet with the world without means. It is a sin almost unpardonable."

He adds, "In the building where the writer is penning these lines, there are now present three ministers of the Gospel, who are pastors. One of them has a city charge, the other two labor in the country. Their aggregate salaries amount to but twenty-one hundred dollars or seven hundred dollars a-piece. Nor is the state of things better in other places, but rather worse. We venture to affirm, that if the entire salaries, of the pastors in our country were equally distributed, each man would not receive more than three hundred dollars."

And we may add to this testimony our own observation. Our acquaintance with the ministers is extensive, and we know no one, in city or country whose salary would enable him, in an ordinary life to make comfortable provision for old age, or for his wife and children in case of his death. Nor do we remember to have met with a solitary exception to this general statement. On the contrary, we know those who have labored hard for years in the ministry and have supported their families in considerable part by teaching or other labors.

Our author suggests a *cure* for this state of things, but there is no cure for it, so long as the love of