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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
1. Gen. 1. 1-5	Exod. 13. 1-10	10. 1. 1-10
2. Gen. 22. 1-14	1 Sam. 24. 1-14	1. 1. 1-10
3. Gen. 28. 1-22	2 Sam. 1. 1-18	2. 1. 1-10
4. Gen. 37. 1-36	3 Sam. 1. 1-18	3. 1. 1-10
5. Gen. 41. 1-56	4 Sam. 1. 1-18	4. 1. 1-10
6. Gen. 45. 1-28	5 Sam. 1. 1-18	5. 1. 1-10
7. Gen. 47. 1-26	6 Sam. 1. 1-18	6. 1. 1-10
8. Gen. 48. 1-22	7 Sam. 1. 1-18	7. 1. 1-10
9. Gen. 50. 1-26	8 Sam. 1. 1-18	8. 1. 1-10
10. Exod. 1. 1-10	9 Sam. 1. 1-18	9. 1. 1-10
11. Exod. 12. 1-14	10 Sam. 1. 1-18	10. 1. 1-10
12. Exod. 13. 1-10	11 Sam. 1. 1-18	11. 1. 1-10
13. Exod. 14. 1-14	12 Sam. 1. 1-18	12. 1. 1-10
14. Exod. 15. 1-18	13 Sam. 1. 1-18	13. 1. 1-10
15. Exod. 16. 1-12	14 Sam. 1. 1-18	14. 1. 1-10
16. Exod. 17. 1-16	15 Sam. 1. 1-18	15. 1. 1-10
17. Exod. 18. 1-12	16 Sam. 1. 1-18	16. 1. 1-10
18. Exod. 19. 1-17	17 Sam. 1. 1-18	17. 1. 1-10
19. Exod. 20. 1-17	18 Sam. 1. 1-18	18. 1. 1-10
20. Exod. 21. 1-17	19 Sam. 1. 1-18	19. 1. 1-10
21. Exod. 22. 1-17	20 Sam. 1. 1-18	20. 1. 1-10
22. Exod. 23. 1-18	21 Sam. 1. 1-18	21. 1. 1-10
23. Exod. 24. 1-18	22 Sam. 1. 1-18	22. 1. 1-10
24. Exod. 25. 1-18	23 Sam. 1. 1-18	23. 1. 1-10
25. Exod. 26. 1-18	24 Sam. 1. 1-18	24. 1. 1-10
26. Exod. 27. 1-18	25 Sam. 1. 1-18	25. 1. 1-10
27. Exod. 28. 1-18	26 Sam. 1. 1-18	26. 1. 1-10
28. Exod. 29. 1-18	27 Sam. 1. 1-18	27. 1. 1-10
29. Exod. 30. 1-18	28 Sam. 1. 1-18	28. 1. 1-10
30. Exod. 31. 1-18	29 Sam. 1. 1-18	29. 1. 1-10
31. Exod. 32. 1-18	30 Sam. 1. 1-18	30. 1. 1-10

1. Paper Tables--Morn. 23, 40, 61. Even. 69, 89. 2. Verses 11. 6. Begin verses 15. d To verse 29. c Begin ver. 50

Poetry

LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

Oh how I yearn amidst this storm and snow,
To welcome thee, Oh Spring!
Oh when shall winter his wild reign forego,
No more a king?
Oh, gentle Spring,
Thy beautiful image rises on my soul,
And it doth cling
A blissful rush of joy upon the whole
Of the dull thoughts and weary that do roll
Over the mind in hours of suffering.
Thy gladness cometh e'en with the thought of thee,
As the bright, bubbly ripples joyously
With the pure water from the gushing spring.
I yearn to see
Thy warm smile bent, so still and lovingly
Upon the sleeping earth, until there breaketh
Thy cold face a laugh of verdant joy,
As I have seen a child when it awaketh
In the full light of its fond mother's eye,
And into answering smiles of love, that maketh
Spring in the wintriest heart of agony.

Oh, Gladness Spring!
Thou wilt thou come, and with thy gentle force
Drive winter hence, and for his ravings hearso
Make thy low laugh to ring
Like a sweet strain of music murmuring
A soothing melody upon the ear
That hath been torn with discord. Pledge thy wing,
And hither bend thy flight,
And with thine own bright glance of laughing light
Peep at from out each close and stifling room,
And shed around the delicate perfume
Of thy sweet breath.

Oh, once more to feel its soft caress
On my brow as tho' in tenderness.
Spring--ah, soo to death--
Health, and strength for feebleness,
And yet, oh maiden of the tender eye,
Thy spirits high
To make thee somewhat hoydenish withal,
To make thee to see thee, many a time and oft,
As I have seen a child when it awaketh
And after him with footsteps swift and soft--
Run on his streaming robe, and with a ray
Of golden trip him up; and at his fall
Thou didst hold thy sides and laugh a laugh so gay
That thy bright eyes would grow suffused with mirth
Which, for the time, would take the form of
weeping:

Oh, those tear-drops fell, the grateful earth
Took them, as precious things into her keeping,
And marked the treasure-spots where they did lie,
And those first flowers of many a varied dye
Which she giveth birth.

Oh, my dear,
Thou, oh fairy-footed Spring, for thee:
I am yet arch and full of roguery.
Oh, hither speed
With thy brightness I will strive to read
A symbol of a higher mystery.
Oh, earthly things are but the sacraments
Of the unseen and spiritual world beyond,
And feebleness it was meant that they should be
A holy band.
Oh, things hidden to the things of sense.
Oh, that I thus may see
Thou art but the winter of the soul,
And while all grateful for each cheering gleam
Thy blessed radiance breaks between
The grey clouds and storms that round us roll,
Oh, I be ever taught,
Thou with life's tempests worn and overwrought,
Thou with reverent longing to behold
Thou whose deep joys may never be
Thou heart conceived, nor human language told,
Thou spring-time of eternity.

Rev. W. Stewart Darling, Toronto.

Religious Miscellany.

Some months since we published in the Church Times, that portion of the biography of the Rev Jacob Bailey which referred to his privations and sufferings during the revolutionary struggle in the United States. It will not be deemed inappropriate if we give some further reminiscences of his early years, which afford a faithful picture of the rustic manners and customs of a new England village, just previous to that eventful period:—

BIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. JACOB BAILEY was born at Rowley, a town on the north-eastern border of Massachusetts, in the year 1731. His parents were in humble circumstances, but with the aid of the village clergyman, were enabled to give their son a school-education sufficient for his matriculation in Harvard College, which he entered in 1751.

ROWLEYANA.

"When I had completed my tenth year, I found myself an inhabitant of a place remarkable for ignorance, narrowness of mind, and bigotry.

"An uniform method of thinking and acting prevailed, and nothing could be more criminal than for one person to be more learned, religious, or polite, than another. For instance, if one happened to make advances in knowledge beyond his neighbors, he was immediately looked upon as an odd, unaccountable fellow, was shunned by every company, and left to drink his wine alone on lecture-day night. He was sure to draw upon him the contempt and ridicule of the other sex, and always became the bantur of the young females, not only at the frolic dance, but at the washing of a spinning-wheel.

"When a person began to make a figure in religion, or to be boldness to be more virtuous than his companions, he instantly drew upon him the envy of the old-fashioned, who branded him with the odious names of upstart, hypocrite, and new light.

"As for the excesses of every kind of civility, except what our great-grandfathers taught them, it was esteemed a crying sin. Thus I have known a boy whipped for saying Sir to his father, when he came from school,—a young fellow severely reprimanded for drinking a health,—and a very pretty girl obliged to live a virgin ten years, for once preferring a gentle man to a plough-jogger, and for saluting everybody with a courtesy. The old people were so tenacious of the customs of their ancestors, that no consideration could prevail upon them to vary in the minutest instance. This stupid exactness might be discovered in the field, at home, at the tavern, and even at the meeting-house. Every man planted as many acres of Indian corn, and sowed the same number with rye; he ploughed with as many oxen, hoed it as often, and gathered in his crops on the same day with his grandfather. With regard to his family, he salted down the same quantity of beef and pork, wore the same kind of stockings, and at table sat and said grace with his wife and children around him, just as his predecessors had done before him.

"At the tavern the same regulation obtained, where it was esteemed impious to venture, except on a training or lecture-day. Upon the former occasion, the good man always bought a piece of sweet cake for his spouse, and a roll of ginger-bread for each of his children: upon the latter, you might see the fathers of families stocking from the house of devotion, with a becoming gravity in their countenances, to the house of slip.

"The young sparks assembled in the evening to divert themselves. When, after two or three horse-laughs at some passage in the sermon, they proceeded in the following manner; They sent for an old negro, who presently makes his appearance with the parish fiddle; part of the head of it is broken, it is glued together in several places with rosin, has three strings, &c. Now the music begins, which instantly inspires the youths, who lead out the willing fair to mingle in the dance. They hold this violent exercise, till sweat and fatigue oblige them to desist. In this interval, one

is despatched to the tavern for a dram, which revives their spirits till midnight, when they separate. They have one excellent custom here, and that is their constant attendance on public worship. Upon the ringing of the bell on Sundays, every one repairs to the meeting-house, and behaves with tolerable decency till prayers are over. As to singing, the greatest part have renounced the prejudices to what is called the new way, but others continue to place such sanctity in a few old tunes, that they either hang down their heads in silence, or run out of the meeting-house, while their neighbors are singing one of a more modern composition.

"When the sermon begins, every one has the privilege of growing drowsy; about the middle, many catch a nod, and several sleep quietly during the application. These honest people would esteem it a great hardship if they were denied the privilege of taking a nap once a week in their meeting-house.

"Thus, at the age of ten, I found myself among these people, without any education, without money; and to increase my misfortune, I was bashful to the extremest degree.

"This disposition had taken such possession of me that I was even afraid to walk in the streets in open daylight, and frequently when I have been sent abroad in the neighborhood, of an errand, I have gone a mile about through fields and bushes. A female was the most dreadful sight I could possibly behold, and till I was eighteen I had never courage to speak in their presence. Whenever I had this misfortune to meet one of these animals in the street, I immediately climbed over the fence, and lay obscured till she passed along. And if a young woman happened to come into the room where I was sitting, I was seized with a trembling; but if she spoke, my confusion was so great, that it was a long time before I could recover. But these difficulties, instead of abating my thirst for knowledge, or lessening my unbounded desire for travel, only served as so many incitements to these acquisitions."

An entry in his college journal is also interesting as a picture of social usages:—

A CAMBRIDGE WEDDING IN 1754.

"Under date of January 19, 1754, he gives an account of the marriage of a daughter of a pious and orthodox New-England clergyman in a country town. 'After the ceremony was past,' says he, 'dinner was prepared, but first I waited upon the gentry with a bowl of punch. . . . About the coming on of the evening, the younger sort, to the number of about fifty, repaired to the western chamber, where we spent the evening in singing, dancing, and wooing the widow.'

"The festivities appear to have been renewed at the clergyman's house the next day, when several young people assembled. Mr. BAILEY says: 'Having saluted the bride, we spent our time, some in dancing, the others in playing cards, for the space of two hours. . . . After dinner, [we] young people repaired to our chamber, where we spent the day in plays, such as singing, dancing, wooing the widow, playing cards, box, &c.'

On the recommendation of his friend and early benefactor, the Rev. Mr. JEWITT, the clergyman at Rowley, whose means were not sufficient to bear the whole burden of the young student's maintenance, we next hear of Mr. BAILEY making a short tour in search of aid. This was followed by a longer journey to Connecticut, apparently without other object than that of seeing the country.

JACOB BAILEY graduated at Harvard in 1755. He then devoted himself to theological studies and school-keeping. In the latter calling he does not appear to have met with much success: but in 1758 we find him at Exeter, delivering his "approbation" sermon among the Congregationalists:

"Here," says he, "I found Mr. MERRILL, Mr. PARKER, PEEK, and others, who came with an expectation of hearing my approbation discourse. However, it was with the greatest difficulty I was prevailed upon to overcome my bashful humor so far as to read my discourse. When I had finished, I had the