

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Cushman, Editor. "Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order." W. Cassin, Publisher.

Vol. 7. HALLOWEEN, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1859. NO. 50.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
12 Sunday in Adv.	12	12
13	13	13
14	14	14
15	15	15
16	16	16
17	17	17
18	18	18
19	19	19
20	20	20
21	21	21
22	22	22
23	23	23
24	24	24
25	25	25
26	26	26
27	27	27
28	28	28
29	29	29
30	30	30
31	31	31

Poetry.

SELECTED FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

SPEAK greatly to the erring,
To know not all the power,
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour,
He may not know how earnestly
He struggled or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring,
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet,
Heir of the self same heritage,
Child of the self same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring,
For is it not enough,
That innocents and pious are gone
Without the censuring tongue,
It surely is a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear
And they that share a happier lot,
Their chidings well may share.

Speak kindly to the erring,
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
Through misery's stormy track
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal gently with the erring
As God has dealt with thee.

—Charles Keble.

Religious Miscellany.

TESTIMONY TO THE LITURGY.

The Book of Common Prayer is a very kernel of the Church of England. The liturgy has probably no rival in the affections of the English nation. The excellence, beauty and majesty of its language, the simplicity and dignity of its ritual, the richness and sweetness of its melody, the touching harmony of its cadences, the depth, warmth, and elevation of its devotional spirit, have for ages soothed the feelings, stimulated the piety, and earned the reverence of a great and religious people. We cannot wonder at the exhibition of such phenomena. The liturgy is the precious tradition of the religious feeling and most exalted aspirations of many centuries of Christianity. All that the most saintly men, under every circumstance of human life, and human emotion, have felt in the depth of their souls and poured forth to the God of their adoration—be it the bitterness of the keenest penitence, or the resignation of the profoundest sufferings, or the fervor of Christian hope, or the exultation of triumphant faith, or the submission of the sincerest humility, or the intensity of the most earnest prayer has conceived and uttered, is here treasured up for the sustaining of Christian life, and perpetuating of Christian feeling, through unnumbered generations.

It is a striking testimony to the intrinsic excellence of the liturgy, and to the facility and purity with which it expresses the genuine spirit of Christianity, that it has descended from such remote antiquity, it has retained none of its original freshness. It is as serviceable to the present generation, as thoroughly adapted to the intelligence of our profoundest, as also of our most uneducated and delicate feelings, as if it had been composed in our own day. Nay, it is more so; for without meaning any disrespect to Archbishops of Canterbury; and, it may be confidently asked, on hearing the occasional prayers put forth from time to time by the authority of the Queen in Council, has not been

struck by the very perceptible discord between the new and the old, and has not found the additions of modern composition to fall short in power and beauty of language, as well as in depth and simplicity of feeling?

The musical and rhetorical excellence of the Liturgy will excite greater surprise, when it is remembered that, for the most part, it consists of translations from Latin. What other work can be placed by its side, in which a literal version from a foreign tongue is felt to surpass native and original compositions in harmony, richness, dignity, and variety of expression? What English prose will venture to challenge a comparison with the majesty and melody of the collects? Shakespeare and Milton may have equalled them by the happiest efforts of their genius; we know of no prose writing that could bear such a trial.

The cause of the superiority is plain. The Liturgy, is the choicest selection of what has been proved to be best during a long lapse of time. Its litanies and its collects are the fruit of the most sublime piety and the noblest gifts of language, tested by long sustained trial. Had they not sprung from the inmost depths of human nature, thoroughly penetrated and christianized by religion, they never would have retained their preeminence in public worship, much less have continued to be a living fountain of devotion for the nineteenth as truly as for the sixth century. No single generation could have created or could replace the Liturgy. It is the accumulation of the treasures with which the most diversified experience, the most fervent devotion, and the most exalted genius, have enriched the worship of prayer and praise, during fifteen hundred years. Who, then, can over-estimate its influence in perpetuating the sacred fire of Christian love and Christian faith amongst a whole people, or exaggerate its power in conserving the pure and apostolic type of Christian worship.—N. B. Keble.

QUALIFICATIONS OF HOLY ORDERS.

Suppose a world and a field of the Lord's Vineyard were to be divided among a set of the same field, "How shall I follow the will of the weight of such an office and charge?" would he advise him to join an Ecclesiological Society, and to listen to lectures on "brick, and table linen," or would he bid him to take up his Prayer Book and read, mark, learn, and digest the office for the "Ordering of Priests and Deacons?" "To qualify," remarks the Venerable Archdeacon Stanford, "to qualify a man for Holy Orders, to fit him to be a clergyman, to capacitate him to expound holy Scriptures, to deal with hearts and consciences and souls, to tread his way through doctrinal contrarieties and rabrical ambiguities, and party and professional prepositions—and, in days like these, to exercise influence over those of whom he is the authorized instructor—his own mind should have been exercised and furnished on the subject of his mission." All true. And how much of such furniture will Ecclesiology and its kindred novelties supply? "If," continues the Archdeacon "he has no matured opinions of his own he should have at least consulted the writings of our great divines. If he have not taken the journey himself—and how little comparatively can any young man know of that experimental divinity, which is the highest of all, but which can be learnt only in the wrestling of the elect, and in the conflicts, the sufferings, the miscarriages and recoveries of what has been well called the battle of life—he should at least have consulted a road book, and gleaned intelligence from those competent to afford it, before he undertakes to guide his fellows in a path in which to wander is to perish. What wonder that tyros go astray—that we hear of such derelictions and defections—that Rome triumphs in the inconstancy of even ministers of our communion—that we are at times pained by the headiness and self-sufficiency of our younger clergy? It is because men are shallow that they are pragmatical—because they have looked on only one side of the shield that they are pragmatical—because they measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, that they are not wise, and fancy themselves giants when they are

but pigmies. We are often reminded of Archbishop Leighton's reproof to a youthful divine who accosted him with, 'My lord, there is a passage in Scripture which I do not understand'—'There are a great many passages, young gentleman, which pass my comprehension.' Would they but study ecclesiastical history, they would see that opinions, which fascinate them by their novelty are but exploded errors—that when they think they have made discoveries in theology they have resuscitated heresies—that the flowery margin on which they stray, and fancy a mine of wealth, is but an extinct or still smouldering crater. Would they study our old divines, those masters of thought and diction whose very dust is gold—digging deep and drinking deep—they would learn that arguments which are represented as unanswerable have been answered a thousand times—that what is designated primitive is but mediæval—that it is their ignorance which renders the one redoubtable, their imaginativeness which makes the other attractive—that learning and experience, like Ithuriel's lance, would detect the counterfeit and dispel the illusion.—Protestant Churchman.

WEARING THE CRUCIFIX—GLORIFYING IN THE CROSS.

It is not by the ostentatious display of this sacred symbol of Christianity that we show we glory in it—not by wearing it as an amulet or charm—not by carrying it into the assemblies of the gay and fashionable, hanging in jewels of gold and silver from the breast. This looks like glorifying in the cross; but it is only the semblance of it. We may even venture to draw the inference from our own ordinary modes of thinking and feeling. Arguing from them, we should say, it is not in this way devoted love and attachment for any object shows itself. The image of the loved and honored object is not ostentatiously exhibited to the gaze of the world; it is rather concealed; so that even when that bosom on which it hung has ceased to beat, the loved semblance has been found enshrined upon it. The cross is associated in the Christian's mind with treasured recollections, too dear for it to be thus flaunted in the eye of the world. No, he proves in a different manner that he "glories in it." He shows it as the apostle showed it—by his love and zeal for the purity of the gospel truth—by the zealous vigilance with which he guards against every attempt to adulterate its purity, or to mar its simplicity. He shows he glories in it, by the care with which he abstains from mixing any foreign ingredient with the only ground of a sinner's hope of acceptance with God; or from attempting to eke out with human merit the spotless robe of the righteousness of Christ his Saviour. He glories in it, by open profession, by a fearless avowal of his sentiments—by being always "ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him," and by resisting the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. And while he labors to realize the character of a true Christian, the noiseless tenor of his way, the silent lessons of a holy example shall preach more eloquently and impressively than words or outward signs or emblems could, that he glories in the cross of Christ.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Surely to the sincere believer, says Southey, death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings by which we are attached to life. But should we search all the volumes upon earth for an argument against the fear of death, I question if we should meet with a stronger than is furnished in the following passage. I need scarcely add, its whole virtue consists in its being a purely Scriptural one.—"Do not regret to pass out of the one world into the other at His call, and under His conduct, through the dark passage of death; remembering the keys are in so kind a hand, and that his good pleasure herein is no more to be distrusted, than to be disputed or withstood. Let it be enough for you, that what you cannot see yourself, He sees for you. You have not desired your ways, your motions, your removals from place to place, might be directed by Him in the world. Have you never said, 'If I could not with me carry me no