

The Church Times.

Rev. J. C. Buchanan—Editor.

“Evangelical Truth—Apostolic Order.”

W. Gossyp—Publisher.

VOL. VI.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1853.

NO. 40.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Date	MORNING	EVENING
10 Oct	2	Dan. 3	Daniel 6 2
11	3	Mark 6	13
12	4	11	7
13	5	13	14
14	6	17	18
15	7	Judith 1	Judith 2
16	8	8	4
17	9	81	9
18	10	6	6
19	11	71	11

Poetry.

“MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.”

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home:
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who open his arms, and bids the weary come;
With Him, I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine I and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour;
Go, worthless world, I say, with all that's thine,
Go, I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied:
The ill is only what He deems the best,
He for my friend, I'm rich with thought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed;
Chances may come—I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, and He is mine.

Whatever may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious sun that waxes not, nor declines:
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And on His people's inward darkness shines;
All may depart—I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which in return before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

What half discern Him, and half adore,
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How tully I am His, and He is mine!

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

Religious Miscellany.

A CANADIAN TRAVELLER IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

We cut the following notes by a recent traveller among us, from a late Toronto paper:—

OUR TRAVELLER'S LOG.

AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

St. John is the commercial metropolis of the Province of New Brunswick—though 70 years ago, the site where it stands was covered with bush, and only here and there a Fisherman's shanty was to be seen on the border of the magnificent harbour; now it is one of the leading timber Ports of our American colonies, and its harbour, navigable at all tides and in all seasons of the year, is often crowded with 50 to 80 sail; whilst in good seasons such as the present—here may be seen 12 to 20 large ships on the stocks around the harbour. Employed in the timber trade, as also in the ship-building—the chief, indeed the only business of this commercial city—are a great number of most spirited and enterprising young men—some of whom have fought their way up from the ranks, and are at this moment exercising a powerful influence on the commerce of the Province, indeed of the Empire. The famous ship “*Marco Polo*,” was built at this port by Mr. James Smith, one of the influential and respectable men in the city, who like many others of similar character and spirit, has been the architect of his own fortune. A number of the St. John merchants and ship-owners are self-made men, on which account they are much better adapted to undertake the management of public affairs, whether in bodies corporate, or in the municipal, or provincial affairs of the coun-

try—these always do well—because they are practical. There are ship-owners in St. John, N. B., who will shape a model, and help to place every stick of timber in the vessel, and assist in fitting out the rigging—then take the compass and chart, and place the vessel with the cargo in Liverpool harbour, and sell the whole in the British market, come out by the Cunard steamer, and in a few weeks, have the keel of another on the stocks. Such men deserve all commendation. Their energies and enterprise are the staple power of a young country.

The greatest natural curiosity about St. John, N. B. is the falls or rapids at the head of the harbour. This is a ledge of a rock over which the waters of the St. John river fall into the harbour, and but for its being unavigable at certain stages of the tide, St. John would never have stood where it is. The river is navigable up as far as Fredericton, the capital of the Province, but the falls of the river at the head of the harbour are only navigable for some twenty minutes at the ebb, and as many at the flow of each tide. At low water there is a fearful current down the stream. The Lachine rapids in point of fury and sublimity, would not compare with those of St. John river. When at high water, and especially during Spring tides, the current is up the stream, and is equally grand in its appearance. Within the last year, the falls (for so they are called) have been crossed by a magnificent suspension bridge, superior it would seem in strength and beauty to that of Niagara. Adjoining the western end of this new bridge, and immediately above the falls on the western side, is the elevated and well known site of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, one of the most costly and creditable buildings in the Province of New Brunswick, and exceedingly well conducted by John Waddell, Esq., M. D., who is a most accomplished and gentlemanly man—esteemed and respected alike by the public and the patients under his management.

In the city there are a goodly number of Churches—Church of England, Presbyterians, Methodist, and Baptists are all fairly represented. Here as elsewhere, the Church of England has a great deal of the wealth and intelligence of the city. The Rector of St. John Dr. Gray, Junr., and son of the Past Rector, is a pattern to all clergymen of every denomination.

In point of Education St. John is low, this is its cardinal defect; though a city of some 35,500, strange to say, it has no College, its highest capabilities in an educational point of view, are those afforded by a grammar school.

There is, however, a growing taste among some of the young men who are springing up in the place, for letters, and it is a favourable symptom that there is a great increase in the sale and circulation of the standard literature of Great Britain during the last ten years. By the way, the “*Anglo American Magazine*,” is beginning to be known here. The general aspect of this city is pleasing, and within nine years an immense number of large brick buildings have been placed on the ruins of old wooden shanties that have either perished by the decay of age, or been consumed by the unwelcome element of fire.

Many farms which ten years ago were in a very incipient state, and many young men then commencing business, are occupying very prominent places in the affairs of the city, and exercising an important influence on the whole Province.

The public squares of this city are very handsome, and in ten years hence, as the business of the city increases and its population becomes more dense, those quarters will become a kind of respiring organs, by which, the atmosphere will be kept salubrious; were it not for such lungs, there are districts in Philadelphia in which the inhabitants would suffocate, and Toronto will no doubt suffer grievously for want of them, unless provision is made in good time.

Among the many sources of attraction to the stranger, the RURAL CEMETERY of St. John deserves notice. Situated on the brow of a hill that overhangs the Marsh road, which was, according to Indian tradition, and geological evidence, the south-east boundary of the river, when its *embouchure* was in the rear of the promontory on which the city stands,—the piece of ground

seems designed by nature to afford every convenience for the erection of catacombs and other monuments to mark the spot where sleep the ashes of the “mighty dead.” Already, though only some five or six years old, this burying ground is one of the leading suburban ornaments of the city.

As a whole the City of St. John is handsome—and the impulse given to its commerce by the recent Railroad movements in the Colonies, has thrown new life into operations. It is destined to become a great city, and wield a powerful influence on our Colonial commerce. It is earnestly to be hoped that the moral power of the pulpit and the press, will keep pace with the increase of the population, and vice indigenous to sea-port towns will be suppressed by the religious and philanthropic exertions of the Missionary Bible and Tract Societies, which have already done a great deal for the cause of religion in this place.

From St. John by steamer “*Forest Queen*,” Captain Charles H. H. Atkeway, the traveller reached Windsor, Nova Scotia, on the 6th. The tremendous rise and fall of tide in the Bay of Fundy, renders the river Avon, on which Windsor stands, difficult of navigation—hence the steamer leaves St. John at highwater, and reaches Windsor with the next tide—lies an hour and returns with the ebb. Windsor is beautifully situated at the head of the Basin of Mines. Passing a large and frowning Head called Capo Blanchon, which rises some 150 feet above the surface of the water, and is the perpetual home of millions of sea-gulls, the only living creatures that seem to reside there—the eye of the traveller sees in the distance a green hill capped by the residence of Judge Hallyburton, but better known in Provincial parlance by the name of Sam Slick. His residence is beautifully situated, and his grounds ever open to the access of the visitor, afford a pleasant hour's walk, between the arrival of the steamer and leaving of the coach for Halifax. Windsor is the seat of the University of King's College and of the Collegiate School. These buildings are placed in *juxta* position on the S. E. side of the hill that overhangs the town, and screens them from its smoke. The public coach passes the door of the handsome Rectory, and the obliging driver waits until the traveller delivers a friendly message from one of the *literati* of Toronto to the amiable Rector.

From Windsor to Halifax 45 miles, the roads are good, and travelling by coach expeditions. On reaching the western point of the Basin, 10 miles in circumference, we saw the Cunard steamer just leaving the wharf, having dropped the Colonial mails.

The City of Halifax is one of the oldest posts of the British on this continent, and though it has not grown so rapidly as some of the other commercial towns, still it is a very pretty place, and its population more compact and more social, and consequently less heterogeneous than in a rapidly growing place. It is justly celebrated for the urbanity and hospitality of its people—this is remarked by every stranger who visits it—and as a proof of the justness of this character, the traveller, on the present as on former occasions, was not half an hour at the Acadian Hotel, until he was waited on by a respectable and wealthy merchant, in company with a brother Editor, and literally kidnapped, not in a bad, but in a good sense—in which sense moreover he was receiving free quarters till the *Niagara* comes up from Boston to-morrow evening. There are a great number of local improvements going on at present in the City of Halifax; among the rest a splendid new barrack and garrison are being built. This with the former garrison and dock yards, the large man-of-war and other vessels riding majestically in the harbour, gives the city a bustling aspect. The great drawback to Halifax is, that there is not enough of export from the surrounding country to make it a large shipping place, though no harbour on this continent affords more convenience for navigational purposes than Halifax. In point of Education it seems to possess greater advantages than St. John, N. B., and being the seat of Government, it also brings together more of the officers of the crown than may be found in a commercial metropolis. The