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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date		MORNING	EVENING
S. Feb. 20	Sunday In Lent.	Gen. 27	Luke 8
M. " 21	"	Num. 23	4 Num. 33
T. " 22	"	Deut. 1	6 Deut. 2
W. " 23	"	3	4
T. " 24	St. Matth. A & M	Wisd. 10	7 Excl. 1
F. " 25	"	Deut. 6	8 Deut. 1
S. " 26	"	7	9

* The Athanasian Creed to be used.

Poetry.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN,

BY REV. GEORGE CHOLY.

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
The hour for surprise!
From the storm-shattered ridges
The warriors arise:
Now the Syrian is marching
Through storm and through snow,
On the revel of Israel
To strike the dread blow.
No light guides his march
But the tempest's red glare;
No ear hears his tramp,
In Israel's doomed camp,
The hunters have driven
The deer to its lair!

Now, wild as the wolf
When the sheepfold is nigh,
They shout for the charge,
"Let the Israelite die!"
Still, no trumpet has answered,
No lance has been flung,
No torch has been lighted,
No arrow has sprung.
They pour on the rampart—
The tents stand alone!
Through the gust and the haze
The watch-fires still blaze,
But the warriors of Israel
Like shadows are gone!

Then spake the King's sorcerer:
"O King, wouldst thou hear
How these Israelite slaves
Have escaped from thy spear?
Know their prophet Elisha
Has spells to unbind
The words on thy lip,
Nay, the thoughts on thy mind;
Though the secret were deep
As the grave, 'twould be known,
The serpent has stings
And the vulture has wings.
But he's serpent and vulture
To thee and thy throne!"

'Tis morning—they speed
Over mountain and plain;
'Tis noon—yet no chieftain
Has slackened the rein;
'Tis eve—and the valleys
Are dropping with wine,
But no chieftain has tasted
The fruit of the vine.
To Dothan the horsemen
And madd'ed charioteer
Are speeding like fire;
Their banquet is ire,
For the scorners of Syria,
Elisha is there.

Religious Miscellany.

PIERCE CONNELLY'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY.—The friendship with which you have honored me for more than 15 years, from the day when your kind courtesy first brought you to my modest apartment in "Via della Croce," and subsequently led you to stand sponsor for me upon entering the Church of Rome—which at last placed me in the confidential relationship of your domestic chaplain and in close intimacy—a friendship proclaimed so honorably to me in my absence, and ever proved so affectionately at home, and which, on an occasion of great affliction, supported me by a sympathy given with manly frankness, but with all a woman's gentleness—such a friendship, deeply felt, and dearly remembered,

imposes it upon me, almost as a duty, to offer you publicly, if not an apology, at least the reasons, for my renouncing, as much against my feelings as your own, not only a position of much happiness, and many worldly advantages, but the religion, which at one-and-thirty years of age I had deliberately chosen, and to which you solemnly took upon you to answer for my fidelity.

You will doubtless remember my printed letter to my Bishop when I gave up my preferment in the Protestant Church in America, long before taking a more decisive step. You will remember the principle which lay at the bottom of all my dissatisfaction with Protestantism, and what dear Bishop Otey called my horror of the restless spirit of democracy in Church and State.

I am not ashamed of that principle, however I may be of the conclusions to which it led me. Nor am I ashamed of having been deluded into thinking purity and charity to be synonymous with morality in a Church, which showed me such living examples as Gwendalino Talbot and Carlo Odescalchi.

Hierarchical subordination, whether in state or Church, in a kingdom or in a family, I still consider the only basis for a community to be built upon, the tranquillity of order, the only tranquillity that deserves the name. And the virtues of the angelic persons I have named, (and of others I could mention, not yet gone to their reward,) seen so nearly as I saw them, were enough to establish Rome's claim to sanctity, if they had only been Rome's real coinage. But they were not.—They were the pure gold that counterfeits show you to make their base coin current.

But what I saw required a constituted "power" as well as commission, a human Head with Divine authority—an authority which could make *doubt*, anathema—to be just or valid, must be infallible. I wanted supernatural attributes embodied visibly. I started with wholly mistaken notions of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth. I was more than half a Romanist before I ever dreamed of Rome. And when, at last I so avowed myself to myself, it was upon no examination of such dogmas as transubstantiation, the merit of good works, or the like; it was in submission to a polity which I believed to be divinely established upon earth, and to stand upon the same level as the highest dogma. I became a Roman Catholic wholly and solely on the ground of there being among men a living, infallible interpreter of the mind of God, with divine jurisdiction, and with authority to enforce submission to it. Well do I remember the elaborate argument of one of the most distinguished—if not the most distinguished—of the canonists of Rome, which convinced me of the right and duty of the papal persecution. And I defy any honest man of ordinary capacity to resist the argument, if he once acknowledged the lowest pretensions of the Papal Church. To burn heretics whenever practicable and expedient, (and it is now inculcated on the Roman Catholic children of England by command of Dr. Wiseman,) is as binding as abstinence on Friday.

From the moment that I accepted infallibility and a visible supreme headship over Christendom, I frankly and deliberately gave up my reason, or at least, in all matters of faith and principle, solemnly purposed to renounce it. From that moment I never examined one single doctrine of the Church of Rome with any other view than to be able to defend it against heretics and other "infidels." And I not only gave up myself, body and spirit, but, God forgive me, I gave up all that was entrusted to me, all that was dear to me, to my new obedience. I believed myself to be the most thorough of Roman Catholics, a very fakir in my allegiance; and my ecclesiastical superiors believed me to be so too.

How often the strange *unreality* of this deep conviction must have occurred to you, dear Lord Shrewsbury since our sad parting! Like the infallibility on which it was founded, it was a delusion. I never was wholly a subject of the mysterious Church of Rome, no more than tens of thousands of others who live and die in her.

I had put my natural affections under ban, I had renounced the senses which our Lord himself bade his Apostle, St. Thomas, appeal to finally. I had renounced much of private reason. But I never had let go my conscience.

And so I never was—you are not, my Lord, you ne-

ver can be—truly a Romanist. No man can be truly a Romanist who is not so *unlimitedly and without reserve*. Conscience and the creed of Pius IV. are contraries, contradictories. To make a consistent, congruous Roman Catholic, there must be unreasoning submission in morals as in faith.

But though my allegiance to the Church of Rome was a delusion, and a culpable delusion,—for it had its origin in carnal-mindedness and pride,—it was most sincere. The sacrifices which I made, and the ways in which I proved my devotedness, you, my dear Lord, and many other illustrious Roman Catholics, will not need to be reminded of, and will not allow to be forgotten. At the time I made those sacrifices they were the almost involuntary expression of my passionate love to the Church of my imagination and my hope. They are even now my poor excuses to myself. Devotion to any cause, as to any person, finds its natural utterance in sacrifices. And to the last, it was not from sacrifices, nor sufferings that I drew back—I drew back from nothing even my most secret thoughts, till I was required to be a *conscious* partaker in undoubted sin.

There is, blessed be God, still power for good in the Roman priesthood, and in hundreds of its members, there is a desire only for what is good. But great as may be the power of an individual priest for good, it is infinitely greater for evil. Sincere desire for good, in the great polity of which he is an agent, often a blind agent, the good itself is always, and necessarily a means of evil; nay, its chief value is as a means of multiplying evil. I have had experience in the Confessional, from princes downward and out of it, such perhaps as has fallen to the lot of no other living man, and my solemn conviction is, that *celibate* priesthood, organized like that of Rome, is in irreconcilable hostility with all great human interests.

Go from one corner of the globe to the remotest opposite; take the experience of families in the highest or very lowest rank, of the most cultivated or the most barbarous nations;—the same strange concord of result wherever Papal influence predominates, shows a still more strange unity of purpose.

Men may be kept like domesticated animals, as in Paraguay; like savages, as in Ireland, or as in France, they may be covered with every comfort and with every luxury of material, æsthetic civilization; they may be democrats, as in America, or democrat-hating absolutists any where; but no more in the land of Galileo than in the Rocky Mountains, no more at Oxford than at Timbuctoo are they left with the intellect unfettered, or the moral sense at large; no where is individual or even universal conscience recognised as an authority; no where is a government of laws attempted or even possible; no where is sacredness of person any more respected than sacredness of soul. The liberty of common men—is the liberty of beasts within a park; the liberty of kings—a sort of game-license from the "Supremo temporal Governor of Christendom."

Inborn reverence for man's fellow-man or self respect, is incompatible with spiritual subjugation. And, while the the most unnatural incest, committed with a dispensation, ceases to be sinful, the tie that binds a woman to her husband, a son or daughter to a parent, a mother to her child, is venerated only according to a hostile priest's notions of expediency; as for loyalty to a native sovereign! in Rome's philosophy it is a baby's fondness for a doll, something to be grown out of along with the spirit of babyhood.

I knew this same Church of Rome, in its petty schemes of anarchy in families, more hateful and more devilish then when it deals with nations.

I have seen priests and bishops of the Church of the Church of Rome, their own convictions disregarded, and all responsibility to God and to society thrown off, and in the instinct of hostility to man's natural relationships, (in spite, too in one instance, of the private commands of the Pope himself,) I have seen them band together, for the mere sake of a legacy or a life interest, to break down laws which are looked upon, even by savages, as the most sacred of all divine or human. I have known a husband taught and directed to deal double in the sacred matter of religion with his own