

# The Church Times.

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**Calendar.**

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & Week	MORNING	EVENING
Jan. 1	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	2 Isaiah 53 Col. 2
2	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Matt. 11
3	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
4	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
5	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
6	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
7	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
8	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
9	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
10	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
11	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22
12	1 R. aft. Christ. (Circumcision) Gen. 22	1 Gen. 22

To verso 23. To verso 12.  
 The Athanasian Creed to be used.

**Poetry.**

"I WANT NO PRIEST BUT JESUS."

THE IRISH PEASANT'S DYING SONG.

In the towns, the villages, on the mountain-side, and  
 across the wild moor, the truth of God is wasted, as it  
 were, on the breeze; and free salvation through the cruci-  
 fied Saviour, cheers the heart of many a sorrow-stricken  
 man and daughter of Erin. "I want no priest but Jesus,"  
 is often the cry of the dying peasant, who, a few years or  
 even months before, considered the anointing of the Romish  
 confessor indispensable to salvation, and a sure passport to  
 eternal glory.—London Irish Society Report, 1850.

"I want no priest but Jesus  
 To save my sick soul;  
 I want no hand but Jesus  
 Pat forth to make me whole.  
 The priest may loll and cheat the way,  
 But cannot light the dying day.  
 I want the love of Jesus  
 Enshrined within my soul,  
 Now that my footsteps press  
 Where Jordan's waters roll.  
 No thought so sweet, no grace so free,  
 As Jesus died—and died for me!  
 I see the hand of Jesus  
 Holding the lamp of light;  
 O see the smile of Jesus,  
 Like moonshine in the night.  
 Could priest have power, could aught but He,  
 Make that dark pathway bright for me?  
 Oh I had no know'n of Jesus  
 When want and famine clung  
 Like clouds of night and darkness,  
 And round our cabins hung!  
 It may be these were cords of love,  
 To draw poor Erin's heart above!"

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,  
 How he hath loved thee,  
 And how he bore thee on his heart,  
 When bleeding on the tree!  
 Long years of coldness, years of blood,  
 Have never quenched that welling flood.  
 Come then, O blessed Jesus,  
 With all thy glorious power,  
 Make Erin's sons and daughters,  
 Ripe for that happy hour,  
 When round the table, the song shall be,  
 No priest but Jesus—none but He!

**Religious Miscellany.**

"ARE YOU ASLEEP?"

"Awake, thou that sleepest!"—EPHESIANS V. 14.

DEAR—

COME to you this day with a simple question.—  
 "Are you asleep?"

There are many who have the name of Christians,  
 but not the character which should go with the name.  
 They are not King of their hearts. They mind earthly  
 things. They persons are often quick and clever about the  
 business of this life. There are, many of them, good  
 servants, good neighbours, good subjects of the  
 King; all this I fully allow. But it is the eternal  
 things of which I speak of; it is their never dying souls.  
 About that, if a man may judge by the little they  
 do, they are careless, thoughtless, reckless and  
 heedless. They are asleep.

Do not say that God and salvation are subjects that  
 do not come across their minds;—but this I say, they  
 do not take the uppermost place there. Neither do I say  
 they are all alike in their lives. Some of them

doubtless go further in sin than others. But thus I say,  
 they have all turned every one to his own way, and  
 that way is not God's. Reader, I know no rule by  
 which to judge of a man's state but the Bible. Now  
 when I look at the Bible I can come to only one con-  
 clusion about these people,—they are asleep about their  
 souls.

These people do not see the sinfulness of sin, and their  
 own lost condition by nature. They appear to make  
 light of breaking God's commandments, and to care  
 little whether they live according to His law or not.—  
 Yet God says that sin is the transgression of the law,—  
 that His commandment is exceeding broad,—that every  
 imagination of the natural heart is evil,—that sin is the  
 thing He cannot bear, He hates it,—that the wages of  
 sin is death, and the soul that sinneth shall die. Surely  
 they are asleep!

Reader, is this the state of your soul? Remember  
 my question. ARE YOU ASLEEP?

These people do not see the need of a Saviour. They  
 appear to think it an easy matter to get to heaven, and  
 that God will of course be merciful to them at last some  
 way or other, though they do not exactly know how.—  
 Yet God says that He is just and holy, and never  
 changes,—that Christ is the only way, and none can  
 come unto the Father but by Him,—that without His  
 blood there can be no forgiveness of sin,—that a man  
 without Christ is a man without hope,—that those  
 who would be saved must believe on Jesus and come to  
 Him, and that he who believeth not shall be damned.  
 Surely, they are asleep!

Reader, once more I say, is this the state of your soul?  
 Remember my question. ARE YOU ASLEEP?

These people do not see the necessity of holiness.—  
 They appear to think it quite enough to do as others  
 do, and live like their neighbours. And as for praying  
 and Bible-reading; making conscience of words and ac-  
 tions, studying truthfulness and gentleness, humility  
 and charity, and keeping separate from all the world,  
 they are things they do not seem to value at all. Yet  
 God says that without holiness no man shall see the  
 Lord,—that there shall enter into heaven nothing that  
 defileth,—that His people must be a peculiar people,  
 zealous of good works. Surely they are asleep!

Reader, once more I say, is this the state of your soul?  
 Remember my question. ARE YOU ASLEEP?

Worst of all, these people do not appear to feel their  
 danger. They walk on with their eyes shut, and seem  
 not to know that the end of their path is hell. Some  
 dreamers fancy they are rich when they are poor, or  
 full when they are hungry, or well when they are sick,  
 and awake to find it all a mistake. And this is the  
 way that many dream about their souls. They flatter  
 themselves they will have peace, and there will be no  
 peace. They fancy that they are all right, and in truth  
 they will find that they are all wrong. Surely they are  
 asleep!

Reader, once more I say, is this the state of your  
 soul? Remember my question? ARE YOU ASLEEP?

Dear reader, if conscience pricks you, and tells you  
 you are yet asleep, what can I say to arouse you?—  
 Your soul is in awful peril. Without a mighty change  
 it will be lost. When shall that change once be?

You are dying, and not ready to depart. You are  
 going to be judged, and not prepared to meet God.—  
 Your sins are not forgiven.—Your person is not justi-  
 fied.—Your heart is not renewed.—Heaven itself would  
 be no happiness to you if you got there, for the Lord  
 of heaven is not your friend. What pleases him does  
 not please you. What He dislikes gives you no pain.  
 His word is not your counsellor.—His day is not your  
 delight. His law is not your guide. You care little  
 for hearing of Him. You know nothing of speaking  
 with Him. To be forever in His company would be  
 a thing you could not endure; and the society of saints  
 and angels would be a weariness, not a joy. At the  
 rate you live at, the Bible might never have been writ-  
 ten, and Christ might never have died, the Apostles  
 were foolish, the New Testament Christians madmen,  
 and the salvation of the Gospel a needless thing.—Oh!  
 awake and sleep no more!

Think not to say, You cannot believe your case is so  
 bad, or the danger so great, or God so particular. I an-

swer, The devil has been putting this lying delusion in-  
 to people's hearts for nearly six thousand years. It  
 has been his grand snare ever since the day he said to  
 Eve, 'Ye shall not surely die.' Do not be so weak as  
 to be taken in by it. God never failed yet to punish  
 sin, and He never will. He never failed to make his  
 word good, and you will find this to your cost, one day,  
 except you repent. Reader, awake! awake!

Think not to say, You are a member of Christ's church,  
 and therefore feel no doubt you are as good a Christian  
 as others. I answer, This will only make your case  
 worse, if you have nothing else to plead. You may be  
 written down and registered among God's people.—  
 You may be reckoned in the number of the saints.—  
 You may sit for years under the sound of the Gospel.  
 You may use holy forms, and even come to the Lord's  
 table at regular seasons. And still, with all this, unless  
 sin be hateful, and Christ precious, and your heart a  
 temple of the Holy Ghost, you will prove in the end no  
 better than a lost soul. A holy calling will never save  
 an un holy man. Reader, awake! awake!

Think not to say, You have been baptised, and so feel  
 confident you are born of God, and have His grace with-  
 in you. I answer, You have none of the marks which  
 St. John has told me in his first epistle, distinguished  
 such a person. I do not see you confessing that Jesus  
 is the Christ,—overcoming the world,—not committing  
 sin,—loving your brother,—doing righteousness,—  
 keeping yourself from the wicked one. How then can  
 I believe that you are born of God? If God were  
 your Father you would love Christ. If you were God's  
 son, you would be led by His Spirit. I want stronger  
 evidence. Show me some repentance and faith.—  
 Show me a life hid with Christ in God. Show me a  
 spiritual and sanctified conversation. These are the  
 fruits I want to see, if I am to believe you have the  
 root of the matter in you, and are a living branch of  
 the true vine. But without these your baptism will  
 only add to your condemnation. Reader, awake!  
 awake!

Beloved reader, I speak strongly, because I feel  
 deeply. Time is too short, life is too uncertain, to al-  
 low of standing on ceremony. At the risk of offend-  
 ing, I use great plainness of speech. I cannot bear  
 the thought of hearing you condemned in the great  
 day of assize; of seeing your face in the crowd on  
 God's left hand, among those who are helpless, hopeless  
 and beyond the reach of mercy. I cannot bear such  
 thoughts—they grieve me to the heart. Before the  
 day of grace is past, and the day of vengeance begins,  
 I call upon you to open your eyes and repent. Oh!  
 consider your ways and be wise. Awake! Awake!—  
 Why will you die?

This day, as the ambassador of Christ, I pray you  
 to be reconciled to God. The Lord Jesus who came  
 into the world to save sinners,—Jesus the appointed  
 Mediator between God and man,—Jesus, who loved us  
 and gave Himself for us,—Jesus sends you a message of  
 peace; He says 'Come unto me.'

"Come" is a precious word indeed, and ought to  
 draw you. You have sinned against heaven.—Heaven  
 has not sinned against you. Yet see how the first step  
 towards peace is on heaven's side.—It is the Lord's  
 message, 'Come unto me.'

"Come" is a word of merciful invitation. Does not  
 the Lord Jesus seem to say, 'Sinner, I am waiting for  
 you, I am not willing that any should perish, but that  
 all should come to repentance. As I live, I have no  
 pleasure in the death of him that dieth. I would have  
 all men saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.  
 Judgment is my strange work,—I delight in mercy. I  
 offer the water of life to every one who will take it. I  
 stand at the door of your heart and knock. For long  
 time I have spread out my hands to you. I wait to be  
 gracious. There is yet room in my Father's house.—  
 My long-suffering waits for more of the children of men  
 to come to the mercy seat before the last trumpet is  
 blown,—for more wanderers to return before the door  
 is closed for ever. Oh! Sinner come to me."

"Come" is a word of promise and encouragement.—  
 Does not the Lord Jesus seem to say, 'Sinner, I have  
 gifts ready for you. I have something of everlasting  
 importance to bestow upon your soul. I have received  
 gifts for men, even for the rebellious. I have a life