

## Poetry.

### THE CHOICE OF THE CHRISTIAN HEROES.

(From "Lays and Ballads from English History.")

It was the hour of evening prayer,  
It was the holy Sabbath night,  
Sunset was glowing in the air,  
Placid, and calm, and bright;  
When fierce Saladin did call  
To his side his warriors all;  
And in proud array they wound their way  
Up green Tiber's height.

With fettered hand and weary soul  
Each Christian captive followed on  
Submissive to that base control,  
Till the fair light was won.  
O, what depth of fire suppress  
Must have burned in every breast!  
For they were the knights of a thousand fights,  
Of the Temple and St. John.

They stood, and held their very breath,  
With rising heart and filling eye,  
For the blue sea of Gennesareth  
Beneath their feet did lie;  
They were the guardians of the shore  
Where of their Saviour trod before;  
And their hands were bound, and the holy ground  
Is the prey of Moslems' pride.

And lo! it is the very hour  
When, on their far, their Christian shores,  
Those they best love from hall and tower  
Went to the church to pray and sing;  
Full many a heart is lifting prayer  
For them, the lonely captives there,  
The old knights from and the young look down,  
For their eyes are running o'er.

Stately and sad, an old knight spake:  
"Why, tyrants, have you brought us here?  
Say, did ye wish to see our break  
The hearts that cannot fear?  
Know, our God will give us might  
Even to look upon this sight.  
My brethren, dry each drooping eye,  
The foe beholds your tear."

The Moslem chieftain answered him:  
"Captives, look round ye, as ye stand!  
Look, ere the twilight snowed dim  
Upon this lovely land;  
See how the clouds you hills enfold,  
Their purple into gold;  
For the sun's last light makes all things bright  
Save you, the captive band."

"Is not the earth round ye fair?  
And do you hearts desire to die,  
Nor breathe one more the gladome air,  
When morning paints the sky?  
A precious thing is the light of day,  
And life should not be flung away.  
Say, would ye be on the green earth free?  
Pine ye for liberty?"

"Free shall ye be by a Sultan's word,  
A word that ne'er was broken yet,  
Take ye but Allah for your Lord,  
And bow to Mahomet;  
Your trusty sword I will restore,  
Your hands shall wear the lion once more;  
By the Moslem hand who rule this land  
Ye shall be as brethren met."

"Refuse—you scimitars are keen;  
A stern and speedy death is near!"  
Full awful were those words, I ween:  
They thrilled the captive's ear.  
What did that true heart say?  
Every knight knelt down to pray,  
For they looked on the son of Galilee,  
And one word they answered—*Here!*

"Here, should the brave deny their God?  
Here, should the true forsake their faith?  
Here, where the living footsteps trod  
Of Him that true heart saith?  
Here, where the silent earth and sea  
Beneath to the Deity?"  
There was not a heart would from Christ depart  
By blue Gennesareth!

So one by one they knelt and cried,  
That kind of horror and of saint;  
And the deep, deep stain of crimson tide  
The hills' lone greenness taint;  
The hurrying flow of death is done  
Ere in the mire we sink the faith;  
And the twilight air was full of prayer,  
But not of weak complaint.

O, many tears, ye have and true,  
O, many tears for those who shed,  
Whose corpses by the waters blue  
Lay piled—unhonoured dead!  
Shrivelled in many a bleaching brier,  
Never did many a blessing hear,  
And heaven's own light for many a night  
Played round each sleeping head.

But a purer light than that whose ray  
Around their tombs for corpse shone  
Was kindled in hearts far away  
By the deed which they had done!  
And, if the warriors' tempter said,  
Grew feeble in the hour of death,  
"Remember," they cried, "how the Templars died,  
And the true knights of St. John!"

### EVACUATION AND BURNING OF MOSCOW.

(From Alison's History of Europe.)

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the inhabitants of Moscow at finding themselves abandoned by their defenders. They had previously been led to believe, from the reports published by the Russian Government, that the French had been defeated at Borodino, or at all events that their entry into Moscow was out of the question; and no preparations for leaving the city had been made by the inhabitants, though arrangements to that effect had been made by the Governor, Count Rostopchin, whose name his acquired an immortal celebrity from the awful catastrophe which soon followed. Speedily, however, the inhabitants left the city: in that extremity they returned at once to the nomadic life of their ancestors. In a few days, nearly three hundred thousand had departed. The troops entered the gates with dejected looks, shedding tears of despair; the streets, almost deserted by their inhabitants, mournfully echoed the sound of their tread; it seemed as if Russia was attending the obsequies of her metropolis. Notwithstanding the confusion of the people, however, the march of the soldiers was conducted in admirable order; and the army, abandoning the cradle of the empire, prepared in silence to revenge its fall. At eleven o'clock on the 14th, the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on the road, descried the long winded-roof minarets of Moscow. The domes of above two hundred churches, and the massy summits of a thousand palaces, glittered in the rays of the sun; the form of the cupolas gave an Oriental character to the scene; but above all, the cross indicated the ascendancy of the European religion. The scene which presented itself to the eyes, resembled rather a province adorned with palaces, domes, woods, and buildings, than a single city. A boundless accumulation of houses, churches, public edifices, rivers, parks, and gardens, stretched out over swelling eminences and gentle valleys as far as the eye could reach. The mixture of architectural decoration and pillared serenity, with the bright green of foliage, was peculiarly fascinating to European eyes. Every thing announced its Oriental character. Asia and Europe met in that extraordinary city. It resembles Rome, not in the character of its edifices or architecture, but in the strange variety of styles which are to be met with, and which at once bespeak the Queen of half the globe. Many of its palaces are of wood, coloured green, yellow, or rose, and with the exterior ornaments with sculpture in Moorish or Arabesque taste. Nowhere does luxury and magnificence appear in a more imposing form, or are placed close beside poverty in a more humiliating aspect. The Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars of Muscovy, where they alternately defended themselves against the Poles and Tatars, is surrounded by a high loop-hole wall, flanked by towers, which resemble rather thimble-

rets of a Turkish mosque than the summits of a European fortress. But, how Oriental soever the character of the scene may be, the number and magnificence of the domes and churches, with their gilded cupolas and splendid crosses, tell the beholder at every step that he is in the midst of the rule of the Christian faith.

Struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, the leading squadrons halted, and exclaimed, "Moscow! Moscow!" and the cry, repeated from rank to rank, at length reached the Emperor's guard. The soldiers, breaking their array, rushed tumultuously forward; and Napoleon, hastening in the midst of them, gazed impatiently on the splendid scene. His first words were, "Behold at last that famous city!" the next, "It was full time!" Intoxicated with joy, the army descended from the heights. The fatigues and dangers of the campaign were forgotten in the triumph of the moment; and eternal glory was anticipated in the conquest which they were about to complete.

Murat, at the head of the cavalry, speedily advanced to the gates, and concluded a truce with Milaradovitch for the evacuation of the capital. But the entry of the French troops speedily dispelled the illusions in which the army had indulged. Moscow was found to be deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces resounded only with the clang of the invaders' march. Not a sound was to be heard in its vast circumference; the dwellings of three hundred thousand persons seemed as silent as the wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited till evening for a deputation from the magistrates or the chief nobility. Not a human being came forward to deprecate his hostility; and the mournful truth could at length be no longer concealed, that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of its inhabitants. Wearied of fruitless delay, the Emperor at length advanced to the city, and entered the ancient palace of the Czars amidst no other concourse than that of his own soldiers. The Russians, however, in abandoning their capital, had resolved upon a sacrifice greater than the patriotism of the world had yet exhibited. The Governor, Count Rostopchin, had already set the example of devotion by preparing the means of destruction for his country palace, which he had set fire to by applying the torch with his own hands to his nuptial bed; and to the gates of the palace he had affixed a writing with the following inscription:—"During eight years I have embellished this country house, and lived happily in it, in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate, to the number of seven thousand, quit at your approach, in order that they may not be sullied by your presence. Frenchmen, at Moscow, I have abandoned to you my two houses, with their furniture, worth half a million of roubles; here you will find nothing but ashes." The nobles in a public assembly, determined to imitate the example of the Numanians, and destroy the city they could no longer defend. The authorities, when they retired, carried with them their engines, and every thing capable of arresting a conflagration; and combustibles were disposed in the principal edifices to favour the progress of the flames. The persons intrusted with the duty of setting fire to the city, only awaited the retreat of their countrymen to commence the work of destruction. The sight of the grotesque towers and venerable walls of the Kremlin first revived the Emperor's imagination, and rekindled those dreams of Oriental conquest, which from his earliest years had floated in his mind. His followers, dispersed over the vast extent of the city, gazed with astonishment on the sumptuous palaces of the nobles and the gilded domes of the churches. The mixture of architectural decoration and shady foliage, of Gothic magnificence and Eastern luxury, excited the admiration of the French soldiers, more susceptible than any other people of impressions of that description. Evening came on; with increasing wonder the French troops traversed the central parts of the city, recently so crowded with passengers; but not a living creature was to be seen to explain the universal desolation. It seemed like a city of the dead. Night approached; an unclouded moon illuminated those beautiful palaces—those vast hotels—those deserted streets; all was still—the silence of the tomb. The officers broke open the doors of some of the principal mansions in search of sleeping-quarters. They found every thing in perfect order; the bed-rooms were fully furnished, as if guests were expected; the drawing-rooms bore the marks of having been recently inhabited; even the work of the ladies was on the tables, the keys in the wardrobes; but still not an inmate was to be seen. By degrees a few of the lowest class of slaves emerged, pale and trembling, from the cellars, showed the way to the sleeping apartments, and laid open every thing which these sumptuous mansions contained; but the whole inhabitants had fled, and that they alone were left in the deserted city.

But the terrible catastrophe soon commenced. On the night of the 13th a fire broke out in the Bourse, behind the Bazaar, which soon consumed that noble edifice, and spread to a considerable part of the crowded streets in the vicinity. This, however, was but the prelude to more extended calamities. At midnight on the 15th, a bright light was seen to illuminate the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels on watch at the Kremlin soon discerned the splendid edifices in that quarter to be in flames. The wind changed repeatedly during the night; but to whatever quarter it veered the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were every instant seen breaking out in all directions; and Moscow soon exhibited the spectacle of a sea of flame agitated by the wind. The soldiers, drowned in sleep or overcome by intoxication, were incapable of arresting its progress; and the burning fragments floating through the hot air began to fall on the roofs and courts of the Kremlin. The fury of an annual tempest added to the horrors of the scene; and it seemed as if the wrath of heaven had combined with the vengeance of man to consume the invaders in the city they had conquered. But it was chiefly during the night of the 18th and 19th, that the conflagration attained its greatest violence. At that time the whole city was wrapped in flames; and the volume of fire of various colours ascended to the heavens in many places, diffusing a prodigious light on all sides, and attended by an intolerable heat. These balloons of flame were accompanied in their ascent by a frightful hissing noise, and loud explosions, the result of the vast stores of oil, tar, resin, spirits, and other combustible materials, with which the greater part of the shops were filled. Large pieces of painted canvass, unrolled from the outside of the buildings by the violence of the heat, floated on fire in the atmosphere, and sent down on all sides a flaming shower, which spread the conflagration in quarters even the most removed from those where it originally commenced. The wind, naturally high, was raised, by the sudden rarefaction of the air, to a perfect hurricane. The howling of the tempest drowned even the roar of the conflagration; the whole heavens were filled with the whirl of the burning volumes of smoke, which rose on all sides, and made midnight as bright as day; while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sunk and trembled in silence. The return of day did not diminish the terrors of the conflagration. An immense crowd of hitherto unseen people, who had taken refuge in the cellars, or vaults of buildings, issued forth as the flames reached their dwellings; the streets were speedily filled with multitudes, flying in every direction with the most precious articles of their furniture; while the French army, whose discipline this fatal event had entirely dissolved, assembled in drunken crowds, and loaded themselves with the spoils of the city. Never

in modern times had such a scene been witnessed. The men were loaded with packages, charged with their most precious effects, which often took fire as they were carried along, and which they were obliged to throw down to save themselves. The women had generally two or three children on their backs, and as many led by the hand, with trembling steps and piteous cries, sought their devious way through the labyrinth of flame. Many old men, unable to walk, were drawn on hurdles or wheelbarrows by their children and grand children, while their burnt beards and smoking garments showed with what difficulty they had been rescued from the flames; often the French soldiers, tormented by hunger and thirst, and loosened from all discipline by the horrors which surrounded them, not contented with the booty in the streets, rushed headlong into the burning edifices to ransack their cellars for the stores of wine and spirits which they contained, and beneath the ruins great numbers perished miserably, the victims of intemperance and the surrounding fire. Meanwhile, the flames, fanned by a tempestuous gale, advanced with frightful rapidity, devouring alike in their course the palaces of the great, the temples of religion, and the cottages of the poor. The Emperor long clung to the Kremlin, in the hope that the cessation of the fire would enable him to retain his long wished-for conquest. But at length, on the 16th, the conflagration had spread in every direction; the horizon seemed a vast ocean of flame, and the cry arose that the Kremlin itself was on fire. He gave vent to his rage by commanding the massacre of the unfortunate men who had been entrusted with the duty of commencing the fire, and yielding to the solicitations of his followers, abandoned the Kremlin. The wind and the rush of the flames was so violent, that Berthier was almost swept away by their fury; but the Emperor and his followers arrived in safety before night at the country palace of Petrovsky. General Mathieu Dumas and Count Daru, who were among the last that left the Kremlin, could scarcely bear the intense heat as they rode along the quay to follow the Emperor; and on leaving it, their horses were with difficulty brought to pass between two burning houses at the entrance of the street, which formed the sole issue that remained to them. Arrived at length at Petrovsky, they had leisure to contemplate the awful spectacle which was presented by the conflagration. Early on the following morning, Napoleon cast a melancholy look to the burning city, which now filled half the heavens with its flames, and exclaimed, after a long silence,—"This sad event is the presage of a long train of disasters!" For thirty-six hours the conflagration continued, and during that time above nine-tenths of the city was destroyed. The remainder, abandoned to pillage and deserted by its inhabitants, offered no resources for the army. Moscow had been conquered; but the victors had gained only a heap of ruins. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors into which the remnant of the people who could not abandon their homes, were plunged by this unparalleled sacrifice. Bereft of every thing, they wandered amidst the ruins, eagerly searching for a parent or an infant amidst the smoking heaps; pillage became universal, and from the scene of devastation, the wrecks of former magnificence were ransacked alike by the licentious soldiery and the suffering multitude. The city, abandoned to pillage, was speedily filled with marauders; and, in addition to the whole French army, numbers flocked in from the country to share in the general license. Furniture of the most precious description, splendid jewellery, Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous trappings of silk and satin, were spread about in promiscuous confusion, and became the prey of the least intoxicated among the multitude. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the troops first entered it. The cries of the pillaged inhabitants, the coarse imprecations of the soldiers, were mingled with the lamentations of those who had lost their parents, their children, their all, in the conflagration. Plunder became universal in those days of unrestrained license; the same place often beheld the general's uniform and the soldier's humble garments in search of pillage. The ground, in the parts which had been consumed, was covered with a motley group of soldiers, peasants, and marauders of all countries and aspects, who sought in the smoking ruins the remains of the precious articles which they formerly contained. The church of St. Michael, containing the tombs of the Emperors of Russia, did not escape their sacrilegious violence; but no treasures were found to reward the cupidity of the depredators. The shouts of the marauders were interrupted by the shrieks of the victims of military license, and occasionally drowned in the roar of the conflagration; while not the least extraordinary part of the clamour arose from the howling of the dogs, who, being chained to the gates of the palaces, were consumed in the flames with which they were surrounded.

In making their circular march, the troops were filled with the most melancholy feelings. The fugitives from the metropolis had already spread the intelligence of the fire; and the lurid light which filled one-half of the heavens, attested too plainly the truth of their tale. The roar of the flames, and the fury of the tempest, occasioned by the extraordinary heat of so large a portion of the atmosphere, was heard even at so great a distance; and as the troops marched at night, their steps were guided by the glare of the conflagration. Only one feeling pervaded every breast, that of profound and ineffaceable indignation; only one passion animated every bosom, that of stern and collected vengeance. The burning of the holy city had effected all lighter feelings, and impressed a religious solemnity on that memorable march. Words there were none spoken in that vast array; the hearts of all were too big for utterance; the tread of the men alone was heard from the ranks; but the silent tears which trickled down the cheek, and the glance of the fire which was turned towards the heavens, bespoke the deep determination that was felt. Silent and mournful they continued their way, interrupted only by the burning fragments which occasionally fell among their ranks, and for a moment illuminated the stern visages of the soldiers. They left behind them their palaces and their temples; monuments of art and marvels of luxury; and the remains of ages which had passed away and of those which were yet unfinished; the tombs of their ancestors and the cradles of their descendants; nothing remained of Moscow but the remembrance of the city and the resolution to avenge it.

### THE DIVINE PRESENCE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(From a Charge by Archdeacon Manning.)

Fifteen years ago the Church of England rested upon its old constitutional foundations. It was privileged and protected by the whole force of the Statute Book; Acts of Parliament were passed, grants of public money voted for its extension; the whole weight and influence of the State went with it; and there are many who look back to those times with a fond regret, as to the period of its highest security and strength. And yet up to that very time accessions of every form of Dissent were numberless; conversions from among Dissenters comparatively rare; multitudes nominally in the Church were really members of Dissenting communities; the number of churches built exceedingly small; the increase of clergy hardly appreciable; the standard of almsgiving, especially to spiritual works, not only low in itself, but acknowledged only by a few; our missions languished; our colonial churches hardly existed; public opinion was

estranged and hostile; the hearts of the poor, if with us at all, were but faintly attached to the pastors of the Church. Such, of course with local exceptions, in the times of its external apparent strength, was its real internal weakness.

Fifteen years, certainly adverse to the external clothing of the Church, have passed over us, and the phenomena of our condition are exactly reversed. The acts of 1828 and 1829 reduced the old theory of establishment almost to a name; every successive year has brought fresh departures from our ancient principles, such as the recent laws relating to marriages, registration, tithes, relief of the poor, and the like; this so much of public recognition withdrawn from the Church; grants for the building of churches have ceased—the few paltry thousands to maintain clergy in the colonies withdrawn—the whole active theory of the *regale*, as defined at the Reformation, has been abdicated in silence; and direct countenance and support extended both abroad and at home to religious bodies in perpetual conflict with the Church.

And yet, despite of all this, there has arisen within the Church, our enemies themselves being judges, an energy never seen before.

I am speaking not of the work of any one body or party within the Church, but of all men, of whatever hue or form of opinion, who have spent and been spent for Christ, and for the souls for whom he died. We have the issue of all their labours now. What have been the fruits of these fifteen years of adverse events? A thousand churches—a work of almost universal restoration never to be estimated; an increase of clergy far exceeding the increase of churches; a number of congregations newly formed, exceeding the number of individual minds which have been drawn from us; more than half a million of money expended in five years offered to the work of national education—a whole system of institutions for training school teachers—the reorganization of almost every diocese—the founding of ten colonial churches—colleges and cathedrals rising in the far east and west—two and a half million of missionaries and catechists among the heathen; and now, to give an end and head to our work of missions, a college for missionary pastors, founded by the side of the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury, by acts of munificence on a scale worthy of a work so noble. If such be the comparative benefits of a state of external peace and of external conflict, may the shadows of worldly adversity for ever hang upon the Church of England!

But these are only material and external fruits, capable of being produced by mere excitement—false zeal—political rivalry—ambition, and the like; and even if they be purely Christian in their source, they are no more than fruits meet for repentance after long and sinful neglect of Christ's flock both abroad and at home. Yet, as fruits of repentance, they are, we humbly trust, acceptable to him, and tokens that he is with us. And yet, brethren, I do not know how to speak of deeper things. We can hardly trust ourselves to say more than this—that he has been pleased, by manifold indications, to show us that there are realities more vital than all that I have spoken of. By the labors of many, diverse in many things while on earth, but now all one in him, he has taught us that the standard of a conventional religion is a poor substitute for the sermon on the mount; and that the properties of personal and domestic life are but cold approaches to the communion of saints. May we not trust that he has revealed to unknown multitudes among our people—of every age, rank, and condition—stirred them with a higher aspiration after the life that is "hid with Christ in God?"

The other token we possess of God's favor and presence with us is to be seen in the marks of correction which are visibly upon the Church.

Every adverse event may be regarded as a chastisement for some failure in our stewardship. When we so read it, adversity becomes our strength. The national prerogatives of the Church would never have been abridged had it not ceased to guide the will and spiritual life of the nation. The bitter and unrelenting conflicts which some time past were carried on among ourselves often about nothing—the seduction of members from our communion—the unsettled faith of others—the coldness and unbrotherly temper too often seen in our own body—what are all these but warnings mercifully sent to bid each one of us to "repent, and do the first works?"

Whatever remedy there be for many ills, verbal dispute will be found to have no health in it. We need humility, not dispute—argument, but action. Our diseases lie deeper than the intellect; and by a deeper treatment, if at all, they must be healed.

There are two great fields of controversy—one which is in the past, and is carried on by literature, learned criticisms, historical inquiry, abstract reasonings; another, which is strictly in the present, and has its whole existence in action, patience, and charity. Of these two kinds the former is addressed to the intellect, and is subtle, entangling, unperceptive; the other is addressed to the spiritual intuition, and is direct, unambiguous, convincing; the one speaks to the few, the other to all men alike.

It is the peculiar and morbid disposition of this day to stimulate the first kind of controversy, and to evade the second. And it is precisely in this that we shall most prevail. We have too much of rash speculation and headlong assertion. The deeper movements of men's hearts need other arguments. Self-denial and silence are overwhelming answers even to the intellect. Controversial reasons weigh little against devotion, or historical difficulties against visible sanctity of life. And these best of arguments are most in our power.

Let us look at all adverse events as admonitions to mutual forgiveness—to greater devotion—to a more chastened spirit. If we had one thing we should have all things: without this one thing we have nothing, though we have all besides—love to one another. In whatsoever may be permitted to fall upon us, let us read the warning of him that dresseth the true vine, rebuking us for our barrenness. And yet in that rebuke let us read also our happier destinies: "Every branch that beareth not fruit he taketh away." Such, God be thanked, is not yet our doom, though we have perverted it. "And every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it," with sharpness and the knife, "that it bring forth more fruit." The last few years have given many a sign both of purging and of increase.—I am living branch. There is no room for arguments when fruits are to be gathered. Men argue when they cannot see them.

My reverend brethren—I believe I speak all your hearts when I say that, for myself, I humbly thank God that he has permitted me to be a member of a Church in which I am not worthy to keep the door. It is not unnatural among brethren so closely related, so intimately joined by common duties and habitual co-operation, that we should pass in review at such time as this the great spiritual realities which overshadow us, and the verbal and intellectual objections of scholastic controversy. There are difficulties which are best answered by living facts, as the sophism about basis of facts, laid by the Providence of our Divine Head, and on that basis we firmly believe that the Church of England is a true and living member of the holy Catholic Church: neither heretical in dogma,

nor schismatical in the unhappy breach of Christendom; in will and desire united to all Christ's members upon earth; her faith the baptismal faith of all saints from the beginning; her cause austere, but just; and her plea valid in the court of heaven. And if this be so, then in virtue and power she shall be, as she has been, a mother of saints—a root of Churches, in east, west, and south; at this time, it may be, peculiarly tried, and yet, there hath no trial come upon us but such as is common to the Church. Many more threatening signs even now are hanging over almost all other Churches—signs of conflicts yet to be endured, with doubtful issue—through which, by God's help, we have been saved, "yet so as by fire." Be our trials what they may, every year deepens in thousands of contrite hearts the tokens of Christ's presence—every year quickens and unfolds, against all antagonist powers, the spiritual life and fruitful energy of the Church which bare us. And shall any be tempted to mistrust? Shall we ask proofs of our regeneration, or of our waking consciousness, or of the reality of our own soul? These are things which go before all proof—all reasonings rest upon them—logical defences cloud their certainty. Such are our pledges of his presence. They are the tokens of his hand; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

### REASONS FOR DAILY SERVICE.

(From the Church Almanac, New York.)

1. Because Daily Worship is due to God, not only for private persons and private families, but from the Church.

2. Because the daily prayers of private persons and families are not the act of the Church, but the act of private men and their households.

3. Because no daily worship is the act of the Church as such, except Public Daily Worship, according to the order of the Church.

4. Because from the beginning Daily Public Worship has ever been believed, and still is believed, to be an integral part of the Worship of God; as among the Jews, who of old observed it by God's express ordinance, and do still; as also in every branch of the Holy Catholic Church under heaven, except only where it has been dropped in the last hundred and fifty or two hundred years. It has been continued in the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, and College Chapels, and in some parish Churches in England; and in others, both in that country and this, it has been revived: which testifies to this rule of the Church; and even among Mahometans, who worship God in their mosques every day.

5. Because the Daily Service of the Church is as the family prayer of a parish, of which the Priest is the spiritual father.

6. Because it affords a daily opportunity for the old, for widows, for young and unemployed persons, for the rich, and for those whose time is at their disposal, to worship God in his Church.

7. Because it affords an opportunity for any who are burdened with any particular and casual sin, to come and confess it; or who have received any mercy to come and offer thanks for it, which acts are typified by the sin-offerings and thank-offerings which, under the Law, were offered daily by private persons in the Temple.

8. Because it gives opportunity for the ignorant, and those that cannot read God's word, to come and hear it; the Psalms being recited once a month, and the Old Testament read over once, and the New three times (with very slight exceptions) every year.

9. Because it is a wholesome admonition and discipline for the rich and great of this world, and a daily corrective of their peculiar dangers and temptations.

10. Because it directly demonstrates and extends the sense of our obligation to worship God, on the Sundays and Feasts and Fasts of the Church.

11. Because many more people are able to come every day than at present imagine, it having hitherto been their habit to form their worldly plans and engagements first, without a thought of the order of the Church, or of the worship of God. Daily Service would reverse this evil and culpable practice, and make the homage due to God and the order of the Church the first fixed point in every man's time and thoughts.

12. Because if any are hindered coming themselves, they may send some of their family. One of a house may come as a representative and intercessor for the rest; and even they that stay at home may, when they hear the bell, or see the time come, kneel down and say the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Collect of the day, and the Apostolical Benediction, which is not more a benediction than a prayer suitable for all.

13. Because Daily Service would make the Clergy to be in truth what they are by office, the Priests of the Lord's Temple; and openly men of prayer, and devotion.

14. Because it would serve as a light but very wholesome spiritual discipline, giving fixedness and order to their whole day; checking needless absence and unprofitable engagements, and teaching them the value of time in a life consecrated to God, and the precedence which is due to all things which pertain to God's honour.

15. Because it would, more than all other things, form, especially in the Clergy, a serious, staid, reverent, and devout habit of mind, and make their life to be a life of prayer.

16. Because to worship God daily in the Church, can hinder no man's good, and may bring unwaried blessings above what any man can either ask or think.

### UNITARIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL "AFFINITIES."

(From the Calendar.)

Some persons who do not see the *New-Englander*, have expressed to us a desire that we extract those passages in its late number referred to in our last.—We begin with the following, which shows how much more sympathy the present descendants of the Puritans have with a system which *denies the Lord that brought them*, than they do with the Church which maintains that vital doctrine. The italics are ours.

Beholding these powerful tendencies in the Unitarian body to Episcopacy, and the numerous apostasies which have resulted from it (for we think them apostasies), some alarm may well be felt, lest the greatest defect from the Institutions of the Pilgrim fathers should come upon us through the Unitarian schism. Yet notwithstanding these grounds of fear, we still hope never to witness the frustration of the desires and expectations of our ancestors in laying the foundations of religious and civil liberty on these shores, by the apostasy of the Unitarian body to the Anglican Church. Sad indeed would it be to see the seats of learning, the Cabinets of science and art, the accumulated capital, the cultivated intellect of the New-England, laid at the feet of a church, unknown to our fathers except as a persecutor, and uncongenial to the institutions planted by them.

The next extract we give exhibits "the present aspects of Orthodoxy," according to the Reviewer, or in other words the assimilation which of late years has taken place between it and Unitarianism.

The system of truth so denominated [Orthodox Congregationalism] is indeed what it was in substance, but not in form. The science of theology has made great advances since the Unitarian controversy began and was nearly concluded in this country. New philosophical theories have made plain and unobjectionable to reason, those doctrines of the orthodox, from which, owing to bungling explanations, the common

sense of Unitarians revolted. Some obstacles to their restoration have also been removed by the comparatively light estimation in which the Orthodox have come to hold the philosophy of dogmatic theology.—Hypotheses relating to the mode of divine existence, to the origin of evil, to the atonement, to regeneration and the nature of human depravity, designed to make these doctrines clear to reason, but adapted more or less to obscure them are now recognized by the Orthodox as mere philosophical speculations, and not as matters of faith. All that is essential, for example, to orthodoxy, in respect to the vital doctrine of atonement, is that we should ascribe the salvation of man to something which Christ has accomplished by his incarnation and sufferings, and without which salvation would be impossible. Unitarians can no longer rationally address themselves to battle against those theories of the Orthodox which have chased each other down the page of time and been the principal points of controversy. If they will still dissent from us, they must simply deny what lies on the face of the Bible, that Christ died to save men, and that man could not otherwise be saved. Whether this necessity consist in the indispensableness of his death, as a means of ransoming mankind from Satan, or of appeasing divine anger, or of manifesting the authority of the Law-giver while the penitent is pardoned, or in some other principle, Orthodoxy requires only that we should believe in the necessity, and ascribe to Christ's death our salvation and the glory of it.—It is thus in respect to many doctrines—it is the doctrine and not philosophical explanations, in which our faith is to be reposed. Now however much the Unitarian logic may resist the truth, thus stripped of dubious hypotheses, he may be assured the people will not be so slow to believe. In our opinion nothing is wanted to gain the assent of the Unitarian body to an orthodox creed, except a statement of the same made in the light of modern science, and made to attentive ears, and truth-loving hearts.

We conclude with the *New-Englander's* anticipations—anticipations of the final re-union of the Congregational and Unitarian bodies in New England! We anticipate therefore, more conviction and more conversions from future discussions with Unitarians, than have hitherto been realized. We expect to see, too, a gradual assimilation of their congregations with their ministers to an evangelical creed, until the difference between them and the old orthodox societies shall cease to be perceptible. It is in this way that their recovery to the old paths is to be effected, rather than by individual conversions and secessions from their churches to the orthodox.

### Communications.

(For The Church.)

#### RITUAL AND ANTI-RITUAL.

Mr. Editor.—In a late number of *The Church* you gave forth in a clear and forcible manner the evils of extemporaneous prayer in congregational worship. Perhaps the writer might have enumerated some more, but yet the evils appear to me to be based upon something true and right. No doubt congregational prayers ought to be Catholic, and not sectarian, as they must be if they are composed of any one man, or any one body, and one of any congregation cannot but be sectarian and un-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic, if they are the product of an individual mind. Each individual prayer-maker will fashion prayers after his own form and complexion of his own mind, and colour them with his own private feelings and opinions, and express them through his own prejudices, his likes and dislikes, his wishes and his local biases. His prayers will be controversial, or didactic, or hortatory, or political, or heretical, or personal, or "movement," or "march of intellect," in favour of hoarding, railing, or accusation, according as the individual himself is, and—usually so; because out of the heart and mind the mouth speaketh. And furthermore, as the individual is liable to change, his prayers will be as changeable as the man himself. From all these defects and blemishes congregational prayers ought to be free, and Catholic prayers will be free, if they are truly Catholic. That which is Catholic is of course in essence unchangeable; though modification might be admitted with changes of circumstances or dispensation; but this would be with no breach of Catholicity, for it would be in agreement with truth.

I understand the terms "Common Prayers" and "Catholic Prayers" in the same sense; for I hold that as there is one Lord, one Faith, one Body, and one Spirit, what is Common Prayer to any one congregation ought to be the Common Prayer of the universal Church, that with one mind and one mouth all might glorify God in the use of one form of words. The exceptions would be from the lowest private feelings and opinions, and express them through his own prejudices, his likes and dislikes, his wishes and his local biases. His prayers will be controversial, or didactic, or hortatory, or political, or heretical, or personal, or "movement," or "march of intellect," in favour of hoarding, railing, or accusation, according as the individual himself is, and—usually so; because out of the heart and mind the mouth speaketh. And furthermore, as the individual is liable to change, his prayers will be as changeable as the man himself. From all these defects and blemishes congregational prayers ought to be free, and Catholic prayers will be free, if they are truly Catholic. That which is Catholic is of course in essence unchangeable; though modification might be admitted with changes of circumstances or dispensation; but this would be with no breach of Catholicity, for it would be in agreement with truth.

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It is the duty of God's fathers of the Church to provide prayers for the children. The discipline said, "I, Lord, teach us how to pray, as John taught his disciples." This is the declaration of the Catholic principle upon which no breach should ever have been made, and upon which the Apostles acted when, as "master-builders," they began to do their Master's work, for in the whole multitude of believers abode with one heart and mind in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, in breaking of bread and in prayers. This was not following individual men, nor any one man, but the apostleship of the Lord standing in twelve men, for whom He prayed that they all might be One, as He and the Father are One. He gave them true discernment as to the needs of the children, and as to suitable forms by which to make their requests known unto God, as also to render Him the sacrifice of praise. God alone can tell how and with what offerings His people should approach Him to their petitions, and accepted; and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground men, if they offer cannot but offer the sacrifices of circles, of the uneducated and the uneducated, and the uneducated, and none but "having the mind of Christ" with His authority could instruct men rightly in these awful and important things. On any other ground