The Church.

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Original Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

BY R. ROBINSON.

Soldier of Christ, awake,
Arise, and gird thy armour well;
Thy foe's at hand—thy soul's at stake,—
Against thee rise the powers of hell.

Rest here, thou needst no seek,
But thou must toil, and strive, and fight;
And when thy arm grows faint and weak,
Put thou thy trust in Jesu's might.

For He will grant thee strength,
To fight the fight, the race to run;
And He will give thee rest at length,
When the great victory is won.

Be patient, then, and strong,
Nor flinch the sternest foe to meet;
The strife will not continue long,
And all thy armour is complete.

A heavenly crown's in store,
The victor's palm shall grace thy hand;
And soon, the toils of battle o'er,
Thou'lt join a blest triumphant band.

A blest triumphant band,
Who've "run the race" and "fought the fight;"
And now before God's throne they stand,
With golden crowns, array'd in white.

With them thou'lt [illegible]
And join with them in rapt'rous strain;
To celebrate His wond'rous love,
Who sav'd thy soul from Satan's chain.

Toronto, May 26th, 1848.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE CLERGY.

Ye honest hearts who deem yourselves the almoners
Of God; ye who acknowledge all you have
You have of Him, on you he calls this day,
And bids you give relief to those whom He
Hath bidden His dying servants to bequeath
To Him—"To me thy fatherless, to me
Thy widows leave; and let them trust in me."
They are God's legacy, the only gift
He asks, the only legacy His poor
Ambassadors full often have to leave.
Ye chosen stewards of God, bring forth of that
Which you do hold for Him—that tenth of all
That to thy keeping He hath given; and glad
Their widows' hearts, and nurse their orphans' infancy,
And bring them up in nurture and instruction
Of Him their fathers knew and served, the Lord
And Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh, leave them not
To this cold world to foster. Oh, leave them not
To stinted charity of stunted hearts.
Draw out thy soul to them, and cheerfully
The hungry and afflicted satisfy—
Establish thus their souls in truths divine,
In faith, and hope, and love—to God and man,
As well by large experience of your
Liberal *deeds*, as by your frequent *words*
And doctrine; for so the Lord your God will bless
You in your basket, and your store, and in all
Your work; and eye, and ear, and heart, and tongue
Of those relieved will witness bear to you,
And sing for joy. Nor think, dear souls, ye can
Not help, because ye have not wealth and rank,
And pomp, and outward circumstance. True wealth
Lies in the heart—'tis thus Jehovah estimates.—
The gladly giving spirit, not the gift
Does He so much regard. Your will will He
Accept more than your deed, tho' that He not
Rejects. Fear not to give lest you should want;
Fear keeping back. Faith gives and faith receives.
Close not your hand through fear and unbelief;
They make you poor. That which you keep you lose;
That which you give you gain—that which you keep
From fear, you lose through unbelief; that which
You give in faith you gain from faithfulness—
The faithfulness of God to keep His word
And promise to a thousand generations.
The giving makes the mite a pound, the pound
A talent, in the Lord's returns to you
And to your childrens' children yet unborn.

Canadian Churchman, cleaving to the fellowship
And doctrine by Apostles held, consider
How great the service, yet how small the wage
Thou giv'st to standard bearers in thy branch
Of Christ's One, Holy, Apostolic Church!
In Fatherland *one huntsman*, who minds hounds,
Receives the stipend of *three priests* with thee.
The British officer, besides his pay
As long as life is spared, is comforted
By certainty that after his demise
His country for his widow will provide.
Not so the minister of peace—for him
No such alleviation of the mind,
No such encouragement; for his no such
Provision, in return for life worn out
To save his country from unrighteousness.
No hospital a home and shelter gives
To his old age and battered frame. The Church
No GREENWICH owns to house her sons decay'd
Through toil—asylum none on earth have they.
The sword and war respect *their* veterans' wants,
Whilst many a soldier of the Church the dregs
Of life drain out in poverty and woe,
Embittered by the thought of those he leaves
Behind. Oh, Father of the fatherless,
Oh, husband of the widow, oh, righteous God,
Look down on these thine own peculiar care;
And move the hearts of all to freely give,
And make provision permanent for them,
In youth, in age, in weakness, and in want.
Give, Holy Father, give to every one
Who of the Church himself a member calls,
To every son and daughter she has borne,
A Macedonian heart—on each bestow
The grace—the very grace to give—thou didst
In days of Paul bestow on Macedonia's
Churches, which needy tho' they were, yea tried
By great affliction and deep poverty,
Yet rich in liberality abundant,
Not needed to be stirred and urged to give,
But of themselves, with much intreaty prayed
Their gift might be received, and willing gave,
Not merely to their power, but beyond
That power. Oh, *such* a heart vouchsafe to us
Whose lot has fallen on these latter days.
Bring back, Oh Christ, the old unselfishness,
The active liberal love tow'rds those distressed,
Which early christians burned to exercise.
Thou, who dost by thy Bishops call and send
Thy priests and deacons forth, to do thy work,
Thy blessing and thy presence be with them
In prayer, in word, in sacraments. The flocks
They feed with bread of life eternal, bless,
That they may grow in every gospel grace;
And feel and prize their privilege to have
And hear a shepherd sent by thee; and know
That of their worldly things, *Thou* hast ordained
That he should live, and live not pinch'd by want.
For who doth ever feed a flock and eat
Not of the milk? Let him that in the word
Is taught, to him that teacheth minister
In all good things. Be not deceived; God is
Not mock'd: for whatsoever man shall sow,
That shall he also reap: if to his flesh
He sow, he of the flesh shall reap corruption;
But he that to the Spirit sows, shall of
The Spirit reap eternal life. To all
Do good whilst we have time, but specially
To them who of the household are of faith.
He little reaps who little sows; but he
Who plenteous sows shall plenteously reap.

Oh Christian brother, let a widow's son
The cause of orphans and of widows plead.
To give be ready, to distribute glad;
If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou
Hast little, do thy diligence of that
To give with cheerful gladness lov'd by God.
A husband, brother, father, thou? By wife,
By sister, and by child, by tenderest ties
Which twine themselves around thy heart, I would
Entreat thine aid, thy constant, liberal aid,
For those who once the loving care
Of spouse and parent knew, but now have lost.
Think of thine own, o'er whom thy fond heart yearns;
The time may come, and none can tell how soon,
When they shall also miss affection's care,
When they, like these, shall mourn the lost, when they
Shall at the table see thy vacant chair,
And hear thy step, and climb thy knee, and gain
Thy smile no more. Think thus of thine, and thou
Wilt nobly give to these thy largest aid,
Enhanced by tears, and consecrate by prayer,
And God do so to thee and thine, as thou
To these for whom bereft, we now appeal.

Say, Christian Mothers, Christian Wives, need ye
The suppliant verse to win your sympathy
For your poor sisters and their orphan charge?
Nay, rather do ye not anticipate
The willing but imperfect advocate;
And prove in your own souls, before we ask,
The largest blessedness which giving gives?
The widow and the orphan have within
The precincts of your hearts, two advocates
Of heaven retain'd, sweet Pity, Godlike Love,
Whose hallow'd eloquence prevents our plea.
The hour of adversity is woman's hour—
She shines, a star within this vale of tears,
And cheers when clouds of darkness veil our sky.
Her energy put forth when needed most,
In her the wretched ever find a friend:
No woe, no want that woman pities not,
And not relieves—her heart, her tongue, her eye,
Her hand, her deeds, her angel mission prove.

Reward, O Lord, who dri'd'st the widow's tears,
And gav'st her back her son, redeemed from death;
And for thy mother's loneliness a fit
Protector choos'd'st,—reward our sisters' love,
Kind, gentle, ready, constant, liberal,
Which they towards Thy name have shewed, in that
To widows and to orphans by Thy servants
Left, they have ministered, and yet do minister,
And thus Thy sacred law of love fulfilling,
By kindly bearing burdens pressing others.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

(By the Rev. R. Baird.)

Let us not forget, then, that the Gospel finds men—all men—in a state of sin and wretchedness. As to the condition of the masses where the Gospel has not diffused extensively its salutary influences, it is emphatically one of sin, ignorance and misery. Now let us take an individual case, in order that we may have a clear conception of the transforming and elevating nature of true Christianity. Let us select a man out of the masses—the ignorant, depraved, and down-trodden masses, in any country where the Gospel is not known. Let us suppose, what, however, is almost universal in such circumstances, that the individual whose case we would contemplate, possesses a mind enshrouded in ignorance, a heart selfish, degraded, under the dominion of gross and sensual passions, alienated from God, and a stranger to all ennobling and elevating views of virtue, and of that happiness which is worthy of an immortal being. Such a man is only fit, in that state of mind and of heart, to be a slave. He is incapable of any thing like those sentiments of self-respect, of honor, of duty to himself and his race, which alone can lead to the needed efforts to secure emancipation from the bondage in which he lives, and the attainment of that position in society, which belongs, of right, to humanity. Let us go further, and suppose him to be the prey of some debasing vice, either secretly or openly practised. Let us even suppose him, to make the case as strong as possible, to have become so vile that he is despised and rejected even by those of the same degraded caste to which he belongs. He may have become a poor, miserable, and helpless drunkard. He may have committed crimes for which he has received the contempt and execration of his fellow men. What, let me ask, could philosophy do for such a man! I will tell you—

When on a visit to one of the most distinguished universities in Europe, some five years ago, I occasionally attended the lectures of a celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy, who is well known from one end of the country to the other by his light and popular writings. He is a man of the most brilliant imagination, of vast stores of knowledge and of an admirable command of language. Withal, he has a person of most commanding appearance, a face of the finest mould, a forehead, an eye, such as a Vandyke might covet as a model for his pencil. As he stood before his class, his black gown hung carelessly from his noble shoulders, on which rested the long tresses of his auburn hair. In the course of his lecture he was naturally led to treat of virtue, upon which he expatiated, very much as we may suppose that Plato would have done in similar cicrumstances. In the next lecture, which was an appropriate sequel, he discoursed on the resources of virtue; and first he developed the considerations which it furnishes to save men from falling into sin; or rather into vice, or the commission of wrong; for the learned Professor seemed to shrink from using the word sin. These topics he handled with consummate skill. After having dwelt with great eloquence upon the motives and arguments which philosophy may use to persuade men to pursue a virtuous life, he next took up those which she may employ to dissuade from a life of vicious indulgence. Among other things he depicted the poor sinner, hurried on by temptation to the commission of crime, as advancing rapidly to the verge of a vast precipice, at whose distant base lies a boundless, fathomless abyss, over which rest clouds of thickest darkness and impenetrable gloom. Above this awful gulf he represented death, hovering in mid-air with a javelin in his hand, and just ready to pierce the poor creature to the heart. The image was as appropriate as it was appalling.

At length, the eloquent Professor came to the question; "But suppose that temptation should prove too powerful, and all these considerations become insufficient to keep the man from falling into sin—into crime it may be, disgraceful crime—what is the wretched evil-doer to do? What can be done for his recovery?" Oh, thought I, when the Professor had reached that point, this is the question of questions! We shall now see what philosophy can do for a man in so deplorable a condition; and sure enough the Professor essayed to enter upon the task of suggesting those considerations which philosophy can make; such as the "importance of not abandoning all hope; that bad as the case may be, the fallen one may with suitable efforts rise again, at least to a partial recovery of the good opinion of the world. It is true that reputation, property, happiness, may all be lost; but still there is room for hope that amendment of life, and a long series of years virtuously spent, will do much towards re-instating him in the esteem of society." But alas! how insufficient are all such considerations to meet the exigencies of the case! How little success, humanly speaking, is likely to attend such means of alleviating misfortune! And how vain and little worth appeared all that philosophy can do in comparison with the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ. I could not but say within myself, whilst listening to all this splendid declamation, that one simple sermon, from a man ever so illiterate, who knows the Gospel by having experienced its power in his own soul, is worth a whole Alexandrian library of such lectures. The simple parable of the Prodigal Son, which is related in twenty-two verses of one of the Gospels, is infinitely better fitted to meet the case described.

ROMISH USURPATION.

(From "Hawkstone.")

Remember what has has been so often proved, that men may not dare to disturb either the doctrine or the ecclesiastical polity which has been positively established by an authority evidently divine—that it was an acknowledged principle of ecclesiastical polity in the primitive ages, founded if not upon direct apostolical injunctions, at least upon the practice of the universal Church, as well as upon sound reason, that one bishop should not interfere with the diocese of another, or one patriarch with another's patriarchate. The œcumenical councils are full of intimations to this purpose. The supremacy which the pope claims over all other bishops, and on which alone he rests his title to interfere with our lawful bishops, and to withdraw our obedience, is confessed by his own adherents to have been no part of the primitive system of the Church for the first four centuries at least. It was not recognized by one-half of Christendom, the Eastern Church, nor by the ancient British Church, nor by the ancient Irish Church; it was repudiated by early popes as a badge and a sign of Antichrist. It rests on no evidence, no commission,—on nothing but the assumption of Rome herself. Its gradual reception by the Western Churches can be traced step by step to motives and acts of human policy and short-sighted expediency. It made its way in an age of darkness, in minds corrupted and deceived, when the criteria of historical truth were confessedly unknown and unpractised. Even then it encountered on all sides perpetual opposition and denial, especially in England, by which protests its rightfulness was contested, and even the title of modern prescriptions precluded. It is made by Rome an essential article of faith, but it is not found in any creed of the ancient Church, or in any part of the Bible, except as extracted from it by metaphors which might deduce any thing from any thing. It is enforced upon the mind without having ever been defined, so as to become fixed and intelligible. Its extent is disputed even among Romanists themselves. It varies in different countries. It is made paramount to all questions of Divine truth. And if the power of human ministers of Heaven be recognized, Romanism care little either for articles of faith or uniformity of worship.—Rome would have sanctioned our Liturgy, if we would have acknowledged the supremacy.

It has been from the beginning the fertile, essential, unceasing cause of rebellion and bloodshed. It originated the schism of one-half of Christendom from the other, by compelling the Eastern Church to protest against a claim which went to invalidate the very foundations of the Christian faith. It resisted every attempt to reform the Church in the fifteenth century, and thus is justly charged with the heresies and the blasphemies which followed the Reformation. Instead of unity, it has produced division; instead of peace, discord; instead of purity of doctrine, corruptions of truth, which are known to be corruptions from having no sanction, either in apostolical tradition, or in the Scriptures, or in the analogy of faith. And thus it stands upon no ground whatever, either of apostolical institution, or of primitive antiquity, or of expediency. And if we might then venture to examine it by the light of reason, it is contrary to the analogy of the Divine nature and operations, and exhibits rather a retrogression in the development of His revelations than an advance. It is virtually a restoration of Judaism. It wants every mark which our blessed Lord set upon His own divine commission and ministry; and the only pretended titles, which even itself exhibits, are the abuse of figurative language, historical falsehoods, and exploded forgeries.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

(From the Saturday Magazine.)

. . . . . The subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister. BEN JONSON.

There is not upon record, perhaps, a more illustrious and interesting instance of the mutual affection of brother and sister than that which subsisted between the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, and Mary, Countess of Pembroke; an affection not merely founded on the bonds of relationship, but cemented into the firmest friendship by a perfect congeniality in manners, tastes and dispositions.

MARY SIDNEY, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, the amiable and accomplished, the only surviving sister of Sir Philip Sidney, was born about the middle of the sixteenth century. The utmost attention was in all the literature of her age lavished upon her, and she repaid the care by her proficiency in all the literature of her age. A passion highly in favour of her genius and talents that at a time when the example of Queen Elizabeth had rendered learning a fashionable acquirement among the ladies of her court, Mary Sidney became the brightest star in the galaxy which surrounded the throne of that princess.

In 1576 her marriage with the Earl of Pembroke took place, a nobleman who is represented as a great friend and patron of religion and learning; and, in a few years after this, in conjunction with her brother, she composed the *Arcadia*, a work which, however neglected in the present day, is, beyond all doubt, a production of very superior talent.

It is, however, on her version of the Psalms, written in conjunction with her brother, that her poetical fame must be built. Only two *metrical* versions of the entire Psalms had preceded this attempt; the well-known translation by Sternhold and Hopkins, and one by the pious and learned Archbishop Parker; both of which must be ranked, in vigour, dignity, and poetical spirit, as greatly inferior to the version of the Sidneys. At the close of this short sketch we shall revert to the Psalms of Lady Pembroke; for a specimen of the excellence of her version, we shall select from the opening of that truly magnificent Psalm, the 139th, and we may confidently assert that her version of that psalm has never been surpassed.

In 1590 she finished a translation of Philip de Mornay's *Discourse of Life and Death*, and we shall quote from her introduction to this work, as a satisfactory proof of the great elegance of her prose style. It is thus she writes:—

"It seems to me strange, and a thing much to be marvelled, that the labourer to repose himself hastened eth as it were the course of the sun; that the mariner rows with all his force to attain the port, and with a joyful cry salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content till he be at the end of his voyage; and that we, in the meanwhile tied in this world to a perpetual task, tossed with continual tempests, tired with a rough and cumbersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with grief, nor behold our port but with tears, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horror and trembling. This life is but a Penelope's web, wherein we are always doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which sometimes within, sometimes without, never ceases to torment us; a weary journey through extreme heats and colds, over high mountains, steep rocks and thievish deserts. And so we term it in weaving this web, in rowing at this oar, in passing this miserable way.—Yet lo, when Death comes to end our work; when she stretcheth out her arms to pull us into port; when after so many dangerous passages and loathsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting-place: instead of rejoicing at the end of our labour, of taking comfort at the sight of our land, of singing at the approach of our happy mansion, we would fain (who would believe it?) retake our work in hand, we would again hoist sail to the wind and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more *then* remember we our pains; our shipwrecks and dangers are forgotten: we fear no more the travails and the thieves. Contrariwise, we apprehend death as an extreme pain, we doubt it as a rock, we fly it as a thief. We do as little children, who all the day complain, and when the medicine is brought them are no longer sick; as they who all the week long run up and down the streets with pain of the teeth, and seeing the barber coming to pull them out, feel no more pain. We fear more the cure than the disease,—the surgeon than the pain. We have more sense of the medicine's bitterness, soon gone, than of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endless misery of our life. We fear *that* we ought to hope for, and wish for *that* we ought to fear."

The extensive acquaintance she had cultivated with the classical languages, as well as with the Hebrew tongue put her in possession of all the models necessary to a perfect knowledge of the art of poetry, and made her the admiration, as she always proved the friend and patron, of all the leading literary characters of that age. Spenser, in particular, the first, and, by many degrees, the greatest of these, has seized every opportunity of expressing his high sense of the rare virtues and acquirements of Lady Pembroke; and, when celebrating the most accomplished females of the court of Elizabeth, he has not hesitated to give to the sister of Sidney the foremost rank and highest place.

The Countess of Pembroke has been uniformly represented by her encomiasts as possessing great personal charms; a representation which though not altogether borne out by the print which we possess of her by Simon Pass, is yet probably correct; for we shall presently find Ben Jonson, who was no flatterer, joining in the same description.

After a life protracted to an advanced age, this learned and estimable lady died at her house in Aldergate-street, London, on the 25th of Sept. 1621, having survived her lord not less than twenty years.

She was buried in the vaults of the Pembrokes in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury; and though no monument to her memory has ever been erected on the spot, she has been honoured with an epitaph, perhaps better known than any other which has graced the annals of the dead, and which cannot fail to perpetuate, in colours durable as the language in which it is written, her beauty, virtue, and mental endowments.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou has killed another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Dr. Drake, in his *Mornings in Spring*, has given a most interesting account of Lady Pembroke and her brother. It is from his work we have made this short sketch.

PSALM CXXXIX. PART I.

O LORD! in me there lieth nought,
But to thy search revealed lies;
For when I sit
Thou markest it,
No less thou notest when I rise;
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk,
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And every where;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But yet unuttered thou dost know.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
O whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere?
Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain, I should essay.

O sun! whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee,
As far as thee the evening brings;
Ev'n led to West he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things,

Do thou thy best, O secret night
In sable vail to cover;
Thy sable vail
Shall vainly fail:
With day unmask'd my night shall be:
For night is day and darkness light,
O Father of all lights to thee.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S *version.*

JERUSALEM.

A Market-place in Jerusalem,

There is at Jerusalem a bazaar, or market, covered in, consisting of upwards of 500 shops. Here all the necessaries of life are sold:—the butcher exposes his meat, the green-grocer his vegetables; the shoemaker, the carpenter, the goldsmith, the coppersmith, the blacksmith, the petty merchant, all are busy under the covered bazaar. Most likely that place had not been cleaned for centuries; the aspect, therefore, was anything but inviting. The present Pasha gave orders for the market-place to be cleaned, for the arches to be whitewashed, and the doors of each shop painted. I was struck with the change when I entered the place again; now it is clean and cheerful. There are about twelve Jews who occupy shops in that place. To them I went on the 19th of October, spoke to them, and left tracts with some of them. I met a Rabbi who I know is struggling against conviction; I asked him "How long will you withstand the truth?"

When I went, on the 22nd, into the Jewish quarter, I had opportunity to speak to many Jews. There was a Jew from Trieste, with whom I entered into conversation. He was a Talmudist, and would hear of nothing but of that book; he maintained that according to the Talmud, God had invited all nations to accept the law, but when they heard what was written in it they would not. The Jews, however, received it with great joy, and therefore God considered them as his favourites. I reminded him of another passage in the Talmud, where it is stated that God lifted up Mount Sinai above the camp of the Israelites, and said to them—"If you will accept the law, well;—if not, I will throw this mountain on you and kill you all;" so that there would be little merit in accepting it in this manner. But you see, I continued, how the Talmud contradicts itself, neither the one nor the other statement is true.

I invited him to read the Scriptures, and search and see whether the Messiah had not already come; and if this were the case, how necessary for him as well as other Israelites to believe in him! He and many others promised to call on me.—*Letter from the Rev. F. C. Ewald.*

GOTHENBURG.

Persecution of a believing young Jewess.

Miss Fanny Lehmann, a young lady of 15 years of age, whose father is one of the richest Jews here, and concerning whom I reported in my letter of March 31st, that she had been ill-treated by her parents for her attachment to the Saviour, called on me on Tuesday the 9th inst., and told me that she wished to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, but her parents had ill-treated her on that account, and forced her to go to Dr. Heinemann, in order to be instructed in the Jewish religion, and confirmed by him. She felt, however, such pangs of conscience for it, especially as his instruction was quite opposed to the truth as it is in Christ, that she was quite miserable, and desired me to inform her what to do.

I examined her strictly as to the motives which prompted her to become a Christian, as her biblical knowledge of Christianity was yet very imperfect, and after I was satisfied that she really had been enlightened by the Holy Spirit to see her lost state of nature, and that she could only be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, I told her that I could only advise her, when she in the afternoon had to go to Dr. Heinemann for instruction, to tell him that her heart and conscience prompted her to become a Christian, and that she never would remain in the Jewish religion; if these be the true sentiments of her heart. I advised her also to go home to her parents, and make known to them in humility, but with frankness, her faith in the Saviour, and her heart's desire to become a Christian. I told her that if they hindered her, she must obey God before even her parents, for both the Old and New Testaments enjoin this, and no man has a right to place himself between God and our soul, as every man must give an account of himself to the judge of all the earth. I begged her to pray for peace from the Saviour, to strengthen her to make this confession, and promised her that I would assist her with my prayers, that she may remain constant and firm after she had made this confession; and exhorted her, in case her parents did ill treat her on account of it, to bear it with patience and resignation, remembering what the Saviour had suffered for her. I said that in case her parents should cast her out of the house for her steadfastness and attachment to Christ, I trusted I should be able to find some friends for her, who will protect and assist her; but it would be well for her own soul, and an evidence of her sincerity, both to me and my Christian friends, if she, by this, proved the reality of her faith; and she might by this means encourage two or three other young Jewesses, who are in the same predicament, also to step forward and make a confession of the Saviour.

She then left me, grateful for what I had told her, and with the resolution to follow my advice. This the young lady actually did the same day; for when I went out on Wednesday, 10th, in the morning, I met her father in the street, who accosted me in a great passion, saying "Moritz, you are going to deceive my daughter, and teach her disobedience to her parents!" I replied, "I do not wish to deceive her, but to lead her to the Saviour, and I have enjoined her to be obedient to her parents in everything but religion, for this is not the doctrine of the New Testament only; the God of Israel has long since decided this question by the prophet Ezekiel, xviii. and xxxiii." He said, "Who cares for these old tales? they have no value in our enlightened days." I replied, "You, Mr. Lehmann, may deem them to be old tales, but the Jehovah of our fathers lives yet; for he is new to me every day, and his word is also constantly new to me, and it will remain true when all the Jews who reject Christ, their only Saviour, will have to bemoan it through all eternity." He answered, "But I, as a father, forbid you to receive my daughter into your house when she comes; otherwise you shall smart for it." "I, as a missionary," I rejoined, "cannot admit of such a prohibition, for I speak to every Jew about my Saviour, who is willing to listen to me; but I would request you to come with your daughter to me, and you will hear that I speak the same truth to her when you are present, as when she is alone with me; and I would also advise you to seek the Saviour for your own soul's sake." He then left me very angry.

As this young lady had gone to school with her two sisters for some years, to a school for young ladies, which is kept here in the Moravian establishment, she continued to go there until Thursday 11th, on the forenoon of which day she was very sad, and wept; and told a young Swedish girl, whose mother lives in the house with us, that her mother treated her very ill, and that her father would force her to go the same afternoon to Dr. Heinemann for instruction. She then left the school, about twelve at noon, and absconded, no one knew whither.

On Friday morning her father and mother came to me, desiring me to "find their child for them, for they were sure that I was a party to her absconding." I assured them that I had not the slightest notion of her intentions, nor had I the least hand in it, and if I could only have suspected that the young lady had such a plan in view, I should have done all in my power to prevent it; but they, as her parents, and it entirely against their consciences, if she should have done any harm to herself, for she would have done it out of terror at their ill treatment, because she would obey the call of the Lord, and embrace his truth. I begged them to take this as a warning, and seek the salvation of their own souls; and told them also that they ought not to have forced their daughter to be a Jewess, since they had at home never set her any example of Judaism.

Upon this they left me; but from that morning until Wednesday 17th, the house in which we lived was actually beset and besieged by Jews, Swedish servants, and policemen; the latter even offered money to the servants of the house, if they would divulge the secret, where I had hid the girl in the house; and money was offered to my few Christian friends among the poor, if they would tell where I had put the girl. In all the clubs and inns, at the Exchange, reading-saloons, eating-houses, and coffee-rooms, I was their butt, and they lifted up a shout against me.

The Rev. A. Rönntgen, who has for now nearly a year been the agent of the Moravians here in Gothenburg, and who stands at the head of their school, was, singularly enough, not suspected to have had a hand in this concern, and the parents of the girl, and the relations, even sought consolation from him under their distress; and they actually made him believe that they had never ill-treated the poor girl, nor laid any impediment in the way of her becoming a Christian, but that she had always been a very bad and disobedient child. At last the parents advertized respecting her, and desired her to return to them; in all the churches of the town, and in the neighbouring country churches, her absconding was proclaimed, and her return required.

Now this poor terrified child had gone on foot three Swedish miles (about 15 English), through very muddy roads and bad weather, with no more than about three-pence in her pocket, to a young Swedish girl, whom she had known at school, and who now resides at Walda, with the widow of a Dean, to seek protection from her tormentors; and as soon as she had got to hear that her parents were advertizing for her, she wrote to her father, and told him that his awful threats and ill-treatment had caused her to abscond, and to seek a refuge somewhere until the Lord should open another door for her; but that she was very willing to return to her parents, if they would promise to treat her well, and not to hinder her from following the Lord Jesus Christ. She stated also her case and her sufferings in a letter to the Burgomaster, and begged him for his protection.

Now, when it was known that she was alive, and her place of refuge had been discovered, her parents wanted to send and fetch her back, and they with their other relations persuaded Mr. Rönntgen to give them a letter to her, which he also consented to; but very happily the Lord directed him so that he first came to me, to show me the letter. In this letter he not only reproached her (which was quite right), for causing her parents so much grief and sorrow, by thus secretly absconding, but he also told her that she had always been a "bad, disobedient child, playing the hypocrite and telling lies, and it was only for her bad conduct that her parents had been offended with her; but they had never wished to hinder her from becoming a Christian, nor treated her ill on that account," and more such-like reproaches! I instantly saw that the intention of the Jews was to make use of Mr. Rönntgen's inexperience to legitimate themselves, and to make him their instrument for washing their own consciences.

I explained this to him; for I am fully convinced that a work of grace has been begun in the heart of this girl, and that she is not so wicked as her parents would make him believe, in order to hide their enmity to the Saviour, and to make him the dupe of their exculpation. I begged him not to send this letter to the afflicted child, that he might not thereby break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, which would ill become a Moravian minister, who is sent to preach the doctrine of the Cross of Christ. He accordingly promised not to send the letter, and afterwards agreed with the parents that he would himself go to Walda, to fetch her home again. They authorized him to tell her in their name, that they now would give her full liberty to become a Christian.

Mr. Rönntgen, on speaking with the girl, was fully convinced that the Lord had really begun a gracious work in her soul, and that she was not the culprit he had made her in his letter. He persuaded her father to send her for a year to Christansfeld; and the latter promised that if, after the lapse of that time, she still desired to become a Christian, then she may be baptized, and he would always treat her as his child. On the 22nd, she was accordingly sent off to Christiansfeld. I hope this arrangement may not be hurtful to the young lady, for procrastination in religion is not only a loss of time, but is also dangerous to the soul, as it gives Satan a thousand opportunities for temptation. But I trust that the Lord will still know how to effect his purpose with her, and with the other three enquiring Jewesses in this town.

Communications.

[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church periodicals, and to apprize our readers that we are not responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.—ED. CHURCH.]

To the Editor of The Church.

REVEREND SIR,—As your correspondent "Tallis," in his second letter, acknowledges one mistake in his first of the 28th April, I trust that he will also upon reconsideration, perceive the impropriety of his charging the Clergy with "usually accompanying" their most solemn rites with "*unrubrical mutterings*,"—with "*disobeying*" the Rubrics—with using "*unrubrical petitions*,"—with permitting "*profane*" practices in the administration of the Lord's Supper, and adopting modes calculated to promote unsound views of that Sacrament.

I am surprised at the very insufficient grounds which he takes for some of his opinions and statements. He *believes* every Cathedral in England has a credence table, therefore every Church here ought to be furnished with one. He has seen them in Greek and Armenian Churches, therefore they ought to be in ours. He has seen a practice which he condemns in *one* of our Churches, and adds that it "may be general for any thing he knows to the contrary." Surely if he knows nothing confirmatory of its being general, it is unjust thus to insinuate that it is so.

In describing the services at the College Chapel, your correspondent says, "Dr. Beaven preached in his suplice, and without any of the unrubrical petitions with which the sermon is usually prefaced, and the service unnecessarily prolonged." If this means that no prefatory prayers were used, the mode is not so much in accordance with the directions of the Church as Tallis thinks. The 55th Canon appoints a "form of prayer to be used by all preachers before their sermons." Its language is not very stringent; it merely requires that "before all sermons, lectures and homilies, preachers and ministers shall move the people to join with them in prayer, in this form, or to this effect," viz.: "for Christ's Holy Catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of christian people dispersed throughout the world," for our own branches of it, for the Sovereign and Royal Family, for the Clergy, Nobility, Magistrates and Commons. The Canon does not appear to have been generally adopted, at least in parochial Churches, which was probably caused by its being observed, that this form of prayer was only appropriate upon occasions when the congregation was assembled for a sermon only, unaccompanied by the other services, as is still the practice at the English Universities. But when the sermon has been preceded by the morning or evening prayers, in which all the subjects prescribed in the Canon have been already specially named, then the "bidding prayer" is evidently a mere repetition. The intention of the Canon probably was, that there should be no assembling of the people in the Church, though only for a lecture or homily, without prayer being offered with reference to certain subjects most fit, and becoming for all christian congregations. This intention being thoroughly fulfilled in our regular services, it has been the custom of the Clergy, with the sanction of the heads of the Church, to make use of a prayer having particular reference to the hearing of God's Word always, according to the Canon, "concluding with the Lord's Prayer."

Tallis remarks, "I am afraid there are few of our Churches in which the express direction of the Rubric, by which the great Catholic doctrine of the oblation is set forth, viz.:—*Then*," i. e. after the offertory, "the priest shall place upon the table as much bread and wine as he shall deem sufficient," is not disobeyed. Your correspondent J. B., also speaks of a formal oblation of the elements being made in the prayer for the Church militant. In my opinion the Church of England makes no oblation of the bread and wine, and my conviction is founded upon the following reasons:—There is no Rubric directing that they are to be offered, nor any expression in the office itself, authorizing us to consider them as an oblation. Indeed there is a marked difference in the terms of the Rubrics respecting the things that are *offered*, and those that are not. The "alms for the poor, and other donations of the people are to be *reverently brought* to the priest, and to be *humbly presented*, and placed upon the Holy Table;" whereas the bread and wine are simply *to be placed* upon the table, without any intimation of their being offered. And that they are not designed to be embraced in those words of the prayer which allude to the offerings,—"We humbly beseech Thee most mercifully to accept *our alms and oblations*"—is evident to me, from the direction of the marginal Rubric, that the words of accepting our alms and oblations are to be omitted, if there be no alms or oblations. These words then must refer to the gifts which are contingent upon the good will of the people, and the absence of these offerings does not impede the administration of the sacrament: but if the bread and wine were meant or included in the words, there would always be *that* oblation, and the words could not be omitted. I say *always*, because the case in which the prayer for the Church militant is used without a communion, may be excluded from the argument, as the words "alms and oblations" in the prayer, must then necessarily be exactly synonomous with "alms and other devotions" in the Rubric. In the last named instance, the word *oblations* cannot apply to the bread and wine at all; in no instance can it apply to them exclusively; and, should it occur that no money were given before the communion (i. e. should there be "no alms or oblations)," there is an instance in which the communion would go on with the word *oblations* entirely omitted. On these grounds I conceive that the words of the prayer have reference only to the gifts collected during the reading of the offertory sentences. And because it is in the highest degree improbable, that the Church would have left any "great Catholic doctrine" unnoticed in any part of the text of her offices, and only to be gathered from a questionable construction of a brief Rubric; and because the history of successive amendments of the prayer book shews that the Church has designedly left out a prayer in which the bread and wine were offered—for these reasons I conclude that no oblation of the bread and wine is made in the administration of this sacrament.

I am aware that Wheatly argues for the oblation, but the only fact that he alleges for it is, that the word "oblation" in the prayer for the Church militant, was added at the same time as the Rubric, before that prayer, directing the bread and wine to be placed upon the table by the priest. But it does not *necessarily* follow from the circumstance of the two additions being made at same time, that one was made on account of the other. Unless there were direct evidence that such was the intention of those who made the additions, I think it very doubtful if it was their intention. For it might very well appear to them that the prayer which only spoke of "alms," was incomplete without some word signifying the "other devotions of the people;" the word "alms" did not rightly express the whole character of the gifts presented, which, from the terms of the offertory, are not only alms for the relief of the poor and sick, but donations for the use of the ministry and other pious purposes. If it be said that on this supposition, the same word might have been used in the prayer as in the Rubric, viz.; "*devotions*," I would remark that if so, the word would then occur in close proximity to the word "*prayer*,"—(accept our alms and devotions, and receive our prayers)—which would have read ambiguously, devotions and prayers, in the general sense of the former, being almost synonimous. I think these would be quite sufficient reasons for adding some word to express the gifts presented for other objects than as alms, and for using the word *oblations* instead of *devotions* in this particular place.

This question of the elements being offered up or not, is closely connected with that of Altar or Communion Table. If it is an Altar, then strictly everything placed upon it, whether before the Communion or during it, should be considered as an *offering*, nor should anything be placed upon it but as an oblation, and the very circumstance of its being laid upon the Altar, would be a complete consecration of it without any [illegible]. If, on the contrary, the Communion Table be not an Altar than the other, and it will be borne in mind, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not instituted at an Altar, the quasi-altar character of the Communion Table being an idea of an after growth—viewing the table simply in its real character, the question as to the time when, and the person by whom, the elements are placed upon it, becomes a non-essential point, for no doctrine is thereby asserted or impugned, and it is only of importance in as much as the Church has given a particular direction about it. This leads to the question of "disobedience."

On this I would observe, that this Rubric, like every other law or Canon, is only obligatory so long as it is maintained, and kept in force as a rule of the Church; but if, by general custom, and even with the tacit assent of the chief authorities, it has fallen into disuse, and a different practice been adopted in its stead, then it can be of no more weight than a statute which, though unrepealed, custom and opinion have permitted to become obsolete. Nor can the fault of "disobedience" be justly charged upon those who take the custom of the Church for their