

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

BENEVOLENCE.

Mingling as we all do in the affairs of a world, the maxims and practices of which tend so sadly towards uncharitable and selfish feelings, it is well frequently to cherish thoughts of benevolence and brotherly love. As the following beautiful paraphrase of the Sheffield Poet tend that way, I shall be glad to find them, Messrs. Editors, transferred to your columns—May each reader endeavour to imitate the conduct so eloquently offered for our example in the interesting passage of Holy Writ, on which Montgomery prepared the lines which here follow.

July, 1839.

SIGMA.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

Matthew, xxv. 35—40.

A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer *Nay*;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love—I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all, he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone!
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on,
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thence from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it, running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed,
—I had, myself, a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart?
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next—condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn,
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked—if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hand I kneel;
My Saviour stood before mine eyes,
He spake, and my poor name I named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
"These deeds shall thy memorial be;
"Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

One of them, who lately, in the true spirit of Moses, went a journey into Poland, 'unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens,' informs that 'several thousand Jews of that country and of Russia, have recently bound themselves by an oath, that as soon as the way is open for them to go up to Jerusalem, they will immediately go thither, and there spend their time in fasting and prayer unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah. * * * * Although it was,' he continues, 'comparatively a short time since I had intercourse with my brethren according to the flesh, I found a mighty change in their minds and feelings in regard to the nearness of their deliverance. Some assign one reason, and some another, for the opinion they entertained; but all agreed in thinking that the time is at hand.'

Large bodies, moreover, have acted on this impulse; we state, on the authority of another gentleman, himself a Jewish Christian, that the number of Jews in Palestine has multiplied twenty-fold; that though, within the last forty years, scarcely two thousand of that people were to be found there, they amount now to upwards of forty thousand; and we can confirm this statement from other sources, that they are increasing in multitude by large annual additions.

A very late English traveller encountered many Jews on the road to Jerusalem, who invariably said that they were going thither to die in the land of their fathers. For many years past this desire had prevailed among the Hebrews; old Sandays has recorded it in his account of Palestine—but it has been reserved for the present day to see the wish so amply gratified. A variety of motives stimulate the desire; the devout seek to be interred in the soil that they love; the superstitious, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of being rolled under the earth's surface until they arrive in that land on the great morning of the resurrection. But whatever be the motives of a people now blinded by ignorance, who does not see, in fact, a dark similitude of the faith which animated the death-beds of the patriarchs; of Jacob and of Joseph, who 'when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones?'

In all parts of the earth, this extraordinary people, whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have none, entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff heard these sentiments from their lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judea, and of a belief of their return thither.

At Jerusalem they purchase, as it were, one day in the year of their Mussulman ruler; and being assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory.

Though they have seen the temple twice, and the city six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone; for 1800 years the belief has sustained them, without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death; and now, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of

the 'march of intellect,' and what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, 'the year that approaches, O bring us to Jerusalem.'

PURITANISM TRIUMPHANT.

Many of those venerable structures, which were the glory of the land, had been destroyed at the Reformation, by the sacrilegious rapacity of those statesmen and favourites, to whom they had been iniquitously granted. The remainder were now threatened with the same fate by the coarse and brutal spirit of triumphant puritanism. Lord Brooke said, he hoped to see the day, when not one stone of St. Paul's should be left upon another. A sentiment of vulgar malice towards Laud, may have instigated the ruling faction, when they demolished with axes and hammers the carved work of that noble structure, and converted the body of the church into a stable for their troopers' horses. But in other places, where they had no such odious motive, they committed the like, and even worse indecencies and outrages, merely to show their hatred of the Church.—

It was such acts of sacrilege, which brought a scandal and an odium upon the reformed religion in France and the Low Countries, and stopped its progress there, which neither the Kings of France nor Spain could have done, if horror and indignation had not been excited against it by this brutal and villainous fanaticism. In some churches they baptized horses or swine, in profane mockery of baptism; in others, they broke open the tombs, and scattered about the bones of the dead, or, if the bodies were entire, they defaced and dismembered them. At Sudley, they made a slaughter-house of the chancel, cut up the carcases upon the communion table, and threw the garbage into the vault of the Chandoses, insulting thus the remains of some of the most heroic men, who, in their day, defended, and did honour to their country. At Westminster, the soldier sat smoking and drinking at the altar, and lived in the abbey, committing every kind of indecency there, which the Parliament saw and permitted. No cathedral escaped without some injury; painted windows were broken, statues pulled down or mutilated, carvings demolished; the organs sold piecemeal for the value of the materials, or set up in taverns. At Lambeth, Parker's monument was thrown down, that Scott, to whom the Palace had been allotted for his portion of the spoils, might convert the chapel into a hall; the Archbishop's body was taken, not out of his grave alone, but out of his coffin; the lead in which it had been enclosed, was sold, and the remains were buried in a dunghill.—*Southey's book of the Church.*

THE ROMAN CHURCH.

As the effrontery of the schismatical Roman bishops in Ireland, in assuming the style of the Irish sees, has led some persons ignorantly to suppose that they are the representatives of the ancient Irish Church, and that the Protestant or Orthodox bishops are intruders, it is right that the reader should know that, by the records of the Irish Church, it appears that when, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Roman jurisdiction was renounced, of all the Irish bishops, only two, namely, Walsh, bishop of Clonard, and Liverous, bishop of Kildare, suffered deprivation for their refusal to join in that renunciation. Two others, Lacey, bishop of Limerick, and Skiddy, bishop of Cork and Cloyne, resigned; the former in 1566, and the latter in 1571, possibly from scruples on the same score. The rest to the number of twenty-two or twenty-three, were continued in the sees;