

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

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Original Poetry.

For the Church.

LOVE.

Love, oh! there is power in that gentle word,
To stir the heart's deep springs;
Tho' on the air low breathing it be heard,
Floating as on the wings
Of Time, and gliding softly on
To rest, where all its treasured things are gone.

Love in the human heart, shedding a ray
Of light, above, below,
Dimming the clouds that o'er its beauties stray,
E'en as the promised bow,
That breaks the gloom through which its glories shine,—
Colours all earthly things with light divine.

Yes why should clouds e'er come? Has love no power
In chains to bind them down;—
To make them vassals of its victor hour—
To wreath its flowery crown
Around the young and fair, and bid them dream
That all things are as Hope would make them seem?

Alas! for life, love has no mighty spell,
To make Earth ever fair;
For He, who formed the heart, has ordered well,
That grief and pain shall share,
Each in its heritage, and nought shall come
To claim for Love this fleeting earth as home.

Yet has it joys e'en here; the smile of youth
Wins beauty from its light;
The hope of life, the guileless thought of truth
Shine out in rays more bright,
When Love has nurtured them, and earth and air
Seem'd filled with peace, and melody, and prayer.

Yet has it sorrows too; the couch of pain,
The lingering bed of death,—
The spirit lov'd struggling to read its obit,—
The last faint sigh of breath:—
The sense of loneliness, the bitter woe,
The crushing of the heart, the thought too slow

To waken to its agony; but worse than these,
The cold and estrang'd eye,—
The love once cherished, vanished like the breeze,—
The faith, like sunset's dye
Too bright to last forever,—all are ours;
The thorns conceal'd amid the sweetest flowers.

Yet there is Love,—a love no time can dim;
A love whose gentle tone,
And faintest breath must ever speak of Him,
Who gave to the unknown,
Th' unfathomable deep beyond the grave,—
A light and life that seek to win and save!

A love that fills the sky and air and earth,
With hymns of prayer and praise;
That bursting forth with life, has e'en at birth
The might of many days;—
Whose increase rises, from the humble sod
As from the pillar'd aisle—"THE LOVE OF GOD!"

J. C.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. PHILLPOTTS, BISHOP OF EXETER.

(From the *Churchman*, England.)

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil." It is in accordance with this sentiment of the great poet of humanity, that circumstances afflicting to the good are made to call out the talents and the virtues of the great—a truth that may be enforced with remarkable impressiveness, by considering the position now occupied by the Bishop of Exeter in the House of Lords, and the circumstances which have exalted the right reverend prelate to that point of moral elevation.

In 1830 the frame of society in England was shaken to dissolution. "Thank God we have a House of Lords" is now a declaration almost proverbial among the many, but at that period it was the secret source of hope and confidence with the few. Many readers will not recognise—for they will neither remember, nor take the trouble to trace back, the course of events, even for a few years—the picture we are about to paint in the colours of truth. Some, however, who then shared our anxiety, will now rejoice with us in the retrospect, and perceive in the altered condition of the country signs of the mercy and long suffering of a gracious and Almighty Providence.

The demon of "the progress" had already begun his work on the continent: in France the farce of fifteen years' duration had been acted, and its catastrophe was the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons. How the terrible aspect of revolution has been smoothed; whether its repose is temporary, or destined to be awfully and unexpectedly disturbed, or whether ultimate good is to be deduced from the evil of civil strife, remains to be seen. He that sat on the throne was too confident in the power of the throne, and deaf to example; it was, perhaps, necessary that he should learn from experience, that the hearts of kings are in the rule and governance of God, and that even they can do nothing of themselves; not foreseeing, with certainty, the consequences of one act which they call theirs.

From France, the wildfire of revolution spread to Belgium; and the sparks that have since been blown to flame, were kindled in Portugal, and in Spain. Holland, prudent and happy, escaped with a slight scorch; and the fire rolled on to England. The moral plague assumed, at first, a palpable shape, and the misguided peasantry were led to fire the property of their masters, to destroy the produce of their own labour and the means of their own existence: their blindness brought on them the severity of punishment; directly, from the sword of justice, and indirectly, from the scarcity of the means of life, caused by the separation of interests between men and masters, and the dread entertained by the former class of the ingratitude and animosity of the latter. Many were the secret instruments of agitation then at work. One party laboured with determinate energy for a reform in parliament and a transfer of power; their trusted agents, however, struggled rather for that section

which sought the overthrow of the constitution, and the practical adoption of the principle practised in France. They desired, first, a republic by means of a revolution, and failing that, a change of dynasty, fixing their eyes on a royal duke, who, however "liberal" in his politics, was too good a brother, uncle and subject, to have endured their suggestions, had they assumed such consistency as to reach his ears. Other factions, still more desperate, talked loudly of division of property, and hesitated not to avow infidelity in religion, while advocating anarchy in politics. Then not only the deliberately wicked, but the indifferent, and even the good, were tainted with these principles, and entertained hopes which they would now start from contemplating. When the extreme of liberality was so outrageous, that which assumed the name of moderation, possessed little of the quality: it was moderate not to vote the kingly office useless; it was moderate not to outrage decency in assailing and vilifying the queen; it was moderate not to advocate the entire destruction of the church; it was moderate to permit the existence of the House of Lords.

It was in such a period that the subject of our memoir was consecrated to the episcopal office. It was in such a period that the firmness, the integrity, the enlarged mind, and the splendid talents of such a man were most needed. He had been an exemplary pastor, he had been an eloquent defender of the church, and he had filled the sphere in which Providence had placed him, with the exertions he had made, and the fair fame they merited. But his abilities were worthy of a more extended sphere—his eloquence deserved a higher auditory, and that power which guides the councils of the good, called him, in his own time, to a place in the noblest assembly of the world, and which he was destined to adorn.

It was in 1830, and in the 53d year of his age, that Henry Phillpotts was consecrated Bishop of Exeter.

He was born in 1777, and educated at Gloucester, at the celebrated college school, up to his thirteenth year; but in 1791, before he was fourteen, he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The competitors for the scholarship were five, and we need hardly say that Henry Phillpotts was the youngest of the number. Most men who have really deserved and gained distinction, have been early at college, and in this instance we find the first four years so spent, that in 1795, Mr. Phillpotts took his bachelor of arts degree, and gained the chancellor's prize for an English essay, "On the influence of religious principles." This was in June, and in the same year, a Latin panegyric on the learned, devoted, and excellent Sir William Jones appeared from the pen of Henry Phillpotts, Fellow of Magdalen College, to which position he had been raised in July. The Latin essay obtained a prize from the Asiatic Society, of which the celebrated orientalist, Sir William Jones, had been a distinguished member.

At school he had been associated with Dr. Mansell, the late Bishop of Bristol; at the university he was, with Dr. Copleston, the present bishop of Llandaff, and other distinguished persons, appointed of the body of examiners to carry into execution the new and reformed plan of examination for degrees. Dr. Mansell was Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dr. Copleston, Fellow and Tutor of Oriol College, Oxford; and, in 1804, Mr. Phillpotts was recommended by Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, to the Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Portland, and by him appointed to the headship of Hertford College. Mr. Phillpotts was now a married man, (he married in 1804 a niece of Lady Eldon,) and his fellowship was of course abandoned. It was not, therefore, without great interest that he saw himself ready to sit down in the university to which he was strongly attached, in the honourable situation of head of a house,—but we feel very happy in recording the fact—on looking into the statutes, he found that he could not conscientiously take the oath required to govern the college on the unreasonable system prescribed—rather than bring himself to obey the vexatious and frivolous provisions of the statute, he declined the office; and by his example prevented its being accepted by any other man of honour and conscience; so this short-lived foundation soon became extinct, and its endowment reverted to the heir at law. There are men, no doubt, among the revilers of the Bishop of Exeter, who would not have scrupled to take the oaths, and then reform the statutes to their purpose; but this conscientious horror of an oath, founded on the conviction of its sacredness, having marked the early period of the bishop's career, gives a dignity and solemnity to his charge against the systematic oath-breakers, which cannot be otherwise than overwhelming to them.

The next testimony to the talents of Mr. Phillpotts was his appointment, by Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, to the office of chaplain to his lordship. This was in 1806; and for twenty years the subject of our memoir continued to enjoy the friendship of that exemplary prelate. The selection of the Bishop of Durham was an honour to the chosen; Dr. Burgess, late Bishop of Salisbury and Chancellor of the Garter, and Dr. Randolph, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, were also his chaplains, and did equal honour to his judgment. The origin of the appointment on the part of Bishop Barrington was, we believe, the able reply of Mr. Phillpotts to a rude assault, by Dr. Lingard, of a charge delivered by the bishop, and published at that time. This first step in the anti-catholic controversy was marked by that zeal, mingled with independent feeling and a liberal spirit of concession, which have marked, throughout, the speeches and the writings of the Bishop of Exeter, and which have received more justice at the hands of his direct antagonists than has been allowed by statesmen and literates professedly engaged in the same cause. He has, indeed, sustained a persecution from those who would brand him as a persecutor.

Mr. Phillpotts now filled a space in the public eye; he was made Prebendary of Durham in 1809, and held that preferment in conjunction with the cure of a populous parish in the city itself; a position to which those who systematically

"speak against dignities" could not object. In 1820 he was removed to the wild district of Weardale, and became rector of the rich living of Stanhope. Here his zeal was not confined to the instruction of the district miners, but his literary reputation grew with his works, and the political writings of the Rector of Stanhope were regarded by statesmen with reverence, and with a feeling of dread by the enemies of the church—a dread which time has converted into hatred. Up to 1825 his opponents were men of no less mark than Charles Butler, Dr. Milner, Dr. Lingard, and Dr. Doyle;—he encountered, indeed, the strength of the Roman Catholic literary phalanx. While he exposed the frauds and shuffling of the Romish prelates in their evidence before the House of Commons—while he showed himself the master of his subject, not only in its theological, but also in its political department, there was no trucking to party, no courting power, in his appeals. He differed, indeed, from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as widely as from the Earl of Eldon and Sir C. Wetherell, and only less than from Earl Grey and Mr. Canning. He exposed the injustice of the disqualifying laws, while he showed the inadequacy of the securities offered in case of their repeal. Nay, more; he suggested securities which, if adopted, might have rendered harmless to the church the experiment of emancipation—to the neglect of those securities, and to over-confidence in the bad faith of one of the contracting parties, are traceable all the evils that have ensued from that unfortunately conducted concession. One test of the spirit in which the controversy was conducted, is found in the fact that Charles Butler, Esq., (whose "Book of the Catholic Church" was the foundation of the "Strictures" of Mr. Phillpotts) sought an introduction to, and gained the friendship of, his antagonist, of whose acquaintance he continued to be proud. It is honourable, also, to Bishop Barrington and Mr. Phillpotts, that in 1813, at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese, when the bishop proposed a petition against the emancipation of the catholics, the present Bishop of Exeter, after frankly explaining his views to his diocesan, opposed the petition and moved amendments, which left open the question of securities. In these amendments he induced a majority of the clergy there assembled to agree, and the bishop in no way suffered the circumstance to affect his friendship for his chaplain. In 1827 Mr. (now Dr.) Phillpotts published his celebrated letter to Mr. Canning, exposing, in the most masterly manner, the inefficacy of the securities proposed in his bill of 1825. It was this letter which, after it had attracted great attention, and gone through several editions, was quoted by the master of the rolls, (Mr. Sergeant Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst,) with so much effect as to rouse Mr. Canning to a direct personal attack on his opponent.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

No. III.

SMYRNA.

"And unto the angel of the Church in Smyrna write: These things saith the First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich,) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are of the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."—*Rev. ii. 8-11.*

The epistle to this Church materially differs in its tone and character from that addressed to the Church of Ephesus; for while that epistle contained the merited accusation of declension in religion, and a relinquishment of their "first love" on the part of its members, this bears testimony to the firm adherence of the Christians of Smyrna to the cause of truth. Smyrna was a city of Ionia, founded 3000 years ago, a place of great importance, and supposed to have been inhabited by colonists from Ephesus. The Gospel appears to have taken deep root in the hearts of many of its inhabitants, and its fruits were visibly apparent in their characters and conduct.

The Lord Jesus Christ, in addressing the angel of this Church, does so in the character of "the First and the Last," the Eternal Jehovah, "without beginning of days or end of years," "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" as "He who was dead, and is alive," who, though for a season he became subject to the death of the cross, on behalf of ruined man, and lay in the sepulchre, yet arose triumphant on the third day, ascended to the right hand of the Majesty on high, where he ever liveth a willing advocate to make intercession for those who draw near to him as humble suppliants for mercy, and from whence he shall come at the end of the world to judge both the quick and the dead. What an important testimony is borne by the words of the Lord Jesus contained in this message to his proper divinity, to his pre-existence before all worlds, to the supreme power and authority with which he is invested! "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thine hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

The Church of Smyrna is addressed first in the language of commendation. It is assured by the glorious Saviour, that he is perfectly acquainted with its works, or its whole deportment in the zealous discharge of the several duties of the Christian calling: with the tribulation through which it had been compelled to pass; with the poverty of its members in a temporal point of view—for in spiritual attainments it was pronounced to be rich; and with the blasphemous conduct of those who, under the mask of true religion, were vehemently opposed at heart to all that was good and holy. "Some think," says Scott, "that these men possessed

Christianity; but in their zeal for the Mosaic law, they spoke such things of the person and righteousness of Christ, as amounted to constructive blasphemy: but it is more obvious to conclude, that they were virulent opposers and persecutors, who 'contradicted and blasphemed,' as the Jews at Antioch in Pisidia had done, at the time when Paul preached among them (Acts, xiii. 45.) They professed to be Jews, and the people and worshippers of God; but they were not what they professed to be. Whether they were of the Jewish nation or not, God did not allow of them as his congregation. The rites for which they contended were no longer of any validity; their worship was carnal and hypocritical; they violently opposed the truth and cause of God; and they were, in fact, of 'the synagogue of Satan'; a company of people bearing the image, copying the example, doing the works, and combining together to support the kingdom of the devil." All these circumstances were perfectly well known to Him whose eyes run to and fro throughout the world; who is intimately acquainted with all the sufferings and trials of his believing people; and who marks with his decided approbation those who remain steadfast to his cause.

The language of warning is also held forth to this Church,—of warning as to the further persecutions it might expect. The Lord Jesus Christ assures them that the great adversary of the human race, whose works he was manifested to destroy, would be permitted to gain a victory over them; for he is still suffered to assail the saints of God, and his enmity would be allowed for a season to prevail. They should be cast into prison for the further trial of their faith, but it would be only for a limited period; for the expression, *ten days*, may either mean ten years, which is accorded to have been the duration of Domitian's persecution, or a considerable but limited time.

The Saviour speaks, however, at the same time, with the voice of encouragement: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer;" and he concludes with an exhortation, to which a most gracious promise is annexed—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death;" he shall not have his portion in the lake that burneth, which is that second death. On the contrary, life shall be his portion—life eternal, in the everlasting presence of the infinite Jehovah—life which shall know no end, for there shall be no more death, neither any more pain, neither any more separation, to mar the felicity of the ransomed—life, the unmerited gift of the gracious Saviour, and not the merited wages even of faithfulness itself. "I will give thee a crown of life."

The epistle directed to this Church, as we have said, is one of commendation; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that there are, at the present time, more Christians in Smyrna, than at any other place in that portion of the world. Not, indeed, that the flame of religion burns so brightly or purely as could be wished; for, alas! it has been at times reduced to a faint, and almost indistinct, glimmer: but the candlestick has never been wholly removed. There has always been a remnant, to show forth the former splendour of this once-consistent Church.

The following statement, as to its condition, when visited by Mr. Hartley twelve years ago, cannot fail to prove interesting. The picture is indeed melancholy, yet not without hope that a brighter and happier day may yet dawn upon this once-favoured spot, and that more abundant fruit may be gathered in this corner of the vineyard of the Lord.

"The Church of Smyrna," says Mr. Hartley, "is represented as contending with most severe sufferings—poverty, slander, and persecution: but modern Smyrna is a far greater sufferer. The former things have passed away: the faithful Smyrneans have long since fought their battle, and won their crown; but now the evils are of a different order—apostasy, idolatry, superstition, infidelity, and their tremendous consequences. On whatever side we look, we meet only with what is calculated to excite painful feelings. The religion now predominant was unknown in the days when Polycarp was martyred; and, unlike the Paganism of Rome, which disappeared and fell before Christianity, still maintains its seat, and lords it over those countries where the Redeemer suffered, and where his Gospel was first proclaimed. Rome is the only place of importance mentioned in the Scriptures which has not been for centuries under the Mahomedan yoke.

"The population of Smyrna has been estimated at 100,000, and even more: the practice, however, of exaggerating the population, which is so general in this country, has extended, I conceive, to this enumeration. I do not think that Smyrna contains many more than 75,000 inhabitants. Perhaps there may be 45,000 Turks, 15,000 Greeks, 8000 Armenians, 8000 Jews, and less than 1000 Europeans. The mosques are more than twenty. The Greeks have three churches; the Armenians, one; the Latins, two; the Protestants, two. The Jews have several synagogues.

"Mr. Jowett has given us an interesting account of the Greeks in these parts, in his 'Christian Researches in the Mediterranean'; I regret to say, that, at present, a cloud has darkened that pleasing picture. The universities of Scio and Haivali, which promised to be the cradle of Grecian learning and religion, have been destroyed; and a check has been given to education, which there are but slender hopes to see repaired. Smyrna has participated in the general miseries of Greece: no longer do we find *Economus* giving instruction to his young countrymen; and in vain do we look for any institution which is calculated to assist the studies of the rising population. I am happy, however, to remark that the 'Evangelical School' still exists; an institution which owes its perpetuity to English protection, and which, if it be not calculated to lead the pupil into the field of extensive knowledge, prevents him at least from being sunk in utter ignorance. I had the pleasure of frequent intercourse with the master of this school, and found him one of the most liberal ecclesiastics whom I have met with in the eastern communion: the number of his pupils