

THE ANGLICAN BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

There are two orders of missionaries in the world—the one commercial, the other religious. By commercial missionaries we mean to express not merely the travellers of great London houses, who used formerly to jolt painfully along the miry ways with their saddle bags; who then, as the roads improved, ascended to the dignity and comfort of one-horse gigs; and who now, puffed up still higher by the newly-developed powers of steam, haunt the interior of first-class railway carriages.—These gentlemen are of course included in the designation above-mentioned. They are undoubtedly “commercial missionaries;” and as they form the best type, and furnish us with the best idea of the *genus* of which they constitute a *species*, it may be reverently believed that they are also, historically speaking, the root from which have sprung, more or less immediately, the other *species* of the same *genus*. As we are by no means pretending to exhaust this subject, but wish merely to throw out for the edification of our readers a few random hints regarding it, we shall not insist upon various other classes, whom we might include under the same title, but content ourselves with remarking that we do include under it all those persons who compass sea and land, not for the love of God, nor solely to do Him service, but to attain some private and peculiar end, whether of money in the ordinary channels of business, or of money, power, or outward consideration, through any of the other numerous means by which they are wont to be secured. In this *genus*, then, of commercial travellers or missionaries—we do not wish to be uncivil—we cannot help placing those Anglican missionaries whose motives of “seeking an establishment in life,” of desiring “a comfortable domestic menage,” of being tempted across the ocean by the prospect of income; and whose hatred of all “uncertainty in their stated emoluments,” are so piously set forth by the present Lord Bishop of Barbadoes in a charge to his missionary clergy upon which we presumed to comment some months ago. The Anglican Bishop, indeed, represented all his clergy, and, we believe, all the clergy of his establishment, as living habitually under the influence of these “bread and cheese” motives. God forbid that we should take advantage of such a sweeping and incautious admission. There are exceptions, no doubt. It is not every Anglican clergyman, every Anglican missionary, nor even every Anglican missionary in the Barbadoes mission, who is tempted or reconciled to the service of what he calls his church, by the allurements of the quarter’s salary. But are we going too far when we retrench something from the exuberance of Dr. Hart’s candour, and confine ourselves to the assertion, that the “bread and cheese” motives aforesaid are the most usual motives operating on the minds of this class of missionaries; and that, at any rate, Dr. Hart himself must, by his own confession, be set down as a “commercial traveller” of the highest respectability, and as agent of the wealthiest and most prosperous house that has ever

driven bargains and hoarded riches within these three kingdoms?

We have been led into this train of reflection, not by any fresh things in Barbadoes or the West Indies, which have supplied us with so pertinent an illustration, but by the recent transactions in the Holy Land, and more especially by a recent article in the *Times* on that very subject. The article in the *Times* was an odd one; but, indeed, it is difficult to write any other than an odd article on a subject so exquisitely comical. That Dr. Alexander belongs to the order of Commercial Travellers, and does business on behalf of the very same firm from whose coffers Dr. Hart draws his quarterly stipend, is too obvious to require proof. It is, indeed, bating Dr. Hart’s confession, far more obvious in his case than even in that of the “Lord Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Isles.” Dr. Hart, at any rate, has but one ostensible object in his mission, though it pleases him to avow the operation on his mind of other motives. But Dr. Alexander!—Who on earth can tell or describe what the object of his mission may be? Long sermons have been preached, long pamphlets written, long statements “by authority” have issued from the press, and to this hour we have not met a single person who can tell us what the meaning of this strange mission may be. The avowed objects are too numerous and too discordant to enable any one to determine satisfactorily the *real* objects. He is sent out to fraternise with the German Protestants; he is sent out to fraternise with the orthodox Greeks. He is sent out to make no converts; he is sent out to convert the Jews. He is sent out to expound the Augsburg confession; he is sent out to uphold the Thirty-nine Articles. He is sent out to teach that the body and blood of Christ are substantially present along with the bread and wine in the blessed Eucharist; he is sent out to teach that this co-existence is not substantial, but only “heavenly and spiritual.” He is sent out with a charge, “not to intermeddle in any way with the jurisdiction of the prelates in the East; he is sent out to found a college, in which lay members of the Greek Church will be received and educated *without* the consent of their spiritual superiors. He is sent out to form a solemn league and covenant with the prelates of a Church which he anathematizes for its heresies on the Trinity every time he recites the Athanasian creed, for the destruction and overthrow of another Church which he acknowledges to be apostolic, which he does not anathematize, and against which he only protests. He is sent out to withstand the idolatry of Rome, by striking up an alliance with the more grievous idolatry and image worship of Greece. He is sent out to expel the seven sacraments of Trent and of Florence (on the homœopathic principles we suppose), by the aid of the seven sacraments of Constantinople. He is sent out to inspire respect for the Anglican religion and the self-denying spirit of its ministers, and he carries in his train a troop of little “bishops,” as the *Times* calls them, and a “bishopsess,” in a condition which prom-

ises a further reinforcement of this spiritual progeny—

“With silken coats, and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales and things;
With scarfs and fans, and double change of
bravery;
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.”

We do not wish to speak at all disparagingly of this “apostle of the circumcision,” as his friends familiarly call him, but we really must be allowed to say that a person may be excused, who, puzzled by all this ludicrous discordance of motive, of object, and of machinery, fancies he sees, beneath the outward pretences of religion, some more secular design, that snacks half of the Stock Exchange, and half of the diplomacy of the Foreign Office. But at all events, after a long and sick sea voyage, with all those duties on his back, and all this household luggage in his train, the namesake of the apostolic coppersmith reaches the Holy shore, lands, and marches up to Jerusalem. Nor does the assemblage of incongruities end with the debarkation. It is the great Mahometan festival of Kirban bairam. The whole Turkish, and idle, and curious population of Jerusalem, have turned out into the streets to view the celebration of the Oriental ceremonies. “The Bedouin on his desert horse, the Mussulman in his pelisso and turban, and ‘filthy old Polish Jew,’ are all thronging the street. At nightfall the Turkish guns thunder forth their salute for the Holy Time; and in the great square a stuffed effigy of man—an oriental Guy Fawkes, a grotesque figure resembling, or afterwards supposed to be intended to resemble, an Anglican “family” bishop—is being burnt amidst the hootings and inextinguishable laughter of the Turkish mob. Just at this time, amidst the squeeze, and the smell, and the noise of firing, and the profane jest of the public square, the Man of doubtful Orders enters the Bethlehem gate of the city with a long procession to do him honour. Colonel Rose, the English consul, is the chief of his European escort. A troop of the pasha’s janissaries, in compliment to the colonel, not to the doctor, swell the throng. The bishop, with his episcopal legs thrown across a stout cob, moves slowly forward gladdened by those signs of welcome (every one of which we will venture to say he appropriated to himself, without wasting a thought on the Mahometan festival or the Christian colonel), and thinking cheerily on his future labours. The bishopsess following him, “in a large *taterwan*, or Oriental litter, supported before and behind by stout mules,” thinking cheerily, as became her interesting condition, of her future labours also; and (like Cleopatra sailing upon the “river of Cydus” to meet Antony)

“On each side her
“Stood pretty dimpled boys like smiling cupids;”
or, in plain prose, the junior portion of her family, with their rattles, teething ring and nursery accoutrements were packed up with the lady in the “large *taterwan*.” And in this way did Anglican Protestantism, pretending that it had come to “lend a helping hand” to the “orthodox,” but “anathematized” professors of a subject and trampled creed, wend its way up the street of Jerusalem with a splendour, borrowed from the solemnities of a hostile and

ruling faith; and usher itself with compliment and courtesies into the presence of the ruler, by whom the two forms of Christianity are like despised, detested, and overborne.

The Pasha received his “right reverence,” accompanied, we imagine, by this lady and the “little flock”—for the bishop carries a ready-made flock with him—with the greatest affability, as a distinguished “English traveller;” but has refused to admit him on any official footing. The burning of the effigy has been constructed into an insult; formal complaints against the little Guy-Faux-Jerusalemite has been forwarded, through the ambassador, to the authorities at Constantinople; and the diplomatic side of this queer mission is altogether at a stand still. Nor does the so-called religious side of the affair look much more smiling. The Christian congregation have not treated their pastor with so much respect even as the Pasha manifested. Whether his first discourse was against the seven sacraments, or the traditions of the church, or those portions of the Bible which Protestants reject as apocryphal, or the authority of councils, or the presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, or the sacrifice of the Mass, or the invocation of Saints, or the use of images or practice of penance, or the Evangelical counsels, or the necessity of adding to faith charity and the works of charity—what particular heresy disgusted his audience, or whether they suspected him as an ally of Mahomet, or imagined him to be their prophet, because he had a pretty wife—what the motive may have been we know not, but certain it is, the *Augsburg Gaz.* announces, that the delivery of his first, or one of his first, sermons was greeted on the part of his Christian auditors with a shower of stones; while the Mahomedan listeners, respecting him as a sort of ally of their liege lord the pasha, while they abstained indeed from aiding him as being an infidel, would lend no hand in the outrage, but maintained an edifying neutrality, and smoked their pipes while the “orthodox” Christians smoked and pelted their bishop. It is added, says another authority, “that his life is actually in danger.”

This danger to the bishop’s life gives a finishing stroke to the whole affair. A bishop pelted with stones! A bishop dirtied with mud! A bishop’s wife frightened, and, perhaps, threatened with a miscarriage! A bishop’s children, after the flesh, in danger of being left orphans! A bishop’s life threatened! “It must not be” cries the genius of the stock Exchange, one of the most powerful organs of the Establishment, the *Times* newspaper. “The capital you have laid out on this silly affair will be wasted. Our diplomatic relations with Turkey will be compromised. Our ‘apostle of the circumcision’ will, perhaps, go the way of all flesh. Withdraw him, both for God’s sake and for Mammon’s.”

“What is to be the result of the bishop’s troubles, we do not pretend to foretell; but we cannot admire the foresight or the management of those who have exposed him to the peltings of the communions which he comes to conciliate; and would earnestly desire his withdrawal from a position