

The Evangelical Pioneer

VOL. III.—NO. 9.

TORONTO, C.W., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 113.

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Sign of the Red Mortar,
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VICTORIA ROW, KING STREET,
TORONTO. 108-17

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Poetry.

From *Burritt's Citizen*.
A REVERIE.
BY J. B. STINE.

The argent moon unto the west is moving,
Across the sky's cloud-draped and crystal dome,
Like some lone hunter of the glacial evening
To track the Chamias to its frigid home;
The Night's dark bow with radiant face she kisses;
Smiles to the stars that light her pilgrim way;
Low in the ocean dips her silver tresses,
And tracks the footsteps of departed day.

So moves the ship across the foaming waters,
That bears my kindred from their native land—
That bears my sad-eyed mother and her daughters,
My sire and brothers, to Columbia's strand;
So moves my heart, like some poor bird forlorn,
Behold that bark that bears its loves away;
So moves my hope towards a future morn,
While I in present grief must stay.

I know my mother's gazing at the morn,
Even at this moment as I wistful gaze;
I know she thinks of me, her loneliness o'er,
And weeps for me, and blessings on me prays;
She has around her, sons and daughters fair—
Flowers of her heart, just opening to life's day—
Flowers that her bosom nursed with tender care,
And yet she mourns me, one poor leaf, away.

Mirror of Night! pale orb with mystic face,
Across whose disc the ragged cloudlets skim—
My mother's thoughts my sympathy can trace
Within the compass of thy ambient rim;
I hear the wind-borne whispers of her heart
Steal o'er the bosom of the shrinking sea,
To bid the tears from my heart's fountain start,
And wake a world of thought to love and me.

First of my thoughts, my mother dear, wert thou
First of my loves, and still thou'lt loved as true
As when thy fingers touched my plastic brow,
And smiles maternal blessed my infant view,
And smiles maternal blessed my infant view,
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Fair was my youth and beautiful, for flowers
And golden suns flung garlands round each year;
And the years smiled, and joyous days and hours
Laughed at my laughing ignorance of care.
I had my father's sturdy love to cling,
His kiss to cheer me, and his heart to ease;
My sister young to call the mountain thyme,
And purple heath amongst my hair to weave.

At morn the roses through our windows peered,
And blushed to see cheeks rosier than their own.
The birds, that from our chimneys morning cheered,
Sang when we chanted, in a livelier tone.
Our shaggy watchdog, stretched before the door,
Barked his good morn, responsive to our cries,
And roused our pet-lamb from our kitchen floor
To share the affluence of our matin joys.

At eve, assembled 'round the great iron lamp,
Each with his books, would my stout uncles sit;
All day they tilted, in sunshine and in damp,
At eve reviewed what ages old had writ.
Stern they discoursed of politics and times,
Then flushed their cheeks, and flashed my father's
Indignant at the despot's sordid crimes,
O'er-joyful with the hope of liberty.

Often they passed in fancy o'er the deep,
To the green rivers of Columbia flow,
Where the great rivers to the ocean sweep,
And the magnolia blooms a giant tree;

Where the broad prairie sleeps till nations come,
From the great womb of life, its breast to till;
Where the stout laborer builds his rentless home,
And knows no monarch but his own free will.

And then I caught my democratic fire,
For I would listen to my father's voice,
Even as I've listened to free Whittier's lyre,
With heaving breast, and tear-suffused eyes;
And I would wish I were a man to be
Where truth might meet me in the trial hour,
Where chains were breaking, and base helotry
At last was crumbling from his throne of power.

But still, unassailed by one grief was life
To me, a child of joyous sunny dreams;
I saw no future sorrows rising fire
To mingle with my heart's ecstatic themes.
Love flattered me, and bound me to the home,
Where I was reared, with golden chains divine;
But when at last he saw my manhood come,
He sighed, and whispered that no home was mine.

It was not ours—the land my father's tilled,
And died while tilling with heroic hands,
They were not mine—the wild flowers that I culled
From the green meadows and the high uplands.
It was not ours—the hearth by which we ate,
While ruffian winds assailed our trembling door.
It was not ours—the home we consecrate
By all the sorrows, griefs, and joys we bore.

Down sank the strong men of our house in death
Upon the breast of that ungrateful soil,
And then departed with their parting breath
Our home of affluence purchased by their toil.
Like weeping Ishmael from its fort we went,
I wondering why my father would not speak;
And why my grandsire, hoary-haired and bent,
Muttered and sighed as if his heart would break.

Then lung my grandmothers on my mother's arm,
Like age-worn Naomi leaning on her Ruth;
While from her wrinkled cheek the big tear warm
Fell on the door-step she had trod in youth—
Trod when her heart, and hope, and boys, were young,
And the bright day forebode no night—
Now died a farewell on her parted tongue—
Now died the fullness of her life's delight.

And where are now the youthful and the old,
That erst departed from our garden home?
Where are they now—the fearful and the bold?
Some in the grave—some on the salt sea's foam.
A race of pilgrims from that hour we've been,
Forever dreaming of our union near—
Forever seeking to renew again
The household peace of my life's vernal year.

Oh, shall we, mother, when the Summer comes,
Stand with our arms around thy chair at last?
Oh, shall we meet thee, father, in thy home—
Thy home of dreams—thy Eden of the West?
Brothers and sisters! shall we joyful meet
Beneath one vine and fig-tree's grateful shade,
And tearful look upon the flow'rets sweet
Will kiss our breasts, by no man made a friend.

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and in breaking of bread, and in prayers, of which
your correspondent says, they continued steadfast in
the four particulars enumerated, and adds, "here we
have a plain account of the ordinary worship of the
first churches planted by the apostles. In this order
the Disciples at Jerusalem, under the eye and guid-
ance of inspired men continued steadfastly!—not
once a month, or once a year, but we all believe
weekly, when they came together!"

I can only say the text does not say weekly; and
for one, I believe that the *break of bread*, *breaking
of bread*, in verse 42 and *klentos to kat sikon arto*,
breaking bread from house to house, in verse 46 re-
fer to the same thing; and, very probably, to the
Lord's supper,—the justly celebrated *Eucharist*.
Bloomfield, however, says on that part of verse 42,
"this may be understood of the *Eucharist*: yet as
verse 46 undoubtedly has reference to the same sub-
ject, but certainly cannot be so understood, as appears
from the words following: so it should seem that in
both—we are to understand the common participations
of meals."—"For myself, I will suffer an opponent
to adopt either hypothesis: if he says, the two ver-
ses refer to the common participation in meals; if
of course they refer to the Lord's Supper: if he
chose the other view; I affirm that not weekly,
but daily communion is taught. Yes, daily commu-
nion, after leaving the place of assembly (the Tem-
ple), and to prove that daily communion, apart from
church worship, based on these passages, is no novel
idea, I refer your esteemed correspondent to the
subjoined notes; they clearly prove, on testimony, he
will not dispute, that it was in very early times ex-
tensively practiced."

He urges from the same text, (I suppose as a col-
lateral proof of weekly communion) the necessity of
weekly contributions for the poor; declaring them to
be made "by an inspired command," and attempts
proof by reference to 1 Cor. 16: 2; "Upon the first
day of the week let every one of you lay by him in
store, &c." To me this also appears an entire fail-
ure; and I have yet to learn that weekly fellowship,
in the sense of weekly gatherings for the church's
poor, is established "by an inspired command." I
can prove from Scripture that an ought to give
liberally and constantly for the relief of poor bre-
thren, and that this is binding while a poor brother
remains in need of help, but no man can prove hence
an authority for constant weekly gatherings. He af-
firms, "this term, *fellowship* (*Koinonia*), had an ap-
propriated meaning in the days of the Apostles, and
referred to the collections for the poor." Now by
"an appropriated meaning," I understand a mean-
ing specially set apart or appropriated, to the term.
I leave your numerous readers to decide how far this
is correct after assuring them that out of the 20 texts
in which it is found, only about six, will allow this
construction; the other 14 (more than two thirds),
are variously rendered in reference to communion with
Christ—or with each other—or of His blood—or of
His body—or of the Holy Ghost, &c. and there is not
one text where *Koinonia* occurs, which contains any
allusion to a weekly contribution, (of course, Acts 2:
42 is excepted, because it is that of which the mean-
ing is disputed.) In the above text (1 Cor. 16: 2),
the important expression, "*Kata mian Sabbaton*,"
the first day of every week, does indeed occur; but
unfortunately for "the chain, a link of which may
be broken without shivering the whole to atoms;" if
your correspondent, by referring to this text would
argue that weekly fellowship, in the sense of weekly
gatherings for the poor, in connection with *an ap-
propriated sense* of *Koinonia*; constituted part of the
divinely appointed worship; he has three difficulties
to overcome—1st. The word is not in the passage—
2nd. The gatherings mentioned were not to be
made for the poor of said church, but for poor saints
at a great distance, in a foreign country, and for an
extraordinary occasion,—and 3rd, the weekly man-
ner was not to be brought weekly to the church at all,
but to be laid by at home, which is the sense of *par
ekastu*; and as Bloomfield remarks is the same as
the French *chez lui*, i. e., at home, so that if we can
find no better proof of our duty for steadfast adhe-
rence on the part of the churches to the apostles
diligently and constantly for the relief of poor bre-
thren, and that this is binding while a poor brother
remains in need of help, the poor church!

As to the safety of the Christian Sabbath; it stands
secure, high above all successful assault, though
the necessity of weekly breaking of bread and week-
ly collections be not proven. Your correspondent re-
turns from his digression, to the immediate subject by
stating, "that the breaking of bread formed a part
of the stated worship of the apostolic churches when
they came together, is further evident from 1 Cor. 11: 20, 29
—reply, that portion of Scripture contains not a
word about weekly communion, but respecting the
manner of communion when they came together into
one place. Now if any man will prove weekly com-
munion in the Lord's Supper from this; he must
show that every time they came together into
one place they broke bread; and that they assembled
neither more nor less frequently than once a week,
but this cannot be done; whereas if we apply the passage
to either weekly, monthly, or yearly communion, then
its declarations are in perfect accordance with either;
I understand the text to present us with the order
and method of administration—the purity and temper
of mind in which alone it can be worthily partake of—
the lessons it is designed to teach—and the awful con-
sequences accruing to those who carelessly partake
thereof, but not one word about the time. It is worth-
while to notice, that there are churches, whose mem-
bers by a perversion of this very text, refuse to meet
more than once a week, i. e., on the Lord's day; and
having met that once, consider their week's duty to
meet as a church fulfilled! How true the axiom, that
every error in doctrine, produces its legitimate defect
in practice.

But I hasten to conclude, and pass on to the citadel
of your correspondent's strength; of which he says,
"we have yet another proof, which no fair reasoning
can even assail, much less rest aside; it is said Acts
20: 7, 'and on the first day of the week, when the
Disciples came together to break bread, Paul preach-
ed unto them, &c.' Now, Sir, I shall try to use
'fair reasoning,' and first, to 'assail' and 'rest
aside' this 'proof.' He observes, 'the only objec-
tion which I have ever heard urged, to shake the
plain testimony of the verse; is this: it is not said
that the disciples broke bread every first day, but
according to McKnight, even this is said, he renders
Kata mian Sabbaton, the first day of every week.

In reply, I contend, it is obvious that our rendering
is necessarily proved, that on a certain first day of
the week the disciples came together to break bread;
—it might have been their practice to devote every

first day to this ordinance, or that first day might
have been one out of many,—more than this, de-
pendent faith not, and I freely confess, if we are forced,
by the fair construction of a passage, to set aside one
of our strongest arguments for keeping the Christian
Sabbath, (as your excellent correspondent seems to
fear) however much I love and reverence that holy
day, I would say, let it go! I am prepared cheerfully
to do so, rather than pervert a passage in God's bless-
ed word. We are only required to obey his voice,
and those who overstep that boundary, present an un-
savory offering, and He will at that day say, "and
who hath required this at my hands?" Nevertheless
if "*Kata mian Sabbaton*" is in the text, I will ac-
knowledge weekly communion an imperative duty. But
is it there? I cannot find it." I have referred to
the AUTHORIZED GREEK;—to GABRIELI, with all his
various readings;—and to DR. BLOOMFIELD; and find
the Greek to read, in them all, with unvarying pre-
cision: *kat' mian Sabbaton*; i. e., exactly the sense of
our version. I have, moreover, tried to find out what
McKnight did mean upon the Acts at all, but cannot
find out that he did; however, if indeed he
did, and so perverted God's word as to give as an
original reading what is not genuine; I should shrink
from acknowledging him as an authority, and esteem
his assertion as worse than useless, which I am sure
is the honest-hearted sentiment of your correspondent.
How he has been so misled, I cannot open. I know he
has skillfully beaten out and welded together many
bright links of eloquence, and presented the chain
inviting our scrutiny, and I regret exceedingly that
it falls to my lot to be under the painful necessity, if
I will be loyal to my Sovereign Lord, to wrench it
link from link; though the process, unhap-
pily, "shiver the whole to atoms;" because, with all
its lustre, it lacks, so manifestly, the quality of DIVINE
TRUTH.

As to the practice of the early church, the sub-
joined extract and text, will help to put that part of
the matter in its true aspect, and may be regarded pre-
cisely by some as interesting, though I am prepared
to bow to no authority but the word of God. Your
correspondent earliest (and consequently most valu-
able) reference to uninspired authority, exhibits in
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labors of the Moravian brethren, when they were
assailed by a trader on the score of their not being
"privileged teachers." The honest Indian replied,
"It may be so; but I know what they have told me,
and what God has wrought within me. Look at my
pious countrymen there, lying drunk before your door!
Why do you not send 'privileged teachers' to convert
them?" Four years ago, I also lived like a beast; and
not one of you troubled himself about me. But when
the Brethren came, they preached the cross of Christ;
and I have experienced the power of his blood, so
that sin has no longer dominion over me. Such as
the teachers we want." Yes; and such are the
teachers the world wants, and the Spirit blesses, and
the Redeemer owns, and the Father loves. The mis-
tary is indeed appointed to testify men the way of
salvation. They are of God's ordaining. And
while there are sinners to be brought to the Saviour
and trained for heaven, their agency will be called
for. Nor is their sacred office to be invaded. But
their duties do not supersede the obligations of other
Christians. There is no monopoly in doing good.—
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