

The Church

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1849.

[WHOLE NUMBER, DCXV.]

VOLUME XII, No. 43.

Poetry.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

(From the London Athlete.)

It is ended—'tis all over—
The weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend and lover,
To the death-incumbered room,
Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine—
Ute long love, now staring blindly
Tender-hearted, speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the drelling river,
Warning, brightening every part;
There it slumbers cold for ever—
No more merry larks to bludge—
In its silent home the heart!

Hope no answer to your praying!
Cold, and reasonless she lies there,
Death, that over will be staying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slowness—
She is with Him elsewhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would e'er
Have seen her face in bloom;
Heard her words in the gentle ear,
Foster as the look were,
While he wept her bow he loved her
More than mother—ten times more!

Earth's father! woe's not e'er
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her—
To the Father's home he bore her,
Where no weeping eyelids keep,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! He was a friend that found her
And blessings poor and scant;
With a wicked world around her
And within a heavenly want,
And supplied her, home to guide her,
Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover, yes, she loved thee dearly!
When she left thee loved thee best
Love she knew alone shines clearly
In the bosoms of the best,
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
In the angel in thy breast!

Mourner! all have done with weeping!
I will tell you, He said,
When he came and found her sleeping,
On her heart his hand he laid:
"Sleep on, Maiden, home to guide her,
Peace dwells only with the dead."

"Wend with me across the river
Seems so bitter—a so sweet—
Onward other shore forever
Happy, holy spirits greet:
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!"

"Is it bitter, Father, mother,
Lover, friend to love behind?
All their blessed lives, and other,
Cometh that which shall be found—
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind."

"Love that is to mortal given
Struggles with imperfect will,
Love above that comes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfill—
Where possessing never ceases,
Still it grows and grows and fills."

"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed angel home;
Dear ones dead forever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam:
Love increased, what thou blessed
Till the living loved ones come!"

"O'er the river!—Lo! she altered
While he took her by the hand,
And his blessed face altered
As he heard the sweet command.
Father, lover! all was over,
So she passed to Spirit Land!

your reverence, and by his goodness he wins your love.

Neander is sixty years of age; he is a bachelor, and his sister is housekeeper. Two years ago, he suddenly and without any apparent immediate cause, almost entirely lost his eyesight; he now sees so indistinctly that it is imprudent for him to venture into the street alone. Yet he daily delivers at the University three lectures, each an hour in length, on one of Church History, another on Christian Ethics, and the third of an exegetical character. He pursues his studies and researches with the help of a little knot of students he keeps around him, and he dictates all of his written productions to an amanuensis. His Church History, the first part of which has been so admirably translated by Professor Torrey of the University of Vermont, has not yet been brought down later than the fourteenth century. Had his eyes continued good, it would before this time have been fully completed. It is now uncertain, as I was told by the author, when the work in its entire form will be given to the world. Neander lives a very retired life in Berlin, and yet he is exceedingly popular. Tobacco pipes bear his likeness, an important street in the city is named after him, and his last birthday was celebrated by a torch-light procession.

THE SABBATH.

(From Robert's Sermons.)

Suppose God had fenced off some little piece of ground in this great world, and had said, "This piece of ground is mine. I have hallowed it unto myself. I have claimed it for my possession. Let no foot of man break in upon it. Let no attempt to clear away the hedge of separation by which it is surrounded. The remainder of the world, I give, O men, to you. Part it amongst you as you please. Build, and plant, and cultivate it as you will. But intrude not upon this inclosure; trample not upon this holy ground. Reverence and respect it for my sake." Now would any man presume to question the Lord's right to do this? May He not do what He will with His own? If the whole earth be His creation, is He not entitled to appropriate any part of it in the way I have just stated? And could man have any reason to complain that one little spot out of so large a world was claimed by its Creator? Would he not be bound—solemnly bound—to leave that spot undisturbed? Suppose now he were to break in upon the Lord's inclosure—Suppose that with bold hand he were to break down the fence, and with contemptuous foot were to rush in and trample on it; denying the Lord's right to the possession of it, and asserting his own right to do with it as he pleased—would not this be the vilest trespass that ever was committed?

Well, brethren, the Lord hath done, not the very thing indeed I have supposed, but something very like it. He who created our earth on which we dwell, measures out to us also the time which we consume. It is His sun which lights our days—His preserving providence which prolongs the term of our existence. He hath as good a right therefore to our time as to our land, and is quite as much entitled to claim a portion of the one as of the other. He has divided off as it were a certain portion of our time. He has cut off a certain day from every week, and has said, "That day, O man! you must give up to me. Six days together I allow you for the business of the world. On those days you may buy and sell, and carry on the ordinary duties of your stations; though with a view still to my glory, and with the fear of me before your eyes. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." Such is the Lord's claim. And shall any one presume to say, He asks too much of us? Hath He not a right to this seventh portion of our time? If all our days are measured out to us by Him, does He bear hard upon His creatures in bidding them treat the seventh as His own? Indeed it is not for His own sake that He asks it of us. It is for our sakes. "The Sabbath was made for man" (Mark ii. 27.) for man's refreshment—for man's instruction—for man's edification—for man's eternal good. If God demand man's time upon the Sabbath-day, it is not that He would have us cease upon that day from consulting our own interests; but, on the contrary, that we may do better for ourselves than on any other day—that we may serve ourselves far better than by all the worldly business of the week. When God demands of us then that we should keep His Sabbath holy, his demand is as kind as it is reasonable.

But is the Sabbath kept? Is this kind, this reasonable ordinance complied with? Ah! think of that piece of hallowed ground whose hedge, as we imagined, was plucked up; and there is a picture of the world's way of keeping Sabbath! Such is the rude and audacious way in which this ordinance is treated by mankind at large. God says to man "Thou shalt keep my Sabbath holy." Man says to God (he says it at last by his behaviour) "You ask too much of me. You make too large a demand upon my time. If I give you an hour or two of this day it is as much as I can spare." Men are not bold enough indeed to speak these very words to their Creator; but such is the principle on which they act. If they give to God an hour or two of outward worship on this day they account that He has had His due; that the remainder of it is their own. Many think—many, I fear, whom I am now addressing—that to come once to God's house is quite enough. Some go a little further, and think that a morning and evening attendance at the church is not too much; at least, if there be no worldly business or worldly pleasure to make it inconvenient; if the weather be quite fine and the church just at hand. But as for the remainder of the Sabbath, God may ask it of them if He please, but they are not disposed to give it to Him. They are willing indeed, perhaps, to make some little difference between that day and other days. The tradesman will shut his shop, for a part, at least, if not the whole of it. The husbandman will rest his plough and cease from his ordinary labour in the field. The men of other callings and professions may pay so much respect to the Sabbath as not, professedly at least, to carry on their usual business. But then what they take from the world in one way they give to it in another. The Sabbath is made a day of pleasure and of pastimes, if it is not a day of business. Our roads are not perhaps so much traversed by the wagon and the team, but then the vehicles of pleasure are more frequent than on other days. Worldly industry, perhaps, is comparatively silent, but the voice of idle mirth is loudly to be heard. Our ale houses and beer houses are crowded with their evil company. Sports and revels, dress and show, worldly visitings and worldly conversation, are the various ways in which, according as men's tastes incline them, they while away their Sabbath time. It were needless indeed to enter more into detail, and to show the innumerable ways in which the Sabbath is profaned. It is a melancholy theme to dwell upon. One which makes the godly mourn over their native land, and tremble lest the judgments of their God should visit it! His Sabbath, as a nation, we are "greatly polluting." See Ezek. xx. 13, &c. "The hedge is broken down." The command is set at naught—"The holy day of God is trampled under foot of wicked men!"

LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF EXETER TO THE LATE LORD ELDON

The following letter was referred to by Mr. Binney in a recent speech at Exeter Hall:—
Lord Carrington's, Whitehall,
November 27, 1837.

My dear Lord,—I take blame upon myself for having, as I fear, obtruded on you some important matters of consideration, at a time when you were not prepared to admit them; or in a manner which may have been deemed too earnest and importunate. That you pardon the intrusion, I have no doubt; and that you ascribe what may have been ill-timed, or ill-considered, to the true cause—an anxious wish to lead a highly gifted-mind like yours to those thoughts which alone can satisfy it.

Before I leave this place, instead of again trespassing upon you in person, I have resolved to commit to paper a few considerations which your own powerful mind will know how to improve, and which I pray the Holy Spirit of God to impress, so far as they accord with His truth, on the hearts of both of us. I contemplate in you, my dear Lord, an object of no ordinary interest. I see a man full of years and honours,—honours richly earned (ay, were they tenfold greater than they are) by a life which, protracted long beyond the ordinary age of man, has been employed, during all the period of service, in promoting, strengthening, and securing the best and most sacred interests of your country. I see in you the faithful, zealous, and most able advocate of the connexion of true religion with the constitution and government of England. I see in you one who has largely benefited the generation of which you have been among the most distinguished ornaments. Seeing and feeling this, I am sure you will pardon me if I exhibit even a little undue eagerness to perform to you the only service which I can hope to render—that of exciting such a mind to those reflections by which, after serving others, it can now do the best and surest service to itself. In truth those reflections are few and brief, but most pregnant. In short my dear Lord, I would seek most earnestly to guard you against the danger which arises from the very qualities which we most admire in you, and from the actions by which we are most grateful to you. That danger is, lest you contemplate these matters with too much satisfaction; lest you rest upon them as the ground of your hope of final acceptance with God. Oh, my dear Lord, the best of the sons of men must be content, or rather, must be most anxious, to look out of themselves, and above themselves for any hope—I will not say of justification—but of mercy. Consider the infinite holiness and purity of God; and then say whether any man was fit to appear at His tribunal. Consider the demands of His law, extending to the most secret thoughts, and wishes, and imaginations of the heart; and then say whether you, or any one, can stand before Him in your own strength, when he cometh to judgment. No! it is as sinners, as grievous sinners, we shall, must appear; and the only plea which will be admitted for us is, the righteousness and merits of our crucified Redeemer. If we place any reliance on our own good deeds, or fancied virtues, those very virtues, those very merits, our downfall. Above all things, therefore, it is our duty, and our duty, above all things, it is our duty, to cast off all confidence in ourselves, and thankfully to embrace Christ's most precious offer on the terms on which he offers it: he will be our Saviour, only if we know, and feel, and humbly acknowledge that we need His salvation. He will be more and more our Saviour, in proportion as we more and more love and rely upon Him. But surely, the more we love and rely upon Him, the more earnest will be our love, the firmer our reliance on Him who alone is "mighty to save." Therefore it is, that in preparing ourselves to appear before him, the less we think of what we may fondly deem our good deeds and good qualities, and the more rigidly we scrutinize our hearts, and detect and deplore our manifold sinfulness the better shall we be, because the more deeply sensible of the absolute necessity, and of the incalculable value of His blessed undertaking and suffering for us. One word only more: of ourselves we cannot come to this due sense of our own worthlessness; and the devil is always ready to tempt our weak hearts with the bait which is most taking to many among us,—confidence in ourselves. It is the Holy Spirit who alone can give us that only knowledge, which will be useful to us at the last,—the knowledge of our own hearts, of their weakness, their wickedness; and of the way of God's salvation,—pardon of the faithful and confiding penitent for His dear Son's sake. O, my dear Lord, may you and I be fohnd among the truly penitent! and then we shall have our perfect consummation and bliss among the truly blessed.

I am, my dear Lord, with true veneration and regard, your Lordship's most faithful servant,
And affectionate brother in Christ,
H. EXETER.

The Earl of Eldon.

RULES FOR EMPLOYING TIME.

(By Bishop Jeremy Taylor.)

In the morning when you awake, securing yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes. Let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when coming forth from his chambers of the east. Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of its employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in those times which are usually and by the custom of prudent persons employed in it. Let all the intervals or void spaces of time be employed in prayer, reading, meditating, works of nature, recreation, charity, friendliness, neighbourly love, and means of spiritual and bodily health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our calling, but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.

THE BISHOP WHITE MONUMENT.

From the Banner of the Cross.

MR. EDITOR:—The following sentiment uttered, some years ago, by a learned and generous dissenter of our country, deserves, we think, at least an occasional remembrance, inasmuch as it presents us with the overflowings of a full heart in reverence to the memory of that "pure spirit," who was a faithful embodiment of the piety of the Church—a burning and a shining light in his generation. The extract is taken from a published address, by Dr. Bethune.

"If you wish a presentment of venerable piety, holy benevolence and wisdom in meekness, bid the sculptor preserve in undying marble the patriarchal form of him, whom every sect acknowledged 'a Father in God'; and who lingered so long among us, shedding his soft religion around like the mild rays of a summer's sunset, that he seemed like virtue which can never die, though heart and flesh must fail."

It may well be classed with the oft-repeated and well known exclamation of our Quaker Friends, who when they saw the venerable Prelate tottering under the burden of fourscore years, said: "There goes our good Bishop," and, "See! there is our beloved Father

William White, and taught their children to kneel and receive his blessing; or, if you will, it is a worthy parallel with the splendid eulogium of the eminent Presbyterian Albert Barnes: "Many of the purest flames of devotion rise from the Episcopal Church, and many of the purest spirits that the earth contains, minister at those altars."

All will hail the day when the more enduring "Monument," the "Monument Church," consecrated for ever to the glory of the Eternal Trinity, shall attest the faith and piety of this generation, in commemorating the peaceful virtues, and in imitating the living charity of the late Right Reverend Father in God, WILLIAM WHITE, M. P. Philadelphia, April, 18 1849.

THE GASTRIC JUICE, AND ITS USES IN DIGESTION.

(From "Crossingian Rectory.")

The Gastric juice is called the chemical part of our frame; but by reason of the imperfection of our chemistry, no distinct knowledge of it has yet been attained; at least not a knowledge in degree or kind, similar to that which anatomists possess of the mechanical part of our frame.

The gastric juice is the liquor which digests the food in the stomachs of animals. Of all liquors, it is the most active, the most universal agent. The flesh of, perhaps, all animals; the seeds and fruits of the greatest number of plants; the roots, and stalks, and leaves of many, hard and tough as they are, yield to its powerful pervasion. The change wrought by it is different from any chemical solution which chemists can produce, or with which they are acquainted, and in this respect, as well as many others, because that in our chemistry, particular liquids act only on particular substances. The many remarkable properties of the gastric juice have caused it to be sometimes called the chemical wonder of animal nature.

It is observed by anatomists, that a general relation subsists between the external organs of an animal by which it procures its food, and the internal powers by which it digests it. Birds of prey, by their talons and beaks, are qualified to seize and devour many species, both of other birds and of quadrupeds. The constitution of the stomach agrees exactly with the form of the members. The gastric juice of a bird of prey, of an owl, a falcon, or a kite, acts upon the animal fibre alone; it will not act upon seeds or grasses at all. The formation of the mouth of the ox or sheep is suited for browsing upon herbage. Nothing about these animals is fitted for the pursuit of living prey. It has been found by experiments, tried a few years ago, that the gastric juice of ruminating animals, such as the sheep and the ox, specifically dissolves vegetables, but makes no impression upon animal bodies. No person can attentively observe the structure of animals, plants, or any part of the creation, without being struck with the design and contrivance displayed in the arrangement and adaptation of the different parts to each other.

The more we become acquainted with the works of God, the more we feel that the subjects of praise and admiration are inexhaustible.

The Psalmist has represented the Almighty as saying, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains, and the wild beasts of the field are mine." Let us imitate the devout admiration of David, and say, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE CHURCH.

(From the New York Churchman.)

The following letter, written in an affectionate and glowing spirit, by an accomplished Divine of the English Church, will be perused with interest in our columns. Apparently written and mailed in the beginning of January, it has recently come to hand and seems to have been sent by the steamer Hermann which sailed on the 20th March from Southampton. We make this explanation in order to excuse any astonishment which might, perhaps, be felt at the delay of an acknowledgment.

To the Editor of the Churchman—

Sir,—As one among many Christian people, on the South Coast of England, who owe a debt of gratitude to the Church of your country, allow me a little space in your columns to repay it. It was said of old, "See how these Christians love one another!"—it cannot always be said now, except on paper; but ocular demonstration, and practical unity, are the best proofs of Catholicity. If this has been hitherto rather a theory than a reality, I fear that more blame must be ascribed to England, than to her daughter in the West. Our Church has too long been dry as well as high; a "disability" has been the road to favour at home; while no road whatever has been open to a zealous fellow-labourer from abroad. But these "old times" are passing away; and it is well they are, or our Candlestick would have passed away to other lands. Still, there are too many old things left; and I have seen an instance lately in my own neighbourhood, with mingled shame and satisfaction, which bears out all I have said and thought on either side of the question. A clergyman of the Episcopal Church, from Rhode Island, the Rev. James C. Richmond, has been sojourning in the land of his forefathers a whole year; well received everywhere, as a gentleman; fully acknowledged by our Bishops, as a Priest; but till within these few months, systematically not requested to "make full proof of his ministry." On a sudden, a reaction takes place: Mr. Richmond fell in accidentally with one or two clergymen, who are systematically not afraid,—when there is no reason for mistrust but on the contrary, a palpable call to act out those professions of fraternal union, which sound so charmingly in a discourse. And what is the result? Your countryman is hailed at once as a burning and a shining light attracting Dissenters, even in pulpits where the Church has never been held up as a reality; where they have never been told before, and told pointedly, that they are wrong; that the Truth is One, and is to be found in the Church alone. Most assuredly this is the only way of dealing with, and converting Dissenters; who feel a desire to hear both sides much oftener than it is gratified; and who know moreover, that they ought to hear the other side, when they come to Church; but too frequently hear a sermon on no side at all. Well, even in this, the true line, the ancient line, the charitable line,—the uncompromising, fearless line of Paul, and James, and John, and Jude, and of Peter after Paul's rebuke,—it must be confessed that the voice from America, partly from its novelty, more from its power, all through the grace of God, has done more for Unity in a few months than the native shepherds of the flock have been able to effect in years of anxious toil! As an Anglican priest I acknowledge this, and I am delighted to acknowledge it. It seems to me to realize the Catholicity of the LXXXVth Psalm. How few of these poor people, to whom Mr. Richmond preaches, know anything of Rhode Island, except that it is somewhere beyond the sea! Write but new names of nations for the old ones, and you may suppose them discussing among themselves, "Behold ye the Philistines also, and they of Tyre and the Moabites; lo, there was he born."—But the doctrines of the One true Church of Christ shine forth in his sermons, as the sunbeams flash upon the pinnacles of a glorious city set on a hill, and then,

"Of Zion it shall be reported that he was born of her," and the American is hailed as a citizen, by spiritual birth, by pastoral commission, and Apostolic descent, of Jerusalem which is from above, the Mother of us all. "And the Most High shall establish her;" these are among His most affectionate means; we rejoice in this living proof that they are working mighty; we would attend your countryman as His chosen instrument, believing that for this great work of establishing the Catholicity of Christ's Church, his mission is to this country, rather than to his own.

I would not descend from this high and holy ground, to speak of his Lectures on subjects of secular interest, which have attracted crowds of attentive hearers, except I could bear witness that I have never listened to one,—however diversified with anecdote, humor, and instruction,—in which he has not taken occasion to maintain his own sacerdotal character, and impress some moral lesson, profitable to old and young alike. I fear I have trespassed too much on your columns; but in this endeavour to express the esteem and respect which he sincerely feels for an American brother in Christ, I trust you will pardon, and find room for the diffuseness of an English Clergyman.

Festival of the Epiphany, 1849.

Communications.

[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church Times, and to request our readers that they will be responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.—Ed. Churchman.]

To the Editor of the Churchman.

Sir,—In your comments on my former letter you speak of its "unnecessary vehemence." After reading it again in your columns I cannot perceive where the "vehemence" is; if you call a firm and decided, or even a warm expression of opinion, when apprehending danger, which we highly value "vehemence," our minds and natures are differently constituted, and we shall on this point be unlikely to agree.

You seem to have joined in the Bishop of Exeter's approbation of the "Sisters of Mercy" without looking into the evidence; I will therefore quote some passages for your information, from the report as it appears in the *Britishian*, a London paper, said to be under the management of the Rev. Dr. Croly. In reference to the prayers, and their names, the Bishop asked Sarah Ann Clarke.

"When was the first time you were told the meaning of Lauds? I was not told of it at all. I was told that was the name of the prayers."

"There were other names? Yes."

You say, at seven we attended "Prime," when the rules of the house for the day were read; at eight o'clock we attended "Terce," at nine o'clock "Vespers," at ten o'clock "Nones," at six p.m., "Vespers," at nine, P.M., "Compline," &c. Sir.

In reference to the Stone Cross, the Bishop says to the "Sisters of Mercy" without looking into the evidence; I will therefore quote some passages for your information, from the report as it appears in the *Britishian*, a London paper, said to be under the management of the Rev. Dr. Croly. In reference to the prayers, and their names, the Bishop asked Sarah Ann Clarke.

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You may attempt to ridicule my apprehensions that the praise of such institutions may have a tendency to undermine our Church establishments. I did not speak of open assault, but of that gradual undermining down of barriers, and those covert approaches, by which the primitive Apostolic Church was undermined, and the superstructure of Romanism gradually raised upon its ruins. You intimate that I am dissatisfied with the Church as it is, because I say that "sufficiency was yielded to its priests, and that the time of the Reformation." You overlook the connection in which this was written, that it had reference to the ceremonial observances of the Church, and not to her doctrine or liturgy. These are pure and Scriptural, and leave nothing to be desired; and it is because I see that "sufficiency was yielded to its priests, and that the time of the Reformation." 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