

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

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Poetry.

BISHOP MOORE,

Closing the Virginia Convention of 1839.

They cluster'd round,—that listening throng,—
The parting hour drew nigh,—
And heighten'd feeling, deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye,—

For reverend in his hoary years,
A white-robd' prelate bent,
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love, he urg'd the crowd,
Salvation's hope to gain,
While gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek,
The tears fell down like rain—

He wav'd his hand, and music woke
A warm and solemn strain,
His favourite hymn swell'd high and fill'd
The consecrated fane.

Then, from the hallow'd chancel forth,
With faltering step, he sped,
And fervent laid a father's hand
On every priestly head,

And breath'd the blessing of his God,
And full of meekness said,
"Be faithful in your Master's work,
When your old Bishop's dead."

"For more than fifty years, my sons,
A Saviour's love supreme,
Unto a sinful world, hath been
My unexhausted theme—

"Now, see, the mosses of the grave
Are o'er my temples spread,—
O! lead the seeking soul to Him,
When your old Bishop's dead."

Far wand' the holy Sabbath-even
On toward the midnight hour,
Before that spell-bound through retir'd
To slumber's soothing power,—

Yet many a sleeper, 'mid his dream,
Beheld in snowy stole,
That patriarchal-riv'd bending form,
Whose accents stirr'd the soul.

In smiles the summer-morn arose,
And many a grateful guest,
From Norfolk's hospitable domes,
With tender memories, prest.

While o'er the broad and branching bay,
Which like a flood doth pour
A living tide, in countless streams
Through fair Virginia's shore,—

O'er Rappahannock's fringed breast,
O'er rich Potomac's tide,
Or where the bold, restless James
Rolls on, with monarch-pride,—

The boats that ask nor sail, nor oar,
With speed majestic glide,—
And many a thoughtful pastor leans
In silence o'er their side,—

And while he seems to scan the flood
In silver 'neath him spread,
Reveries the charge—"Be strong for God,
When your old Bishop's dead."

L. H. S.

Southern Churchman.

HOOKER, HAMMOND, LEIGHTON, AND SOUTH.*

Louth, in the preface to his Grammar, expresses an opinion that in correctness, propriety, and purity, HOOKER has never been surpassed, or even equalled by any of his contemporaries—a decision, which, Dugald Stewart, as we think, justly considered to be unsupported in all its extent. Hooker enriched our language, but he had the cumbersome gait and the rough aspect of a pioneer. But to praise Hooker for his style, is like commending an orator for the softness of his tones. It is in the dignity of his subjects, the weight of his matter, the rigid accuracy of his inductions, the profound simplicity of his opinions, and the general skill of his analytical powers, that his true and distinguishing merits reside. Taylor left him at an immeasurable distance in all the charms of imagination; and Barrow, in the illuminating decorations of argument; and Hall, in the sweetness and colour of his thoughts; and Hammond, in the scraphical ardour of his spiritual aspirations. But Hooker equalled, perhaps he excelled, them all, in the muscular energy with which he worked his way through the entanglement of an investigation. It was his lot to be engaged during a considerable portion of his life in asserting and defending his own opinions. To his controversy with Travers, we owe the Ecclesiastical Polity. His path lay over the most perilous precipices, in which he had often to cut a place for his feet, violent and courageous adversaries constantly hanging upon his steps, and ready to avail themselves of the slightest error to accomplish his overthrow and destruction. The sense of his danger quickened his caution: he appears, to continue the metaphor, never to advance an inch without being satisfied of the safety of his position—he never leaps by a sudden and exhausting effort to some elevated point, and then abandons the enterprise; but leaning upon that staff of divine faith which Scripture supplies, and shod with the preparation of the Gospel, and strengthened and supported by the most extensive erudition and the deepest meditation, he proceeds upon his course triumphantly. He has the ease and tranquillity of conscious strength. James I. gave him the appellation of "venerable and judicious Hooker," by which posterity has delighted to honour him. The student of our sacred literature turns to his works as to some mighty and ponderous rampart, against which the audacity of the scorners and the pride of infidelity have been dashed in pieces, like the affrighted enemy before some massy and frowning castle of our warlike ancestors.

In his *Worthies*, Fuller gives [an] account of Hooker's preaching:—

"His style was prolix, but not tedious, and such who would patiently attend and give him credit, all the reading or hearing of his sentences, had their expectation, were paid at the close thereof, alone, without any rosin, having neither pronunciation nor gesture to grace his matter."

Bishop Gauden also records his "still voice and silent gesture," enforced, however, with what he justly calls the greatest virtue and efficacy of a preacher—"potent demonstrations of Scripture and reason." Walton paints him very happily, as seeming "to study as he spoke." James very acutely and excellently defined the eloquence of Hooker to be devoid of all affectation, and

to consist of a grave, comprehensive, and clear manifestation of reason. No criticism can be more succinct and accurate. We have already admitted his inferiority to some of his most illustrious successors; but his genius was admirably adapted to the object to which, by the will of Providence, he devoted it. It was his office to build up and repair the edifice of Christian doctrine; not to array or to embellish it. Not oft

"before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun,"

Like Taylor, he was a controversialist; but there was no external resemblance between these mighty soldiers of the cross. One descended into the arena in the costliest panoply of erudition, glittering with the gathered ornaments of time, and beautifully terrible with the weapons of reason and the blaze of imagination, not less than in the armour of truth, and with the helmet of salvation; the other advanced to meet the adversary, arrayed in the homeliest and simplest apparel—but the giant trembled before this shepherd of Israel, coming forth to battle with a sling and with a stone. The sermons of Hooker are strictly argumentative; they prove, rather than exhort; and confirm, rather than illustrate. His famous discourse upon Justification has, probably, no complete parallel in our theological literature, for vigour, depth, tranquillity, and compression. He presents the most abstract problems to the sight and understanding of the reader in terms at once the most luminous and the most conclusive.

The influence of Hooker was visible not only upon the popular mind, and upon the character of our theological literature, but far more powerfully, and with infinitely greater advantage, upon the rising school of divines. It is not as the purifier of our language, as the spring from which Raleigh drew some of his genuine and forcible diction, that we delight to contemplate the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, so much as the nursing father of a Hammond and a Sanderson. Mr. Keble has observed, that Hooker had his full share in training up that admirable society of men—for their minds seem to have been bound to each other by a mutual relationship—by whose learning, and piety, the pillars and foundations of the Church of England, under the grace of God, have been cemented and strengthened. The character of HAMMOND shines with uncommon loveliness. Burnet said that his death was an unspeakable loss to the Church. The extent of his learning, the moderation of his character, the steadfastness of his principles—all contributed to fit him for that elevated station for which he was designed. Dr. Fell declared that his closet was his library, and that he studied most upon his knees. Charles I. called him the most natural orator he had ever heard. It is amusing to find such a writer rapidly characterised by Mr. Croker, in a note to his edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, as a voluminous author, chiefly remembered for his commentary on the New Testament. But the fame of this admirable scholar and Christian lives in his sermons, which may be looked upon as undisguised revelations of his inmost feelings. The style of Hammond, like that of Cowley, has a charm of its own—an air of sincerity and meekness pervades all he wrote. His religion had the strictness of the ascetic, without his gloom; and the passion of the enthusiast, without his blindness—while he was fervent, he was temperate; when his piety was the most glowing, then his judgment was the most severe. He recommended to others the duty, and practised it himself; of obtaining some friendly supervision of our conduct; and when many days passed by without a reproof, he began to apprehend too much tenderness on the part of his monitor. The placidity of his temper breathed a beauty, beyond the reach of art, over his compositions. His mind, to borrow an image from Ben Jonson, was always in tune, and his elocution does not jar.

If we were to compare Hammond to any of our divines, it would be to Archbishop LEIGHTON, whom Coleridge was accustomed to place immediately after the inspired writers, and whom Burnet called an apostolical and an angelical man, unto whom, during many years, he had looked up as a father and a guide. His theological learning, and, above all, his deep intimacy with the spiritual meaning of Scripture, are familiar to every one acquainted with the Commentary upon St. Peter. The gentleness and patience of his character approach the standard of primitive piety; during an intimacy of twenty-two years, Burnet observed only one outbreak of passion; the solemn and benignant gravity of his manner became one who was said to be in a constant meditation. His preaching, we are informed by Burnet, had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it; and he adds that such was the grace of his pronouncement, and the majesty and beauty of his style, that, after a lapse of thirty years, his sermons continued vividly impressed upon his memory. The death of this master in Israel corresponded to the purity and simplicity of his life: age had laid so light a hand upon him, that when Burnet saw him shortly before his final illness, his hair was still black, and his motions lively; his mind retained its vivacity; his memory its strength; and his devotion its ardour. The beautiful passage out of Cicero, which Burke applied to Johnson, illustrates with equal felicity, the old age of Leighton. *Intantum nam animinum quasi arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbat senectuti.* Swift said, in his bitter way, that Burnet killed him by bringing him up to London. It was at the request of that prelate that Leighton visited the metropolis to see Lord Perth; looking so fresh and vigorous, that time, it was remarked, seemed to stand still with him. But the next day speech and sense deserted him, and he continued, we are told, panting twelve hours, and then expired without a struggle. He went to his reward in the full vigour of his powers.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

A singular circumstance is related of his death: he had been often heard to remark, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; because it looked like a pilgrim going home, in whose eyes the world resembled an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it; he also considered the attendance and solicitude of friends an entanglement upon the dying man. His closing hours seemed to realize his desire; he died at the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane. It might have been wished that Burnet had fulfilled the intention he once entertained, of writing the life of his illustrious friend; of such a man nothing should be lost; every crumb from his table ought to be gathered up. Burnet thought that the style of his discourses was rather too fine; but an inexpressible sweetness and fragrant rise from the thoughts. His imagination was "like a field which the sun has blessed." Many of his most beautiful senti-

ments have been transplanted by Coleridge into his *Aids to Reflection*, of which they form the principal ornament.

Should any modern Plutarch embody Mr. D'Israeli's conception of a series of Literary Parallels, we would recommend him to devote a chapter to Hammond, Leighton, and South. The mild and melting countenances of the two first, contrasted with the stern and angry physiognomy of the third, would compose an admirable example of light and shade. In Leighton and Hammond, anger always seems melting into tears and compassion; in South, it breaks forth with all the virulence of the political satirist. His hatred of the Puritans was intense and unremitting; Johnson, who professed to admire a good hater, must have loved him for the enthusiasm of his abhorrence. Many of his sermons were directly aimed against their tenets and characters, and scarcely any one is entirely free from attack; he steps aside from the most momentous arguments to launch an arrow against these zealots for mortification, a fervent elevation of the eye, and a devout rage against the sins of other men. Genius could not mollify his wrath, nor successful daring crush it, nor misfortune soften it into pity. Milton is the blind adder who spit venom on the King's person; Cromwell is "Baal," a bankrupt beggarly fellow, who entered the Parliament-house, with a thread-bare torn coat, a greasy hat, perhaps neither of them paid for." Sir Harry Vane is "that worthy knight who was executed on Tower-Hill." He never paints a Papist or Independent except in the blackest colours, and in the most hideous attitudes of moral deformity; if he sometimes lets in a gleam of light, it is only to throw into stronger relief the repulsive features of the portrait. The prayers of the fanatics, the audacity of their expression, the wrong of their delivery, the endless torrent of their phrasology, are successively uplifted to scorn and contempt. A passage peculiarly illustrative of his caustic manner, occurs in his admirable discourse upon 1 Cor. xii. 4: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." He has been speaking of the asserted opposition of Learning to Grace:

"Among those (he says) of the late reforming age, all learning was utterly cried down. So that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments, they so highly pretended to the Spirit, that they could hardly so much as spell the Letter. To be blind was with them the proper qualification of a spiritual guide; and to be book-learned (as they called it) and to be irreligious, were almost terms convertible. None were thought fit for the ministry, but tradesmen and mechanics, because none else were allowed to have the Spirit. Those only were accounted like St. Paul, who could work with their hands, and, in a literal sense, drive the nail home, and make a pulpit before they preached in it."

ON THE QUIET SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. ABRAM W. EDWIN.

No. II.

Experience and enlightened common sense fully approve the importance of such a principle of quietness as I have alluded to. We generally find that, in proportion to the greatness of a power, is the stillness and imperceptibility of its operation. Man scarcely marks the constant working of "the mighty hand which ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;" yet there is no other operation so stupendous. "We speak of the laws of nature, until it slips out of the mind that they are the works of nature's God;" yet the mighty processes of nature are in general silent and imperceptible. The roll of our globe, which whirls us onwards millions of miles each hour, is unfelt by us; the ceaseless agency of air in sustaining our life, and of light in pouring ideas into our mind, proceed without our consciousness. Who would compare the power of the noisy brook with that of the silent creeping river, or with the resistless advancing of the calmest ocean-tide? The hurricane, the earthquake, the volcano, are mighty; but they are the exception, and not the rule, of nature's workings. In her particular kingdoms the same truth meets our view: the imperceptible, unnoticed growth of the oak, rears at length a structure far exceeding in strength and majesty all the more busy and rapid existences of the vegetable world; the slow and quiet elephant is the strongest among beasts; nay, life itself is imperceptible, and known to us only in its results; the best of our heart is unperceived until disease or hurry disturbs the silent and natural quietness of the vital machinery. We trace the same principle in the methods by which man displays his greatest power and effects his mightiest works. The pyramid, the embankment, the canal, the railroad, are not made by rapid and exhausting efforts of wonderful energy; but by the slow and regular continuance of minute and uniform exertions. The same lesson meets us also in the moral history of mankind; for government, commerce, education, and the whole machinery of society, are most healthily and effectively carried forward by nearly imperceptible operations, and by quiet, noiseless regularity.

The institutions of the Church of God will be found to agree with the ways in which he has been pleased to arrange the laws of nature and of providence. In periods and points where the Church has not been made dependent on miraculous aid, she is based upon principles graciously suited to the weakness of human nature, and to the position to which by our fall we are reduced. In framing such parts of her institutions as are not explicitly determined by revelation, the wisest and best of God's uninspired servants, to whom may have fallen the work of building up from time to time his Visible Church, have drawn lessons of practical wisdom from deep experience and knowledge of human nature, acknowledging all the while that God only could make them effectual for spiritual good. Hence it is that the Church of England, which has been growing up during so long a series of ages, and under such various states of society, will be found to have steadily arranged herself as an institution upon such general principles as were most likely to act upon the mass of mankind among whom she was placed, because in this way the most extensive and permanent results might be expected. She acts upon the mass by directing her operation towards points of character common to every individual of whom the mass is composed. Existing in substance, like her liturgy, from apostolic times, she survived the Pelagian and Arian heresies; she revived to life and health after popery had for centuries diseased her frame; she arose again from the deathblow which schism struck in Cromwell's day; and now, leaning upon her God, she calmly awaits the fearful assault which infidelity, grasping popery and dissent as its weapons, is preparing to make against her. Having grown up, not at once, but gradually, she has slowly become modelled to the exigencies of human nature, retaining, nevertheless, her identity with the primitive Apostolic

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Church of which she is a branch. Her operation on mankind is vast, yet nearly unnoticed, and best discerned in its beneficial results. Her moral and religious influence on the characters, the habits, the affections, the souls of her members, is, and is designed to be, like the power of the constant drop of water, which wears away a stone not by individual force, but by unceasing continuance.

So many have felt and have described the excellences of our Church, that in illustrating any point of her character it is scarcely needful, scarcely possible, to do more than select from previous writers remarks bearing on that point. To many readers, therefore, not a few of the present observations will be familiar; while to others they may be more interesting.

Our Church will bear close inspection, and will be the more valued the better she is known; for such is her consistency, harmony, or unity of character, that the praise awarded to her general principles may be safely applied to her minutest details. For instance, that quiet, tranquil spirit, already noticed as one of her general characteristics, will meet our view more and more distinctly as we descend to the particulars of her institutions.

It is evident in the manner in which she makes her profession of doctrine. The affirmative rather than the negative is chosen by her as the way of proposing truth; and when she is compelled to controvert, her statements are straightforward declarations, made in subdued simplicity of manner. She teaches in the spirit of the man of God, who said, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." Never withholding the truth, nor from mistaken charity hesitating to declare, in solemn and uncompromising terms (as in Art. 18), the scriptural anathema against soul-destroying error, she yet avoids needless vituperation; and her words are few, and well weighed. On points less inevitably ruinous to souls, less openly blasphemous against God, her tone is different, as in Articles 9, 13, and 22; and while reproving both fundamental errors and less important mistakes, she is careful by her manner to distinguish between them, as is evident on comparing the 14th and 30th Articles. Candour breathes through her doctrinal statements—as, for instance, in the 6th and 34th Articles. She exhibits no intensity in stating truths. She is tender in speaking of the fallen Churches (Articles 19 and 38); full of charity and sorrow towards sinners, whether repentant or obdurate (Articles 16, 33, and 34); and without bitterness in repelling the false charges of enemies (Art. 36).

In short, the example which she sets before her members is not merely to be faithful and valiant witnesses for the truth of Christ, but also to maintain a sober, chastened, and quiet spirit; avoiding controversy, except where duty distinctly demands it.

The like quietness and tranquillity pervade her manner of conducting public worship. "There is a stillness about her services which lulls the passions and feelings, which soothes and calms the heart, and prepares it for those holy influences which divine worship sheds." This effect is strengthened even by the character of her places of worship—a few modern erections, perhaps, excepted, which scarcely harmonize with her ten thousand parish churches. "Her vast and venerable cathedrals, as we tread them, tranquilize the mind, and diffuse over us a consciousness of the littleness, nothingness, and transience of man. Her village churches, as we worship in them, have a still solemnity which reminds us of the dead who are sleeping around, and brings us into contact with the world unseen." As regards the worshippers, she avoids calling forth excited feelings; aims at a practical and lasting effect; speaks forth the words of truth and soberness; and teaches the way of peace by "bringing before us continually the very sum and substance of piety." As regards the worship offered, she is careful that it shall be not only fervent, earnest, and affectionate, but also calm, humble, and chastised. Her *Common Prayer* is evidently an address to One who is our Friend, notwithstanding our offences against him; who, though we see him not, is present listening to our desires, and reading the thoughts and intents of our hearts; who knows the secret history, and holds in his hand the present and everlasting lot, of each worshipper. The petitions are varied, because our necessities are countless; yet they have substantial sameness, because all our wants and woes are symptoms of one disease, and require the same remedy. The words are few and comprehensive, because we are asking from One whose love to us has already been proved, and who knows before we ask what things we have need of. Her prayers have nothing controversial, because petition and praise, not statement of doctrine, is the proper substance of prayer and supplication. "She adds to public worship the simplicity and reticence of private prayer: for the speaker gives nothing of his own; he may be almost lost sight of, and is not even a necessary associate with the earnest worshipper in his secret inward devotion." She keeps attention alive, not by commanding men to listen, but by changes and responses. The lowliness which breathes through her prayers "is not a low degree of desponding struggling piety," but a solid and humble tranquillity of soul, which rests itself without alarm upon the infinite merits of the Saviour, and calmly delights itself in the blessed hope of everlasting life. Not to mention the avail of effectual fervent prayer from the earnest worshipper; not to speak of the direct importance of public service, such as I have described, in composing and softening the character of all who take part in it,—how much precious instruction and holy impression is indirectly, and almost unconsciously, conveyed to the minds of the worshippers! They are habituated to feel pleasure in divine worship by that mixture of the Psalms and psalmic hymns with the prayers, which not only "kindles a glow in the breast, and sheds a light within by the richness of their contents, but also diffuses a glad cheerfulness over the service, which makes a deep impression even upon children." The Church, in her public service, unobtrusively sours the memories of her worshippers with all the great truths of Christianity; for her prayers are built upon them. She silently rears a barrier against national infidelity, by requiring her members publicly in the creed to profess their belief of true doctrine. The successive framers of her liturgy seem to have been intimately acquainted with the primitive Church; for they speak throughout the language of the Apostles' Creed. They seem also to have caught the very spirit of the Lord's Prayer, and the character of the ten commandments, which, in their letter, are adapted to the understanding and conscience of the most dead in soul; whilst, in their spiritual import and comprehensive extent, they are progressively suitable at each step to the advancing Christian, and will meet the wants and ex-

press the desires of the most spiritually minded. The avowed and stated instruction of the Church is provided in the like quiet and unobtrusive manner, in no way depending on the individual character of her ministers; for she causes almost the whole of Scripture to be read aloud, year by year, in the midst of public worship, without human comment. Many of these stated portions, as the Sunday Old Testament lessons, the epistle, and gospel, have a bearing more or less remote on the successive steps of a course of instruction, which circles through the year, and embraces in each day's collect some great truth of our holy religion, as a subject for that day.

HORÆ LITURGICÆ.

NO. XVIII.

THE COLLECT FOR PEACE.

Some remarks upon the Collects in general, were offered in our last essay: we now proceed to a brief consideration of the two Collects which are appointed to be regularly used both in the morning and evening service,—viz., the Collects for PEACE and GRACE; to the former of which, however, our present observations are to be confined.

By the evangelical prophet Isaiah, the Redeemer of the world was announced as the "Prince of peace": when attendant angels proclaimed his advent in the flesh, it was with the promise of "peace on earth, good-will towards men"; and in his last conversation with his disciples, this was, as it were, the Lord's dying legacy,—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

After such a commendation from Him to whom all things are naked and open, it is but right that we should include amongst our earliest and most earnest prayers, when assembled in the sanctuary, a petition for the boon to which so great a distinction is attached. In the words of Bishop Sparrow, our blessed Saviour "prayed for peace, paid for peace, wept for it, bled for it. Peace should therefore be dear to us; all kinds of peace, outward peace and all: for if there be not a quiet and peaceable life, there will hardly be godliness and honesty." So strongly impressed were the early Christians with the importance of such a supplication, that, according to St. Chrysostom, the Greek Church prayed thrice for peace in the daily service: and the custom of the Latin Church was to pray for the same blessing twice. The Collect for peace which we use in the Morning Service is taken, with a little expansion of the sentiment, from the Sacramentary of Gregory the Great, written more than 1200 years ago.

"I make peace," saith the Lord, by the mouth of Isaiah (xlv. 7.); and by St. Paul (2 Cor. xiii. 11.), he is called the God of love and peace: it is therefore in strict adherence to the language of scripture, that we call upon God as the AUTHOR OF PEACE AND LOVER OF CONCORD. In whatever point of view we regard this inestimable blessing, God will be found to be the author of it. For national, or social, or domestic peace, we look to the influence of the grace of Him who "maketh men to be of one mind"; if mankind were abandoned by him to the workings of their own natural tempers, we might say with the Apostle, "without are fightings, within are fears."

But in a more important sense still is God the Author of peace. Man by transgression had estranged himself from Him, and everlasting banishment from his presence must of necessity be the doom of the offending creature; but through the influence of redeeming love, that wall of separation has been broken down—"being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Through the power of his grace we lay down the arms of our rebellion, and submit ourselves to his mild sceptre, and thenceforward peace reigns her throne in the believing heart.* In no less agreement with the terms of HIS HOLY WORD, OF WHOM STANDETH OUR ETERNAL LIFE. "This," saith our Saviour himself, "is life eternal, that they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." It is right that we should have just apprehensions of the holiness and the justice of God, that we may dread to offend by the commission of sin which is so hateful to Him, and against which his wrath is so positively revealed; but it is in his attribute of love, in the exercise of his grace in Christ, that it most nearly concerns us to know him. "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no Saviour;" in experimental acquaintance therefore with Him who died for all, stands our hope of everlasting life. Not to know that Saviour, or only to know him by the formality of mere outward profession, is to ensure the alternative of what a true faith in his blood has purchased,—eternal death.

In the Collect before us it is correctly stated, that THE SERVICE OF GOD IS PERFECT FREEDOM. The service of sin, Satan, and the world is the heaviest bondage,—a galling chain, and an oppressive yoke, too grievous to be borne; but in the service of God, there is freedom from the upbraidings of conscience, an exemption from the terrors of despair. There is also joy and delight in the performance of the duties which the service of God requires: the sabbath is a season of rejoicing to the believing spirit; and the services of the sanctuary are a refreshment and comfort to the soul. But in making this acknowledgment in the Scriptural words of our Liturgy, how earnestly does it become every worshipper to consider whether his heart responds to the sentiment which his lips pronounce. The listless look, the unconcerned demeanor, the unblinded spirit, the formal, voiceless act of prayer, do in reality bespeak the absence of that feeling which constitutes the perfect freedom of the refreshing service of God.

In supplicating our heavenly Father, in the words of this excellent and comprehensive prayer, for his defence and succour in every season of peril, we profess ourselves to be his TRUSTABLE SERVANTS. In the temper of the renewed Christian, there is engrained that meekness and humility which ever makes him feel distrustful of himself, and to rest his hopes of acceptance and salvation only upon the free and undeserved mercy of his God. When conscious of our weakness, we will pray with the greater fervency to the fountain of strength: throwing ourselves wholly upon God and his grace, we will give Him the glory of all the peace and joy of which we are allowed to be made partakers.

Exposed every day and hour to the most fearful perils,—perils against which the most righteous of the old time were not always able to stand,—we shall discern, and acknowledge the appropriateness of the petition that God would DEFEND US IN ALL ASSAULTS OF OUR ENEMIES. Not from their assaults, because it is often good for us to be tried and afflicted; trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, and other adversity, are necessary for the purification of our carnal hearts. But we pray for his almighty defence in those assaults, that when they do overtake us, when "the enemy cometh in like a flood," "the Spirit of the Lord may lift up a standard against them."

And not only do we pray for deliverance from danger when it comes, but we pray also against the apprehension of it,—THAT WE MAY NOT FEAR THE POWER OF ANY ADVERSARIES. Although there be continually about us that apprehension which will induce watchfulness and caution; it will never in the real Christian degenerate into slavish terror: "perfect love casteth out fear"; and he will, strong in the defence of the Lord God, go forth to every encounter willing and able to "fight the good fight of

* Rev. T. T. Biddulph.