

The constitution of our land, thus purely Christian in its character, cannot unite with the Papal and Anti-Christian apostacy, without a violation, not merely of its own consistency, but also of the Divine command, and a consequent forfeiture of the Divine favour. That the Papal church is the great apostacy described in the Holy Scripture—that she is doomed to suffer the righteous judgments of Almighty God—and that all who value his regard are solemnly enjoined to have no communion with her, on pain of being made partakers of her plagues, are truths plainly established in the following passages of holy writ.

I Tim. iv. 1—3. "Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

II Thess. ii. 3, 4, 8, 9, 10. "Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

"And then shall that wicked be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs, and lying wonders and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved."

Rev. x. xvii. 5, 9, 18. "And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery: Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots, and abominations of the earth. And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth. And the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth."

Rev. xviii. 2—5. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, and is become the habitation of Devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird: for all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies: And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities."

At the present eventful period, the foregoing view of the Papal heresy, connected with the question of the Roman Catholic Emancipation, deserves the serious and solemn consideration of every man who is charged with the awful responsibility of legislating for these Christian realms. The guardians of the constitution are vehemently pressed to surrender it; and political fitness (associated with a delusive hope of peace from an Anti-Christian compromise) is in danger of prevailing against sound, holy, scriptural principles. Unless, therefore, the spirit of our fathers be rekindled in their children, and the faithfulness of God obtain a higher regard and reverence, than the mere clamours, or counsels of men, we may speedily expect to see, the ark of our country's strength removed, and mourn over the departed glory of her Institutions.

May He in whose hands are the destinies of nations, be pleased to direct and prosper all the consultations of both Houses of Parliament, to the advancement of his glory, the good of his church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and his dominions!—We remain, with great respect, my Lord, your most obedient servants,

Robert Pedder Buddicom, A. M. Minister of St. George's Church, Everton, and late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.

Ambrose Dawson, B. D. Minister of St. Michael's Liverpool, and Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Robert Davies, M. A. Minister of St. David's Liverpool, Rector of Gvaunysgor, Flintshire, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Cardigan.

Thomas Tatzershall, A. M. Minister of St. Matthew's, Liverpool, and late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,

Andrew Knox, M. A. Minister of Birkenhead, James Aspinall, A. M. Chaplain of St. Michael's Liverpool.

William Rawson, A. M. Minister of Seaforth. Thomas Hill, Minister, Liverpool.

Matson Vincent, A. M. Assistant Minister of St. George's, Everton.



#### GENERAL SPECTACLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

'There is a God. The grass of the valley, and the cedars of the mountains bless him. The insects hum his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. It is man alone, who hath said there is no God!'

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God, and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, with diverse decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute and progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. By the other, they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other, it would have been all monotony. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation. The least of its fractions becomes a *cosmos*, a whole, which comprehends every thing, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together, then, in thought the most beautiful accidents of nature.—Suppose that you see at the same time the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms, plains covered with springing corn, and gilded with harvest. You will then have a just idea of the universe.

It is not astonishing, that while you admire the sun, sinking under the arches of the west, another observer beholds him springing from the regions of the morning? By what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes, burning and fatigued in the dust of evening, is the same youthful planet, that awakens, humid with dew, under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising, in the zenith, or sitting in some portion of the world; or rather, our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian, nor west.

Can we conceive, what would be the spectacle of nature, if it were abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds, obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth; or would mount in pyramids into the upper regions of the air. The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarefied for the organs of respiration.—The moon, too near, or too distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the ecliptic, or, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter.—

Bootes would lead the Pleiades; and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. There, the stars would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. Again, disappearing altogether, and rending assunder the curtain of the worlds, they would open to view the abysses of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day, when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.—*Chateaubriand.*

#### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

##### THE CONVERTED JEW.

The following affecting narrative has appeared in some of the periodical journals both in this country and in England, and has excited so much interest and sympathy with the individual who forms the principal subject of it, as to induce considerable inquiry as to its correctness.

One of our friends has been at some pains to trace out the story, and we are assured that the result of his researches has been entirely satisfactory. After receiving various accounts, all of which tended to confirm the truth of the narrative, a clue was at length obtained, which led him to the person through whose means it was first published. The character of this gentleman is highly respectable, and he has politely furnished such data as place the reality of the facts, and the accuracy of the statement, beyond doubt.

"Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an aged and highly respectable clergyman give the following account of a Jew, with whom he had recently become acquainted.

"He was preaching to a large and interesting audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter the house, the lineaments of whose countenance had every appearance of a Jew. The stranger was well dressed—his countenance was noble—though its expression seemed to indicate that his heart had lately been the habitation of deep sorrow. He took his seat, and was absorbed in attention to the sermon, while he often stole unconsciously down his cheek. After the service was over, the clergyman was too much interested in the stranger to refrain from speaking to him. Fixing his eye steadily upon him, he said, 'Sir, am I not correct in supposing that I am addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are,' was the reply. 'But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?' The substance of his narrative was as follows: 'He was a very respectable man, of superior education, and handsome fortune; who with his books, his riches, and an only child, a daughter, in her seventeenth year, had found a beautiful retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he now knew little pleasure except in the society of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. Her person was beautiful; but her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the unsold decorations of the body. No pains had been spared in her education. She could read and speak with fluency, several different languages; and her proficiency in other departments of literature was proportionate, while the ease and gracefulness of her manners captivated all who beheld her. No wonder then, that a tender father, whose head was now sprinkled with gray hairs, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love; especially as he knew of no source of happiness beyond this world. Being himself a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented that religion with an ornament.

"It was but a little while ago that this beloved daughter was taken ill:—the rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire—her strength decayed; and, it soon became apparent, that an incurable and fatal disease was preying upon her constitution.—The father hung over the bed of his child with a heart fraught with the keenest anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but could seldom speak, except by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expence in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could avert or arrest the arrow of death.