

The Church Times.

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LITURGICAL.

Day	Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
P.	Jan. 14	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
M.	15	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
T.	16	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
W.	17	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
T.	18	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
F.	19	St. Stephen	St. Stephen
S.	20	St. Stephen	St. Stephen

Poetry.

THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

BY REV. H. H. M. LMAN.

WHAT means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky,
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is reading,
I see the star-paved land,
Where all the Angels stand,
Even to the highest height in burning rows ascending,
Some with their wings dispread,
And bow'd the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;
Behold! the apparitions are they,
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still
More lofty structures fill
The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling.
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders
swelling,
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seem'd the concert sweet of the harmonious spheres.

Still my rapt spirit mounts,
And lo! beside the founts
Of flowing light Christ's chosen Saints reclining,
Distinct amid the blaze
Their palm-crown'd heads they raise,
Their white robes ev'n through that overpowering lustre
shining,
Each in his place of state,
Long the bright Twelve have sat,
O'er the celestial Zion high uplifted;
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again—I see again
The great victorious train,
The Martyrs from their toils reposing:
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
Even then, immortal limbs the signs of wounds disclosing,
Oh, holy Stephen! thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore when dying,
When under the heap'd stones in anguish lying,
Thy clasped hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents pray'd thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond! ah, who is there
With the white snow-hair?
'Tis He—'tis He the Son of Man appearing!
At the right hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed Host behold with awe and fearing,
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings
Down to the glazy seat, His loftiest seat o'er-arching.
Hark! thunders from His throne, like steel-clad armies
marching—
The Christ! the Christ commands us to His home!
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come!

Religious Miscellany.

DR. CUMMING'S WORKS.*

On the next portion of Jacob's history little fresh light is thrown, except that we learn that the seven years which he served for Rachel, appeared to him, not as the Scripture tells us, as "a few" days, but with arithmetical exactness, very unusual in love matters, as seven days; and, further, that the person who wrestled with him all night at the ford Jacob was a man, behind whose shadow God appeared to Jacob. As the history advances, however, it becomes again more amusingly instructive. On receiving the first intelligence of Joseph's being still alive, Jacob goes off in a fainting-fit.—Dr. Cumming's reading of the statement, that "his heart fainted." Whereupon there is engrafted a highly curious discussion, for which we regret that we can-

(* Continued from last week.)

not make room, on the effects of mental emotions upon the body, and the evidence which they afford of the immateriality of the soul; because, as Dr. Cumming argues with singular conclusiveness, "there can be no explanation of this phenomenon, that a dose of moral emotion, sentiment, and feeling, influences the body, except the suggestion that it has an immaterial or mental medium, first to influence, and through it to reach the body." As Dr. Cumming was on the subject of mental physiology, it is a pity he did not remember to explain another and still more startling phenomenon, which is, that Jacob, though he had fainted away, lost neither his consciousness nor even the use of his senses; for according to Dr. Cumming's account, which in this particular follows the sacred narrative, "Jacob's spirit revived,"—i. e. he recovered from his fainting fit,—when he "saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him." But although Dr. Cumming does not explain this singular physiological fact, he incidentally supplies us with another very curious piece of information, namely, Jacob's proficiency in optical science. On recovering, or, more probably, in the act of recovering, from his fainting fit, Jacob falls into a soliloquy, which is given with high dramatic effect, and which may serve as a specimen of Dr. Cumming's occasional improvements upon the sacred text:—

"How can he be alive? I received irresistible presumptive evidence that he was torn by wild beasts. I saw his very robe stained with blood. All my sons declared and testified that he was destroyed by wild beasts. Has he risen from the dead? Is it a *delirio visus* (sic!) on the part of my children? Is it some person who has pretended to be Joseph? Is it possible that Joseph can be alive? And yet, if he be not alive, what means these waggon's? what mean my sons? They cannot by this statement desire to bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. They would not dare to taunt, to tantalize, or to vex me. Therefore, I must believe that Joseph is alive."

One more interesting anecdote of Jacob's life must not be passed over. On being brought into the presence of Pharaoh, he made what the Romanists call "a general confession" of his sins. "Few and evil," said the patriarch, "have been the days of my pilgrimage; on which words,—though in a subsequent chapter, he states, in reference to this self-same passage, that "evil" is there meant "not in the sense of moral wrong, but in the sense of misfortune." Dr. Cumming thus enlarges:—

"Jacob, however, felt that the days of his pilgrimage had been evil, if they had been few. He had many a trait in his past history to look back upon with every emotion save that of satisfaction and delight. There was many a crooked path in Jacob's course—many a dark spot on the patriarch's robe; much spoken that he would rather had been unspoken, and much done that he would rather had not been done; and he had, therefore, so deep a persuasion of his unworthiness in the sight of God, &c. &c."

Had we met with such an interpretation of Jacob's answer to Pharaoh in a Romish writer, we might have looked upon it with suspicion; but from the pen of one who has Dr. Cumming's salutary abhorrence of the remotest approach to all popish practices, this early adumbration of the confessional cannot but have great weight.

Not less instructive, in Dr. Cumming's own peculiar way, than the history of Jacob, is that of his favourite son, Joseph. It seems, was a professor of Christianity. "He was a Christian," we are told, "in prison, where he had no responsibilities, and where the Christianity which he professed could compensate for the outer darkness by its inner splendours;" and "he was a Christian at Pharaoh's right hand, where his responsibilities were so many." For the information of future Church historians we may here note, by the way, that not only Joseph, but the whole of the sons of Jacob were Christians; that they and their descendants after them had the ten commandments in Egypt long before the Decalogue was written on Mount Sinai; and not only so, but that Joseph possessed a Bible, and that he and the rest of the patriarchs yielded subscription to creeds. Our readers, perhaps, suspect that we are jesting; we beg to say we are not. We are giving them Dr. Cumming's *ipsissima verba*. Joseph, he informs us, was restrained from sin when tempted by the wife of Potiphar, because, "while sin was popular in Egypt's colleges and in Rahab's courts, it was condemned by a verdict which to him was infallible and true, contained in God's Holy Word;" and lest the sins of the patriarchs should be appealed to as precedents by sinners of a later age, he takes

care to remind us that those sins had no countenance in the creeds that they subscribed."

But to return to Joseph. Not only did he, as we learn from his biographer, possess a Bible, but he was well up in his ethics and metaphysics. Among the preventives from sin which his mind suggested to him to restrain him from yielding to the seductive advances of Potiphar's wife, was the profound consideration that others had the same right which they had to give the rein to their passions, and that if all did so, "a world universally sinful would end in universal suicide;" and the still more forcible thought that sin is "not only homicidal and destructive of man, but if it could, would be suicidal," and therefore, as Dr. Cumming expressly notes he resolved that he would on no account commit it.

Interesting as are these occasional peeps into the inner history of Joseph's mind, the details of his outward career, now for the first time given to the world, are not less remarkable. The vulgar belief that it was Potiphar who put Joseph in prison is, it appears, founded in mistake. It was "the cruelty of Pharaoh" that "laid him in the dark places of a dungeon," for what offence does not appear; possibly on mere suspicion, as being the son of "a refugee,"—a class of persons who are generally in ill odour at court. Equally erroneous is the notion that it was on the occasion of Pharaoh's dream that Joseph was introduced to him by the chief butler, and that he owed his elevation to the Divine gift of interpreting dreams. According to Dr. Cumming, it was Pharaoh's knowledge of Joseph's character which induced him to raise him to the rank of prime minister. That character, we are reminded, was "not formed by diplomacy;" "piety," "equanimity of temper," "quiet happiness," were his distinguishing features; and it was on account of these that Joseph found favour in Pharaoh's eyes. Our readers may laugh, but so it is:—

"Pharaoh recognised in the piety of Joseph the qualification in its place and measure for a prime-minister and a great statesman. . . . Pharaoh saw in Joseph that consistency of conduct, that sterling integrity, and, according to the record here, so clearly the evidence of God being with him, that he selected for his premier a man who had shewn such judgment, such forbearance, such charity, such kindness, such absence of everything like malice, hatred, or ill-will; he saw in the whole of that character, so beautifully balanced, the raw material at least of a good Egyptian statesman, and he had the rare wisdom to recognise it."

Who, after this, shall venture to cast a stone at the Apocrypha? Not Exeter hall, surely!

After these samples of Dr. Cumming's flights in sacred history,—in some of which the eccliar of a decently taught parish school would scarcely indulge,—our readers will not, perhaps, be greatly surprised to learn that Moses was "a Jew," and a patriot to boot; and that, being a Jew and a patriot, the fact of his recording the sins of the patriarchs is conclusive evidence of the Divine inspirations of his writings,—an inference which might help not only Josephus, but Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal, and we know not how many more, to a place in the canon; or that Paul, Apollon, and Cephas, quarrelled about Church government; or that the injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," is "a prescription three or four thousand years old;" or that Luther is one of the stars "in the galaxy of our national (sic!) firmament."

CONNECTICUT.—The Calendar gives the following interesting account of the recent ordination to the Diaconate of a former Jewish Rabbi, in Hartford, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese:—"On Sunday, Dec. 14th, in Christ Church, in this city, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Williams, Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, admitted Mr. John C. Jacobi to the Holy Order of Deacons. The Sermon was preached by Bishop Williams, and the candidate presented by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, rector of the parish. Mr. Jacobi is a native of Poland, and a descendant of Abraham, and was a rabbi for some time at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany. In 1821 he embraced Christianity, and subsequently accompanied the Rev. Dr. McCaul as an assistant missionary to his brethren after the flesh, in his native country. He came to this country in 1825, and has been a resident of Connecticut for several years. His design is to labour among the Jews in this country. Some of the results of