

## ESSAY ON THE LITURGY.

ESSAY II.—Continued.

*"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."*

Psalm xcvi. 9.

The creed is so drawn up, as that the declarations of belief, are the declarations of every individual who repeats it. We do not say, we believe in God the Father, but believe; so that the priest himself, who is elsewhere the publick minister of the congregation, seems here to become a private member of it, confessing only for himself.

Thus far we have marked the order, and beauty, and variety of the arrangement, and the rich and scriptural materials wherewith the liturgy is composed. We have seen our church acknowledging her sins in the confession; then setting forth God's most worthy praise, in the psalms; then hearing his most holy word in the lessons; and she now proceeds, to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul. This she does in a series of prayers, studded and enriched with gems of scripture, and consecrated by the breath of saints and martyrs, who are now with God. Let others pass by these devotions of holy men of old, and present their offerings in other censers:—we blame them not for a difference of taste:—but we love to join hands with the confessors of early times, when christianity was yet pure and lovely, and utter the same prayers which trembled on their dying lips. O could we but catch the spirit which animated them, 'the beauty of holiness' would become as apparent in the use of our liturgy, as it is now in the theory.

Although we frequently pass from one office of devotion to another, the transitions are never abrupt, but are commonly introduced by one or more versicles pronounced by the minister, and re-echoed by the people. In the present case, the salutation of Boaz to the reapers, 'the Lord be with you,' is adopted by the minister, and responded by the congregation, preparatory to the exercise of prayer.

It may be proper here to remark on the expediency of having our prayers broken into short petitions, instead of offering them in one continued request. They were made short, in imitation of our Lord's prayer, and in accommodation to human weakness, which will not suffer the attention to be kept constantly on the stretch. They were made concise, that some attribute of the Deity, corresponding with the subject of the petition, might be introduced; as in the collect for peace, we say, 'O God, who art the author of peace, and lover of concord.' And finally, the concise form of composition was adopted, that every petition might be offered up in 'the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord:' and this course seems to be recommended in his declaration, that 'whatsoever we ask the Father in his name, he will give it us.'

The collects for peace, which stand first in order, both in morning and evening service are translated word for word from the sacramentary of St. Gregory, a liturgy compiled by him about 1230 years ago. In that for the morning, we pray for outward peace, and preservation from the injuries, insults, and wicked designs of men. In that for the evening, we petition for inward tranquillity, for 'that peace which the world cannot give'—for that peace, in short, which springs from the testimony of a quiet and unrepenting conscience.

The prayers which follow,—that for grace in the morning, and that for aid against perils in the evening, are of equal antiquity. That for grace is very proper to be used in the beginning of the day, when we are about to go forth into the midst of temptations: nor is that for aid against perils less seasonable in the evening, when we are about to commit ourselves to the protection of Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Thus far we have prayed for ourselves only. But we are exhorted to pray for 'kings, and for all in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.' We therefore offer up our petitions for our civil rulers, that they may 'be endued with heavenly gifts, and be inclined to do the will of God, and walk in his ways.—

This, as well as the following prayer, was translated from the sacramentary of St. Gregory, and has held its place in the church for thirteen centuries.

Having made our supplications for our temporal rulers, we proceed to pray for our spiritual guides, and 'for the congregations committed to their charge.' In this collect we pray for spiritual blessings only. In petitioning for other favours, we may, through ignorance, make improper requests, and 'so ask and receive not, because we ask amiss.' But in supplicating for larger donations of the spirit, we have the assurance that our request is not improper, since it is a donation of which we always stand in need.

But because we are directed to make prayers and intercessions 'for all men,' we pray in the next place for all sorts and conditions of men; that all who profess and call themselves christians, may live agreeably to their profession, and that the kingdom of the Redeemer may yet be extended, and his saving health made known among all nations. A general thanksgiving succeeds, in which our creation, preservation and other temporal blessings, are noticed; but above all, the inestimable love of God, in the redemption of the world by his Son, is made a particular theme of thanksgiving.

The prayer composed by Chrysostom, reflecting on the great and necessary requests that have been made, and desiring their fulfilment in the way most expedient for us, is properly added at the close; and the whole service is finished by the benedictory prayer of St. Paul, which he added in substance at the close of most of his epistles.

*☞ We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the excellent Essay on the Liturgy continued in our columns this day, as well as to the portions inserted in our previous numbers. They clearly point out the reasonableness, beauty and propriety of that form which we use in 'worshipping the God of our Fathers,' and which only requires to be considered with a spiritual and candid mind, in order to be admired and loved. With reference to this Liturgy, it may truly be said of our Church—'Her clothing is of wrought gold.'—We particularly commend to the notice of those who may belong to other denominations, but occasionally attend our services, one remark of the writer of these essays—that the use of the Prayer Book is essential to the due comprehension of its beauties, and a profitable participation in our public worship. And to our own people we would say the same. Much of the effect of our excellent forms is lost when the people neglect to bear the part assigned them in the rubric, leaving, as is often the case, the minister and his clerk to do the whole. The loud response of ancient times, which came from the united voices of the congregation, and sounded like 'a clap of thunder,' lending a fire and animation to the service, which must have been felt in every bosom, we shall look for in vain among modern congregations—Yet such would be still the case, if each worshipper obeyed the direction of the church.*

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

We left Hoboken in a sleigh, with 12 passengers, for Albany. Among them was a young woman about 17, who having spent the winter near the city, was returning to her friends in the west. She was under the protection of a young man, who from his polite, though cool attention, I thought must have been nearer related than a cousin.—Had she been at the ball the papers would have said she was a very interesting young lady, but as I do not quite understand the phrase in this connexion, it is as well to say at once that she was a handsome young woman.

Most of this day's journey, there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio—a man of sound principles, and who, from his observation, must have seen much of men and their manners; he appeared to be about 50. On her left, sat a young man about 22, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and eyes, (observe this was not her protector.) Our farmer, in answer to a question by one of the passengers, when speaking of the inhabitants

of the new settlements, observed—Wherever there was a Church and stated minister, the people for five or six miles round were more orderly, sober and circumspect, than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This observation drew forth the wrath, the tongue and the eloquence of our young hero of the whiskers; he had been to college, and was studying some learned profession; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses; he said the stories about hell and the devil were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at worst, was only a leap in the dark—but ah! this leap in the dark. We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that in a few minutes our courage would be put to the test. It had rained for the last twelve hours, the sleighing got bad, the horses were sinking to the knees, and the driver said he would take to the river. We thought he was in jest; but finding him turning in that direction, the passengers, one and all, remonstrated,—but to no effect. At every stopping place, while the horses drank water, the driver drank rum. He was now at that point of high pressure, that he declared he feared neither death nor the devil.—This took place between Newburg and Catskill. The ice, we knew, was strong enough to have borne a hundred sleighs; but the rain had run from the frozen hills on each side, and the ice was now covered to a depth of at least two feet of water, the wind was fresh, and the waves rolled as if no ice was under. Our apprehension arose from the danger of our getting into air holes, which could not be seen, as all now appeared but one sheet of water.

At this juncture, the rain ceased, and snow began to fall in broad flakes, so thick and so fast, that the driver could hardly see the head of his leaders; and to add to our fears, the banks were so steep we could not effect a landing for nearly one mile ahead I looked at our farmer; I thought as he had travelled the length and breadth of the land, he must have encountered dangers by field and by flood; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with something like fear. I asked him what he thought. He thought it was both unsafe and imprudent. I looked at the young woman. She was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket, the lids opening to each side of the handle. While I was observing the effect of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a little red book. She opened the book, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read a minute. As she shut and replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face towards the heavens, she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. As she opened her eyes, the hue of fear, which for a few moments blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a shower cloud by the side of a green mountain on a summer's morning. During the remainder of our perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not. I looked at the whiskered young man; he trembled in every limb; ten minutes before, he looked fierce enough and stout enough to have crossed the bridge of Lodi, on the right hand of Bonaparte. He now sat in dismay. This leap in the dark took him by surprise; he was like one without hope; while she placed her tender foot firmly on the rock of ages, and with her hand she took a grasp firmly on the skies, then bade the waves roll—nor feared their idle whirl.

At this juncture, a passenger crept through the green baize covering, and sat with the driver.—What unanswerable arguments he used I know not, but in five minutes the driver and horses returned to the earth, from whence they had lately sprung.

We stopped at the village of — to dine. While they were placing the victuals on the table, I asked Miss C—for a sight of the little red book she carried in her basket. Its title was, 'Daily Food for Christians—being a Scripture promise, &c. for every day in the year.' I asked what text seemed to please her so much while we were sleighing on the water. The text for that day was, Psalm 125, verse 2; to this she pointed. Next day we parted in Albany, and have not met since.

The following from the Albany Argus of 10th inst refers to the young lady mentioned above.

Yours,

A. B.

'Married, in the Presbyterian Church, Cherry Valley, on the evening of the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Lockhead, Asabel Grant, M. D. of Utica, N. Y.'