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THE
PROTESTANT ANNUAL.

1841.







THE
PROTESTANT ANNUAL.

1841.

EDITED
BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

“ Prove all things : hold fast that which is good.”
1 THESS. V. 21.

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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE BISHOPS

AND THE REVEREND

THE CLERGY

OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND,

AND OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

BY LAW ESTABLISHED IN THESE REALMS,

FOR A WITNESS TO GOD'S ETERNAL TRUTH

IN THE GOSPEL OF HIS SON,

AND FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF PURE RELIGION, AS EMBODIED IN

THE PRINCIPLES OF

The blessed Reformation,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

MAY THEY EVER BEAR IN MIND

ALIKE THE PRIVILEGES AND THE RESPONSIBILITIES

OF THEIR HIGH OFFICE,

AS OVERSEERS OF THE FLOCK PURCHASED WITH

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST,

AND GUARDIANS OF THAT SACRED TRUST,

Our National Protestantism.

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* By a regretted oversight the Author's name is omitted in the heading of this paper.

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INTRODUCTION.

TEN years ago the projectors of a work like the present might have calculated on provoking derision by the undertaking, but would have enjoyed a poor prospect of support. During these ten years our national Protestantism has, alas! retrograded fearfully; yet do we confidently anticipate for our miscellany an extensive and a cordial welcome from the hearts of a community where the healthful pulse beats with renewed energy, alike unshackled by, and independent of, all that the great ones of the earth can do to repress it.

And whence is this? Our VIGNETTE supplies the answer. Look at the central object there displayed to a rejoicing throng: "young men and maidens, old men and children," press around,

while the hand of one, who from the abject bondage of Romish delusion has become a preacher of that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free, points to the blessed book, THE HOLY BIBLE, then first by royal authority set up in Paul's cathedral for the use of the laity. He tells them to rest no longer their faith on the authority of man, but to bring his teaching to that sure standard—"To the law and to the testimony"—according to which word if they speak not "there is no light in them."

Yes, the Reformation gave to England an unfettered bible; and because that bible has still free course, and is glorified among us, therefore does the strong pulse of Protestantism thus energetically beat throughout the mass of our population, presenting a barrier against all menaced inroads, whether of legislative innovation or of ecclesiastical corruption. God himself opened to our fathers that bible; man cannot prevail to shut it. God re-kindled the torch of divine truth at that blessed era; man cannot succeed in extinguishing it. Encouraged by this assurance, we send forth

a volume devoted to the cause of our most holy faith, as contradistinguished from the heresy that usurps its name, taking up with humble confidence the words of him who rebuilt, in troublous times, the walls of Jerusalem, “The God of heaven, He will prosper us.”

December, 1840.

THE
PROTESTANT ANNUAL.

PREPARATION FOR SUFFERING FOR
THE TRUTH.

BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH.

THE circumstances of the times are more and more bringing faithful Protestants again into full conflict with all the adversaries of "the faith once delivered to the saints." In this conflict we are exhorted to "contend earnestly." We contend indeed for the truth of God, "the common salvation," the rich inheritance which God has freely given to the sons of men, and, by the grace of God, we know that we shall be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Though the war be sharp and prolonged, may we only the more "wax valiant in the fight," till we turn "the armies of the aliens to flight." The stirring events of these days call upon Christians to take the whole armour of God, and "his truth shall be our shield and buckler in the evil day." (Psalm xci. 4.)

There is one part of the duty of the church

which has hitherto been little regarded. From the extraordinary peace which God has given to the world—a period of quiet clearly predicted before the last troubles, (1 Thess. v. 2, 3; Rev. vii. 1; viii. 1)—Christians have not had their attention directed, as the earlier church had, to the duty and privilege of suffering for Christ.

But as the predicted trials are manifestly drawing nearer, my object will be, in this paper, to lead Christians to prepare and be ready for them, that they may be enabled to withstand every temptation, and become the largest blessings in those trials to their country, their fellow Christians, and their fellow men.

That TRIALS ARE BEFORE US must be obvious to every reflecting mind acquainted with the actual state of the Christian world and with the word of God.

What is the state of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD? It is probable that a number considerably exceeding 200 millions are now living on the earth who have been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. What is the spiritual condition of these millions? Let us classify them, and glance at their state:—

1. Eastern churches 6 millions.
2. The Greek church 42 millions.
3. The Romanists 100 millions.
4. The Protestants 60 millions.

There are, we may well hope, in the worst of these classes, thousands who worship the Father

in spirit and in truth : the number is known only to Him “who seeth in secret,” and is probably far larger than many a desponding heart would imagine, and that even in those we are ready to view as the darkest parts of the earth. But still the actual state of the *Christian world*, as proved by the facts that are open and evident, is manifest. “By their fruits we know” the false teachers ; and there are sins “open beforehand, going before to judgment.”

The EASTERN CHURCHES have longest had the truth ; and what is their spiritual condition ? While we have to thank God that, amidst enormous oppressions and injuries from the Mahomedan scourge, they have retained the name of Christ, and the early creeds of the church, and have also suffered contumely, of all kinds and degrees, for that name which they bear ; yet, alas ! whether we view Jacobites, Armenians, or Nestorians, they have, as a body, sunk into outside worship—the adoration of pictures, and confidence in saints ; and are, to a large extent, adhering to lying vanities, trusting in the wooden cross, and the merest shreds and forms of religion. They are also living in the grossest ignorance of divine truth, and by all kinds of wickedness are constantly dishonouring the name of Christ. The Saracen woe chiefly affected them, but “they repented not,” and they are now fearfully like that rejected “earth which beareth thorns and briers, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.”

The GREEK CHURCH, including the established church in the Russian empire, is a large proportion of the Christian world. There is much of God's truth in different branches of the Greek church. They hold the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds, and they have separated from the Man of Sin; though they retain, alas, many of the evils of that apostasy, using paintings and varied superstitions in their worship, and having, as is too evident, to a prodigious extent, the name only of Christians. Christianity in the Greek church, which had before lost its purity and power in those professing it, became, from the time of the Turkish woe, as it were slain, through the countries that formed the third empire. (Rev. ix. 18.)

The ROMANISTS number the largest proportion in any single class of Christians in connexion with the profession of the Christian faith, and there are many of the true people of God among them. (Rev. xviii. 4.) The European kingdoms still chiefly belong to them. In Austria, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Sardinia, Naples, Bavaria, Tuscany, and the Papal States, Popery is the dominant religion, though more or less wasted and crippled by the revolutions of the last fifty years in every state. But have Romanists been taught by the judgments on the eastern churches to repent? No. "The rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the work of their hands that they should not

worship devils and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood." There have now descended upon them five of the vials of God's wrath, but they have "blasphemed the God of heaven, because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds." (Rev. xvi. 11.)

PROTESTANTS have now in their churches the chief vigour and purity of the Christian faith; and in the British Isles and the United States, and in Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, as well as in other countries, great numbers of devoted servants of Christ have not defiled their garments, and are glorifying the name of Christ by their faith, hope, and love. But the great mass of Protestants, even in the most favoured countries, with an awful accumulation of guilt, sinning against the revived light of divine truth which had visited them, and all the solemn warnings of judgments on the eastern churches by the Saracen woe, on the Greek churches by the Turkish woe, on the Roman churches by the five vials of wrath poured on them, and on Mahomedan lands by the sixth vial poured on the river Euphrates, seem to have sinned before God with eminent and peculiar guilt. Oh let us remember our real guilt is as we stand in the sight of Him who judges men according to the means which they have of knowing and serving him. The unclean spirits that are now abroad through all the kingdoms of the Roman empire, with their unparalleled spread and activity—Jesuits, Revolutionists, and Infidels—shew very

manifestly the corrupt state both of the Roman and the Protestant churches. And indeed we may expect the greatest and most daring wickedness to be manifested where the fullest light and love have been perseveringly rejected.

And what says the word of God to this? I speak to those who admit the Protestant application of the Revelation; who do not, because of difficulties in interpretation, in the spirit of the English infidel Gibbon, and the French infidel Volney, reject prophetic truth as they rejected Christian truth; who believe, with their Protestant forefathers, that Babylon and the Man of Sin, and the mystery of iniquity, describe the Pope and Popery.

To such it must be evident, events have already largely fulfilled the book of Revelation, and that all these corruptions of Christianity were foreseen. To such it is generally evident that the sixth vial is now pouring out on the Turkish empire, and that the seventh vial brings that revolution which is described as "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." This harmonizes with those oft-repeated testimonies of the prophets and our Lord (Isa. xxvi. 20, 21; Jer. xxx. 7; Dan. xii. 3; Joel, ii. 2; Mat. xxiv. 21; Luke, xxi. 25) of "a time of trouble" before his return "such as never was since there was a nation to that same time, no, nor ever shall be."

And the righteousness as well as the necessity

of these judgments will be clear when we remember that peculiar light afforded (Mat. x. 15) and previous warnings rejected very greatly increase the guilt of men. The Israelites, neglecting the warnings which the judgments on Egypt had afforded them, were overthrown in the wilderness. (Psalm cvi. 21—27.) When Judah continued in idolatry, unwarned by the captivity of Israel, the Lord accounted Judah more guilty than Israel. (Jer. iii. 8—11.) For the same reason Belshazzar was punished more severely than Nebuchadnezzar, because he knew God's dealings with his father and did not humble himself. (Dan. v. 22.) In the same way as just noticed, the judgments on the eastern churches by the Mahomedan woes were a warning to us of the western, and the vials poured out on Papal and Mahomedan empires to us Protestants. All which warnings and the instruction thus given, slighted and disregarded, increase the sin of our impenitence, unbelief, and high-mindedness, (Rom. xi. 20, 21; Rev. xvi. 9—11,) accumulate the guilt of past ages on the churches on which the judgment finally comes, (Mat. xxiii. 35; Rev. xviii. 24,) and leave their situation without remedy. (2 Chron. xxxvi. 16.)

We may take it, then, for an assured truth, that trials of a specially severe character are before the Christian world, continuing impenitent, and that they are near to us. It is clear that there are "a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and

tongues, which stood before the throne and before the Lamb," of whom it shall be said, "these are they who came out of the great tribulation." (της θλιψεως της μεγαλης.) Our Lord does not return till this tribulation has come. (Mat. xxiv. 29, 30; Luke, xxi. 25.) If we look for reigning we must also look for previous suffering. (Mat. xx. 20—23; 2 Tim. ii. 21.)

But do the scriptures give any particulars of THE NATURE OF THESE TRIALS? This may be seen in the various predictions of them.

GENERALLY, we may observe, in the words of Dean Woodhouse, "Throughout the whole of the prophetic scripture a time of retribution and vengeance on God's enemies is announced. It is called "the day of the Lord," "the day of wrath and slaughter," "of the Lord's anger, visitation, and judgment," "the great day," "the last day." At the same time it is to be observed, that this kind of description and the same expressions which are used to represent this great day are also employed by the prophets to describe the fall and punishment of particular states and empires; of Babylon by Isaiah (ch. xiii.), of Egypt by Ezekiel (xxx. 2—4; xxxii. 7, 8), of Jerusalem by Jeremiah and Joel, and by our Lord, (Mat. xxiv.) In many of these prophecies the description of the calamity which is to fall on a *particular* state or nation is so blended and intermixed with that general destruction which, in the final days of vengeance, will invade all the inhabitants of the

earth, that the industry and skill of our ablest interpreters have been scarcely equal to separate and assort them. Hence it has been concluded by judicious divines that these partial prophecies and particular instances of the divine vengeance, whose accomplishment we know to have taken place, are presented to us as types, certain tokens and forerunners of some greater events which are also disclosed in them. To the dreadful time of universal vengeance they all appear to look forward, beyond their first and most immediate object. Little indeed can we doubt that such is to be considered the use and application of these prophecies, since we see them thus applied by our Lord and his apostles, (Mat. i. 22, 23; xxvii. 9; John, xv. 25; xix. 36, 37; Acts, ii. 20—27; iii. 19, 22—24; Heb. iv. 7, 8; x. 27—37; Rom. ii. 5; Gal. iv. 24; Ephes. v. 14; 2 Thess. ii. 3, &c.; 2 Pet. iii. 2—14.) One of the most remarkable of these prophecies is that splendid one of Isaiah, xxxiv., the importance and *universality* of which is to be collected from the manner in which it is introduced. . . . It represents the day of the Lord's vengeance and the year of the recompences of Sion; it descends on all nations and their armies The hosts of heaven are dissolved, the heavens are rolled together as a scroll of parchment, the stars fall like a leaf from a vine, or a fig from its tree. And yet *Idumea* is mentioned by the prophet as the particular object of vengeance. Such seems to be the typical com-

pletion and primary application of this prophecy; but it has evidently a more sublime and future prospect, and in this sense *the whole world* is its object. . . . Such prophecies have evidently received their partial accomplishment, yet as evidently look forward to a more full and glorious consummation. They are not become a dead letter; they unite in pointing to some grander object which all such prophecies describe, even the universal and final overthrow of the enemies of Christ. And they encourage us to look with certain assurance to the completion of the predictions in their final sense, since we have already seen them fulfilled typically.*

Some of the most STRIKING PARTICULARS connected with the last trials seem to be these:—

THE RESTRAINTS NOW UPON THE WICKED WILL BE REMOVED. Popery, that man of sin, could not manifest itself, because, as the Thessalonians knew, the Roman government hindered it; “ye know what withholdeth, that he might be revealed in his time.” In due time the Roman government was removed, and the Man of Sin (whose type was Judas, the son of Simon, the son of perdition) opposed and exalted himself above all that is called God. But there is a farther withholding of evil; “he who now letteth will let, until he be out of the way,” and then shall “that wicked,” or lawless one, the full-grown antichrist, like Judas

* See Woodhouse’s *Apocalypse Translated*, p. 172—174.

in his last stage, shew himself, and “be revealed” before his destruction. By the overthrow of governments, as in the reign of terror in France, the restraints on the wicked will be removed; and if other restraining influences be also withdrawn, we may easily suppose the enormous evils on every side that must then abound.

POPERY, AS A SYSTEM OF RELIGION, WILL BE STRIPPED BARE. “The ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and shall burn her with fire.” (Rev. xvii. 6.) Thus Popery, as a system of iniquity, shall be manifested, and the powers of the earth shall really hate her. Much of this has had its beginning in the plundering of church property in many papal countries.

There will be A VISIBLE, SUDDEN, AND ENTIRE OVERTHROW OF THE SEAT OF THIS APOSTASY. Our Lord’s prediction in Revelation is very plain. “Her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be burned with fire: for strong is the Lord that judgeth her—in one hour is thy judgment come—with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.” (Rev. xviii.) Infidelity may scoff at these statements. He who believes God’s words will stand in awe of them; and such passages clearly shew a violent and sudden visitation from Heaven on the head and seat of the apostasy. And no wonder infidels scoff be-

forehand, when even these judgments will not bring the kingdoms of this world to true repentance.

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD SHALL, after this, MAKE OPEN WAR AGAINST OUR LORD CHRIST. The gatherings for this war seem already beginning to take place. The kings are gathered together by the "three unclean spirits which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty." (Rev. xvi. 14.) "These shall make war with the Lamb." (Rev. xvii. 14.) The war itself is described in the 19th chapter.

ALL THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST UNITE TOGETHER AGAINST HIM IN THIS LAST WAR. One passage may shew this. "I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth and their armies gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army, and the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet."

THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL SHALL, IN THESE TROUBLES, BE RESTORED TO THEIR OWN LAND. On this the prophet Daniel (xii. 1) is explicit. In the midst of the trials, when the enemy is coming in like a flood, "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. lix. 19.) The Jews shall be remarkably restored; and this itself will be as "an ensign lifted up on the mountains," and as the blowing of "a trumpet to all the inhabitants of the world and dwellers upon the earth." (Isaiah, xviii.) The Jews are to join in the hallelujahs of the last triumph. (Rev. xix.)

Without entering into explanations of these predictions, the general aspect is sufficiently clear. They all shew a violent conflict and struggle yet to come, carried on by the enemies of our Lord against him and his people. The general tendency of all these predictions is clear, and their near approach to our times must, to those who hold the Protestant interpretation of the Revelation, be manifest. The fearful issue of these conflicts is an unparalleled vintage, "the great winepress of the wrath of God," (Rev. xiv. 18,) and an unparalleled supper, "the supper of the great God," filling "all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven" with the flesh of kings, captains, mighty men, "and all men, both free and bond, both small and great." (Rev. xix. 7, 8.)

Such are the plain predictions of the word of God as to the day of tribulation yet to come, and they are here stated that the reader may see the special reason in these days for seeking to bring men to a prepared state for trials; and that Protestants who hold the pure faith of Christ may be ready for the peculiar difficulties of this time, and be fully blessed in them. Let us, then, next consider THE SITUATION OF GOD'S CHILDREN IN THESE LAST TRIALS.

There may probably be a sealed class (compare Ezek. ix. and Rev. vii.) remarkably and altogether preserved from them; but it is clear that MANY OF GOD'S SERVANTS WILL BE SHARERS IN THE TRIALS. As Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Daniel

shared the trials of the first captivity; as the first Christians, though preserved from the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, had suffered much previously, 1 Thess. ii. 14; so we have reason to think the church, represented by that of Philadelphia, while preserved, will yet pass through "the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." It will be seen by their burning lamps and readiness to go out to meet him, who are wise virgins and who are foolish. "Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

But in these trials there will be SUCH A REFUGE AS WILL COMPLETELY SHELTER THE PREPARED SERVANTS OF CHRIST FROM EVIL. This is often brought before us. In the midst of the last troubles the disciples of Christ are directed to "lift up *their* heads, for *their* redemption draweth nigh." They can say "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." They are charged, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." (Isaiah, xxvi. 20.) They are assured, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." And again, "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of tempta-

tion, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

But it is not merely a refuge and deliverance that will be provided; the tribulation itself will be **A TIME OF UNSPEAKABLE SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGE TO THEM.** In this great tribulation they have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They who now watch and pray, will then "be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man." We are solemnly assured, not only that that day shall overtake them as a thief, and that they are not appointed to wrath; but also that they are appointed "to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." In the darkest part of the tribulation, they are assured thus: "Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord." Such promises intimate, not merely a preservation, but a season of peculiar holiness and solemn joy to God's children at this time—a season which rapidly ripens and prepares the saints for their rapture to glory, without that separation of the spirit from the body which has hitherto taken place in the death of believers in general.

The day of tribulation will be **THE DAY OF LARGE CONVERSION TO CHRIST.** It will give striking advantages to the saints for manifesting the blessedness of true religion. We have many ex-

PLICIT statements that the time of these judgments will be the time of extended conversion of souls. "The great multitude which no man can number came out of it." (Rev. vii.) The last gatherings to the great supper are, "that the house may be filled." (Luke, xiv. 23.) We are assured, "when thy judgments are in the earth the inhabitants of the world shall learn righteousness." (Isa. xxvi. 9.) The great harvest of the church, possibly in itself a time of trial, precedes the full vintage of wrath. (Rev. xiv.) Just after Daniel mentions this great tribulation (Dan. xii.) and the resurrection following it, he gives the most glowing of all the promises to those successful in labours for the spiritual good of others: "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever." This accords with that which he further predicts: "they that understand among the people shall instruct many, yet they shall fall by the sword, and by flame, by captivity, and by spoil, many days." Thus, as in the beginning, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

By the great difference of the effects of these troubles **THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED SHALL BE MANIFEST.** Now it is often difficult to ascertain the real character of men, and in distinguishing we often make mistakes; then it will be manifest as the sun at noon day. Now we "call the proud happy;" then the day comes "that shall burn as an oven, and all

the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be as stubble." Now men say, "What profit is it if we keep God's ordinances?" then those who have feared the Lord will be spared as his dear children, and be as "his jewels," while the folly of the wicked "shall be manifest unto all men." And "men shall return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, and him that serveth God and him that serveth him not."

The CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF THE WICKED UNDER THESE TRIALS is also brought before us. There are those who will remain unconverted under these unequalled exhibitions of grace on the one hand and judgment on the other. Their character will become more and more desperately wicked (1 Tim. iii. 13), and this wickedness more manifest to all. (Rev. xix. 19.) Even now, "after their hardness and impenitent heart," they "treasure up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." It appears clear that the tribulation of the seventh vial serves to separate men into their respective classes, and not finally to destroy the wicked. When the great hail out of heaven falls upon the wicked, they do but "blaspheme God because of the plague of the hail." (Rev. xvi. 21.) Just thus Pharaoh, in Egypt, grew more hardened with each successive judgment. They will go on to make war with the Lamb and his followers, and probably will reduce the people of Christ to such extremities as to make their faith ready to

fail, and then hope to cease. Hence our Lord says, " Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him ; though he bear long with them ? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth ? (Luke, xviii.)

It is in this extremity of the church, I apprehend, that the saints, whether brought to Christ from among Jews or Gentiles, the first fruits unto God and the Lamb, the faithful remnant according to the election of grace, are changed and translated, and, with those raised from their graves, ascend to the immediate presence of their Redeemer, and all are received to their heavenly habitations. They are judged according to their works, and have their lots assigned to them by their righteous Judge in their blessed and heavenly kingdom. (Dan. xii. 13.)

The earth for a season seems left wholly to the unconverted ; the Jewish nation, not yet truly converted, but self-righteous (Isa. lxvi.), and the nominal church in its Laodicean state of wretched ignorance. After the first recovery of the wicked from their surprise at the translation of the saints, they, like the Egyptians, pursue their enmity, and especially manifest it towards the Jewish nation, in part restored to their own land. There are many predictions of this, see especially the last chapters of Isaiah and Zechariah, the 38th and 39th of Ezekiel, and the 19th chapter of

Revelation. These attempts issue in the return of our Lord with all his saints, (Zech. xiv. 5; Jude, 14, 15; Rev. xix. 14;) the conversion of the Jewish nation, and the awful and immediate and everlasting punishment by fire of the living obstinately wicked, and their being "cast alive into a lake burning with fire and brimstone, to be tormented day and night for ever and ever." The conversion of the Jewish nation, and these direct judgments from God our Saviour on the wicked, end in that nation becoming a fuller blessing to the rest of the world, even than they have yet been; while some of the Gentiles escaping, through the forbearance of God, out of these last judgments, are sent "to the nations afar off that have not heard the fame of Jehovah, neither have seen his glory." (Isaiah, lxvi. 19.) Thus, "the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of the" heavenly Jerusalem, and "the kings of the earth bring their honour and glory into it." The glorified saints reign in the millennial kingdom with Christ; the judgment of the dead, not partakers of the first resurrection, takes place, and then the glorified host "reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xxii. 5.) In short, God's righteousness, grace, and dealings with the sons of men, will be made clear, so that he will be fully justified by all creation.

Let us yet farther, for a moment, glance at THE GLORY OF THE RISEN CHURCH OF CHRIST. Who can describe this? If "eye hath not seen, nor ear

heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Cor. ii. 9), or them that "wait for him" (Isaiah, lxiv. 4), and they are only revealed to us by his Spirit, what must be the blessedness and glory of a resurrection body and a perfectly purified soul? what the blessedness of associating for ever only with those thus glorious, of sharing all their joys, and with them living always in that presence of our Lord, where is fulness of joy? Who can tell what royalties we partake of in the heavenly kingdom, what priestly offices we are there honoured with, what the beauteous splendour of the heavenly Jerusalem is? what the Lord God giving light to his servants there shall be? Who can reach the height, or fathom the depth, or measure the length and breadth, of the love of our Immanuel and the glories of the mansions he is preparing for his faithful followers? See the promises made to the overcomers in the seven churches, how they are added one to another, till the overcomers are raised to the highest throne of Immanuel's glory. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sit down with my Father in his throne."

I do not wonder at the almost extravagant desire of martyrdom in the early church, having full faith in these promises. The sufferings before us will restore this faith. To assist the reader's faith let us consider **SOME OF THE GREAT BENEFITS OF**

SUFFERING FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE. Had we indeed only those words, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," we might be sure that our Lord would not mislead us. But he has strengthened our faith by more distinctly and fully shewing how they are blessed.

The PURIFYING EFFECTS of tribulation are often set before us. Thus the apostle Peter says, "If need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And the apostle Paul tells the Hebrews, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous; nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby." Similar statements occur frequently in the holy scriptures. Thus our Saviour was perfected, and we are to be perfected in a similar manner. (Luke, vi. 40.) The fellowship of his sufferings is needful before we can be fully like him. Intense hatred of sin, and ardent love to God, and inward purity, are advanced most by sanctified afflictions. And how clearly are these things predicted by Daniel in the last days: "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." (Dan. xii. 10.)

The VAST USEFULNESS TO OTHERS of faithful

sufferings is evident in the past history of the church. All its successes and triumphs have been thus attained. Our Saviour's sufferings preceded the numerous conversions to the early church; the apostolic sufferings, and those of the first martyrs, preceded the establishment of religion in the Roman empire; the martyrdom of the witnesses before the Reformation preceded their resurrection at the Reformation; the sufferings of the Reformers went before the establishment and enlargement of the Protestant churches. Men are generally blessed in the result as they have suffered for the truth, and few have been largely blessed without going through much suffering. Doubtless, then, the exceeding grace given to faithful Christians, keeping them from the hour of temptation (Rev. iii. 10), and delivering them out of it (2 Pet. ii. 9), will be a large blessing to multitudes in that tribulation. (Rev. vii. 14.) And as we have some intimations that there were those who repented during the progress of the deluge (1 Pet. iii. 19), so may a countless multitude yet be brought to Christ through the fidelity given to suffering Christians in the last days.

The NATIONAL BENEFITS connected with the sufferings of Christians are very great. See what a candle Latimer and his brother Ridley kindled in Britain by their sufferings! Which of the prophets, apostles, and martyrs, have not, by their sufferings, helped ultimately to preserve and spread vital godliness among some at least in their own

country? Jerusalem would have been preserved from the Chaldean invasion if the Lord had found "a man to stand in the gap before him." Ten righteous men would have preserved Sodom. We know not how far it may please God, BRITAIN may yet be spared in the last judgments, or raised out of them, greatly humbled and purified, through the faithfulness of British Christians to the Lord Jesus Christ. How glorious an object is it for a Christian's aim, to be a national blessing in the highest sense to our beloved land! Oh may we covet this happiness, and attain it by fidelity to Christ!

The GLORIFYING OF GOD'S GREAT NAME is a yet higher aim, which is set before us as a duty in the tribulation to come. This was the first and ardent desire of the Redeemer in commencing his last prayer with his disciples: "Father, the hour is come, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee." This desire consoled and strengthened him in all that was before him: "Father, glorify thy name." We also are taught that in the last judgments, when the city of confusion is broken up, there shall be a remnant of whom it is predicted, "they shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord, they shall cry aloud from the sea. Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires, even the name of the God of Israel in the isles of the sea." How greatly was God glorified in Shadrach, Meshec, and Abednego, and their unflinching boldness before Ne-

buchadnezzar, and then in their wonderful preservation; in Daniel's faithfulness to his God, and his deliverance in the lion's den; in Peter's boldness before the council and sufferings for the truth, and God's protection and deliverance; in Luther's firmness at Worms, and in the martyrdoms of the Reformation! Let God's glory be dearer to us than life itself. And in nothing is God's glory more exhibited than in the faith, patience, peace, love, and holy triumph of his people over the sharpest sufferings. It shews so the truth of his gospel and the excellence of his grace in supporting a feeble creature like man, as to compel the attention of the world and win many a precious soul to Christ. It is such an honouring of the truth of his word against all the wiles or terrors of the world, the flesh, and the devil; such a seeing of him that is invisible, as utterly confounds all the devices of Satan and the short-sighted wisdom of men of this world. The tide of triumphant wickedness is resisted and turned entirely back by the stability of the faith of suffering Christians.

OUR FINAL BLESSEDNESS AND GLORY ARE AUGMENTED THROUGH SUFFERINGS FOR THE TRUTH. What is the grand theme of the rapturous hallelujahs above?—the sufferings of the Lamb: “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.” What is it that obtains the great reward in heaven?—suffering most for his sake below: “Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall

separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake; rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven." What works out for us "the more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" is it not "our light affliction, which is but for a moment?" The prosperity of the wicked over the righteous, which now so pains us, is short, and only just precedes their fall. The woman is last seen "drunken with the blood of the saints," before it is divinely determined "how much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her." The saints crying under the altar are quieted by this remarkable direction, "that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled;" and then are they glorified together. (Heb. xi. 40.) "If we suffer we shall also reign with him." Look at all the promises; they are made to the victors in the battle; and "they overcame the accuser of the brethren by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death." See how all the worthies enumerated in the 11th of Hebrews attained their glory, and then observe Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, crowning the whole, and enduring the cross that he might enter his joy.

Thus the cross is the way to the crown; afflic-

tion is the path to glory. This made Paul, looking forward to his future rejoicing, triumphantly testify, "Yea, and if I be offered" (or poured out) "upon the service and sacrifice of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." Let me, then, stir up my own heart and yours, Christian reader, everywhere now to prepare for the cross, not as something that we cannot escape, but as a gracious appointment of privilege and eternal gain. What shall we look back upon hereafter with most joy? Upon this, that by the grace of God we were enabled to make sacrifices of things seen for the sake of things unseen; that we walked not by sight, but by faith: that we endured hardness and sufferings for Christ, and so were made blessings to our fellow men, brought many sons to glory, and were fully ripened for that glory.

Such are the happy effects of suffering for the truth. We will conclude with SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS to be drawn from this subject.

ARM YOURSELVES WITH THE MIND OF CHRIST about suffering. To be like him is the glory of a Christian. He foresaw with perfect distinctness and foreknowledge all the bitter cup which he had to taste. He knew his sorrows beforehand far more distinctly than we can possibly know any sufferings through which we have to go, and yet he withheld not himself from his overwhelming baptism, and was only straitened till it was accomplished. Amidst all temptations, from friends and from foes, from the world and the devil, and from

those infirmities of our nature, with the feeling of which he was touched, look at the invincible firmness, patience, meekness, gentleness, love, and faithfulness, of our divine Lord. Truly we must look much to Jesus if we would be armed with his mind. He will give us his spirit; he will strengthen us with his grace; he will impart to us his mind.

BE FURTHER STRENGTHENED BY THE PAST EXPERIENCE OF ALL GOD'S CHILDREN. Suffering for the truth, from the time of righteous Abel, has ever been the way by which God has led his people to final triumph and to full blessedness. Thus St. James (v. 1—11), speaking of the trials of God's servants in the last days, says, "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure." Their faithfulness in speaking in the name of the Lord brought on them all their affliction; but thence came all their glory. (2 Cor. iv. 17.) It is the meek and holy spirit of a believer, joined with his unflinching confession of the truth, that disquiets the conscience of sinners, and provokes their wrath; for it interferes with the easy enjoyment of all the lusts of this world. Nor will the meekness of Moses, the tenderness of Jeremiah, the wisdom of Paul, and the combination of every grace and perfection in our Lord Jesus, screen the faithful servant of the Most High from this enmity. But

the more the world hates us for fidelity to God's truth, the more the Lord himself loves us, and will honour us, so that great shall be our reward in heaven.

NOW GATHER SCRIPTURAL TRUTH, that may be as oil in our lamps, FOR THE DAY OF NECESSITY. A man unacquainted with all that God has foretold in his word of events yet to come, and expecting things only to go on as they have done, must be taken unawares by them (Luke, xxi. 34), and so wholly unprepared; while he who has attended to God's warnings, and treasured up all his gracious statements of what has to take place, will not be taken by surprise, but will be found ready and provided against the evil day. The prepared Christian, who remembers what Christ has beforehand told him, will be able, amidst all the unusual shakings and convulsions of that day, and the terrors of his fellow men, to lift up his head. He knows the end of the Lord, he sees his redemption and that of the whole earth approaching, and with this hope he can be full of confidence, peace, and joy.

CHEERFULLY ENDURE PRESENT CROSSES TO BE TAKEN UP FOR THE TRUTH. After St. Paul had expressed, in the last epistle which he wrote, his tender attachment to Timothy, he thus exhorts him: "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God," shewing him his privilege and his strength for it. There is each day some sacrifice of ease and inclination

to be made; some restraint to be put upon appetite and the love of pleasure; some mortification of our high-mindedness, something disagreeable to flesh and blood, to be endured; something laborious and toilsome to be effected; by acting on Christian principles. By faithfulness in these things we shall become enured and habituated to greater trials, and so meet for a larger blessing. "I die daily" was the experience of one of the noblest sufferers in the school of Christ. That this is our only safe course is clear from the plain direction of our Lord: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." It is easy to think that we may be firm and valiant for the truth in a great trial and yet neglect present self-sacrifice; but the best means of being firm then, is by now beginning a course of firmness and self-denial and self-restraint. Observe how the self-denial of Daniel and his companions in private preceded their public boldness and firmness in standing for the truth. Compare Daniel, chap. i. with chaps. iii. and v.

ASK FOR GRACE TO BE BOLD IN THE CONFESSION OF TRUTH. Thus did the apostles, and they were heard. (Acts, iv. 29.) True it is, this boldness will expose us to ridicule and bitter hatred of evil men; true it is, even Christians may blame us, and they of our own household think we carry matters much too far; true it is, we may have thereby to suffer and be shamefully entreated,

even though we had the wisdom, love, and humility, of Paul; yet still let us be "bold in our God, to speak the gospel of God with much contention." Oh how great a grace is given to a Christian when he is enabled to look off the praise of man as a small thing, and one to be despised, when put in competition with the praise of God; and with large love to all, with humility and patience and simplicity of mind, to seek only God's approval. This will give us real boldness, as it did to Peter and John before all the rulers of the Jews (Acts, iv. 13—19), and so make us large blessings to his church. The hope of the Redeemer's return is peculiarly calculated to embolden and strengthen even the timid and weak believer faithfully to confess present and needful truth.

BE WATCHFUL. How often is this direction given by our Lord in the gospels with reference to these days! and it is repeated from heaven for this very period. (Rev. iii. 2; xvi. 15.) Let us take care, then, that our garments are not defiled. Errors and heresies abound on every side. The three unclean spirits are all abroad, seeking to gather men into the armies that war against the Lamb: Jesuits, Revolutionists, and Infidels, shew to enlightened Christians whose they are and to whom they belong. Many have been defiled, and when once the defilement is received, how difficult is the removal? "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and

they see his shame." This is the special charge and watchword of the Christian army for this season. But not only have we to watch against errors and temptations and sins, but to watch for every opportunity of glorifying God and benefiting men, seizing promptly each occasion of doing good. And above all, we have to watch and wait for the coming of the Redeemer: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Happy those wise Christians to whom this is a blessed hope for which they are looking, to whom he comes as the expected Bridegroom, and they enter with him to the marriage.

BE DILIGENT IN SEEKING TO SAVE SOULS. The words of our Saviour should especially mark our purpose and be our guide day by day. "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world." Soon the present opportunities of spreading divine truth; soon freedom, liberty of action, and means of reaching all quarters of the earth, as far as regards the exertions of the children of God, may be greatly impeded or wholly taken from us. Soon we may be despoiled of the many advantages we now have for doing good to the bodies and souls of men; but if we now scatter the seed it may be harrowed in in days of trial, and ultimately bring a glorious harvest, in which we shall for ever rejoice. "He that winneth souls is wise." Let this be the wisdom which we choose and prefer.

HOWEVER TRIED, IN THE ASSURED HOPE OF VICTORY, BE FAITHFUL TO THE END. If, in the last appearance of the harlot, she is "drunken with the blood of the saints;" if the great "war with the Lamb" is yet to take place; if the saints are to be "made white, purified, and tried;" if "the elect" are to "cry day and night" before they are avenged; we may justly anticipate great temptations to unfaithfulness. Let us think of these things beforehand, that when they really come, being ready, we may stand, and, "having done all, stand." Let the cheering promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," animate us in the darkest hours. To have nothing but love in our hearts and our lives to our fellow men, even to those who hate us most, and yet for this to endure unto a bloody death, striving against sin (Heb. xii.), here indeed we are conformed to Christ; and if it be the hardest, yet it is the shortest path to highest blessedness and glory, and that for ever.

And that you may choose and delight in this way, we say, in the close of all, BE ANIMATED BY THE BRIGHT HOPE OF A GLORIOUS AND EVERLASTING REDEMPTION. This is what the whole creation is waiting for. All the exhibitions of evil in our world will, through the wonder-working mercy of our God, be overruled to this end. In what a glowing strain, hoping for this, the apostle says, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory

which shall be revealed in us; for the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The apostle proceeds to declare the groans and travail of all creation, and even of the sons of God, waiting for their redemption. Well may it be so, for how great are the glories of that redemption! The recovery of all creation from its ruin through sin; the earth and the creatures on it delivered from the curse (Rom. viii. 19—22); the resurrection of the body from the grave, and the deliverance of the soul from all bondage and taint of sin, and its perfected likeness to God; the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven; his kingdom come, his name everywhere hallowed, and his reigning in his glory: these are some parts of this redemption. "There shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." O how well was it for Enoch, that he walked with God, and for Noah, that he was a preacher of righteousness; for Abraham, that he went into a strange land, and withheld not his only son; for David, that he was bold, trusting only in the name of Jehovah to contend with Goliath, and became the man after God's own heart; for Daniel, that he was cast into the lion's

den; for Peter, that he followed the Lord in his sufferings; for Paul, that he for the truth went through unequalled afflictions; and for John, that he was the companion of the faithful in their tribulation! O happy confessors, martyrs, fathers, reformers, and sufferers, in every age, who, enduring all evils for Christ, through much tribulation have entered the kingdom of Heaven! How much better all their momentary sufferings, issuing in such an everlasting glory, than this world's highest transitory gains and pleasures and honours, which do but end in shame and everlasting contempt.

Christian reader, place these things before your mind. Look not at the things seen, but at the things unseen. Come to some fixed determination, in the strength of grace, to be the Lord's only. Let us follow our Protestant fathers in the part of the war now left to us, and, if need be by suffering, let us achieve the victory for our church, our country, and our world, the full blessedness of which will be only known and enjoyed in that "new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL:

A Tale of the Covenant.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, M.A.

THE subject of the present sketch was one of the most pious, though not of the most prominent, of a remnant of the Scottish nation, whose obliquities of judgment on some points are merged in a universal admiration of their burning and enthusiastic devotion to the Kirk and the Covenant. He was born in one of the humble *shielins* of the most uncultivated districts of Ayrshire. He had not only acquired a varied knowledge of sacred writ from venerable and Christian parents, but by associating with many of the persecuted and peeled children of the covenant—ministers and laymen, he had gathered the elements of an education far superior to that of his peasant cotemporaries, and had thoughts at one time of entering the sacred order of the ministry, should God in his great goodness grant the persecuted kirk a time of respite and revival. The cottage of Priesthill, had few

modern comforts, and yet fewer modern elegances. It was built of wood, and on the side of a rising ground variegated with morass and corn, a few large trees and stunted shrubs. A lark in a willow cage and a veteran mastiff dog were its sole guardians outside. Its windows were few and small, and appeared to be of as great service in giving exit to the smoke, as in affording ingress to the light of day. The fire burned on the hearthstone in the "but" end, the "ben" end possessing an approximation to a grate, and carefully reserved for the exercise of the rites of hospitality towards those who came weekly to worship, if not in the parochial temple, as they preferred, in some sequestered glen, where the songs of Zion might rise and reach the ear of God, and escape the ken of the hireling ruffians of Clavers. The "awmrie" was a square hole with a lid, on one side of the fire-place, in which were carefully deposited some of the theological writings of the elder worthies who lived before "the troubles." These works and the "Big Ha" Bible were the exhaustless storehouses of instruction and consolation and hope to the venerable inmates, John Brown, and Isabel Weir his wife. From these alone they gathered a conviction of the divine origin of the sacred volume, such as the able demonstrations of Butler and Paley cannot impart; and in their experience gave evidence of this great fact—that where philosophy perplexes, prayer and piety make plain; as well as of the sacred aphorism, "If any

man will do his will, he will know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Our great and good domestic poet has well said—

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding and no wit ;
 Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such,
 (Toilsome and indigent, she renders much ;)
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
 And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
 He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home :
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of hers.

But however repulsive to more recent habits was the cottage or "town" of Priesthill; however destitute of the tastefulness of woodbine and roses outside, or sentimental ornaments within, its inmates made it by their residence more than a consecrated fane, for they adorned it with costlier materials than the temple of Jerusalem ever presented—even the beauties of quiet and domestic holiness. Angels paused to admire, and felt that Solomon in all his glory was not superior to John Brown in the cottage of Priesthill.

On a Tuesday morning, in the autumn of one

of the sad years of the seventeenth century, tidings came that at least three hundred of the faithful and affectionate ministers of the kirk, ardent sticklers for the covenant, were to be removed from their parishes and pulpits, and the minions of a semi-papal king to be thrust into their places. These tidings affected Brown of Priesthill with unutterable sorrow. He felt, as he had often expected before, that awful days were about to visit the land of his fathers, and in his evening worship he did not fail to give utterance, in the words of adoring confession, to his too sure presentiments of lowering mischief. According to his custom since the commencement of the days of adversity, and from his being the most gifted in the parish, he assembled the little band of parishioners who usually took sweet counsel together in the accustomed ewe-bucht; and after praises and prayers offered up by turns, eloquent of deep and scriptural feeling, he communicated to them tidings of the sore dispensation. Their own pastor, dear to them from kindness and character and faithfulness and all the characteristics of a true parish priest, was, it appeared, among the exiled band of faithful witnesses. This pierced every heart with sorrow. Brown called on the assembled worshippers to pour out expressions of gratitude to God that their minister had received grace to be faithful,—that he was ready to surrender all the emoluments of earth rather than act traitorously to the only Head of the church,—that

he counted kith and kin and kirk itself but loss for Christ. He exhorted his co-parishioners to be firm,—to fear not,—to cleave to their solemn vows,—and to die rather than abjure the hallowed covenant.

After several days spent in painful feeling—and in which ardent prayers were poured out three times a day from broken and contrite hearts, in behalf of their minister and the Redeemer's cause to which he was a martyr—the light of the Sabbath-morn shone on moor and hill, peaceful and cloudless as if no sad hearts and no sorrowful homes were in broad Scotland. After family worship, conducted in every house by the peasant priest with more than ordinary feeling and fervour, and pervaded by wrestlings and outpoured cries for interposition and deliverance, the chime of the church bell was borne over glen and hill, telling the listening parishioners of that holy spot in the world's wide waste on which “mercy and truth have met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other.” Soon there were seen blue bonnets and belted plaids winding along the hill sides, and converging towards the house of prayer. The furrowed countenances of the more aged wore forebodings of the worst; and even the buoyant spirits of the young and the inexperienced were in some measure repressed. A heavy gloom hung upon the hearts of all. The church was crowded in every part, and all eyes, flooded with tears, were directed to the accustomed pulpit,

from which, by a cruel and unhallowed decree, they were, for probably the last time, to hear the last sermon of their revered and venerated minister. The holy man ascended the sacred desk, hung up his hat, as usual, on the rail behind him, and began the devotional services of the sanctuary by reading, and the congregation by singing, immediately afterwards, the eightieth psalm, according to the simple but natural version of Rous, authorized by the church.

O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty God !
 How long shall kindled be
 Thy wrath against the prayer made
 By thine own folk to thee ?

Thou tears of sorrow giv'st to them,
 Instead of bread to eat ;
 Yea, tears instead of drink thou giv'st
 To them, in measure great.

O God of Hosts, we thee beseech,
 Return now unto thine ;
 Look down from heaven in love behold,
 And visit this thy vine ;

That vineyard which thine own right hand
 Hath planted us among ;
 And that same branch which for thyself
 Thou hast made to be strong.

These, to an English ear and taste, antique and ballad verses, faithful, nevertheless, to the original, were sung by the whole congregation with a pathos, and power such as all instruments of sweetest tones never can surpass. There was no pealing organ, there were no practised choristers, no exten-

sive and proportionately sustained harmony of bass, tenor, treble, and soprano, and yet a burst of deep and thrilling song poured forth, that awed all hearts into sacredness, and rose to heaven, welcome there, no doubt, as the morning incense. The tune to which the words were sung was Coleshill, a most plaintive minor, and in all respects well adapted to the mournful words of the sweet singer of Israel, and to the yet more melancholy feelings and circumstances of a whole congregation, of which they were made the apposite vehicle. At the conclusion of the chief devotional exercises of the service, the preacher made a most impressive and affecting address to his assembled parishioners. He gave them a full account of the course his conscience had prescribed, and vindicated the conduct of his fellow exiles.

“Who am I,” said the weeping yet rejoicing preacher, “that God should have called and constituted me a minister of the gospel for years, and now honoured me with exile, and it may be, martyrdom, for his holy name’s sake? I have fought my fight, and I have run the race, and now from henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all that love his appearing. I bear my witness,—and call upon you to do so likewise—to the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, of the church of Scotland. I hold the sacred and apostolic succession of her simple priesthood, I believe her to be

the purest portion of the catholic church. Popery and prelacy, and all the trumpery of service and ceremonies, I do abhor. I do witness to the national covenant—the solemn league and covenant betwixt the three kingdoms. God forgive the poor intruder on my ministry and labours, who will expose many to a famine of the bread of life. God forgive the misleaders of that part of the people who tempt them to turn away from their own pastors. The discipline now forced on our free church I hold to be a plant our heavenly Father has not planted. Have no fellowship with it. ‘Be faithful unto death,’ and Christ will give you ‘a crown of life.’” He commended his weeping flock to the grace and guardianship of God, and the cause for which he and they suffered to the presidency of those sure promises, in which they saw, in brightening perspective, its triumphs and its glories. In the severe, and according to the judgment of many, bald ritual of the Scottish church, there is often a power of impression few unaccustomed to it suspect. The earnest and fervid feeling with which the more gifted and holy clergy of that church have made it instinct, has often left impressions more durable than brass. It was so on this occasion. The hearers’ prayers rose to Heaven, and returned in the shape of broad and impenetrable shields around the venerable man. A thousand broadswords leapt in a thousand scabbards, as if the electric eloquence of the minister found in them conductors and depo-

sitaries. The audience felt sincerely, if not wholly scripturally, that their stalwart arms and good feraras must back their prayers, and present practical comments on the sermon of the day. They were driven to this. They must fight or they must be slaughtered. The tidings came from numerous quarters that Clavers and his desperadoes were hovering in the horizon. This rendered instantly necessary those measures of resistance the propriety of which some of themselves had at first questioned. Every one felt now that it became his sacred duty to conquer or to die; to perpetuate freedom by their swords, or to be mown down as grass, and leave slavery to their children. The sun of the Sabbath set as if it were to rise to-morrow on an equally green and quiet earth. Many and fervent were the humble but hallowed prayers that the Angel of the covenant received in his golden censer that night, from family altars. The liturgy of the heart and of the spirit was in each home; and the plaintive melodies of the olden day swelled from trembling and quivering lips by every ingle. In John Brown's household the seventy-ninth psalm was the evening exercise.

Against us mind not former sins,
Thy tender mercies shew;
Let them prevent us speedily,
For we're brought very low.

For thy name's glory, help us, Lord,
Who hast our Saviour been!
Deliver us for thy name's sake;
O, purge away our sin!

Why say the heathen, Where's their God?
Let him to them be known
When those who shed thy servants' blood
Are in our sight o'erthrown.

At twelve o'clock that night the muffled bells of many and distant parishes were heard, like presentiments of coming sadness, or the first notes of a premature requiem. The sound sunk like lead into many a mother's heart. Muskets, pistols, and broadswords, were buckled on, and before sunrise, at two o'clock, many thousand Scottish peasants, trained to arms, and full of a heroism the more fearless and intrepid because sacred and allied with God and their fatherland, were assembled on the brown heath. Each regiment or division was well officered, and a whole synod of clergy acted as chaplains. On a hill side in the immediate vicinity of Drumclog were seen more than two thousand—mothers, wives, and children—from whom arose fervid prayers, not so much for the safety of their near and dear relatives as for the glory of the Lord and the safety of the covenanted and consecrated church. "Victory is sure," shouted a grey-haired minister; "the prayers of wives and mothers and widows and orphans are lifted up to the God of the widow and the orphan and the stranger, to whom the shields of the earth do belong, and he will hear them." The flash and roll of a cannon discharged on a neighbouring eminence was the signal that announced the approach of the persecutor and his myrmidons. That moment, "To the

throne of grace!" was given as the word of command from every officer, and in two minutes each minister knelt in the heart of each battalion, and poured forth his feelings, faith, and prayer, in the deep and melting eloquence of pure devotion. The burden of the prayer of the aged Cameron was, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe." It was an impressive spectacle, but a spectacle misunderstood by Clavers and his rapidly-approaching dragoons. "The covenanters are on their knees imploring mercy," exclaimed one of Montrose's officers. "Not of us," rejoined another, "but of their God. They will repulse us, or die on that field." "At them!" cried Claverhouse; "spare neither man nor child!" Before this fell onset was made, Clavers sent a flag, not seriously to offer terms of peace, but to deceive the unwary mountaineers. They, however, fully knew their man, and sent him word "that they loved not the bow, the shield, and the sword, and garments rolled in blood; they were not the assailants, but the assailed; they did not wish to capture him or his men; they had no prisons, no chains, no desire to make prisoners; and if he and his men would retire, and allow them to worship God as their fathers of erst, they would not touch a hair of a horseman's head." "No quarters!" shouted Claverhouse. "No quarters!" re-echoed his troops as they rushed down the mountains of Drumellog. "So be it, Amen," cried Burley, on the right wing of the hosts of Zion. "God send me a

meeting with Clavers, that I may cast out his carcass to the ravens, and ease the camp of its troubler." "Fire!" was the command that rushed along the lines of Clavers, stretching from one end of the morass to the other; but before the flash gleamed in the sunshine, every covenanter was flat upon his face, and "nobody" was the billet Providence had fixed for each bullet of that volley. "Rise! fire!" passed along the line of the covenant, and the full line fired a volley, and knelt while the second fired next; and every volley told upon the ranks of Clavers with terrible destruction. Ever and anon, as the mountain breeze swept away the smoke, the stern, solemn, knit countenances of the covenanters shewed theirs was not mere animal excitement, but the sacred resolve of a deep principle—the well-weighed purpose to exalt its supremacy, or themselves to seal it with their hearts' blood. Claverhouse, stung to the heart at the fearful havoc made in his ranks, ordered his cavalry to charge. On seeing this, Hall of Haughead ordered the spearmen to form and kneel, and receive the cavalry on their spears; and Hackston shouted to his men to fire. "God, our church, our country, and the covenant!" gave more than mortal energy to every soul, and more than human precision to each bullet. By-and-by the conflict became man to man; but the fierce veterans of Clavers could not stand the almost unearthly coolness, and yet burning intrepidity, of the mountaineers of the covenant. Burley—a man of prodigious

strength and self-command—was seen dashing into the ranks of the enemy's cavalry like one of his own mountain torrents, sweeping all resistance before him. Down his horse rushed upon the cavalry of Claverhouse, who, unable to bear the shock, staggered and stuck fast, many of them, in the morass. As each shot took effect the cavalier was seen to leap from his saddle, spin round, and roll down on the turf. A colonel of dragoons rushed onward and encountered Burley, but the covenanter's ferrara laid open the colonel's head at one fell blow. Claverhouse was seen in the heart of a hollow square, his eyes lighted up with fiendish hate. He was the object chiefly aimed at; every effort was made by the officers of the covenant to bring him down. Burley risked his life again and again to measure swords with him, and on one occasion swept away a piece of his sword-hilt by a stroke of his Andrea. "He is steel-proof and lead-proof," cried Hamilton; "try a silver bullet." "It is no such unearthly defence," said Burley; "it is his fine charger that saves him." Ere these words had well escaped from his lips, Burley again spurred his horse, and rushed at full speed, bringing down horsemen right and left, and levelled at Clavers, but struck his blow too soon. His ferrara felled his antagonist's horse, and his rider rolled on the morass. A hundred of his own dragoons covered him with their bodies till he was again mounted. Meanwhile, man fought man, each stepping where his comrade stood the instant that he fell. In

the sanguinary *mêlée* it was difficult to distinguish the victorious from the vanquished. The muscular power and mental energy of the covenanters were unparalleled ; they fought like men whose hearts converged around a deep and sacred sentiment, the tide of which rushed along every nerve and sinew with a kind of resistless power, conquering and to conquer. The soldiers of Clavers exhibited the usual animal ferocity of well-fed and well-disciplined men ; but perhaps the most formidable section of his battalions were the Hielandmen of the west, who were one degree remote from savages. Both sides claimed the victory ; only victory, on the side of the covenanters, was scarcely more eligibile than defeat. It was amid their shattered dwellings, their green fields ; that the blue and scarlet colours, inscribed with CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT, were dyed again and again in the blood of its defenders ; and cairns and hillocks, the only shrouds of departed saints and warriors, covered those vales, where of old the only objects beside the tenantry were the smoke of the moorland cottage, that curled upward to the skies, and the pees-weep, the merle, and the mavis, that relieved the otherwise solitary glen. Such of the covenanters as had been captured by the troops of Claverhouse were carried away prisoners, to endure the torture of the thumb-screws, the boot, and the miseries of Haddo's Hole. The savage troopers pillaged and murdered wherever they appeared, visiting their dreadful brutalities on helpless virgins and weeping mothers, snatching

the bread from orphans' hands, and the last sheep from the widows' fold. Is it to be wondered that some of the descendants of such sufferers entertain a horror of prelacy, when we bear in mind that all this was done under its assumed sanction, and, in their judgment, in order to uproot the vine their forefathers planted, and to introduce, not an English, but a Romish prelacy; and to cause to spring up an exotic on their native soil which neither they nor their progenitors approved. Many brave hearts were cold in that field; their souls, nevertheless, rejoiced in glory. The celebrated Cameron was left on Drumclog a mangled corpse; and to their deep disgrace, the troops of Claverhouse cut off his hands and head, and carried them to his aged father, who was in prison in Edinburgh for the testimony of Jesus. The savages of Clavers, dead to the instincts of humanity, shewed the head and hands to the grey-haired man, while they exultingly asked him if he recognised them. He took up his son's head and hands amid tears and smiles, and said, "I know, I know them; they are my son's, my own dear son's; it is the Lord, good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me or mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days. Father of heaven, I thank thee that these hands fought and prayed so faithfully in thy service, and that these pale lips expended all their eloquence, and these eyes their tears, for thy covenanted cause." The body of Richard Cameron was buried in Airdmoss; and often on that spot

sainted martyrs have sat and refreshed their souls. The grateful remembrance, not the worship, of saints is ingrained alike in nature and in grace. The pious Peden frequently visited the martyr's grave, and as frequently exclaimed, "O to be wi' Ritchie Cameron!"

Among those who escaped from the sanguinary raid we have very briefly sketched was John Brown of Priesthill, the more immediate subject of this narrative. We have already alluded to the traits of piety and Christian heroism by which he was eminently distinguished. His blood had dyed Drumclog, though his life was mercifully preserved. We have also mentioned the name of his wife, whose sympathies and unsubdued affections ever were as ministering angels to her suffering husband. Their marriage, some years before this, was almost prophetic of their separation: its brief story is so striking that it should be told. He had become acquainted with Isabel Weir at the house of her father, to which his business frequently led him. After some months of growing and affectionate intimacy, they fixed on the day of marriage. The desolations of their father's house prevented all prospect of its solemnization in the parish church; but providentially Peden was that day baptizing in a neighbouring glen; and by a rock, covered with green moss, the sacred rite of marriage between John Brown and Isabel Weir was celebrated. There have been more gorgeous altars, more splendid retinue, a more richly-decorated priest,

and strains of deeper music; but never did there rise to Heaven more fervid prayer, or grace the earth a more holy and affectionate couple. The God whose temple is the universe was there; the holy dove nestled on their heads. At the close of the simple but sublime ceremonial, Peden took the bride aside, and said, "You have got a good husband, value him highly; but *keep linen for a winding-sheet beside you*, for in a day when you least expect it he will be taken from you. In him the image of our Lord and Saviour is too visible to pass unnoticed by those who drive the chariot-wheels of persecution through the breadth and length of bleeding Scotland; but fear not; thou shalt be comforted." "God will suit the wind to the shorn lamb," replied the weeping bride.

Many days after this, and after the fell slaughter at Drumclog, the whole female household of Priest-hill was seated round the ingle carding and spinning wool. The turf fire burnt clearly, and shed around the interior a cheerful light, that well contrasted with the murkiness and storm without; the affectionate shepherd-dog slept before the fire, a very picture of domestic peace; and the whistling wind and pelting rain affected the minds only of the inmates of the cottage, for, though warm and dry themselves, they thought of the father and the husband returning from a distance, amidst the storm and across a dreary morass. About eight o'clock in the evening a knock was heard at the door, and, on two or three rushing to open it, in

the expectation of seeing their near and dear relative, a stranger, to their disappointment, presented himself, drenched in rain, attired in the olden clerical dress—the hodden gray—with a plaid around his shoulders. In these days hospitality was unfeigned; and though the stranger was no substitute for a father, he was not less kindly received. The visitor was welcomed “ben,” and placed in the warmest corner by the ingle, where he squeezed the rain from his plaid, and enjoyed the blazing fire. “May the blessing,” he said, “of him that is ready to perish rest on you, my bonnie bairns,” addressing himself to Brown’s little children that prattled beside him. Scarcely had he uttered these words when another and a well-known voice was heard, and John Brown himself entered, and immediately recognised in the stranger the pious and faithful Renwick, who had fled to Holland in the more troublous times. “I fear, my dear brother in the bonds of truth and of persecution,” exclaimed Brown, as he grasped his hand, “they have not sufficiently attended to your wants.” “Abundantly, the Lord be blessed and praised.” Excessive preaching, wandering, often barefoot, amid rocks and dales, famine one day and coarse food the next, had reduced the holy man to the shadow of what he was. “But,” said he, “let none fear suffering for sweet Christ. Our enemies,” said the weary man, “think they sufficiently harass the puir children of the covenant when they hunt us like partridges on the mountain, and drive us from the

manses of our fathers and our fathers' fathers to the morasses and the wilds of earth; but they are bitterly mistaken. For even amid the storms of these last two nights I cannot express what sweet times I have had, when I had no covering but the dark curtains of night; yea, in the silent watch my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy wherein the whole family of heaven swim. Each star led me to wonder what he must be who is the Star of Jacob, of whom all stars borrow their shining. Indeed, if I may term it, I am much obliged to enemies; they have covered me many a table in the wilderness, and made me friends where I never expected them."

The two venerable men—in whose hearts, with all their failings, and making every allowance for the excesses of a sacred enthusiasm, which, even in its wildest moods, is infinitely preferable to cold and calculating selfishness, there glowed a flame lit from no earthly altar, and along whose veins were felt the beatings of a freedom which the despot's chains cannot bind, and which the passions of the fierce democracy cannot corrupt or dissolve; spent many hours, and exhausted many sacred topics, in sweet and sanctified communion. They wept together when they remembered Zion, its reft harps, its bleeding children, its broken folds; but even in their weeping there was hope. Their very tears threw out rainbow tints; their very groans were of the covenant ordered in all things and sure; the Spirit of God withdrew in those days from courts

and palaces, and dwelt in cottages, in glens, and ewe-buchts. Outside the covenanters, all was want and weariness and woe ; but within their hearts, as in a congenial home, the spirit of peace tabernacled. The bulls of Bashan and the dogs of the uncircumcised tracked their footsteps, and shed their blood ; but the undefiled, the holy dove, had made his nest in the inmost recesses of their hearts, and in the agonies of martyrdom poured forth songs significant of unutterable glory. The soldiers of the dominant party received orders to shoot not only the convicted, but the suspected, of real and vital godliness ; and these orders they mercilessly executed. The virgin snow as it lighted on the earth was instantly stained with a yet holier and purer thing—the blood of martyrs ; and its flakes became the sacred shroud, and its hillocks the consecrated graves, of righteous men.

It was not many days after Renwick had left Priesthill that the approach of the cruel and mercenary murderers of Clavers were seen from a neighbouring height. This was the signal for speedy separation. Accordingly, John Brown retreated to a distant ravine, where rocks and brushwood and heather constituted a hiding-place so complete, that it seemed as if the bounteous God of creation and providence had prepared it for the suffering and the persecuted for Christ's sake in the times of their troubles. In this sheltered ravine he felt he was not alone ; prayer and praise were therefore the spontaneous outpourings of his

soul; and the Lord, whose temple is the universe, heard him. Before he had added the fervent amen to the litany that breathed forth as the evening incense from his rapt spirit, he heard sounds of psalmody from some worshipper in another chamber of the same temple, and on listening more attentively, he recognised the plaintive tones of martyrdom wafting heavenward these words of the psalmist—

Oh, let the prisoner's sighs ascend
Before thy throne on high;
Preserve those in thy mighty power
That are ordained to die.

Brown felt the music, and the truths it softened and subdued to very heaven unspeakably precious; and, before the sweet singers, near, but unseen, could begin another verse, he raised, in the same key and to the same tune, in unison with their voices also, the next line—

Though ye have lain among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver, and with gold
Whose feathers covered are.

The response of Brown surprised the other worshippers; it was not the echo of their own they felt sure, and yet they knew of no other of the persecuted for Christ who could be in the moss-hag near them. At length John Brown presented himself, to the high joy of the little band who were his brethren in tribulation, and many minutes did not elapse before they all knelt, and found an

organ of true prayer, of glowing and filial devotion, in John Brown. Never were petitions more earnest, never more replete with real devotion. The angel of the covenant presented them in the golden censer with the prayers of all saints. While in many a great cathedral, and on embroidered altars, and beneath fretted roofs, and amid anthem peals, and with clouds of incense, accents of idolatry resounded hateful to high heaven, from that wild glen a pure and spiritual worship, naked of all circumstance and ceremony, ascended to their God and Christ's God, to their Father and Christ's Father, sweeter than incense. How true is it that too frequently the weight of ceremonial is in the inverse ratio of the spirituality and purity of the worship, as if the adoration of our Father threw off the incrustations of time the nearer it approaches the confines of eternity, and the mind of the worshipper dropped the material and the sensual, the more deeply it drinks of the unseen and spiritual,—the earthen vessels that are needful in this earthen tabernacle dissolving and disappearing as the margin of the great ocean of living waters becomes more apparent. After many sweet hours of communion—presage to many of them of the undying communion of the blessed—John Brown proposed to a venerable minister, one of the persecuted, that he should baptize his youngest bairn next morning at sunrise, as the hour most likely to escape the cognizance of the bloodhounds. The child was upwards of a year old, no convenient

opportunity having occurred of administering the solemn sacrament of baptism to the little boy. This was arranged, and Brown retired to Priest-hill. Next morning, at sunrise, Brown, his wife, and other two children, were seen wending their way toward the moss-hag, to dedicate their little one to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The ceremonial was simple, severe, but scriptural. The pious parents, according to the rubric of the Scottish church, were the two sponsors. The venerable clergyman, while he made them confess their faith, and take on them the most solemn vows, freely told them of all that was lowering on the future of this world, and ready to burst in destruction upon them. He told them at the same time of the coming glory, the unfading crown, the better land, "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; the general assembly of the church of the first-born, whose names are in the Lamb's book of life, an innumerable company of angels; God the judge of all, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." Brown, as desired, presented his infant boy on his two arms; the minister then took a little water in his hand from a hollow in the rock, and sprinkled it in the infant's face, saying, "John, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Prayers and praises followed this, and next day the sacrament of the eucharist was celebrated on the same spot. The communion-table was the rock, a ledge in its jagged

side the pulpit, and around it some sat and others knelt, the concentration of their hearts in the hallowed exercise rendering them alike careless and forgetful of the mere forms of kneeling or of sitting. In fact, this will be found to be generally the case. Men become contentious about forms when they grow indifferent to realities. The little flock then sung together a portion of another psalm—

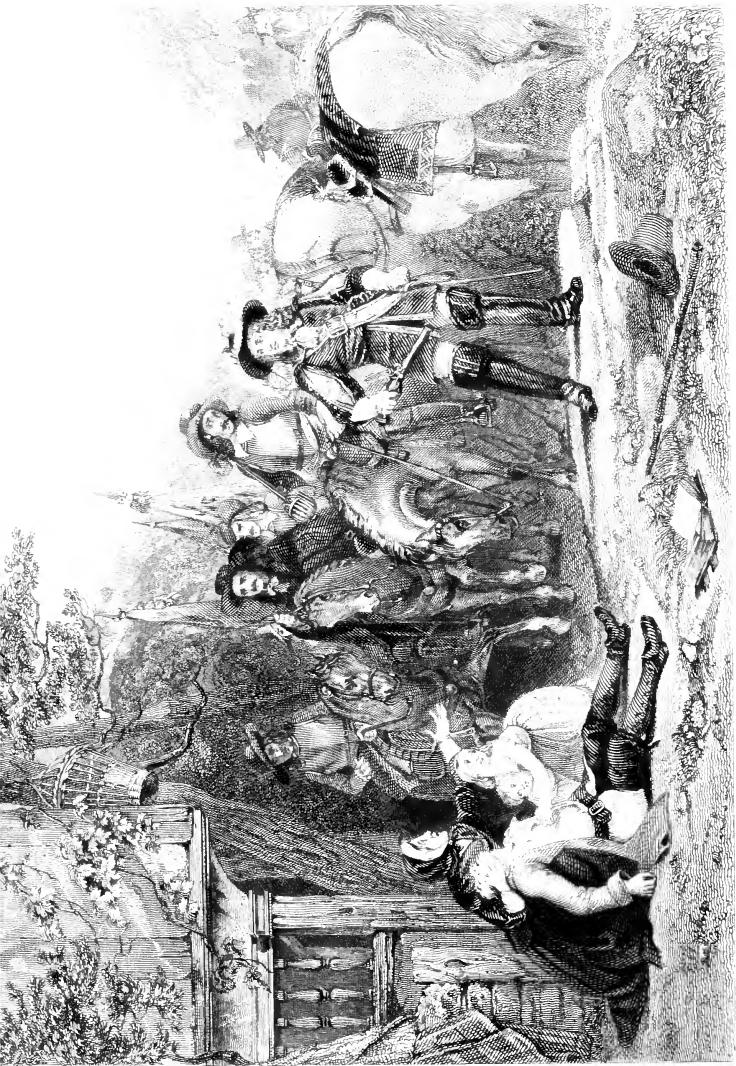
According as the days have been
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad ;

And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon ;
Establish thou our handiworks,
Establish them each one.

Many months passed away with no other interest than that of occasionally narrow escapes from the fangs of the ministers of unrighteous vengeance. The wonder is that Brown, who was a marked man, escaped so often ; but his hour at length drew near. One summer morning he had read and prayed with his family ; the lesson read was the sixteenth chapter of St. John's gospel, more appropriate to his circumstances than he at the time imagined. His prayers were characterized by more than usual earnestness and unction. After the family exercise was over, he went forth to his daily toils. He had not, however, entered on his farm-work many minutes, before two or three troops of dragoons surrounded him, and made

him prisoner. The eldest child saw this sad occurrence from one of the windows, and ran and told her mother. The tidings only made the weeping wife concentrate her utmost energies for the trying occasion. She therefore hastily snatched up her youngest child in her bosom, wrapt him in his father's plaid, and cried, as she ran to see her husband, "The thing that I feared is come upon me! Oh, my God, give me grace and strength for this hour!" Clavers heaped all kinds of insults and reproaches on the holy man, and told him to go to his prayers, for that his days were now done. This he instantly did; and on one side stood the soldiers and their savage leader, and hard by, Mrs. Brown, big with child, with one in her arms, and two at her side, "patient in suffering." "Isabel!" said Brown to his wife, "you see me summoned this day to witness for Christ; are you willing I should part from you?" "Heartily willing," said she, amid tears that told the agony of her heart, but with a firmness of tone that evinced how truly her will was melted into God's. "This is all I waited for," exclaimed the martyr, in triumph. "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" He clasped his wife in his arms, and kissed her, and after her each of his weeping children, saying to them, "My bonnie bairns, fear and love God your Saviour; obey and comfort your mother, and the Spirit of all grace keep you to his kingdom in glory." He then knelt down, and prayed that every covenanted blessing might

be poured on his wife and children, born and unborn ; that the Spirit might descend on the persecuted kirk as rain on mown grass ; and that his murderers and persecutors might be brought to repentance, and forgiven. Before he had closed his prayers, Claverhouse ordered six dragoons to fire on him ; but even these men of blood, inured to vengeance, reckless of life and crime, were so overpowered by the moving prayers and unearthly resignation of the holy man, that they refused, utterly unnerved and apparently afraid to touch one so unlike themselves. The monster Clavers himself therefore approached the saint, and shot him through the head. To complete the picture of evil, this demon in the shape of man, standing back from his victim, and with the horse-pistol in his hand, insultingly asked the weeping wife, as she held her martyred husband's head, while around both clung the sobbing children, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I ever thought muckle good of him," answered the widow, "and now more than ever." Cut to the heart at her holy heroism, Clavers said, "It were but justice to lay you beside him." "If ye were permitted," she replied, "I doubt not that your cruelty is capable of it ; but how will ye be answerable to God for this morning's work?" "To men," he replied, "I *can* be answerable ; and as for God, I will take him in my own hands." With these words he mounted, put spurs to his horse, and disappeared. She tied up the shattered head



in a handkerchief, covered the body with his plaid, and sat down and prayed and wept beside the corpse. It was a sad, yet sublime spectacle. Those who prayed and praised with him in the ravine dug his grave, and deposited his remains, with no feigned hope of his resurrection to eternal life. There was no funeral service over the dead; no prayers were said or chanted; but the moment the coffin was lowered into the grave, each mourner took off his blue bonnet, and lifted his eyes in silent, but solemn prayer, that he also might die the death of the righteous.

In solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws.
There, leaning on his spear,
The lyart vet'ran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream; there rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad;
And on the distant cairns the watchman's ear
Caught doubtfully, at times, the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storms raged fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet in some deep dell,
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice—
Their faithful pastor's voice. He, by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning, opened the sacred book,
And words of comfort spoke. Over their souls
His accents soothing came, as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,

She gathers in mournful her brood, dispersed
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
 Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
 They cherished cower amidst the purple blooms.

The mourners accompanied the widow of Priesthill to her now desolate tabernacle. The priest, the father, and the husband, had just been removed; the chasm had been filled with despair if Christianity had not been there to people it with the lights of living hope, and to proclaim, in tones from afar, "thy Maker is thy husband, a husband to the widow and a father to the orphan." Under circumstances of such bereavement, even the sympathies of the saints of God fail to comfort. It is often better to allow the overcharged heart of grief to expend itself in tears, than to try to dilute its bitter water with our consolations. Without, therefore, any observations of a consolatory cast, in every variety commonplace from the frequency of the occasions that receive them, David Steel opened the psalm-book, and led the praises of the day by singing the simple, but beautiful stanzas—

For he, in his pavilion, shall
 Me hide in evil days ;
 In secret of his tent me hide,
 And on a rock me raise.

And now, even at this present time,
 Mine head shall lifted be
 Above all those that are my foes,
 And round encompass me.

Therefore unto his tabernacle
 I'll sacrifices bring
 Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea, I
 To God will praises sing.

The contrast between the widow of Priesthill and Claverhouse was in every respect complete. He scoured the country in strength, in prosperity, in power; she sojourned in Priesthill a lonely weeper—poor and unprotected. The world, ever judging according to the outward man, no doubt pronounced the wicked alone happy, and the good forsaken. But it was not so. That widow enjoyed the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance, and felt shed abroad in her heart a peace which the world could neither give nor take away. Claverhouse was scourged by his own conscience, and felt more dread at its rebukes than from the bullets and broadswords of his foes. It is a fact that not many months after the murder he perpetrated at Priesthill, he acknowledged that "the prayer of Brown made so deep an impression on his mind, that he could not get rid of it when he took time to think."

I have thus closed a tale of the covenant. It is but a sample of scenes in which the conduct of the sufferers was so magnanimous, that it ought to be perpetuated in the memories, and enshrined in the hearts, of all generations; in which, also, the deeds of the dominant party were so atrocious, that for the sake of loyalty, religion, and mankind, they should be forgotten. The covenanters have been grievously misrepresented in history, in novels, in tradition. Radical subverters of church and state have claimed them as precedents for a course of conduct from which "the

dignified Henderson, the renowned Gillespie, the learned Binning, the laborious Durham, the heavenly-minded Rutherford, the religious Wellwood, the zealous Cameron, and the prayerful Peden," would have revolted in horror. The Scotch episcopal dissenters, so inferior in moderation to English churchmen, have traduced the covenanters in a tone of bitterness unhappily too characteristic of that sect from the hour of its deposition from the supremacy it once usurped over the church of Scotland. The fact is, that notwithstanding many who enrolled themselves among them were factious, fanatical, and superstitious, and the means of preventing a peaceful adjustment of grievances, yet those who took the lead and were the responsible among them, were men of unquestioned piety, profound learning, and enduring loyalty. Monuments of their learning and piety survive. The writings and commentaries of Hutchinson, Ferguson, Dickson, Binning, and Rutherford, are now valued and appreciated throughout the church, while the crabbed stuff of their bitter opponents is buried and forgotten. Their loyalty to Charles was too intense to be blasted by the change of his fortunes. They refused to submit to Cromwell while Charles lived. Loyalty with too many of this age means the service of the king in the meridian, and the abandonment of him in his decline. It is like much in the manners and morals of a money-worshipping generation—an article of profit and loss. It rises and falls with the stocks. In

the hearts of the covenanters it was a sacred affection, fixed and imperishable as their sense of right and wrong. Even the excesses of these men are not to be judged of as isolated events torn from the turmoil of cotemporaneous things. The treatment that stimulated these must be taken into our estimate. To preach or worship apart from the church out of which they were driven to make room for unprincipled hirelings, subjected them to fines, imprisonment, and torture. Sir George Maxwell, baronet, of Nether Pollock, was fined £8000 in the course of three years, for persisting in attending the presbyterian worship. The Highland host—an army of half-naked savages from Lochaber, Inverness, and Argyleshire—were sent down like a mountain torrent upon the covenanters, to extirpate them. Dr. M'Crie, in his effective review and exposure of the blasphemous libels cast upon the men of the covenant in the "Tales of My Landlord," by a pen that ought to have rather defended them, writes thus:—

"We cannot give an account of the sufferings which the presbyterians endured by the execution of these barbarous measures; they suffered extremities that tongue cannot describe, and which heart can hardly conceive of, from the dismal circumstances of hunger, nakedness, and the severity of the climate, lying in damp caves, and in hollow clefts of the naked rocks, without shelter, covering, fire, or food; none dare harbour, entertain, relieve, or speak to them on pain of death. Many for

venturing to receive them were forced to fly to Holland, and several put to death for no other offence. Fathers were persecuted for supplying their children, and children for nourishing their parents; husbands for harbouring their wives, and wives for cherishing their husbands. The ties and obligations of nature were no defence. It was made death to perform natural duties, and many suffered death for acts of piety and charity, in cases where human nature could not bear the thoughts of suffering it. Nor can we give an account of the murders perpetrated under the cloak of justice, the inhuman tortures to which the accused were subjected, to constrain them to bear witness against themselves, their relatives, and their brethren, and the barbarity of sounding drums on the scaffold to drown their words; and apprehending and punishing those who expressed sympathy for them, or who uttered the prayer—God comfort you. The number of prisoners was often so great, that the government could not bring them to trial. Such of them as escaped execution were transported, or rather sold as slaves to barbarous colonies.”

We thank God that such scenes are passed. We trust, notwithstanding many painful exceptions, that between the two co-ordinate Establishments there exists a better and a holier feeling; that the hot jealousies, the persecuting spirit, which both brought with them out of popery, and for which popery alone is responsible, has been exorcised alike from St. Paul's and St. Giles's—from

Lambeth and from Edinburgh; and that now their points of difference are being lost in the growing feeling of a cordial brotherhood. In the whole past there is but one thing at which we can bear to look backward—the cross of Christ. It rises an illuminated spot amid surrounding gloom. On each side of it is a thief, and before and behind it a corrupted church and a faithless priesthood. To that saving and glorious object we must ever look. Let the church cease to look behind her, lest, like Lot's wife, she become a fixture. Let her look upward to her Lord; inward, to the Holy Spirit, whose temple she is; and onward, to that unfading glory which shall flood the universe when the Bride shall meet the Bridegroom; and from regenerated races there shall rise to reconciled heaven the anthem peal of ten thousand times ten thousand thousand voices.

PROTESTANT ENERGY AND PROTESTANT HOPES.

BY MISS M. A. STODART.

I.

THEY say that clouds of papal Rome are rolling o'er
 our land ;
 But *this* we know, our hearts are fixed, and firm shall
 be our stand :
 We look above the earth-born clouds to light of other
 days,
 And martyrs' fires shine o'er our path, with calm and
 steady blaze.

II.

From north to south, from east to west, the gospel-
 trumpets sound,
 And thousand thousand gallant hearts in highest hopes
 rebound :
 The light of heav'n is on our eye, its summons in
 our ear ;
 Our God himself is near to aid, and wherefore should
 we fear ?

III.

We know that error creepeth forth, the reptile of the
 night;
 But we see her turn and shrink appalled, amid the
 blaze of light.
 We mark the flood of evil rush—all fearless is our
 eye,
 For the standard of the Lord of Hosts is lifted up
 on high.

IV.

We see the adverse legions stand — we mark their
 gath'ring powers;
 The battle may be fierce and long, the victory *must*
 be ours.
 'Tis not by might nor power, but by the Spirit of the
 Lord,
 That we press so boldly to the field—God's truth our
 battle-word.

V.

With serried ranks, united hearts, we stand on hostile
 ground;
 Within our lines no dastard heart, no laggard, shall
 be found.
 Ay! even *now* the cry resounds! ev'n now we close
 in fight,
 And firm our prayer ascends to heav'n—" May God
 defend the right!"

INDIFFERENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS ON THE CHURCH."

"MARRIED, on the — of July, at St. George's, Hanover Square, and afterwards at the — Ambassador's Chapel, the Earl of —, eldest son of the Marquis of —, to Lady —, widow of the late Sir —, of Shropshire. The bride is a Neapolitan lady, of great beauty and accomplishments."

It is sufficiently evident that alliances of this description are greatly on the increase among us, nor is it difficult to trace the cause, in the increasing "liberality of thought," especially as indicated in the literature of our times.

About twenty years since, the greatest novelist of that or any other period succeeded in portraying a female character of more than usual brilliancy and interest. He winds up the story by marrying her to a London merchant, a professed Protestant, she herself being a bigoted Papist; and the reader is told of her excellences and virtues, but not one word as to any change in her faith, nor of any

desire or effort on the part of her husband for such a change.

The whole British community, excepting only those who were too ignorant to read anything, and those who had received higher tastes and found better employments,—the whole British community read, again and again, this novel. Of course, too, a herd of imitators followed, all harping on the same string, “that it was intolerable to allow religious prejudices to interfere with the outgoing of the heart’s best affections;” and so on, in every possible variation of phrase and of deprecation.

Unhappily, however, this tone of thought is not confined to the lighter branches of literature. Grave and serious books are written, in which the doctrine is unhesitatingly inculcated, that Protestants and Papists should now forget their differences; should cease to vex or disturb each other; should rest content with their respective acquisitions, and think no more of hostility or encroachment.

Such was the theory espoused by M. Guizot, the leading secular person among the Protestants of France, in an essay published by him about two years since. And within these few months we have been treated with a similar declaration from a German professor of the highest rank in the Protestant university of Berlin.

Professor Rankè’s “History of the Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,” is a work which has been received by the *literati* of

England with the greatest warmth and unanimity. The *Quarterly Review* is loud in its praise; and the *Times* readily echoes the laudation. Scarcely a breath has been heard of dissent from the general burst of delight and approbation.

Yet what is the spirit and tenour of this professedly Protestant work? It may be accurately surmised from the fact, that the Jesuits of Paris, making a few slight alterations here and there, have translated Professor Rankè's history, for the use of their pupils in France and Belgium!

This sufficiently characterizes the work. But let us look a little into this ambiguous, or rather amphibious, production, and we may probably discover why it is that a work written by a nominally Protestant historian, should be adopted by the most crafty and perspicacious of all the bands of Rome.

The tone of Professor Rankè's history may be gathered from the following extracts:—

“ An Italian, a catholic, would set about the task in a totally different spirit from that in which the present work is written. By the expression of personal veneration, or it may be, (in the present state of opinion,) of personal hatred, he would impart to his work a characteristic, and, I doubt not, a more vivid and brilliant colouring; and, in many passages, he would be more circumstantial, more ecclesiastical, or more local. In these respects a Protestant and a North German cannot hope to vie with him. The position and the feelings of

such a writer, with respect to the papacy, are less exposed to the influences which excite the passions, and therefore while he is enabled to maintain the indifferency so essential to an historian, he must, from the very outset of his work, renounce that warmth of expression which springs from partiality or antipathy, and which might perhaps produce a considerable effect on Europe. We are necessarily deficient in true sympathy with purely ecclesiastical or canonical details. On the other hand, our circumstances enable us to occupy another point of view, which, if I mistake not, is more favourable to historical truth and impartiality. For what is there that can now make the history of the papal power interesting or important to us? Not its peculiar relation to us, which can no longer affect us in any material point; nor the anxiety or dread which it can inspire. The times in which we had anything to fear are over; we are conscious of our perfect security. The papacy can inspire us with no other interest than what arises from its historical development and its former influence."

"Christianity appears under various forms; but however great be the discrepancies between them, no party can deny to another the possession of the fundamentals of faith."

"Never more can the thought of exalting the one or the other confession to universal supremacy find place among men. The only consideration now is, how each state, each people, can best proceed from the basis of its own politico-religious

principles to the development of its intellectual and moral powers.”

Now, as we are not about to write a review of Professor Rankè's work, we shall merely remark,—having given these passages,—that we have here the same principle, the same sort of feeling, which encourages a young Englishman, if inclination prompts him, to take as his partner in life, without repugnance and without fear, one who is, and who intends to continue, a devoted disciple of the Romish church. The sentiment avowed in each case is the same,—namely, that it is irrational, at this time of day, to look upon Popery with the dread and aversion entertained by our forefathers; and that common sense rather teaches us to consider it “neither with partiality nor antipathy,” but merely as one of “the two great confessions” into which Europe is mainly divided, and which must and will continue to share its population between them.

This sentiment we perceive, by the allowance of such marriages, and the adoption of such works, to be regarded with approbation by the Jesuits. Not that they would for an instant avow or espouse it for *their own*, but that they evidently consider it to be a desirable opinion to be propagated *among the Protestants*.

If we reflect seriously upon the matter, we shall have no difficulty in discovering why it is so regarded. Throughout the word of God we find instances almost without number, of an exactly

similar spirit and sentiment, entertained by all shades and descriptions of idolators, towards the worshippers of the true God. And the real ground of this feeling is plainly stated by Hamor the father of Shechem, in his address to the people of his city, to shew to them the advantage which must accrue *to them* by acting on the most “liberal” plan with reference to the family of Israel, the visible ruler of the worshippers of God on earth at that time. “Let us take their daughters to us for wives, and let us give them our daughters; *shall not their cattle and their substance and every beast of theirs be ours?*” Thus it is throughout all history. The mingling of the “sons of God” with “the daughters of men” does not raise the latter, it only debases the former.

But in the case of the church of Rome, the folly of such concession is more than ordinarily evident. There is in it the strange delusion of a compact or truce, purporting to end hostilities and inroads on either side; while, in spite of such a compact, the war is as vigorously carried on as ever on the Papal behalf; and the unharnessing, and opening of gates, and throwing down of ramparts, is strangely confined to the Protestant party.

When the Romish priest encourages the Protestant to indulge in “liberal” sentiments, to see no harm in now and then attending “the Catholic worship,” and in subscribing to raise Popish chapels and schools, will he ever be found preaching to, or even tolerating, in his own pupil, any such latitu-

dinarianism? Will he tell the young Papist that there is no harm in her sometimes hearing a Protestant sermon, or reading a Protestant book? Or rather, will he not guard in the most sedulous manner against the least contact with the dreaded heresy, and visit with his direst indignation any tendency towards even the very least of these concessions?

So, likewise, he will probably give his consent to an union with a Protestant husband; but most careful will he be to stipulate for the education of the children in “the *true* faith,” and for the entire restriction of the wife to her own worship and her own creed.

And in all this he acts craftily, and (after the wisdom of this world) wisely. He takes care to make the perversion of his pupil to Protestantism almost impossible, while on the other hand he obtains an excellent opening for the perversion of his pupil’s husband to Popery.

The secret of this real inequality, amidst apparent and professing equality, is just this,—that Popery and Protestantism are *not* “two confessions,” or two different shades of Christianity; they are *not* sister creeds, which may and ought to exist side by side, in unity and harmony of soul. All this is a fiction and a falsehood, and none knows this better than the priests of Rome themselves. They may encourage Protestants to think so, but never will they teach such a doctrine to their own disciples. On the contrary, they know and teach

that the two are diametrically opposed, and can never be at peace or concord. Their declared object, whenever they find it convenient to avow it, is to overcome and eradicate Protestantism, and to bring all Protestants over to their own church.

Thus, then, in all these discussions of friendship, amity, and alliance, whether of nation with nation, or individual with individual, *the fact is*, that the two parties do not mean the same thing. A disarming is talked of; but it takes place only on one side. The Protestant lays down his shield—his protest,—and consents to abandon all opposition to Popery. But, on the other side, though something of the kind may be *professed*, nothing like it in reality takes place. The Protestant acts for himself and by himself; but the Papist is guided and directed by another. The wife or husband who has wedded a Protestant is not left in his or her own weakness, to fall into the same neutrality which prevails on the other side. The conscience is carefully watched and guarded by the priest; frequent and full confession is maintained; and thus the irreconcilable foe of Protestantism is covertly at work, even amidst the appearance of the profoundest peace.

It is true that the sincere Christian will not often be brought into a situation of this kind. The scripture rule—"only in the Lord"—will generally preserve him from even contemplating an alliance with a Papist. But the spirit of Rankè's work is greatly on the increase among us. Almost

all the literature of Germany, which is now greatly studied in England, is tainted with this kind of liberalism. At home, the new theory which has recently been taught at Oxford tends the same way. Rome is there constantly spoken of as “a branch of the Catholic church;” and we have heard of Oxford students, even this very year, seriously proposing their college vacation to be spent in France, to attend the daily service of that idolatrous church!

Now all this is lamentable, and tends to utter ruin, because it is a deliberate confounding of truth and falsehood. The whole tenor of scripture warns us against such confusion. “Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.” “If the Lord be God, then follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.” “If any man preach unto you any other gospel than I have preached unto you, let him be accursed.”

Is Popery idolatry or not? Is it, or is it not, an affront and an insult to the Lord Jesus to address, for one prayer to Him, ten to the woman who bare him? Is it, or is it not, a bold defiance to the Majesty of heaven to confer the incommunicable attributes of Deity,—omniscience, omnipresence, the hearing and answering of prayer,—upon a crowd of poor weak men and women, who died some centuries since? Are these matters on which “men’s *opinions* may differ?”

If they are, then there is no such thing as truth

or certainty in the world. If we do not know so much as this, that God, and God *alone*, is “the rewarder of those who diligently seek Him,” then we know nothing whatever. If we do not know that he, and he *only*, is to be addressed as the one “that *heareth* prayer,” then the very initial step in our religious knowledge is yet to be taken. But if we do know this,—if we have drawn our views of the Divine character from the only sure and safe source, the Bible,—then we shall feel and know that those who fall down before the Lawrences and Gregories and Januariuses of the Romish church are indeed in fearful case.

“Horror hath taken hold upon me,” saith the psalmist, “because of the wicked who have forsaken thy law.” The spirit of Paul, at Athens, “was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.” And so will it be with all who follow the psalmist and the apostle, “as they followed Christ.” Alliance, amity, toleration of spirit for idolatry, there can be none. The Christian’s whole life, in this world, is a *warfare*; and in a warfare neutrality is treason, and indifference disloyalty to the sovereign whom we serve; and who has repeatedly and earnestly warned us, “*Take heed* to yourselves,—lest ye make you a graven image, or the likeness of anything;—the similitude of any figure, *the likeness of male or female*. For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even *a jealous God*.”

ON THE DIFFERENCE, IN POINT OF SPIRIT AND
CHARACTER, BETWEEN THE LEGAL AND THE
EVANGELICAL OBEDIENCE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. LL.D.

THERE are many who think they do homage to virtue when they impugn the doctrine of justification by faith; and that it has a higher place and consequence in their religious system, which represents a blissful eternity as the result of their doing, instead of being the result of their believing. In their imagination, virtue is the work by which Heaven is earned, in the shape of wages; and I think it may with all safety be affirmed, that, along with this, there is a very general imagination of the wages being a something distinct from the work. In the earthly relationship between a master and a servant, the service is one thing, but the reward is another; and, in general, a wholly dissimilar thing—insomuch that it would be held a very strange remuneration, if, in return for the first piece of service, it were proposed just to impose another and more laborious piece of

service; or that because he had done one thing so well, he must just get additional and more things to do. No doubt the customary effect, when one is expert and faithful in the employment which has been allotted to him, is that more of that employment is required from his hands; and he is pleased that it should be so. Still it is not the employment which yields him so much satisfaction, but a something given in return for it, and distinct from the employment. He is pleased that more work should be put into his hands; not however for the pleasure which he has in the performance of the work, but for the pleasure he has in the payment that is made for it. If punctual and honest and able in the execution of his task, he may look for other and similar tasks being required of him; but this is not what he ultimately looks to. It is not the pleasure which he has in the exercise that prompts his assiduity, but a distinct pleasure which he has in the equivalent which is bestowed upon him; and which equivalent is a something addressed to the pure selfishness of his nature—the food that subsists him, or the lodging and raiment that shelter him, or the luxuries that regale him, or the money that purchaseth all things. This is the moving force that sets our servants, and tradesmen, and functionaries of all sorts in civil society, on the discharge of their respective obligations. And this, with all the inveteracy of a settled habit, is the main and moving principle of obedience under the legal

economy of "do this and live." When a man works for heaven as for wages, he conceives of heaven as distinct from the work—not as a place whose happiness consists in the joys of obedience, but as a place whose happiness consists in the compensations which there await him for the toils of obedience. In the estimation of every earthly servant, the wages are better than the work, that which is earned better than that which earned it. And so under the legal economy, heaven stands forth to the eye of the imagination, not as virtue, but as something better than virtue. In other words, principle, under this system, degenerates into prudence; and the service of God becomes a thing of concentrated and absorbing selfishness.

If virtue be the price, and heaven be a remuneration distinct from the price, then the end that we propose to ourselves in the work of obedience is not heaven because of its moral, but heaven because of its intellectual, or heaven because of its physical enjoyments. We believe that in the popular imagination of heaven, the physical will be found greatly to predominate; and there is no saying how much the prospects, even of those professing Christianity, are tinged with the idea of a sensual paradise. Into our vague and indefinite conception of its happiness there by no means generally enters the happiness of virtuous affections, or the delight which is necessarily and immediately felt in the service of God. We figure to ourselves a heaven of splendour, and of spa-

ciousness, and of melody—all fitted to regale, not the spiritual, but the sentient nature of man; and what gives a still more decidedly physical character to our notions of the upper sanctuary is, that we are sure to associate with our admittance there a secure and everlasting exemption from the agonies of hell. Now if to us the main charm of heaven be, not its psalmody or its sacredness or its charities or its seraphic adorations, but its freedom from the sore inflictions of the place of condemnation,—then it matters not whether the moving force of our obedience be to obtain deliverance from physical suffering, or to obtain the enjoyment of physical gratifications. Either way, in working for such a heaven, we are working not for the moral, but the physical; and the wages we look to are just as distinct from the labour that we are rendering, as in any mercenary contract of an earthly trade or an earthly service. Now this inserts a vitiating flaw into the whole character of our obedience. It so taints and transforms as to annihilate its virtuousness. The moral is degraded thereby into the sentient and the physical; and instead of a native principle sustained by its own energies, or the outgoings of a high disinterested affection for God and for goodness, we behold, in every aspirant for heaven, a system of action whereof self is perpetually the centre, and the sordid interests of self are mainly the objects which the heart longs after, and the desires of the whole man are intently set upon.

To ascertain what virtue should be in man, we have only to consider what virtue is in the Godhead. It is not with Him the price given for happiness; for what being is there in the universe to confer the remuneration? Virtue is the very essence of His happiness. It is that which constitutes the eternal and infinite beatitude of His nature. Neither is it extorted from Him at the bidding of authority; for in what quarter, external to the Godhead, can any such authority be lodged? He is virtuous, not because responsible at the bar of any jurisprudence; but He is virtuous because prompted thereto by the spontaneous wakings of a love for righteousness, of a hatred for iniquity. It is with Him not the product of a dictate from without, but the product, the native product and emanation of a desire from within. You will at once perceive the infinitely higher character of that morality which is loved and cultivated for itself, over that morality which is rendered at the bidding of another, and for the sake of a something distinct from itself. By this change in its object, it, in fact, ceases to be morality, and assumes one or other of the forms of selfishness. At all events, it ceases to be God-like; and restoration to the very character of the Godhead is the great design of that economy under which we sit. This is another way in which we may be made to perceive the transcendent superiority of the evangelical over the legal virtue. The one is but the term of a mercenary bargain,

which any man with but the spirit and the selfishness of a hireling may execute. The other needs the spirit of the divinity to awaken it. It is the spontaneous homage of the inner man to the worth and excellence of virtue in itself, and apart from its consequences. It is virtue unmixed and unpolluted—the elements of selfishness and calculation and interest being wholly detached from it. Virtue would be heaven enough to a being so framed and so actuated. His is a pure moral existence, and a moral atmosphere is the only one suited to him. Such a heaven is the generous, the lofty ambition of every true Christian. It is there where all his fondest hopes, and all his most exalted conceptions of happiness lie. With him sin is wretchedness, and righteousness is the element in which he desires to live and luxuriate through eternity. He would be happy enough were he but holy enough. With him these two things are not only conjoined but identical. With him the education of virtue is the ascending ladder to heaven, and heaven itself is but the perfection of virtue. This is the mark for the prize of his high calling—the perpetual aim of his existence—the high and holy aspiration of his now regenerated nature.

Now it never can come to this with any aspirant after immortality, till the legal economy be set aside, and all its mercantile fears and mercantile jealousies are disposed of. So long as the object is to establish a right to heaven by our righteousness, the constant set of the spirit is

towards a something ulterior to the righteousness and distinct from it. Righteousness is but the work, and a something different from righteousness is the wages; the one being the path of transition along which the spirit toils, the other the ultimatum on which the spirit rests. The bliss and beauty of the landing place, are conceived to be a recompence for the weariness or discomforts of the journey—in other words, virtue is the hard and revolting labour that must be submitted to, in return for an equivalent distinct from the virtue which earns it. This conception is greatly fostered, by those elements of a right and a claim and a legal challenge to reward, which are all bound up in the dispensation of “do this and live.” Inseparable from these then is the idea of an exchange, which presupposes two sides or two terms—whereof the one is virtue, and the other is its mercenary hire. This marketing for heaven belongs to the essence of legality; and it is impossible to compute how much morality is vulgarised by it. It is on the great scale making a gain of godliness; and those feelings of self, and sordidness, and ignoble affection, which are implicated with the pursuit of gain, gather around the work of preparation for eternity, and spoil the virtue by which we hope to win our way to it of its celestial character altogether.

And the effect is greatly enhanced by that consciousness of insufficiency, which haunts and dispirits this whole enterprise. If there be aught like

a sufficient estimate of the law, there must, along with it, be a perpetual sense of distance and deficiency therefrom; so that he who seeks to establish a righteousness of his own, is ever and anon pursued by the apprehension, that he has not made good his term of the bargain. The jealousies of a contract enter into this converse between God and man; and selfishness takes its most concentrated, and at the same time, its most degrading form—the form of fear. At this rate religious obedience is no other principle than that which actuates the effort of a creature to struggle and keep back from the precipice—down which its persecutors are endeavouring to cast it. In so far as it is the terror of hell which forms the principle of our religious services, it is not a moral but an animal salvation after which we are aspiring. To have the desire of such a salvation, no higher endowment is requisite than the capacity of pain. It were enough that we had a sentient nature, with an extinct moral or an extinct spiritual nature. The desire to escape from physical pain is certainly not a higher principle, than the desire to obtain physical gratifications; and so, whether the moving force be to work out our exemption from the agonies of hell, or to work out a right in law to the joys of heaven—still there may be but the grossness of sense, and nought of high or heaven-born principle, in our religious observances.

Now it is only under the evangelical system, that we stand disencumbered of all these adverse

influences; and that the whole of that legality which is so fitted to repress the willingness, and so to degrade the character of our religious services, is fully cleared away. Heaven, instead of being exposed to us for purchase, is held forth as a present to us—while the fruit of the purchase of another. Its gate is thrown open for our entrance if we will; and a proclaimed welcome has been sent to our world for one and all of the human family. Eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord; and you cannot overstate the perfect freeness, wherewith even the chief of sinners are invited to lay hold of it. It is of capital importance, in the work of Christianization, that this freeness of the gospel should be fully and distinctly understood. What causes many thousands to hang back from it, is either the imagination of an impassable barrier, in the guilt which they have already contracted, or the imagination of an impracticable task, in the establishing of a right through their own obedience to the rewards of eternity. It is like the removal of a wall of separation between them and heaven, when both these obstacles are cleared away; and many, who, before they perceived so patent a way to the happiness of eternity, were chilled into inaction by the heartlessness and the apathy of despair, are made to bestir themselves when heaven is set before them as an object so hopeful and so accessible. There is no danger of antinomianism from this representation, if, along with their welcome,

their unbounded and unconditional welcome to heaven, you further tell them what heaven is—a land of uprightness, where love and purity and religion form the eternal recreation of beatific spirits—an essentially moral paradise, where moral affections and moral services constitute at once the felicity and employment of all the inmates—a society of immortals, in the full enjoyment of most exquisite and exalted happiness; but that a happiness which none beside the virtuous can taste, and none beside the lovers of God and virtue can at all understand or sympathize with. You must at once perceive, that to hold out the overture of such a heaven to the worldly and the vicious, is to bid them renounce their vice and forsake their worldliness. If they will not make this renunciation, that is the obstacle, the only obstacle in fact, for, by the constitution of the gospel, all others have been moved away. The vicarious sufferings of Christ have cleared away the else impassable obstacle of their guilt. The vicarious services of Christ have superseded the impracticable task of establishing a right to heaven by their own obedience. The Spirit given by the Saviour to them who will, is in readiness to help them onward through the toils and the difficulties of a progressive sanctification. Heaven, in fact, is theirs if they will; and the only remaining obstacle is if they will not—if they turn in distaste from such a heaven, because of their greater love for earth or for earthliness—if they choose to grovel in the

pleasures of sin which are but for a season, and put away from them the offered boon of a heavenly nature on this side of death and a heavenly state on the other side of it—if they refuse the happiness which lies in the service of God, because the happiness of present and sensible things has a greater charm for them—in a word, if they love the darkness rather than the light and that because their deeds are evil.

You will now understand the respective places which virtue holds in the legal and the evangelical dispensations. In the legal, virtue is the price of heaven; in the evangelical, virtue is heaven itself. In the one, virtue is the purchase-money wherewith we buy heaven; in the other, virtue is heaven already in possession, and there is nothing of equal worth in the whole compass of the universe that could be given or that would be taken in exchange for it. The wages given for earthly work are meat and drink. Under the legal economy, virtue is conceived to be the work; and the wages are a meat and a drink, not perhaps suited to our present animal constitution, but a meat and a drink suited to the more exalted physical or the more exalted intellectual nature wherewith humanity shall then be invested. But under the evangelical economy, the kingdom of heaven is not meat or drink of any sort—it is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, even in Him whose fruit is represented to be in all righteousness and goodness and truth. These

moral treasures form the main beatitude of heaven. They themselves are the meat and the drink of all who are admitted to heaven's glorious and immortal festival—their only meat and their only drink, like their Saviour's before them, being to do the will of God. Their will is at one with that of God's, and therefore it is that their happiness is at one with that of God's. They need not first to acquire virtue, and therewith to purchase heaven. In the very act of acquiring virtue, they lay an immediate hold on heaven. Let them but have virtue, and they hold within their grasp the very essence of heaven's blessedness.

The advocates of the legal system arrogate this glory to themselves—that it is by them only, and not by their opponents, that morality is exalted to the place and the precedency which rightfully belong to her. But we leave it to yourselves to judge, by which of the two systems it is that the highest honours are awarded to her—whether by that system which represents virtue as standing on one side of an exchange, and heaven on the other; or by that system by which virtue and heaven are identified—whether by those who employ virtue as the stepping-stone to eternal happiness; or by those who, in taking hold of virtue, rejoice as in their immediate possession of that wherein mainly the happiness of their eternity lies—whether by those who regard virtue but as the ascending ladder to the *summum bonum*; or by those in whose estimation virtue is itself the

summum bonum, the ultimate and the highest good of existence—whether by the men who, in labouring at the work of virtue, are only truckling for heaven by their services; or by the men who, on entering the career of virtue, feel that their heaven is already begun, and know that it is just by their virtue being complete that their heaven is perfected—whether by those with whom virtue is the beggarly element of a sordid negotiation; or by those with whom virtue is that element which they would not barter for all the glories and felicities of creation besides, the element in which they desire to breathe and to be regaled by its own native beatitude for ever—whether, in one word, by those with whom virtue is a thing of ignoble selfishness and speculation; or by those whose virtue, apart from all its connections and its consequences, is like that of the primary fountain-head whence it springs, innate and generous and godlike.

THE CROWN OF MARTYRDOM.

BY MISS M. A. S. BARBER.

“The noble army of martyrs : praise Thee.”

AMIDST that vast expanse of shining seas,
 Where tropic thunders linger on the breeze,
 Behold one little boat which strives to keep
 A steadfast passage o'er the roaring deep !
 No gallant vessel she, in proud array,
 Who through the billows walks her stately way,
 Well skilled o'er bounding waves her course to urge,
 And from her prow to shake the foaming surge ;
 A poor small boat ! whose slight and fragile form
 Drives, like a leaf, before th' impending storm ;
 Loud rising tempests rend the puny sail,
 And the tossed shallop shudders in the gale.
 Frail tenement for human life ! yet still
 She moves obedient to her master's will ;
 No friendly shore, no ship, no harbour near,—
 On, on, with dauntless hearts, their way they steer,

With eyes turned towards the faithful stars, which
guide

Their dangerous track along the chartless tide.
No vain laments, no sighs are uttered there,
No fretful words, no wailings of despair,
Though there gaunt hunger dwells in ghastly woe,
With every want which shipwrecked sailors know,
And fevered thirst, with slowly torturing pains,
Breeds all but madness in their burning veins.
Patient, in calm discourse they wear away
The fearful moments of the length'ning day ;
Oh ! what the theme of times, of deeds of old,
So mutely heeded and so fondly told ;
In such an hour ! a seaman's tale of those
Who shared like perils and had felt like woes
As now they felt ; and more, who yet had passed
Bravely through all, and safely home at last,
Found a glad welcome on old England's shore,
Where seas and tempests broke their rest no more.

Thus, brethren, thus, while storms and perils nigh
O'er shade the church, and warn each watchful eye,—
Thus let us listen to each glorious page
Which speaks the triumphs of an earlier age ;
The records of that band, nor faint nor few,
Who, true in suffering and in death still true,
Bore witness of their Lord ; and if not now,
Called in such scenes our faith, our love, t' avow ;
Still, still like them with patience let us wait,
Through every sorrow of this mortal state,



Till we shall taste, with them, eternal peace,
Where death is not—where pain, where sin shall cease!

'Tis night in London! night of olden time,
Unscared by lamplight. Hark! the ancient chime,
Which tells the hours, from old St. Botolph's church,
Verges towards morn; yet, in St. Botolph's porch,
Wife, mother, child, their tearful eyes still strain
To catch the martyr's* last, last look in vain!
Yet he draws nigh;—did ever woman's ear
The step of her beloved fail to hear?
Near and more near the tramp of that dread band
Strikes to their hearts;—they stretch the eager hand;
A moment's pause,—and the stern yeomen there
Allow one word, one blessing, and one prayer!
Or see where, lingering at the prison-gate,
Daily denied, the household faces wait;
See where, obedient to the last behest,
The gentle wife† fulfils the dread request,
And, armed with faith no earthly love can shake,
Brings the sad garment fitted for the stake!

Behold, where mingling with the awe-struck crowd,
No parting speech, no parting word allowed,
The watchful brethren seek their brethren's eye,
In voiceless prayer, and to the stake draw nigh;
Receive the last mute sign of conquering faith,
Which speaks the soul triumphant over death,

* Dr. Rowland Taylor. † The wife of Laurence Saunders.

Rejoicing thus in life's last act to seal
That love for Christ which faithful Christians feel,
As shoots aloft the flame they well might deem,
Should shine o'er England's church with deathless
gleam.

Though weak by nature, yet in faith still strong,
Vainly those fires their torturing power prolong,—
No word, no look, whate'er the pang may be,
Says to beholders aught, save, "Follow me!"

Heed, Christian, heed! the call is still the same,
Not to the stake, the prison, or the flame,
But in the daily walks of life to prove
The gracious lesson of submissive love;
Thine be the heart no cross can e'er offend,
Patient in suffering all the Lord may send;
The eye, whose light affliction cannot dim,
While turns its daily, hourly look to Him;
And, bright reflection of eternal joy,
The smile whose sweetness pain can ne'er destroy;
The deep humility, whose lowly ways
Lie far from human scorn and human praise,
Which seeks no further than for daily food,
And calls each sorrow of His sending good;
Oh! bear thou thus, amidst life's troubled ways,
A faithful witness to thy Saviour's praise,
Nor grieve, that with those saints of old renown,
'Twas not thy lot to wear the martyr's crown!

IS THE LAST ENEMY OF THE CHURCH
A PROFESSED INFIDEL?

THE church is now admitted to be entering on, or to have entered, the last days. Many and various as are the opinions advanced among God's professing people as to the nature of the conflict, the character of the enemy, the mode in which the ultimate result is to be obtained, and even the nature of that resulting reign of righteousness, there is but one voice as to the acknowledgment that the final struggle between light and darkness is approaching, if not actually begun. Surely, then, the question is not one of theory, nor one of presumptuous curiosity—who is this enemy so frequently foretold in scripture? for thus only can we know what is his character, what his characteristics, whither we are to look for his approach, how guard against him. It may be objected *in limine*, that the question, who is this enemy, involves a *petitio principii*, since prophecy can only be fully interpreted by its fulfilment, and, till the

enemy appears, we cannot say who he may be. This is true. To point out the enemy involves many considerations, including matters of history and inquiries relating to the tenets of particular churches; but without stirring one step from scripture ground, we may ascertain, and if we may, are bound to ascertain, what are his leading characteristics, so as to be prepared to recognise him, when he does appear, by those marks which scripture has for this very purpose laid down to warn us. Even this inquiry, important as it is, and limited to scripture ground, is wider than I shall at present attempt to enter on; convinced that by confirming our examination to one single step, we shall be able to obtain a certainty which we might fail to reach were I to enter on a wider field, embracing more doubtful matters.

Respecting the minor points connected with this disturber of the church there may be obscurity, but if his character be given at all, we must surely expect that we shall be able to ascertain whether he is to be a professed infidel, or one who works out his iniquitous purposes under the garb of a follower of Him whom he comes to oppose. Passing by the Old-Testament prophecies as less clearly worded and of more doubtful interpretation, I shall bring forward a few of such New-Testament prophecies as may direct us in this inquiry.

We are forewarned (2 Thess. ii. 3), that the day of Christ “shall not come, except there come a

falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." The name given to this person is the name applied, not to an infidel, but to an apostle (John, xvii. 12), to an apostle who, so far from being an infidel or atheist, when he saw that the Master he had betrayed was indeed given over to be crucified, cried, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood," and whose last act, except that which terminated his career, was one of restitution. The terms of the first clause of ver. 4, "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped," manifest that the opposer is not an atheist, for he who exalts himself above another cannot deny the existence of that other; he must, by the very terms of the proposition, be one who confesses a God; nay, he must countenance the worship of God, otherwise "the temple of God" would be no seat of honour for him to claim. Again, what is meant by "exalteth himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped"? Does it mean that he climbs up to heaven, and there exercises the power and exhibits the attributes of God?—certainly not; or does it mean that he who confesses a God claims yet to be greater than that Being whose omnipotence he recognises?—certainly not. This exaltation above God, explain it as we may, must be virtual, not actual. There must be (unless we would maintain one or other of the absurd assertions mentioned above), first, the exhibition of some sensible representation of

God, something that can be looked on, handled, honoured or dishonoured, as being God; he must, either personally or through others, establish the belief that this thing is God, and to mark his own sense that it is God, worship it; and, secondly, he must then place himself in a situation, relatively, above that which a little before he and his followers worshipped as God, in order to exalt himself above it; for, first, he must acknowledge the existence of that which he sets himself above;—secondly, to set himself above God, he must acknowledge that thing to be God, i. e. the object of universal homage; but if of universal homage—of his homage, therefore—he must be a worshipper, and his exaltation must be virtual, not actual. In truth, it needs but to state the terms to prove the fact. Will any one maintain that the exaltation of the man of sin over God is or shall be real? but if not real, it must be virtual and in pretension: not over Him who dwelleth “in the light which no man can approach unto,” but over something to which, for his own purposes, he chooses to give the name and honour of God, “all that is called God or is worshipped,” a God of his own creation,—a God whom he shall delight to honour, and to lead millions to bow before, that his own exaltation over it may be great in proportion to the glory of this manifested God. The man of sin, then, must be a theist, and a worshipper of some visible God; that is, an idolator. Now we are told still further, that he “sitteth in the temple

of God;" but God has at present no literal temple, and if, as some suppose, from Ezek. xl. to xlvi., the temple at Jerusalem is to be rebuilt, it will not be for the occupation of the man of sin, but for the occupation of Jehovah. (See Ezek. xxxix. 28, 29; xliv. 1—3; and xlvi. 35.) In fact, were the temple of Jerusalem rebuilt by the unbelieving Jews, it would no more be the temple of God than is the mosque of Omar, erected in honour of the one God by unbelieving hands, on the site where Solomon was commanded to build. Scripture, therefore, being express that the temple in which he sits cannot be the literal temple, it must be a figurative or mystical temple. Now we are not left in doubt as to what is the figurative temple of God: "Ye are," saith the Holy Ghost,—addressing "the church of God which is at Corinth," by the mouth of the apostle whose words we are now considering,— "Ye are the temple of the living God." (2 Cor. vi. 16.) The temple of God is the church of God; therefore, this opposer is to be found within the church; a baptized person, and one who has not, by an open denial of the Trinity or the incarnation, or by any other overt act, ceased to be a member of the visible church. "Shewing himself that he is God;" exercising some of those acts which, without contradiction, are said to belong to "God alone;" opening so that no man can shut, and shutting so that no man can open. Ver. 5: "Remember ye not, that, while I was yet with you, I

told you these things?" The heathenish idolatry of the multitude, the deism and atheism of the philosophers, and the apostasy of professing Christians, who renounced their faith for any of these forms of error, were familiar to the Thessalonian Christians; but this, of which the apostle had to tell them, and to remind them that he had told them, was a distinct form of error; not heathenism, not deism, not atheism, but something different from all, which should in time appear. Ver. 6 and 7: It was as yet restrained from shewing itself; nevertheless, it was already working. What was that spirit which began so early to work in the church, that we can scarcely trace its beginning, or lay our finger on one venerable name, since the apostles' days, not tainted by it? Certainly not atheism; certainly not infidelity; certainly not the spirit of believing too little. Whatever might have been found in the schools of the philosophers, within the primitive church the workings of infidelity, except so far as all ungodliness may imply infidelity, were unknown. That heathenism and its philosophy were not intended is manifest, for this was, when the apostle wrote, in its timid infancy, while they were in their full maturity. This is, too, "the mystery of iniquity." How man can bring his mind to deny the being of a God, or close his eyes to the light of revelation,—the process by which the mind of an infidel becomes blinded,—may be a mystery; but infidelity itself is no mystery, it is the denial of all mysteries. We may be

assisted in approximating towards the idea of the mystery of iniquity, by considering what is the mystery of godliness, to which it is opposed. Now, the mystery of godliness is (1 Tim. iii. 16) that "God was manifest in the flesh." The mystery of iniquity, therefore, must be something which opposeth this truth, not merely by a simple denial, but by the substitution of some other mystery for that awful reality. Ver. 8: "That wicked," whose spirit was secretly working in St. Paul's days, is to continue unchanged and unchangeable, except as being more fully "revealed," until the day of the brightness, or epiphany, of the Lord's coming in glory, when, and not till then, he shall be destroyed. Has any form of atheism or infidelity so continued? Ver. 9: "Power, signs, and lying wonders," are the characteristics of theism and superstition, not of infidelity. Ver. 10: "Deceivableness." Does not this expression forcibly send us back to such warnings as these: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in *sheep's clothing*, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." (Math. vii. 15.) "Also of *your own selves* shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." (Acts, xx. 30.) Ver. 11: And because they did not receive the love of the truth, "God shall send them strong delusion, that they should"—doubt all things? deny all things? No; but believe—what?—a lie. The characteristics, then, of the man of sin are these—that he opposeth Christ, and exalteth himself; that he raiseth

himself above something which he himself calls God, and worships; that he, idolator and blasphemer as he is, still remains in the church, there exercising the attributes of God; that he was unknown to the primitive Christians, while his spirit was yet growing up amongst them; that he should continue from the apostles' days, when his spirit began to work, to the appearing of Christ; that he should come with power, signs, and lying wonders, and all deceivableness. The characteristics of his followers should be, that they were to be found among those who had somewhat of the truth, but not the love of it; and that they should receive strong delusion, that they might believe a lie.

1 Tim. iv. 1: The Spirit warns us of a departure from the faith which characterizes the latter times. In the former account, the deceiver was chiefly contemplated; in this, the deceived; and here we as vainly look for the characteristics of atheism or infidelity. On the contrary, attention to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons, intermediate beings, demigods, who mediate between God and men, forms their first characteristic. How could a person who believed that there was no God believe in intermediate existences? or those who denied all revelation receive error as revealed? Ver. 2: The name hypocrisy is sufficient: where there is no profession there can be no hypocrisy. Ver. 3: "Forbidding to marry" must not be confounded with throwing contempt on marriage. Infidels have been found to pour on marriage the foul tor-

rent of their censure, contempt, and scorn, and to use every endeavour to loosen its bonds, and to dissuade men from it altogether; and when the legislature shall have loosened the bond of law, and unbelief the bond of conscience, infidelity shall have accomplished her work. But forbidding to marry is not to condemn or loosen the *bond*; it is to prohibit the *act*, as being either altogether or under certain circumstances unlawful, which supposes a law, a standard, a religion. With respect to the next point, the commanding to abstain from certain kinds of food, we are not left to draw our own conclusion, for the apostle enters on an argument to prove the lawfulness of the use of meats, utterly unsuitable for any one who did not recognise, and to a certain extent acknowledge, the authority of revelation. Are the words, "It is sanctified by the word of God and prayer," intended to warn atheists, or to strengthen weak disciples against the scoffs of infidelity? Surely not. The words are an announcement calculated to warn and to support against the pretences of fictitious holiness. The departure from the faith, then, is a departure consistent with an outward continuance within the church, and with high professions of scrupulosity, and not consistent with the reverse.

1 John, iv. 1—3: The Holy Spirit had, by the mouth of Paul, warned the church against a certain form of evil which must rise up within her own bosom; first viewing it in its singleness as a

system whereby our individual opposer obtains supremacy over a deluded multitude, and, again, as the apostasy of the multitude. Years had passed away, and the beloved apostle was now giving in a series, not only his own last message to the church, but the last communication that should be made till the appearing in glory of that Master whom he had followed to the cross. In the meantime Jerusalem had been destroyed, and the false Christs, announced (Matt. xxiv. 15—24) as to appear after that event, had begun to shew themselves; while the leaven which in the days of St. Paul was beginning to work had been more fully manifested, so that it was said, (1 John, ii. 18), “even now are there many Antichrists;” but the apostle leaves the solemn warning that these should yet appear in one form, to which distinctively he gives the name of “Antichrist.” Now the disciples had been already warned concerning this Antichrist, “whereof ye have heard that it should come;” but we find no warning of any opposing power but that noticed in 2 Thess. ii. 1—12. Therefore the “man of sin” “that opposeth” of St. Paul, is clearly identical with the Antichrist of St. John. The name Antichrist signifies the opposer of Christ, or rather the opposing Christ or counter-anointed one; as we say pope and antipope, not meaning thereby indiscriminately any enemy of the pope, but that one enemy who claimed to be pope himself. The Antichrist then is not merely an enemy of Christ, but that enemy who claims to be him-

self the Lord's anointed,—who sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God. If mere opposition to Christ constituted Antichrist, it is impossible that any opposition should be more violent, or for the time more successful, than that of Herod, and Pontius Pilate, and the chief priests; or if his distinguishing characteristic were that he should rise out of the church itself, Judas Iscariot the traitor had the best claim to that name; but undeniably that name does not belong to any of them, and we must therefore seek in him for some characteristics which did not belong to them. Now his character having been already drawn at length by St. Paul, to whose account, as known, St. John refers, the latter apostle merely points out one distinctive mark. He had already said, (Col. ii. 22,) "He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son," and explained v. 23, the denial of the Father to be virtually involved in the denial of the Son, and he now shews what is the denial of the Son which constitutes Antichrist, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God, and this is that spirit of Antichrist." (See 2 John, vii.) The denial of the Father is involved in the denial of the Son, and the denial of the Son consists in the not confessing that he is come in the flesh. Antichrist, then, is no atheist or infidel, but a subtle theologian—one who is more likely to entice by his wiles, than to astound by his blasphemies,—one whose divinely announced error presupposes

the general correctness of his creed, and who does not put forward even that error with startling distinctness,—who does not, like Mahomet, reduce Christ to the rank of an inferior prophet,—or, like Socinus, deny His godhead,—or even, in so many words, deny His manhood; but who, orthodox in all besides, “confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.” Antichrist is therefore a Christian divine, who, without formally denying the manhood of Christ, still sets forth doctrines which either break off his relationship with Adam and his posterity by the mode of his generation, or asserts things concerning His flesh which could not be asserted respecting any other human body. Should any teacher, therefore, by the deification of the Virgin Mother, cut off this only link by which the Son of God is united to the human family, and represent her as, at birth or by the mysterious overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, raised to a semideific state; or should he affirm that of the flesh of Christ which may be mysteriously true of His godhead, but could not be true of mere flesh and blood, that teacher has withdrawn his confession that Jesus has come in the flesh,—has thus marked himself as Antichrist who denies the Son, and denying the Son, denies the Father also. This is not the work of an infidel or an atheist; it must be the work of a professing Christian,—a work that begins within the church, and among those well-skilled in controversies of faith. An open denial would unchurch him at

once, and an open denial would mark him not the Antichrist; for we can no more add to, than take from, the words of inspiration, and open denial is not the thing we are warned against in the words "confesseth not."

Rev. xvii. 4—6. As St. Paul prophesied twice in distinct writings, one of the man of sin, one of his followers; so St. John has given us a similar double meaning. A woman is the type of the church, (see Cant. *passim*; Ps. xlv. 9—14; Is. liv. 1—6; Rev. xxi. 9—10,) with many others; an adulterous woman of a corrupt and idolatrous church, Ezek. 16th and 18th chapters, with many others. Women are sometimes spoken of as representing empires, (Is. xlvii. 1;) but this woman, sitting on a beast, the representative of an empire, (see Dan. viii. 20, 21,) cannot represent the same thing as what she sits on, and must therefore signify the only other thing of which she is ever emblematic, a church. Purple and scarlet were used for the hangings of the tabernacle and the high-priest's garments, and therefore represent not carnal magnificence, but spiritual honours; the high-priest being an acknowledged type of Christ, this woman, arrayed in robes similar in nature to his, must represent a church claiming, and appearing to possess, the attributes of Christ himself. Gold, precious stones, and pearls, are uniformly taken to represent the good things of God's kingdom. (See Ex. xxviii. 6—30; Ezek. xvi. 11, 12; Is. lxi. 10; Matt. iii. 17; Matt. xiii. 45, 46;

1 Cor. iii. 12 ; Rev. xxi. 19—21.) A cup is a vessel by means of which we drink ourselves, and give drink to others ; a golden cup is a drinking vessel highly honourable and beautiful. The church drinks herself, and gives others to drink, if she be faithful, the water of life, but if unfaithful, her substitutes for that water, and the medium through which she gives it is the ministry which is externally the more honourable, the more regularly ordained and constituted. This woman, thus drunken with the blood of saints, and who makes all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornications, is an honoured church, with a regularly ordained ministry, and no infidel or atheist power ; she is the church of the “some” who have departed from the faith, “giving heed to seducing spirits.”

If in the foregoing examination I have wrested scripture, on my own head be the sin and shame ; but if, as I believe, I have expressed its true and simple meaning, and drawn out only necessary consequences, the enemy of the latter days, great as his power may be, great as his malice, great his blasphemy, is to be dreaded far more on account of his subtlety than for any of these. He is to be found in the church of Christ, zealous for certain truths, decked in prescriptive rights and honours, and saying to those who proclaim God’s truth, “I am a prophet as thou art,” promising to lead inquirers to Zion, and putting forward his most awful blasphemies in the form of acknowledged

truths; now as the Lamb on Mount Zion, preaching something like the gospel; now as the lion of the tribe of Judah, treading down those whom he calls the enemies of God; high in pretensions, and many of those pretensions firmly founded, (the gold and jewels on the harlot were not tinsel;) so holy in profession that marriage is too secularizing, ordinary food too defiling for his use; presenting mysteries similar to the great mystery of godliness, some manifestation of God with us, other than that which he made when he did not abhor the virgin's womb; orthodox in his announced creed, yet virtually denying that incarnation, and thereby the Trinity, which he professed to maintain; filled with powers of deceit, "with all deceivableness," fresh taught from the father of lies, most fearful when least dreaded, most deceitful when least suspected—thus the great deceiver comes. Who are his pioneers? who are breaking down the barriers which oppose his progress? Had the serpent, when he came to deceive Eve by his subtlety, needed agents,—had her suspicions been aroused so that he required to lull them before he made his grand attempt, what aid might he have desired? Would he not have taught his servants to whisper in her ear that Satan's form was hideous as his power was terrific; that he came in the whirlwind, and blackness, and terror; that the thunder-storm preceded his course, and desolation followed; and then she would have been prepared, however afraid of some unseen power, to look with unsuspecting pleasure

on the crested neck and graceful folds of the serpent as he glided among flowers, scarcely disturbed by his gentle movements, and to listen to the soothing tones of his dulcet voice; so now, when we preach an atheist Antichrist, a mighty conqueror, an overturner of society, a breaker up of dynasties, an enemy of all religion, or Satan himself decked in superhuman power and glory, are we not leading the church to look without apprehension on what is familiar, and can smooth its coils and hide its sting; teaching her to regard with friendship or pity her real foe, aiding the mighty power of his deceivableness, and preparing a beguiled people to receive his strong delusion, to believe his lie?

ELISHA IN DOTHAN.

Then the king of Syria warred against Israel. . . . And the man of God sent unto the king of Israel, saying, Beware—pass not such a place. . . . And the king of Israel saved himself there, not once, nor twice. . . . And the king of Syria was sore troubled. . . . And one of his servants said unto him, Elisha the prophet telleth unto the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber. . . . And it was said to the king, Behold, he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host. . . . And Elisha prayed. . . . And behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. . . . And Elisha prayed unto the Lord, Smite the Syrian with blindness. And HE smote them with blindness, according to the prayer of Elisha. . . . But Elisha led them to Samaria, . . . and they saw. . . . And the king of Israel said unto Elisha, My father, shall I smite them? And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them: set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink And the king prepared great provision for them, and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away to their master. . . . So, the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel.—2 KINGS, vi.

'Tis eve ; and the tempest
 Is rushing through heaven ;
 The oaks on the hills
 By the lightnings are riven ;

The rain in the valleys
 Falls heavy and chill,
And the cataract bursts
 In the bed of the rill.
Wild hour for the Syrian
 On Hermon's white brow ;
 While the gust bears along
 The scoff and the song
From Israel's proud tents
 In the forest below.

'Tis midnight, deep midnight !
 Now vengeance is near !
Hark ! the tramp of the warrior,
 The clash of the spear ;
For the Syrian is marching
 Through whirlwind and snow,
On the revel of Judah
 To strike the death blow.
His march is but lit
 By the tempest's red glare :
 No ear hears his tramp
 In the Israelite camp :
The hunters have driven
 The prey to its lair.

“ Now, now, for the slaughter ! ”
 The trumpet is blown ;
Now woe to the temple,
 And woe to the throne.

But no trumpet has answer'd,
 No arrow has sprung,
No torch has been lighted,
 No lance has been flung.
They pour o'er the ramparts,
 The tents stand alone ;
 Through the gust and the haze
 The watch-fires still blaze ;
But the warriors of Israel
 Like shadows are gone !

Then spake the king's sorcerer :
 " King, wouldest thou hear,
How those Israelite wolves
 Have escaped from thy spear ;
Know, their prophet Elijah
 Has spells to unbind
The words on thy lip,—
 Nay, the thoughts in thy mind. ·
Though thy secret were deep
 As the grave, 'twould be known ;
 The serpent has stings
 And the vulture has wings ;
But he's serpent and vulture
 To thee and thy throne."

" Sound the trumpet !" They rush
 Over mountain and plain.
'Tis noon, but no chieftain
 Has slacken'd the rein.

'Tis eve ; and the valleys
 Are dropping with wine ;
 But no chieftain has tasted
 The fruit of the vine.
 To Dothan the horseman
 And mail'd charioteer
 Are speeding like fire :
 Their banquet is ire,
 For the scorner of Syria,
 Elisha, is there.

On the ramparts of Dothan,
 At morning, was woe ;
 There fell the fierce hail
 Of the lance and the bow.
 And men rent their garments,
 And women their hair.
 But Elisha came forth
 From his chamber of prayer ;
 Like thunder his voice
 O'er the multitude roll'd :—
 “ Jehovah, arise ;
 Pour thy light on our eyes ;
 Shew this people the shepherds
 Who watch o'er thy fold.”

The mountain horizon
 Was burning with light ;
 On its brow stood the Syrian
 In glory and might.

Proud toss'd to the sunbeam
The banner's rich fold,
Proud blazed the gemm'd turbans
And corslets of gold.
And loud rose the taunt
Of the infidel's tongue :—
“Ho ! Israelite slaves !
This night sees your graves ;
And first from your walls
Shall Elisha be flung.”

At the word rush'd a cloud
From the crown of the sky ;
In its splendours the sun
Seem'd to sicken and die.
From its depths pour'd a host
Upon mountain and plain.
There was seen the starr'd helm,
And the sky-tinctured vane ;
And the armour of fire,
And the seraph's broad wing ;
But no eyeball dared gaze
On the pomp of the blaze,
As their banner unfolded
The name of their KING !

But where are the foe ?
Like a forest o'erblown,
In their ranks, as they stood,
Their thousands are strown.

No banner is lifted,
 No chariot is wheel'd ;
To earth falls the lance,
 To earth falls the shield.
There is terror before them,
 And terror behind.
 Now, proud homicide,
 Thou art smote in thy pride !
The Syrian is captive ;
 His host are struck blind !

There were writhings of agony,
 Yells of despair,
And eyeballs turn'd up,
 As if seeking the glare.
And sorcerers shouting
 To Baal, in pain—
The madness of tongue,
 And the madness of brain.
And groups of pale chieftains
 Awaiting in gloom,
 Till the Israelite sword
 In their bosoms was gored.
But they knew not Elisha,
 They knew not their doom.

Those, those were the triumphs
 Of Israel of old !
And those were the shepherds
 Who guarded the fold.

But the Leopard was loosed
From his thicket again,
And the flock of the chosen
Was scatter'd and slain.
But visions are rising
Mysterious and grand;
The trumpet shall sound,
And thy dead be unbound.
For the night is far spent,
And the day is at hand !

Λεων.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

A PORTUGUESE RECOLLECTION.

BY AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

You ask what I thought of Popery in the Peninsula thirty years ago. I thought nothing about it, till the following incident startled me out of my liberalism.

We were quartered, that is to say, the Portuguese regiment where I, a British lieutenant, held the rank of captain, was quartered in a small town, waiting for supplies to proceed on our march in the rear of the enemy. A parcel of fellows, contractors, who lived by putting a finishing hand to the ruin of their poor country people, always hovered on our path with bags of ready money, easily prevailing on the wretched peasantry to part with their remaining corn and cattle for half the value in hard specie, rather than take our paper securities for double the sum. Of course they resold them to us at an enormous profit, robbing both parties; of whom it was hard to say which was the poorest, soldiers or farmers.

A couple of these worthies waited on us in the little market-place of V——, and driving up a few miserable beasts, made their own terms; the Portuguese officers submitted with a shrug, as they saw the cent. per cent. pocketed by the rogues; but I could not restrain a few expressions of indignation at their heartless cruelty to the poor breeders of those cattle, who, first ravaged by the enemy, and now plundered by their friends, stood by with melancholy visages, spectators of the sale. For the benefit of the public I uttered my soliloquy in Portuguese, and in a tone sufficiently audible; and, in glancing round, encountered the keen gaze of a pair of eyes, black, but of a blackness surpassing that of the Portuguese generally, as polished jet outvies the smoke of a smithy. The man turned away as I looked; his figure was abject, his dress mean, and I thought no more about it.

That evening a peasant entered the little square occupied by us, bringing a couple of milch goats; but as the soldiers gathered round him, one of the contractors seized the poor fellow by the arm, and whispered the usual expostulation on the worthlessness of our notes, which the knaves were glad enough to consign to their own pockets. Roused by this mixture of fraud and insult, I appealed openly to my comrades, for the grief and poverty-stricken aspect of their countrymen told a tale of suffering not to be mistaken. But I appealed in vain; something was lacking that should have

responded to my words; whether it was naturally nonexistent in their bosoms, or whether the searing-iron of Popery had scorched it into nothingness, I know not. The only result of my remarks was to draw several stragglers about us, and seeing that they were taking more effect on a party of the plundered villagers than, for their own sakes, I wished to produce, I desisted; giving vent to one short burst of muttered indignation in my native tongue, as I walked away from the spot.

“Noble, generous Englishman!” responded a voice, low, but distinct, and fervent.

I looked round: one person alone was near me, and those jet-black eyes again flashed from beneath the greasy cap of the mechanic, for such he appeared to be. In another moment he had eluded my sight.

I was on duty that night, visiting the little pickets that were always posted round in a strange place. A spot, half-way between two of these stations, attracted me; it was a natural alley, formed of lime and orange trees, of which the fragrance and beauty were irresistible. I took two or three turns under its green fretwork, inlaid with silver blossoms and golden fruit, and began to dream of home as a young soldier dreams, when, in the midst of many softening recollections, I became aware of a stealthy approach. I was, of course, prepared; but scarcely had the first words of inquiry passed my lips, when “Hush, hush, Captain, I want to speak to you alone, and

unobserved," arrested them, and the black-eyed stranger stood beside me.

"Who are you, friend? What is your business with me?"

"You are an Englishman, Sir."

"I am; but you are not, though you speak the language fluently. You are a foreigner."

"Yet I was born in London."

"That may be: but why this mystery? Why not claim me as your countryman in the face of day?"

"Sir, my circumstances forbid it; they are desperate, and I come to throw myself on your generosity—the generosity of an Englishman!"

"Why, to say truth, I am not rich; but still—" the poor fellow caught my hand as I made a movement towards my purse. "Money! oh no, no, not money, I need not that; but oh, Sir, I need a friend; I want counsel from one who will not betray the trust that places two lives at his disposal. Can I find such in this country? Despair had seized me till I heard the well-known accent from your lip this morning, rendered doubly sure by the sentiments it uttered, and this evening the language itself. Will you befriend me? Will you rescue me and my poor wife, a native also of brave, honest England!"

"My services you may command as far as they are useful; but no time to lose, for we may march to-morrow for aught I know."

"No; I have ascertained that you are likely to remain here for some days."

“Who told you?”

“The contractors. I have dealings with them, and with others equally worthy.” He spoke this with great scorn.

Youth is naturally unsuspecting, and my nature formed no exception; the adventure was romantic so far, and I felt no reluctance to be the hero of its succeeding chapters.

We arranged to meet the following night, in a place my new acquaintance described, and parted, for my time was up.

Next morning the remainder of our battalion joined, and with them the only Portuguese for whom I felt a cordial regard. Luis da M—— was a young man of family, education, and talent, with a measure of high honourable feeling which I, at that period, regarded as the most important feature in a man's character. Indeed, my comrade's mind was singularly noble, and his sentiments lofty. When I recounted the transaction of the preceding day, he burst into indignant denunciations alike of the villanous contractors and the cold-hearted lookers-on. I longed to acquaint him with the sequel, but my lips were sealed.

Evening arrived; I was punctual; and my new acquaintance led me through a circuitous road to one of the lonely dwellings we commonly meet with in Portugal. Here we found his wife, a woman about thirty-five or forty, with a prepossessing countenance, a clear, dark complexion, and, under the disguise of very humble garments, a

manner that at once bespoke acquaintance with the better ranks of society. Seated at a little table, the lamp shedding its clear light on each, I contemplated this mysterious pair, whose countenances were so interesting, their language so purely English, their looks so decidedly foreign, their manner so expressive of mingled joy, doubt, and apprehension.

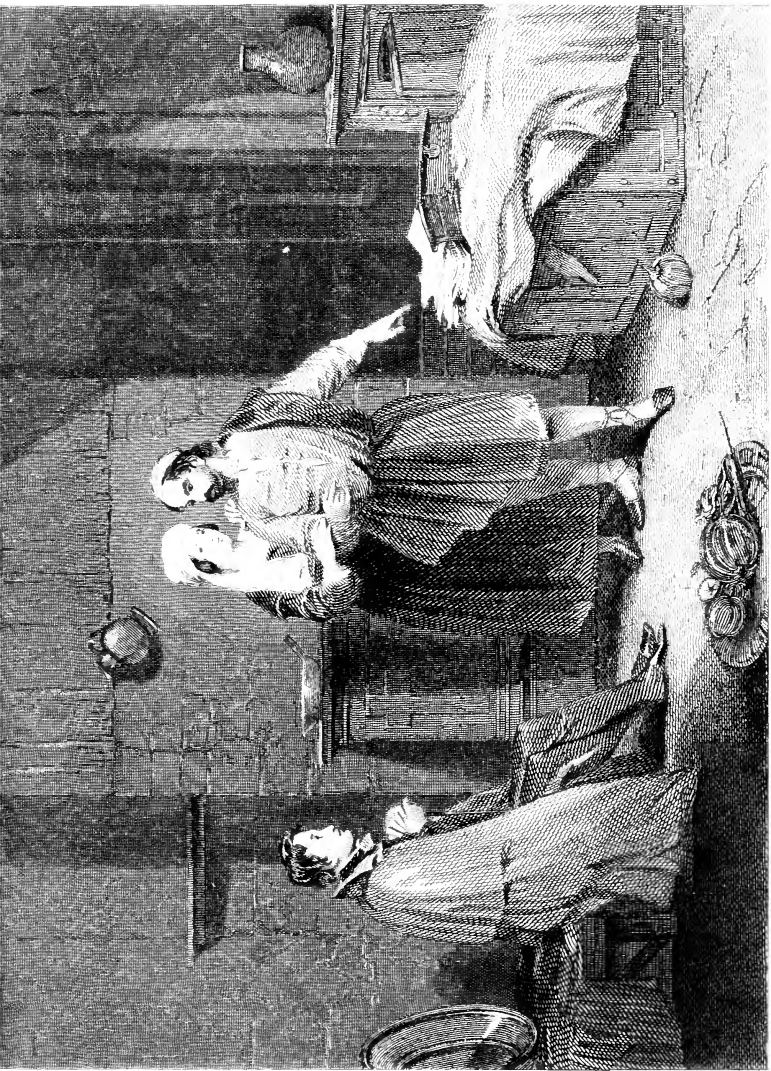
The matter was soon cleared up; they were children of Abraham, their families long located in Poland, but subsequently settling in London before the present generation were born. All the tale I cannot relate—it was strange, but evidently true. Isaac, as his wife called him, had made a considerable property in gold and jewellery, with which, in an evil hour, they ventured into the Peninsula. Here Isaac became the object of suspicion, real or pretended, to some party, who, of course, only looked to the seizure of his valuables; and one of these being in the priesthood, saw it incumbent on him to transfer, if he could, the spoils of an unbelieving Jew to the coffers of the church.

The plot thickened around poor Isaac; he had been lured to the interior of the country, and most rigidly watched; but, after many vain attempts to gain Lisbon, or Oporto, he had at length eluded his enemies, and by changing his name, assuming the garb and manners of the lower orders, and making himself useful to the government officers, as a sort of inferior agent among the people,

he had, by a mixture of seeming publicity with real concealment, remained so far unknown.

“But think,” he continued, “how great is my peril: a thousand chances may discover me, and once discovered, I am lost. I possess evidence to satisfy you of the truth of all my statements. I hold in my hand the inventory of my effects, and the letters of honourable mercantile men, known, at least by name, to you, Sir, as such; but to communicate with them has been impossible. I dare not pen a letter that might furnish the clue to my retreat. Beset on all sides, hemmed in by invisible snares, condemned to sorrow of heart, and failing of eyes, and continual terror, all the threatenings pronounced against my sinful nation are upon me, and I have fallen into the hands of the Christians.”

Poor Isaac! Neither he nor his hearer knew rightly what Christianity was; we both conceded the title to those whose spot was anything but the spot of God's children. I was thoroughly interested in the matter, and presently devised a scheme for Isaac's escape, which we all agreed was feasible enough. After a little hesitation, he rose, and removing some heavy articles, discovered to me a large trunk; within a concealed recess of which, he told me, were jewels and gold to the value of many thousands of pounds, besides securities for as many more. The chest was filled up with articles of wearing apparel and such like things, to mislead any who might dis-





cover it. What a prey for the needy government and rapacious priesthood!

I could readily believe what Isaac told me, that some of the highest in the land were his mercenary assailants.

Having made our arrangements, I expressed some doubt of being able to effect the business by ourselves; and named a friend and brother officer, for whose integrity I could pledge my own, as likely to aid us.

“Is he an Englishman?”

“No, a Portuguese; but a truly honourable man.”

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of his wife, while Isaac's forehead flushed to crimson. “Not for a thousand worlds would I trust a Portuguese!” exclaimed the latter.

“Nonsense; there are rogues to be found in England, and honest men in every nation; my friend is an exception to the general rule of his country: he would never betray you.”

“He *must* betray me,” replied Isaac.

“Must? why must he more than I?”

A sudden trembling came over the woman: she looked at me as with a desperate resolve to know the worst; then, shrinking as she put the question, said, “Are you——? Do you go to—— to confession?”

“Oh no! I'm a Protestant.” And the fervency with which she clasped her hands, with eyes upturned to heaven, I shall never forget; while

Isaac's face brightened into a smile of stern delight, as he said, "Did I not tell you so, Rachel?"

"But why this sweeping condemnation?" asked I, who in my heart attributed it all to Jewish prejudices, and felt piqued for the credit of a religion that, like a fool, I regarded as part and parcel of my own. "Does it follow that, because my friend is not a Protestant, he must be a traitor and a scoundrel?"

The only reply to this was an earnest appeal: "Sir, we have confided to you our lives, and all that we have; we are satisfied while you confine it to your own bosom; but rather than divulge it to any human being holding the religion of this country, bury it for ever—forget us—leave us to the God of Israel alone. Anything—anything but what you now propose to do!"

"Well, well," I rejoined, "if you are so averse we will say no more about it."

And here I bitterly condemn myself. Glorifying in a character of unimpeachable honour, I yet held that vile and essentially Popish doctrine of mental reservation, which left me at liberty to act as circumstances might dictate, providing I broke no express promise, and that I honestly sought the advantage of my protégés. I had no further intention of telling Luis da M——; but I avoided giving such pledge as would bind me to silence, and the poor Hebrews, conceiving I had done so, were satisfied.

Before my plans were half matured, my com-

pany was ordered to a quarter some miles distant, whence we might have to advance without ever seeing V—— again. I told Isaac the unwelcome news, who received it with smothered anguish, and replied calmly, “It cannot be helped, Sir; the good deed you purposed doing will be remembered by the God of Abraham. Possibly we may yet, by acting on the hints you have given us, carry out the plan. At the worst, you have been to us as the wells and the palm trees in a thirsty desert, refreshing our drooping hearts with your generous sympathy. I am content; you bury the secret in your own bosom, and I am satisfied.”

So was not I; it seemed monstrous to sacrifice two lives to an idle prejudice against Christianity, and I felt it a duty to rescue them, even without their consent. I sought out Luis, and after drawing from him some of the chivalrous sentiments that belonged to his nature, and exacting the most distinct, unequivocal, and reiterated promises of never divulging to any mortal ear what I should communicate, I told him the circumstances, only withholding what bore hard on the character of his church, and omitting the mention of a priest among Isaac’s pursuers. He entered warmly into the recital, glowed with indignation, melted with compassion, and from the bottom of his soul, as I fully believe, devoted himself to their rescue. I gave him directions as to the preparations to be made, unknown to Isaac, during my absence; and

he promised that whenever I could snatch a few hours to revisit V——, I should find all ready for a *coup de main*. We had just parted, when I be-thought myself, and returning, said, “Remember, Da M——, you are pledged not to name this subject to any human being, and of course, not at the confessional.”

What a change came over him! His brow clouded directly, as if a thousand dark recollections had been unexpectedly called up. I knew he was a devotee to his religion; but that, though I pitied it as a weakness, seemed an additional guarantee of his fidelity and conscientious discharge of an engagement. Strange, therefore, it was to read in the glance that met mine an expression far from friendly; and I believe my gaze grew stern, for the colour mounted to his cheek, which had at the first turned pale. He was a young man of high courage; and my blood was English, with a dash of Irish to inflame it. The image of my Hebrew friends in their lonely hut rose, however, to my mind’s eye, and helped to allay the imprudent heat of what, after all, was only a surmise. I forced myself, therefore, to speak mildly, “Luis, you are not, surely, capable of betraying a trust confided to your honour?”

“No, R——, my honour is, and ever shall be, that of a soldier.”

“Then you renew the pledge, without any exception or reservation whatever?”

“You have embarrassed a plain matter, R——,

by forcing into a question of personal honour that which belongs to religion alone."

"And how can you separate the two?"

"We cannot discuss this point; you are not a Catholic, and your friend Isaac is—not a Catholic either," he continued, checking the word Jew, which was evidently on his scornful lip. "Be satisfied, R——, that I shall act in every way as becomes a man of strict honour and a good Christian."

His kind look returned, and as he held out his hand I felt that perhaps I had judged him wrongfully, under the influence of Rachel's injurious prejudices. Yet my mind was considerably unsettled, and I wished that I had weighed the matter more maturely before divulging it.

Some days passed; the regiment was still at V——; I got a few hours' leave, and galloped over; there was a stir in the place that excited my attention, and I asked a sentry whether any thing had occurred. "A grand mass, Senhor, has been celebrated by two clergymen of rank, who came here on some government business; and there has been a procession of the host," taking off his cap as he named it.

An uncomfortable feeling, in spite of me, bore testimony to the lurking suspicion within. I rode on, and found Luis arm-in-arm with another officer. He greeted me with accustomed cordiality, and I tried to persuade myself that his colour did not change, and that there was no anxiety on his

part to avoid being alone with me. I gave him sundry hints, and even put, in a covert way, a question or two; but he appeared to forget there was anything unusual on the tapis. At last I fairly told him I wanted a few minutes' private conversation, as I must proceed to the colonel's quarters, and then return to my post. His companion, on this, took leave, and we slowly walked on together.

"I want your aid immediately, Da M——, to carry into effect a project which will at once end this business."

"What business?"

"Why, have you forgotten?" I asked, almost hoping he might have done so.

"I have not forgotten the subject we spoke on at parting."

"And what have you done?"

"Nothing; there was no opening as yet."

"Well, I have now every hope of succeeding, if——" he interrupted me.

"R——, this is not a safe place for private conversations."

I began again in French, but he made some other objection, and evidently wished to prevent my saying a word about it. His manner evinced abstraction and despondency; to me, more than usually cordial and kind, but full of frivolous pretexts for not listening to my plan. Suddenly, to his great relief, the colonel appeared at a short distance, and he announced the fact to me so loudly as to draw that officer's attention. Of course all

private conference was at an end ; and before I left the colonel, Luis had somehow slipped away.

I had not a moment's time to seek out Isaac. I returned to my detachment vexed and gloomy, resolving, if no other means appeared, to take advantage of the night, and steal a march ; for there was a report that we were to move on very soon. In fact, the order was hourly expected. The very next night, after having carefully arranged my plans, I slipped on a disguise—and secretly arming myself with two brace of pistols, I mounted, and by a circuitous road, neither pleasant nor safe to traverse, I contrived to reach Isaac's hut soon after midnight. All was silent ; I listened long, and gave cautiously the signal agreed upon ; but no response came, and it was so dark I could scarcely discern the door. After repeating again and again, even loudly, the sounds that I was sure would be recognised, I tried the latch—it yielded, and I passed the threshold ; but though nothing might be discerned in the thick gloom, I felt that desolation reigned within. The state of my feelings soon set caution at defiance. I drew forth the apparatus for instantaneous light, which I always carried about me, and in a moment the glare of an ignited paper was thrown round the apartment. I had only time to discover, during its short dazzling blaze, where Isaac's lamp stood, or rather lay, for it was overturned ; and having groped my way to it, and replaced the wick in the small quantity of oil left, I succeeded at last in lighting it.

All was gone: the poor children of Abraham, the little box that had been artfully deposited under the leaf of the small table, and the larger coffer—evidently rent, with great force, from its recess, the boarding of which was broken in pieces. I strove to hope that an escape had been effected; but marks of a struggle were visible on every side. I found some object at my feet; it was Isaac's cap. I lifted it to the light; and when I let it fall, the stain of blood remained on my hand. I sickened almost to fainting; and before I could resume the search, the few drops of oil had wasted; I was again in darkness. To wait for the dawn was impossible; and with a heart lacerated with the bitterest agony of self reproach, I mounted to retrace my path.

Here ends the tale of mystery and of treachery. On the following morning, an order from the regimental commandant—singularly opportune, perhaps you will think—moved my little detachment a couple of leagues further from the scene; at the same time imposing on me a vigilance so strict as would have rendered impossible such discoveries as I had already made by my midnight excursion.

I burned for a meeting with Luis, and meet we shortly did; but it was on the battle-field, where first my company rejoined the main body. Again we met in the evening of the same day, in the surgeon's tent, where we both lay wounded, I painfully—he mortally. I first recognised him; and on hearing me pronounce his name, he started,

threw a hasty glance towards me, and then, groaning, averted his head.

“Da M——,” said I, in an under tone, “where are they?” A stare of agony, whether bodily alone, or mental too, was all the reply. I raised myself on my elbow, and, looking earnestly at him, whispered, “Luis, did you—surely you did not betray them! Say that you have not been false to your plighted word.” The sternness of death—a soldier’s death—was on his features; he raised, with a last effort, the little crucifix that he grasped, and slowly, distinctly exclaiming, “I have been true to my most holy faith!” again turned from me, and expired.

The lesson sunk deep into my heart; and I date my first inquiry into scripture truth from this most painful display of antisciptural falsehood. All the investigation I could make in the regiment, when convalescent, only satisfied me that Luis had been much and repeatedly closeted with one of the ecclesiastics who visited V—— in my absence; that he had appeared at first restless and uneasy, but after a while, settled into even more devotional habits than had before distinguished him. Whether a clue had already been obtained, which these priests were following up, or whether the line of ghostly inquiry at the confessional had led Luis to a contrite acknowledgment of such dealings with a heretic in favour of a Jew, and so afforded the trace, can only be conjectured. That he was cognizant of the affair I would not venture to doubt;

and a bitter pang it then was, perhaps even more bitter now, to reflect, that to the injured Israelites I must have appeared the traitor ; that the treachery was charged upon our pure faith which belonged exclusively to the demon of Popery.

Often has that climax of Isaac's lamentation sounded in my ears—" I have fallen into the hands of the CHRISTIANS !" Often do I recal the wild terror of poor Rachel's countenance as she gasped out the question, " Do you—do you go to confession ?" One or both of them most probably fell a sacrifice in the struggle to which their hut bore evidence, and Rome shall answer for the crime, if, like millions in either hemisphere, they died denouncing for her sake the pure, holy, and peaceful religion of the Saviour she dishonours and blasphemes !

“THOU SHALT NOT BOW DOWN TO THEM,
NOR WORSHIP THEM.”

By the mouth of the LORD these words were spoken, when, making the clouds his chariot, and walking upon the wings of the wind, he vouchsafed, from the midst of the thick darkness, with thunderings and lightnings, and flames of fire, to declare unto Jacob his statutes, and his ordinances unto Israel. By the finger of the LORD these words were engraven on tablets of stone, for a perpetual memorial of that awful scene, and in testimony that, howsoever transitory the typical law of ceremonies might be,—destined to endure no longer than till the Great Antitype should come,—the moral law of the ten commandments should continue of perpetual obligation, binding as a perfect rule of life wheresoever the knowledge is conferred of Him who spake them. “To the law, and to the testimony,” we bring all things to prove them, that we may hold fast that which is good. The apostle James distinctly and emphatically points this out, when applying to the touchstone of truth

certain errors, against which he warned the beloved brethren. He expressly cites two of these ten commandments:—"He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now, if thou commit no adultery, yet, if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law."

The application of this is obvious. He that said, "Thou shalt not kill," said also, at the same time, yea, giving a precedence to the solemn prohibition, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image—thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them." Yea, and to impress on us more strongly the exceeding heinousness of the offence, he further declared that the sin, when committed, should be visited not only on the actual transgressors, but on their children to succeeding generations.

Israel, to whom these words were primarily addressed, instigated thereto by the evil heart of unbelief, fell into the transgression repeatedly, until their provocations drew down a terrible judgment upon the whole people. The ten tribes were first carried away captive; and to this day, with very few exceptions, they remain hidden among the nations, only to be revealed by a special manifestation of God's wondrous power when he shall set himself to recover and to bring them back. Judah, surviving for a time, but ceasing not to sin idolatrously, was next smitten; and learned, during a sore captivity of seventy years, that the LORD was not always to be mocked. Among other irreparable losses was the ark of the covenant, con-

taining these tables of stone ; and it is remarkable that, from the period of their partial restoration, to the final blow which their fearful crime in crucifying the Lord of Glory drew down on their devoted heads, the Jews never relapsed into idolatry. They had lost the written commandment so long before their eyes ; but the scourge of the captor had so cut it into their memories, that they dared no further to provoke the vengeance of their jealous God by that particular transgression.

In like manner, the Gentile churches being grafted by faith into the original holy stock of God's choice olive-tree, received this law of commandments, and while they kept the precept, it was well with them ; but the great enemy of God and man too well knows the terrible consequences that shall inevitably follow the commission of that sin to cease from his malignant enticements. The Holy Ghost has declared that what is sacrificed to idols is sacrificed to devils ; and sweet must it be to the old serpent, who beguiled Eve by his subtilty, to violate the divine command ; very sweet must it be to him, in this day of enlightened knowledge, to receive from a huge portion of the professing church of Christ the homage due to God alone, rendered through the medium, the very medium most distinctly prohibited—graven images, purporting to be the likeness of things that are in heaven above.

Many accusations are brought and fully sustained against those who have followed in the track of her utter apostasy, the once faithful church at

Rome—no longer a church of Christ, but a temple of idols, a synagogue of Satan, a wild branch early grafted into the true olive, then severed, withered, and still rotting on the ground in the sight of all men, until the day when God sees fit to cast it into the fire. Like other putrid bodies, this corrupt mass has the property of communicating the principle of decay to all within breathing space of its locality, and wide indeed is the spread of its baneful influence!

The British church was originally ingrafted through the ministry of an apostle, or of his immediate successor, and stood by faith long after that of Rome had provoked the severing knife of the husbandman. In an evil hour the pestilential influence seized our branch, and the incrustations of advancing ruin covered it. Oh for a song of praise to Him who doeth wondrously, and who from his lofty habitation beheld and rescued it! Purged by fire, pruned to the very stem, but not excised, our branch cast off her rottenness, and again shot forth in the vigour of health, and in the brightness of beauty, and became an admiration among men, as the richness of her produce spread abroad throughout the world to the glory of her great Redeemer.

Henceforth the church of England assumed, as a frontlet between her eyes, the words that the Lord God had spoken; and from sabbath to sabbath the ministers of her sanctuary are commissioned to proclaim the divine denunciation against

that sin whereby the Roman branch fell, and under the effects of which she lies before our sight an accursed thing.

The frontispiece to this volume must not be regarded as the mere portrait of an individual, however highly and justly esteemed in the church for his works' sake; it speaks the history of the past, the security of the present, the peril of the future. The artist himself, deeply imbued with the spirit of pure Protestantism, caught the expression of the pastor's countenance at the moment when those solemn words breathed the divine will to a listening congregation—"Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them!" and verily from the depths of the heart did they come.

Beside him, on the table of the Lord, no longer paganized with the name of altar, stands the precious pledge of our renewed membership in the body of Christ, the cup whereof he commanded his disciples, "Drink ye all of this;" and which, as though the marks of her apostasy were not already sufficiently numerous, the dead branch of Rome casts away, in token of her utter separation from that body. What God had joined she dared to put asunder, and in the impious attempt she fell. Our fathers were too long consenting unto the deed; they partook in her sins, and received of her plagues; but, like Israel of old, they stumbled not to a final fall. The Lord put a wise heart into their children, raised up to them a young Josiah, and, in replacing in their hands the cup of

blessing, renewed his early covenant, and embraced with arms of everlasting mercy the returning prodigal. Wherefore does the minister's hand so earnestly press upon the page of that book? Whence the frown upon his brow, the concentrated energy of every feature, the anxious expression of that eloquent countenance, so full of love, so full of zeal, so fraught with the watchman's spirit? He knows that grievous wolves once entered in and scattered the Lord's flock; he knows that little foxes are even now spoiling the tender grapes, while they pioneer the way for the in-bursting of the wild boar that longs to root up the vine; he trembles for the Lord's table, lest again it become the heathen altar of some massing priest; he trembles for the cup of blessing, lest the wrath of Jehovah leave his deluded people again to put it from them; and, knowing whence the danger arises, he warns them as one who watches for their souls in the certainty of having to give account to God; and longing to do so with joy and not with grief, he warns them of the coming woe; he remembers that pictures, and crucifixes, and all the lumber of idolatrous services are stealing back into the churches of the land; he remembers that the very bread which stands beside the cup upon his table may again be made the engine of a horrible profanation; and he shews them the written page, stamped with the sanction of divine revelation, and, in reference to the dreaded snare of visible things, he says, yet not he, but the Lord—

“THOU SHALT NOT BOW DOWN TO THEM, NOR WORSHIP THEM.”

To exalt the creature is at no time good, even though that creature were a Paul or an Apollos; still less is it seemly when the subject before us is one where the LORD OF HOSTS stands forth in the awful majesty of lawgiver. But we are commanded to render unto all men their dues, “honour to whom honour;” and while devoutly ascribing to God the glory of gifts that are the fruits of his sovereign grace, we may be permitted to render the tribute of due honour, of unfeigned love, of deep thankfulness, to the Rev. Hugh M^cNeile.

It is not for us to enumerate the works that shall follow him to the presence of the Lord, if by mercy he is kept faithful unto death, as to this period of his valuable life he has been kept faithful. He is universally known throughout this empire as one of the most powerful instruments ever raised up to arm the church in troublous days. The testimony of his brethren in the faith is valuable; that of his adversaries, the enemies of the faith, yet more so. No man living has been so grossly, so impudently, calumniated in the face of all evidence; no man is so notoriously dreaded by the workers of seditious evil in church and state; and perhaps no man on earth is so ardently, so extensively loved by all classes of right-minded people. Neither his fascinating eloquence, nor any of the shining gifts conferred on him, would, or could, invest him with such amazing power over the spirits

of his fellow men ; it is that God gives him favour in their eyes for special purposes of his own. Purposes, we humbly trust, connected with the removal of that frightful blot from our national legislation, which no minister, no man in the kingdom more fervently strove to avert. True it is, that if he were taken to his rest to-morrow, becoming one of the great cloud of witnesses to that race wherein he is now a leader, the work would proceed. God's counsel would stand, and he would do all his pleasure, with equal certainty ; and equally true it is that, if our England were to-morrow blotted out of the world's map, no blank would be felt as regards the determined operations of him to whom every knee shall shortly bow at his coming ; but let us hope that a gracious dispensation will yet preserve the land of our birth, to be a means of working out the Lord's promises towards Israel, and of glorifying him among the nations ; and let us pray that alike to the green isle of his birth, who out of her deep poverty has inundated her more wealthy sister with many a treasure of gospel ministry, and to the land of his adoption, which has learned to appreciate his worth, the beloved servant of our God may long be spared, a golden vessel, consecrated to the Master's use, and faithfully dispensing among men the riches of the grace for that purpose given unto him.

CHRISTIAN LEGISLATION.

BY MACLEOD WYLIE, ESQ.

“ For them that honour me I will honour.”

1 SAMUEL, ii. 30.

MANY of the practical results and all the wayward theories of the modern system of liberalism, are strange outrages on the feelings of sincere Christians, and wide derelictions from the principles and intentions of the greatest English statesmen. To men truly enlightened, the hallowed truth that “righteousness exalteth a nation,” and the revealed warning that “sin is a reproach to any people,” recommend themselves as considerations of the highest importance. To the ancient statesmen of England especially—who lived nearer than we do to the blessed Reformation, who had caught something of its spirit, and who from practical experience knew far more than our present legislators can know of Popery—these scriptural expressions were deeply interesting. *They* had not learned that, if belief be sincere, its object is a matter of indifference; *they* had not discovered that a state oppresses conscience when it provides

for the religious instruction of the people; *they* were not insensible to the guilt of national sins, but,

“ Soul inflamed,
And strong in hatred of idolatry,”

they endeavoured manfully, wherever their power extended, to crush triumphant error, and to cherish afflicted truth. Thus the early Reformers, who were Edward the Sixth's advisers, Cranmer and Ridley, Latimer and Bradford; thus afterwards, Burleigh and Walsingham, Bacon and Salisbury; thus Falkland and Clarendon, on the one side, and Hampden and Eliot on the other; and thus Tillotson and Somers, felt and acted. To them, Popery's abominations and tyranny, and the social danger of Infidelity, were not matters of theory but of *fact*.

But now, times have altered, and we have changed with them; that which was undisputed by these men must be proved; that which *they* held without reproach, nay, rather as the common opinion of all good people, is now scorned as an obsolete fallacy—an exploded principle of dying bigotry. For suddenly it has been found out and declared, that in the eye of the state all religions should be alike; that statesmen, as statesmen, have nothing to do with the eternal interests of the people they govern; and that it is despotism to support out of the public funds, directly or indirectly, any particular system for promoting

Christian knowledge. And into this error nearly all the public men of the present age have fallen. Some, indeed, profess to hold a different opinion; and, perchance, they argue warmly against any spoliation or withdrawal of the endowments enjoyed by the church, or any other body recognised by the state. But usually even these men shrink from meeting the main point at issue—whether Christian governments are not bound to rule according to God's word, in His fear, and with a sense of responsibility to Him to whom all power belongs, and by whom alone “king's reign, and princes decree justice.” That is the point now to be debated in this age of speculators and sophists—that is, in fact, the chief political difference between the godly and the ungodly in parliament and in the country.

But surely if God's word in this controversy be taken as infallible authority; if historical experience be allowed to operate as an argument, all dispute on the subject must be acknowledged to be frivolous and idle. We read in the Bible that the “powers that be are ordained of God;” we know that even heathen rulers who have oppressed His people have been punished, while those who have protected them, and worked righteousness, have been prospered; and doubtless all who, knowing the Lord, have, like Jeroboam, caused others to sin, or have themselves deserted or denied Him, have found that “it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” The reigns of David and

Solomon, of Hezekiah and Josiah, were times when God baffled every invader, and gave peace, plenteousness, and glory, to Judah. The reigns of Manasseh and of Ahab were seasons of humiliation, commotion, and defeat. And these things were written for our example. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" "*all* scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." These things therefore should be our beacons or our encouragements; they should warn us against national and public offences, or strengthen us with one heart to serve the Lord.

And this lesson is confirmed by historical experience. The lands where Popery and the Inquisition flourished—Italy and Spain, though blessed with rare fertility, with mineral wealth, with unclouded skies, are now, of all the lands where the name of Christ has been mentioned so long, the most degraded and the most wretched. The countries where Popery has not been quite strong enough to establish or to maintain the Inquisition, but in which, nevertheless, she has substituted cunningly-devised fables and the commandments of men, for pure and undefiled religion, are countries sunk beneath a load of despotism, and debased even in this, the boasted nineteenth century to a degree of ignorance and servility happily unknown, for many generations, to British freemen. And in those darker lands where Mahomedanism

has deluded the population—in Turkey and Persia particularly—freedom is unknown, the people perish through lack of knowledge, and God's ancient people are barbarously oppressed; while in China and all Pagan nations, in the wilds of Africa, among the savage tribes of America, the hordes of Tartary, and the heathens of the distant isles, the weak are unprotected from the strong, lust and rapine reign supreme, the land is uncultured, and generation follows generation to the grave, each sinking lower than its predecessor in misery, barbarism, and sin.

Nor let it be said that other peculiarities affecting these nations account for their disasters, otherwise than by the simple fact of the withdrawal of God's favour. The test has been applied to different parts of the same countries, and everywhere the same tale is told. The north and south of Ireland are the seats respectively of Protestantism and Popery—in the former, the arts of industry and peace continually flourish; the latter are the favourite abodes of superstition and penury, of disaffection and crime. The Popish and Protestant cantons of Switzerland are similarly contrasted—so also are the Popish and Protestant parts of Prussia; and France, besides presenting the same distinction between several of her southern departments, can tell the tale that, with the faithful band of Protestants whom she exiled by the perfidious revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled the glory and the happiness of the nation. So

likewise Upper and Lower Canada, and Holland and Belgium respectively, prove that there is in national fidelity, in the acknowledgment of the one true God, who has promised "them that honour me I will honour," a salient spring of strength and prosperity; and that there is in national apostasy, and particularly in the Popish form of it, the certain source of domestic distraction and incessant depression. The events that mark the history of these countries cannot otherwise be explained. If they can—if, indeed, peculiar advantages of climate, position, or soil, are to be deemed the causes of prosperity—or if human skill and policy be considered its efficient promoters, how shall the difficulty be solved when the same climate, soil, and position, and the same form of government, have been enjoyed by the countries or parts of countries in which different fruits have been gathered? And above all, how shall the very different influence of countries in colonization be explained, save by reference to the operation of the Christian or worldly principles that distinguish their governments—the civilization and wisdom of the rulers being in all cases much the same? England, for instance, has carried, and is carrying even now, to many a colony, her sceptre of mercy and justice. In none of them is there now a slave. In all, the Bible and indefatigable preachers of the pure Word of God are scattered among an intelligent and improving population. But the blood-hound tracked the way of the

Popish Spaniard across the southern continent of America; at Goa the mandate of Portuguese inquisitors summoned trembling heathens to bow to idols scarcely less debasing than their own; and France has carried to Lower Canada, and, in latter times, to Algiers and the Pacific, a tyranny as merciless as that which, in her now liberated colony of St. Domingo, roused thousands of enervated but maddened bondmen to seize and trample on their intolerable oppressors.

These things happened not by chance—not coincidence but causation must account for them. If not, passing strange indeed is the accident that permanent prosperity and success have attended those countries only, which have acknowledged a power either unable or unwilling, according to the new theory, to assist them; and that disaster and ruin have been the fate of those nations and governments and men only, whose proud preeminence and wisdom it was, to be less dependent on imaginary aid! This is the accident that has happened according to the hypothesis of men who, nevertheless, while they give utterance to the monstrous absurdity, stultify themselves by acknowledging, and pretending to reverence, a Great and Omniscient Being before whom they allow, in one great appointed day, all flesh must appear for judgment. By whose authority, we may well inquire, is this startling theory recommended to the world? Truly it needs some stamp ere it can pass current. There have been giants on the

earth—men whose intellectual power marked their age, who lived in times of stirring action, and laid in their deeds the solid foundations of glory for their names, and of greatness for their nations. Have these men announced their belief in the wild fancy of the nineteenth century? Far from it. The memories of the noblest heirs of Fame descend the stream of Time burdened with no such dishonour. Everywhere their witness has been the same. In England, Bacon and Newton were politicians; in France, De Thou; in Spain, Ximenes; in Sweden, Gustavus; in Germany, Maurice the Silent; in Holland, De Witt; and these men have all repudiated the hope, and scorned the opinion, that national security is compatible with national apostasy, or public infidelity. With these men, we may well resolve to be counted as bigots, and ridiculed as fools. With the unhappy worshippers of reason, children of the bloody revolution that devoured her own offspring, the philosophical liberals of the present day may, on the other hand, if they please, court shame with an effrontery mistaken for the confidence of martyrs, and with an excited devotion confounded with the zeal of apostles. The day has been before when it was fashionable to deride what afterwards was admitted to be truth; nay, more; the predicted time did come when those who slaughtered the disciples of the Lord, thought that they were doing God service. But that is now altered, and so hopes may be entertained of a further change. The persecutors

now build up the sepulchres of the prophets, and, in the present fancy of most enlightened men, Galileo is no longer heretical, and Kepler no longer mad. How long this opinion and this tolerance may continue, we know not. The fashion of this world passeth away. It is well, therefore, on the important point of Christian legislation, that there should be some endeavour made to settle the opinions of all who are willing to bow to superior authority, or to examine facts.

Let us turn, then, from these considerations to an observation of events passing before us; by them we shall find the lesson already taught us, powerfully confirmed. On the wide and wild sea of expediency this nation has floated off from her moorings, without a definite plan, without compass or pole-star. Religion and the stale prejudices of our forefathers concerning national responsibilities are unheeded; like Gallio, our rulers care for none of these things. The vile are exalted, and the wicked walk on every side. Directly a man becomes a ruler he ceases to think himself a Christian,—at least, in that character of ruler it has come to be understood that he shall act on principles which in private he would be ashamed to avow; or if he desire to gain popularity by his zeal, it must be a zeal for infidelity under the mask of knowledge, and for anarchy under the name of freedom. The tone of public feeling, consequently, is considerably altered; the sovereignty of God gives way to the majesty of the people; and

years after, the country congratulates itself on having just managed to escape some wild democratical outbreak, only, however, to give time to the coming flood to gather force in its resistless impetuous progress. And where is our hope? Why, in a little more practice of the very system that has led to our present danger—concessions to each new claimant; conciliation of each new conspiracy; tamperings with each new invader; a servile imitation of the policy of enervated Rome, by which barbarians were tempted, with bribes paid for their retreat, to prepare for fresh and more successful onsets. All this, too, is done with the least possible distinctness of purpose; all, whether it be right or wrong, is settled or permitted without reference to any sort of principle. The queen and her ministers are sworn to uphold Protestantism, as professed by the established churches; and this is to be done by the aid of a parliament, in which the scale of parties is confessedly turned by Papists and Socinians, leagued together to destroy those institutions. And while Protestantism is thus professedly upheld, but in fact betrayed, at home, a revenue is drawn from the encouragement of idolatry in India. Protestant troops in one of our Popish colonies are compelled to venerate the Host; in Ireland the system of public education is entrusted to an anti-christian and disaffected priesthood, themselves educated by the state; and in Lower Canada the governor, as representative of a Protestant queen, is bound, by the solemn obli-

gation of an oath, to maintain Popery as the established religion! So that practically Pilate's question, "What is truth?" is asked by the British government, with an emphasis which must at least produce doubt in the mind of the people. And while this is the conduct of the government, the country is rent with intestine discord; party spirit, socialism, and various kinds of infidelity, Popish combinations, and chartist agitators, continually threaten a dismemberment of the empire or a civil war; and the helm of executive power is held with a nerveless grasp, by men whose energy is paralyzed by the consciousness that sedition must not be repressed, because it gained them authority, and may be again required for that purpose. And this being our condition, we are told not to trust in God, but to put our confidence in man. The Whig tells us that, barring all accidents, he can so contrive things, that the tide of democracy shall come in quite gently and imperceptibly, exactly in measure enough to keep him and his, floating on its waters; and if permission to manage things thus, be denied him, he himself prepares to swell its volume and to heighten its fury. The Radical is for letting it all in boldly at once, because he morbidly broods over former fancied oppressions, and prepares complacently to contemplate the ruin he joyfully anticipates; while the Conservative,

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

to be sure, is very sorry for the national peril, par-

ticularly as he has something to lose ; and therefore he has quite resolved to take office when he can get it, and keeps things, bad as they are, in their present condition. He assures the Liberals that he has no evil intentions ; he did indeed oppose everything, or nearly everything, that has led to our present distresses ; but then he is now content with his lot, for he calculates that, if let into office now, he is exactly in time to prevent further mischief. Alas ! that these should be our counsellors in the hour of peril. Our chiefest misery and curse now are, that the faithful are “vanished out of the land,”—our legitimate leaders are gone,—the bramble is king of the forest, nobler trees are dead, or shun the shame of such a sovereignty.

Truly, then, in England we have no reason to rejoice in the success of our experiment of governing without God. And this is not our lesson alone. To what advantage, tranquillity, or social harmony have Prussia's mixed schemes of education led ? how much peace has *her* conciliation of Popery produced ? What was Holland's reward when she sacrificed her ancient policy to gain the honour of governing the Belgians in conjunction with her own people, on a system in which violence was necessarily offered to the prejudices of both, without the hope of satisfaction to either ? And boasted America, whose federal government has set up no altar in the land, but rather has left all men to do as may seem good in their eyes, how great is not the value of her contribution to the mass of evidence

on this subject, when considered with her slaves and her slave trade, her persecution of the Indians, her lax principles of trade, her rife of Socialism, her degraded literature, and the admitted probability of her spiritually destitute population, as well in her towns as in the wilderness, becoming the prey of the restless propaganda?

We appeal, then, to the world around us for present illustrations of the truth which revelation and experience have already been appealed to, to establish. That any man can deny a principle so sound is in itself a lamentable proof of mental hallucination; that all the rulers of a great country should combine to deny it, and to act on some other fancy of their own, is an evidence that God's judgments are upon that country, and that He hath sent on those rulers "a strong delusion that they should believe a lie." We do, indeed, marvel how a fallacy so absurd and so presumptuous ever came to be openly published without shame and confusion. Surely to every reasonable mind its absurdity must be apparent. If there be no national responsibilities, why should the Bible speak of them, and threaten nations, as such, with disasters; and announce the execution of wrath on nations many generations after the deeds that provoked the Almighty? And if there be national responsibilities, while it is untrue that nations as such are now subject to heavy judgments of a temporal kind, how can they be punished at all? A nation as a nation cannot be punished hereafter. In the

last day every nation will be divided into her individual members, each of whom will then be judged, and can then be punished. So from man, as an individual, it is consistent with God's justice to withhold temporal punishment, seeing that retribution must finally surely come. But with nations it is not so. If national guilt and apostasy be not temporally punished, they never can be; and so to the eyes of the world may be presented the spectacle of a just and omnipotent God, offended with impunity.

We dismiss this awful supposition, and with it all further pleading for the general proposition we have endeavoured to establish, and we turn to the minor point so often raised, "What is this Christian legislation you so often advocate?" We reply, that we deem it to be such legislation as betokens a sense on the part of the rulers, that they are responsible to God for the due use of their power, and a conviction that their duty will not be fulfilled, unless that power is used solely to promote His glory. We might illustrate what we mean by a reference to the conduct of Alfred the Great or the Elector Frederic, but, to come nearer to our own times, let us glance at the statute-book and history of King Edward the Sixth. In that reign, an age of peculiar intolerance, a time when all the worst passions of the breast had been most powerfully excited, persecution ceased. The Papists, who, in the subsequent reign, so fearfully laboured to cement their authority with the blood of their

opponents, were unmolested,—not one perished for his religion. The most splendid institutions were established for charitable purposes and for general education, and schemes the most magnificent were formed for increasing and spreading them throughout the kingdom—schemes which nothing but the untimely death of the saintly royal youth nipped in the bud. The laws enacted were not like those in the statute-book of Mary, the succeeding Popish queen, for making more offences treasonable, for limiting the right to the writ of habeas corpus, for instituting arbitrary courts, and establishing first the authority of a Popish bishop, and then of a foreign prince, (the most sanguinary tyrant of modern times;) nor against “seditious words and rumours,” and the punishment of heretics and gipsies; but rather for the relief of the poor and impotent, against blaspheming the sacraments, for the prevention of the abatement of suits by the death of the king; for repealing certain statutes concerning treasons, felonies, &c.; for abolishing images, and enabling priests to marry; for a general pardon; for an uniformity of worship; for providing the means of endowing colleges, hospitals, &c.; against ale-houses and against fighting in churches; for the encouragement of the woollen trade; for keeping holy days, &c. In all that reign there was perfect peace; there was no war or rumour of war, no serious civil dissension, but justice was tempered with mercy; the word of God was printed and published for the people in the vernacular tongue, and was read and taught to

them; some of the most able and pious ministers that ever ruled a state or adorned a church, were entrusted with civil and ecclesiastical power; and in every public deed and document, the most solemn reverential acknowledgment was made of the one true God and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent as the Redeemer of the world. Popery was then treated as the great apostasy, and as such no compromise whatever with it was dreamt of or desired; infidelity was deemed an offence against the state as well as against God, and, justly so, on the sound scriptural rule, "Smite a scorner, and the simple will beware."

Happy would it be for this land if the boasted intelligence of the nineteenth century suggested such a system of government, and realized such results as were suggested and achieved by the simple Christian wisdom of Edward the Sixth's counsellors. Then indeed there would be, as of yore, something remarkable in Great Britain, the glorious distinction of being the most faithful, and therefore the most favoured, country under heaven. But, alas! situated as we are, crooked as our policy has been, we can look for nothing but judgments and wrath from the Almighty, if we repent not, and do our first works—strengthening, too, "the things which remain that are ready to die." Whether, if our sins and impenitence continue, these penalties will be inflicted upon the most guilty generations, or will be delayed; whether our ruin will come from foreign invasion, or "our casting

down will be in the midst of us," cannot be determined or reasonably conjectured. But that they will certainly come, in some form or another, and with a force sufficient to denote at once God's wrath and His power, cannot be questioned by any one who has looked to revelation, experience, or the current events of the present age; and who, considering the evidence afforded by these witnesses, thinks also of the guilt of the nation and the greatness of the Being offended—He who "takes up the isles as a very little thing." There is great reason to believe that, in the case of Great Britain, the seeds of disaster and ruin are already sown and growing; emigration; the destitution of religious knowledge; the measures (perhaps well intended) that have tended to regulate, if not to limit, the charities and sympathies of life; the extent to which the population has become inured to successful or unrestrained sedition, and to sudden and violent shocks and changes in the constitution; the looseness of public morals that has of late been produced by the singular disregard of principle and consistency manifested by the executive government; and, above all, the infectious and "perilous stuff" that, by means of a degraded press, has been circulated among the people—these things give rise to apprehensions that very little dependence can be placed on the people in any national extremity, and that indeed much dread may be entertained of further degeneracy. To speculate, however, on the effect of these several causes is

needless; but it is necessary to know, and knowing to remember, that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" and that if due reverence be done to "His glorious and fearful name," those who rule will be just, ruling in his fear. It is necessary to know also, that while this is the duty of the governors, the people must beware lest they be partakers of other men's sins when those governors neglect that duty, and they themselves have the right to make their feelings known. It therefore behoves all who in these critical and trying times have any part in the administration of public affairs, and the people of this country who are constitutionally entitled to an indirect influence in her legislative functions, carefully and scrupulously to consider what are the exact proportions of their respective responsibilities. By their efforts and by their prayers the Lord's judgments may be averted, and blessings instead of judgments called down on the nation. There are, we trust and believe, even now, seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and on them, who sigh and cry for the abominations that are done in the land, lies now the solemn duty of warning others, clearing their own consciences, and pouring out constant supplications for mercy to their native land. It may be that they will be branded as hypocrites or fanatics, despised as bigots, held in contempt and "everywhere spoken against;" but these things must not move them; their path is plain. To God they

have to commit themselves in patient well-doing ; and He who of old has done such marvellous things may yet again reveal His arm and bring forth salvation, restoring to this country the spirit of holiness, and bestowing its government on those who will hold their authority as subject to the King of kings, and govern the people committed to their charge as beings with immortal spirits, destined to happiness or misery for ever.

N E H E M I A H.

BY L. H. J. T.

WHAT amazing condescension has the Almighty displayed in the method and system by which in all his dispensations, he has been pleased to communicate to us his will and pleasure, his laws and his injunctions, his threats and his promises. The Bible is not a series of abstract maxims. His word ever comes to us by the lips of man, in which we may almost see a shadowy type of the crowning dispensation, when the Word, which from the beginning was with God and was God, in the fulness of time was made flesh and dwelt among us; when a man spake on earth, and prefaced not his teaching, as did the holy prophets, with the solemn "Thus saith the Lord," for he who spake was himself that Lord.

It is in the Old Testament especially that we are taught by the actions, the sayings, and the characters of men, of like passions with ourselves. When indeed they affix to their words the broad seal of heaven, when they commence with the

preamble " Thus saith the Lord," all individuality is lost, and we feel that as ambassadors they are reading to us a proclamation from the King of kings, but though their every word be equally and at all times dictated by the same spirit of God, we are often allowed to distinguish and to discern the characters, the dispositions, and the feelings of the fellow-worms who are thus moved by the Holy Spirit to act and to speak for our edification and instruction. We are thus, as it were, allowed to know the men themselves after the flesh; we feel that they are men; and like as we find in our daily intercourse with our Christian brethren, while we love them all as fellow members incorporate in the Lord's mystical body, yet to some more than to others our hearts are drawn out and our affections engaged by an irresistible sympathy, according to the peculiarities of the disposition which it has pleased God to endow us with. So with the penmen of holy writ, and the individuals whose actions they are inspired to record; we cannot avoid, from our mysterious and complex nature, feeling an especial and an individualizing affection for some more than for others. As the soul of David was knit to that of the loving Jonathan, as Ruth clave to the patient Naomi, as the Lord himself emphatically *loved* John, so are our hearts won and our human affections engaged, where we find in the sacred narratives that congeniality of nature which irresistibly begets that which no metaphysician can define—affection.

NEHEMIAH stands forth conspicuously as one whom we needs must love and admire. His fervent piety, his disinterested zeal, his glowing patriotism, his prudence, his wisdom, his conscious dignity, his graceful humility, all combine to form a truly noble man.

Of his birth and lineage scripture is silent; some have supposed that he was of the seed of Aaron, others that he was a prince of the house of David. The latter supposition seems the most probable, as he always appears to us as the civil ruler, the *tirshatha*,* or governor, while Ezra, a kindred noble spirit, a descendant in the sixteenth generation from Aaron,† devoted himself more exclusively to the affairs of the priesthood, and although previous to the arrival of Nehemiah from Shushan, he performed the duties of governor, and was empowered by Artaxerxes to set magistrates and judges, yet is he nowhere styled *tirshatha*, or governor, but simply the priest or scribe. Ezra's commission relates to the temple, Nehemiah's to the walls of Jerusalem.

Nehemiah held the honourable and responsible office of cupbearer to King Artaxerxes,‡ but, like

* The word תִּרְשָׁתָא, *tirshatha*, is supposed to be Persian; and if, as Castel supposes, it signifies *austerity*, or that fear which is impressed by the authority of a governor, it may be derived from תָּרַשׁ, *tars*, "fear," or תָּרַשׁ, *tarsh*, "acid, austere."—*Bagster's Comprehensive Bible*. Note on Ezra, ii. 63.

† Ezra, viii. 1—5.

‡ Surnamed Μακροχειρ, or Longimanus, the third son of Xerxes. B. C. 446.

Moses, he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The gorgeous pomp, the silken luxury of the Persian court had no attractions for this heavenly-minded patriot. Certain of his brethren came to the palace at Shushan, and his first inquiry is concerning the Jews, and concerning Jerusalem. The answer cuts him to the heart. "The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach; the wall also of Jerusalem is broken down, and the gates thereof burned with fire."* Oh see the princely courtier!—his robe of state is laid aside, and weeping, and mourning, and fasting for many days, he prays before the God of heaven. Who can read his prayer, and not weep with him? Prostrate in the dust, he invokes the Lord the God of heaven, the great and terrible God. He confesses the sins of his nation; he confesses his own and the sins of his father's house; he owns that justly are they punished, for they have dealt very corruptly, but he does not lose sight of God's faithfulness. He knows that man's sins cannot make void God's promises. He searches for a promise suited to their present condition; he finds it, and he pleads it:—"These," he adds, "these," whose sins he had but then confessed and bewailed, "Now these are thy servants and thy people, whom thou hast redeemed by thy great power, and by thy strong hand."†

* Neh. i. 3.

† Ib. i. 11.

At once he sees God's purpose in raising him to rank and station in the household of the Persian king. At once he resolves to use that influence in behalf of Israel, and he prays for "mercy in the sight of this man."

Again he resumes his princely attire, he takes the wine and gives it to the king, but grief and sadness are stamped upon his brow. He dares to look sad, an act of some boldness in the presence of an eastern despot, accustomed to

——— mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

His prayers, however, had not been cast away; he found "mercy in the sight of this man." It was evidently an occasion of state and ceremony, for the queen, most probably Esther, was sitting beside him. The feelings of the man overcame the pomp of the monarch, and in words of sympathy and kindness he asked Nehemiah of his griefs—"This is nothing but sorrow of heart." But Nehemiah knew how cheating are a despot's smiles, and putting no trust in princes, he owns that his heart was "very sore afraid;" so he prayed to the God of heaven, and then he spoke unto the king. "Let the king live for ever; why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are devoured with fire?" Boldly he asks the king to send him, that he may rebuild the city; and though the king shewed some regret at

parting with his faithful servant, he accedes. All that he asked the king granted him, according to the good hand of his God upon him; captains of the army and horsemen are sent with him, and he arrives at Jerusalem. And Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the Ammonite, heard of it, and "it grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel."

For three days Nehemiah remains unknown in Jerusalem; he visits the broken wall, and, like a skilful statesman, he satisfies himself by personal inspection of the actual condition of the city. At length he assembles the priests, the nobles, and the rulers, and tells them of the Lord's goodness, and how he had found favour in the sight of the king. There is no hesitation, no murmur amongst them, but with one voice they exclaim, "Let us rise up and build," and their hands are strengthened for this good work. This, too, comes to the ears of Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, and they laughed them to scorn, and despised them, and said "What is this thing that ye do? Will ye rebel against the king?" Calm and dignified, Nehemiah replies, "The God of heaven he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build: but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial, in Jerusalem."

With consummate wisdom the whole circuit of the city is divided amongst the people. High and low, priest and noble, artificer and merchant, "for

the people had a mind to work." The head of each family takes a portion of the wall as his task, and by this division of labour, the wall rises simultaneously on all sides, at which the wrath of Sanballat is excited. "What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?"

In spite of his wrath, in spite of his scorn, the wall rises to the half of its destined height. Things now become serious—mockery will not deter these "feeble Jews."

And now Sanballat, and Tobiah, and the Arabians, the Ammonites, and the Ashdodites, find that they must fight against Jerusalem, if they would keep her still low in the dust. They hover round on all sides, and the Jews are harassed, not knowing whence to expect an attack. Nehemiah's energies rise with the difficulties. "Be not ye afraid of them," he cries to the nobles and the people; "remember the LORD, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses."

Right noble sight! The Jews are divided into two bands; one-half in their habergeons, with shields, with spears, and with bows, ready to assemble on what side the trumpet sounds; the other half labouring at the wall, and even they with swords girded at their loins. Aloft, on some eminence, stands Nehemiah, the trumpeter by his



side. "In what place ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us."

But where are Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem? Scoffs and threats had failed; they must now resort to artifice. "Come," say they; "come, let us meet together in some one of the villages in the plain of Ono." Four times they send this message, but the only answer they receive is, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

Oh, let us lay this lesson to heart; most Christians have their Sanballat, their Tobiah, and their Geshem, to hinder them in the great work of building up the ramparts of their faith. At first they scoff when they see a man shaking himself from the dust, and often their scoffs are succeeded by threats; but when these fail, they, too, resort to artifice. "Come among us," says the worldling; "let us meet together." But, Christian, beware; give them Nehemiah's answer—"I am doing a great work; why should the work cease, while I leave it, and come down to you?"

A deeper plot is now laid for Nehemiah; they suborn Shemaiah; and in the tone of a prophet, he entreats the noble man to shut himself close in the temple of God, or his enemies will come in the night to slay him. But all is in vain; he discerns their treachery, and replies, "Should such a man as I flee? I will not go in!" Steadfast and un-

daunted, he pursues his work ; and in fifty and two days from the commencement of the building, the wall is finished. No breach is left ; and the doors are set up in the gates. “ And it came to pass, that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, *they were much cast down in their own eyes ;* for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God.” Neh. vi. 16.

And thus were the walls of Zion rebuilt after they had mouldered in the dust one hundred and twenty-three years.

The walls of Zion were rebuilt ; the Jews were again a nation ; but not as in days of yore, for the glory had departed from them. They who once sent forth armies and conquered mighty nations were now a tributary nation, existing in sufferance. A glimpse of their former days was seen when the Maccabees nobly struggled for independence ; but the Asmonean princes were but faint shadows of David, of Hezekiah, of Jehoshaphat, and venal corruption soon extinguished their line.

A temple, indeed, was rebuilt ; but the ancient men wept when they saw it. The topstone was laid ; but instead of shouting “ Grace—grace unto it,”—“ the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people.”

A high priest, indeed, they had, who, clad in his uncleft mitre and linen robes, went year by year into the holiest of holies. But no divine

effulgence met his eye. The breastplate he may have worn, and on it may have sparkled the gems engraven with the names of the twelve tribes, but the Urim and the Thummim were not there—Ichabod, Ichabod ! The Israelites might have taken up the words of the man of Uz—“ Oh that we were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved us ; when his candle shined upon our head, and when by his light we walked through darkness ; as we were in the days when the secret of God was upon our tabernacle, when the Almighty was yet with us !”*

Was this, then, the fulfilment of the promise, that He who scattered Israel would gather him ? Who shall so dishonour God’s faithfulness as to say so ?

Ezekiel wrote during the Babylonish captivity ; and thus the Lord spoke by his mouth :—“ Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land : and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel : and one king shall be king to them all, (viz., to Judah, and to Ephraim, or the ten tribes :) and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all : I will save them out of all their dwelling places, wherein they have sinned, and will cleanse them : so shall they be my people, and I will be their God. And David,

* Job, xxix. 2—5.

my servant (or my beloved servant), shall be king over them; and they all shall have one shepherd; they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes, and do them. And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children, for ever; and my servant David shall be their prince for ever. Moreover, I will make a covenant of peace with them: it shall be an *everlasting* covenant with them; and I will place them, and will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore. My tabernacle also shall be with them: yea I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And the heathen shall know that I, the Lord, do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore." (Ezekiel, xxxvii. 21—28.)

Yes, Christian Gentiles, believers in the Lord, these are God's promises to his people. This hath the Lord spoken, and this will the Lord perform. He brought up his people from Egypt; he brought forth some from Babylon; and this he did as an ensample of what he will yet do when it shall no more be said the Lord liveth that brought them up out of the land of Egypt, but "the Lord liveth who brought up the children of Israel out of the Land of the North, and from all the lands whither he had driven them; and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers."

But, oh! Gentiles, cut out of the olive tree wild

by nature, dare not to boast yourselves against the natural branches. Look on the daughter of Zion, she is now weeping and mourning; her lovely limbs are clad in sackcloth, ashes are upon her head, but in the bridegroom's treasury are crowns and jewels for her beautiful garments, which are all her own; dare not to claim them for yourselves. A time shall indeed come, when there shall be no difference between Jew and Greek; but remember, that is a time when there shall be no difference between male and female. But Zion has her own special promises; let us not envy them, for Gentiles also will rejoice when she rejoices.

Jerusalem shall yet be the joy of the whole earth.

And now look to the river Euphrates—are not its tides at their last ebb? Is not the way for the kings of the east preparing? Are not the unclean spirits abroad in the world? Is not the fig-tree putting forth its buds?

The dead bones, though very many and very dry, are more than shaking; already are they coming together bone to his bone, the sinews and the flesh are coming upon them, although as yet there is no breath in them. The Jews are reading and searching the scriptures; they are beginning to understand their political position, but as yet the veil is on their eyes, and they have not yet mourned over Him whom their fathers pierced; as yet there is no breath in them. Pray earnestly

that it may speedily come, from the four winds of heaven. Then shall these dead ones stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Their land is preparing for them ; on it are the eyes of the world now fixed ; for it are the Gentiles stirring. The upstart Pharaoh who now rules Egypt would claim it ; the Sultan, who rules in the literal Babylon, asserts a prior claim. To support one or the other, the horns of the seven-headed beast are divided ; Gog and Magog from the north parts, and we, the isles of the sea—all are preparing armaments, all are contending for the land of the Jews. And will they remain mute and silent ? It seems improbable ; and were they at this moment to stand forth, they have only to ask, and their land would be theirs.

Oh ! that the captive daughter of Zion would shake herself from the dust, and cry to the Lord in the prayer indited for her—“ Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord ; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. *Art thou not it* that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon ? *Art thou not it* which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep ; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over ?”* Oh ! would Israel but take up this prayer, the answer to it is also indited. Yes, when the “ captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed,” the Lord will answer, “ *I am the Lord thy God,* that divided the sea, whose waves roared. And I

* Isa. li. 9, 10.

have put my words in thy mouth, and *I have* covered thee in the shadow of mine hand. *Thou art* my people.”* And then, in a most beautiful antistrophe to the prayer that the Lord would awake, he answers and says to Jerusalem—“Awake, awake, stand up, O Jerusalem, which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out. Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted, and drunken, but not with wine: Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again: but I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee.† Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.”

O daughter of Zion, since thou knowest how the Lord will answer thee, why art thou yet silent? Lift up thy voice and cry, for his ear is not heavy that it cannot hear.

The virgin of Israel sitteth in the dust; in her hand is a cup of trembling. The great whore sitteth upon many waters; in her hand a cup of abominations and filthiness.

The virgin of Zion is drunk, but not with wine;

* Isa. li. 15, 16.

† Ver. 17—23.

the whore of the seven hills is drunk, drunk with the blood of the saints.

Rend thou thy scarlet robes, mother of harlots, when Zion puts on her beautiful garments! When the mountain of the Lord's house is established, call thou on thy seven hills to hide thee, for thine hour is come. In one day shall her plagues come upon her—death, and mourning, and famine; the millstone trembles in the angel's hand. "Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."*

But, to return to the partial restoration in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, how was it brought about? By prayer. First, Daniel "understood by books the number of the years" foretold by Jeremiah the prophet, and he set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes.† He acknowledged his sins, and pleaded God's promises—"For thine own sake, O my God, for thy city and thy people are called by thy name." The result of this prayer was the edict of Cyrus by which the temple was rebuilt. Nehemiah prayed, as we have seen above, and in answer to his prayer the Lord stirred up Artaxerxes; he gave the command, and the walls were rebuilt. Oh, that the mantle of these holy men would fall on some son of Abraham in our own days; some of them are high in rank and influence, but the Lord will point out his in-

* Rev. xviii. 21. † Dan. ix. 2.

struments when the set time is come. Zerubabels and Jeshuas, Ezras and Nehemiahs, will be found; the hearts of monarchs will be inclined to favour the dust of Zion. Would that this honour might be conferred on our gracious sovereign! Oh, that her young hands would pen the edict, saying to the Hebrew dwellers in her land, "Who is there among you of the Lord's people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah." Sanballats, and Tobiahs, and Geshems, would arise; they would be grieved to see any seeking the welfare of the children of Israel. They would mock the "feeble Jews," but they would mock in vain; and the "feeble Jews" would answer, "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we, his servants, will arise and build."

Oh glorious, glorious sight! Oh that our beloved queen, who alone of Europe's monarchs wears upon her crown the crest of Judah, the lion standing in his strength!—oh that she may be stirred up by the Lord to seek the welfare of Zion, and thus bring down showers of blessings upon herself and her people! Oh that we may find ourselves not mistaken in applying to Britain the words of Isaiah:—

"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel."

THE TRUTH NECESSARILY PROTESTANT.

BY THE REV. HUGH M'NEILE.

“AMIDST those deep and retired thoughts—which with every man Christianly instructed ought to be most frequent—of God, and of his miraculous ways and works amongst men, and of our religion, and works to be performed to him; after the story of our Saviour Christ suffering to the lowest bent of weakness in the flesh, and presently triumphing to the highest pitch of glory in the spirit, which drew up his body also—till we in both be united to him in the revelation of his kingdom; I do not know of anything more worthy to take up the whole passion of pity on the one side, and joy on the other, than to consider, first, the foul and sudden corruption, and then, after many a tedious age, the long deferred but much more wonderful and happy reformation of the church in these latter days. Sad is it to think how that doctrine of the gospel, planted by teachers divinely inspired, and by them winnowed and sifted from the chaff of overdated ceremonies, and refined to such a spiritual

height and temper of purity, and knowledge of the Creator, that the body, with all the circumstances of time and place, were purified by the affections of the regenerate soul, and nothing left impure but sin; faith needing not the weak and fallible office of the senses to be either the ushers or interpreters of heavenly mysteries, save where our Lord himself, in his sacraments, ordained,—that such a doctrine should, through the grossness and blindness of her professors, and the fraud of deceivable traditions, drag so downwards, as to backslide one way into Jewish beggary of old cast rudiments, and stumble forward another way into the new-vomited paganism of sensual idolatry, attributing purity or impurity to things indifferent, that they might bring the inward acts of the spirit to the outward and customary eye-service of the body, as if they could make God earthly and fleshly, because they could not make themselves heavenly and spiritual. They began to draw down all the divine intercourse betwixt God and the soul; yea, the very shape of God himself into an exterior and bodily form, urgently pretending a necessity and obligation of joining the body in a formal reverence, and worship circumscribed; they hallowed it, they fumed it, they sprinkled it, they bedecked it, not in robes of pure innocency, but of pure linen, with other deformed and fantastic dresses, in palls, and mitres, gold and gewgaws fetched from Aaron's old wardrobe, or the Flamin's vestry.

Then was the priest set to con his motions and his postures, his liturgies and his luries, till the soul, by this means of overbodying herself, given up justly to fleshly delights, bated her wing apace downward; and finding the ease she had from her visible and sensuous colleague, the body, in performance of religious duties, her pinions now broken and flagging, shifted off from herself the labour of high soaring any more, forgot her heavenly flight, and left the dull and droiling carcass to plod on in the old road, and drudging trade of outward conformity. And here, out of question, from her perverse conceiting of God and holy things she had fallen to believe no God at all, had not custom and the worm of conscience nipped her incredulity. Hence, to all the duties of evangelical grace, instead of the adoptive and cheerful boldness which our new alliance with God requires, came servile and thrall-like fear; for in very deed the superstitious man, by his good will, is an atheist; but being scared from thence by the pangs and gripes of a boiling conscience, all in a pudder, shuffles up to himself such a God and such a worship as is most agreeable to remedy his fear; which fear of his, as is also his hope, fixed only upon the flesh, renders likewise the whole faculty of his apprehension carnal; and all the inward acts of worship, issuing from the native strength of the soul, run out lavishly to the upper skin, and there harden into a crust of formality. Hence men came

to scan the scriptures by the letter, and in the covenant of our redemption magnified the external signs more than the quickening power of the Spirit; and yet, looking on them through their own guiltiness with a servile fear, and finding as little comfort, or rather terror, from them again, they knew not how to hide their slavish approach to God's behests, by them not understood nor worthily received, but by cloaking their servile crouching to all religious presentiments, sometimes lawful, sometimes idolatrous, under the name of humility, and terming the piebald frippery and ostentation of ceremonies decency. But, to dwell no longer in characterising the depravities of the church, and how they sprung, and how they took increase; when I recall to my mind, at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, how the bright and blissful Reformation (by divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragraney of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new erected banner of salvation; the

martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

So spake, not Mr. Froude, neither any of his publishers or admirers, but a man whose estimate of the necessity and nature of the Reformation, and of the character of the reformers, may well console us under the heavy tidings that any of the students of Oxford have become less and less the children of the Reformation; thus spake JOHN MILTON,* distinguishing truly between formalism and spirituality, and having no fear of the charge of *ultra-protestantism* before his eyes.

The truth is necessarily protestant. Since the fall of man, and the successful usurpations of Satan, which have entitled him to the name of "the God of this world," it has been so. And until the second coming of the Son of Man, who will effectually bruise Satan under his and his church's feet, it must be so.

Jesus Christ is the truth; and concerning him at his first coming it is written, that the light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. The treatment which he received affords a most striking proof of the fallen condition of the world, fallen from all conformity to, or congeniality with God.

* On Reformation in England, pp. 1—4. In thus quoting Milton's general estimate of the Reformation, I feel in no way pledged to the adoption of the detail of his views.

He was *of God*—the image of the invisible God—God manifest in the flesh. He came among men; and instead of being received as a benefactor, with gratitude, and love, and joy, he was despised and rejected; his life was a life of hardship; he had not where to lay his head; his ministry was a ministry of controversy, perpetually in collision with, and protesting against, Pharisee, or Sadducee, or Herodian; his death was a death of violence, nailed to the accursed tree. All this is placed in a still stronger light by considering to whom among men he came. Not to some savage tribe, whose untamed ferocity might account for their peculiar hostility to such a character; not to the polished idolators of Greece or Rome, whose prejudices in favour of a gorgeous and long-cherished polytheism might be pleaded in extenuation of their resistance against an intruding reformer. No; the circumstances of the case will not supply any such evasive excuses for human nature. He came to the only people upon earth who were in possession of the blessings of revealed religion, the consecrated nation, “the witness and keeper of holy writ;” he came to his own, and his own received him not.

This general statement is not intended to exclude exceptions. There were a few who received him; and to his confiding friends—such friends as Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus—he was a kind instructor and sympathizing comforter. But he did not confine himself to such friendly intercourse.

He was not only a teacher of truth, but also a *pro-
tester* against error. He came not only to mani-
fest and commend the works of God, but also “to
destroy the works of the devil.” He loved the
world, and sought the salvation of men at the ex-
pense of incurring their present resentment. His
faithfulness in word and deed forced unwilling
conviction on their minds, and roused the unwel-
come reproaches of their consciences. They would
gladly have excused the probing process; they
were anxious to hide from themselves, if possible,
the extent to which the ministry of Jesus was
laying naked their corrupt hearts. Hence their
endeavours to entangle him in his talk, to wrest
his words, to misrepresent him, in the hope that
by fastening some accusation upon him, they might
justify, or seem to justify, their opposition against
him.

Well has Milton characterised the great apostasy
of the human heart—“Attributing purity or im-
purity to things indifferent; striving to bring the
inward acts of the spirit to the outward and cus-
tomary eye-service of the body; as if they could
make God earthly and fleshly, because they could
not make themselves heavenly and spiritual.”
Against this our Lord Jesus Christ was a perpetual
protestant. One main object which he kept con-
stantly and prominently in view was, to impress
the great truth, that “God is a Spirit, and that
they who worship him must worship in spirit and
in truth.”

For this purpose he appears to have made opportunities for withdrawing the minds of his disciples from many outward and visible practices, and fixing their attention upon the inward, invisible purity of the heart. One of the practices in question was the scrupulous washing of hands before meat. This, however agreeable, and even useful it may be, as a matter of cleanliness and comfort, has nothing religious in it; neither is it irreligious in any man to omit it. The Pharisees, however, and after them the Jewish nation generally, following certain human traditions, represented practical religion as in a great measure consisting of such observances. When they saw Jesus and his disciples violating this tradition, and disregarding this practice, they found fault, and opened a controversy. "For the Pharisees and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups and pots, brazen vessels, and tables, or beds." (St. Mark, vii. 3, 4.)

It is most valuable to us, who are to profit by the example of Jesus, to find him brought into controversy with the votaries of such superstitions; and we do indeed derive most important and practical information from the manner in which he conducted those controversies. To one point especially our attention is called; I mean his con-

stant appeal to the written word of God. He was come from the fountain-head of truth, and spake with the same infallible authority which had dictated the Old Testament Scriptures. Moreover, all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, both in the natural world and in the human heart, were open to him. Yet he appeals to the Holy Scriptures. We do indeed find him occasionally, as God manifest in the flesh, appealing to his own well attested authority, and manifesting his unerring knowledge; but most frequently we find him, as a member of the church among men, shewing us an example that we should follow his steps, and honouring his Father's word—the written, fixed, unerring word of God.

He pays no attention to the objection which might have been urged then, as it is now, that such an appeal to scripture was a mere matter of unauthorized private judgment; that every heretic so appealed; that the Sadducees, who denied both angels and spirits, appealed to the scriptures; and the Pharisees, who confessed both, appealed to the scriptures; and that as it thus became evident that the scriptures could never decide the controversy, it became necessary, for the sake of unity, to have recourse to the practice of the church—the generally received catholic practice—as supplying the only satisfactory interpretation of Holy Scripture. No; our Lord knew that to unwilling minds and unsanctified hearts nothing could decide the controversy; and that to persons of a different

tone of character, whom the Lord had in mercy converted to *the love of the truth*, nothing could be decisive but God's own word.

As to visible unity among fallen men, nothing short of a constantly and miraculously interposing theocracy could maintain it. Even under such a theocracy in the camp of Moses, it was difficult, and required not only the infallible tribunal of reference for instruction, but also the yawning pit, which, at the bidding of God's servant, swallowed up and hid for ever the contentious heretics.

"Why," said the Scribes and Pharisees to Jesus—"why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread."

Our Lord must not merely have sanctioned such conduct in his disciples, he must have actually inculcated it; for otherwise his disciples, being Jews, would naturally have continued to conform to the usual habits of their nation.

The practice in question was *catholic*. St. Mark ascribes it to the Pharisees and *all the Jews*. It was *ancient*—derived not indeed from the inspired writers, but from the elders of the church and nation. It was as truly conformed as any practice could be to the celebrated canon of Vincentius Lerinensis, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. All this, however, did not screen it from the reprobation of the Lord Jesus. In itself it was scarcely worth notice, pro or con; but Christ seeing the superstition attached to it, became him-

self a practical protester against it, and encouraged his disciples to follow his Protestant practice.

This was a crime in the eyes of the Pharisees. Had the disciples neglected only the weightier matters of the law of God,—judgment, and justice, and truth,—they might have been friends with the Pharisees. This is proved by the instance of Judas, who was hailed by them as a coadjutor, and taken into friendly co-operation, while he was in the active exercise of ingratitude, treachery, and base covetousness. This was merely breaking the commandments of God; but to disregard the traditions of the elders, to rebel against the will-worship, the superstitious observances, and mock humility of the priests, and to appeal to the written word as the umpire in the controversy, this was not to be endured. What! reject a practice commended by antiquity, by catholicism, and by what is even more endearing to “the natural man”—namely, that it invested with an odour of sanctity an outward observance, within his power to perform and reiterate! The Pharisees assailed our Saviour as an ultra Protestant. “But Jesus answered and said unto them, Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? Ye hypocrites! well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, *teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.*” (St. Matt. xv. 1—20.)

For doctrines! This leads to an important distinction. The commandments of men may be taught for local and orderly arrangements; and “every particular or national church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish, ceremonies or rites of the church ordained only by man’s authority, so that all things be done to edifying.” (Art. xxxiv.) And when such things are ordained in any particular or national church, no member of that church can without grave offence deviate from the order so prescribed. But if such things be elevated into the place of *doctrines* to be identified with Christianity and enforced as necessary to salvation then, the word of God which proclaims salvation without such accompaniments is frustrated by the commandments of men. For “Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.” (Art. vi.)

Say we not well, that the truth is essentially Protestant? that revelation has from the beginning been not only direct in the announcement of truth, but also indirect in the exposure of falsehood. Abraham was not only a witness *for* the true and living God, but also a witness *against* idolatry. Moses was not only the inspired advocate of the deliverance of the children of Israel out of bondage, but also the inspired denouncer of the tyranny and

oppression of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. The Jewish prophets were not only ministers of righteousness, and equity, and truth, and judgment, but also sharp rebukers of the temporising policy of unfaithful rulers, and the plausible, daubing flatteries of those who counselled peace, peace, when there was no peace. John Baptist was not only a messenger, crying, Behold the Lamb of God; but also so pungent and personal a protester against sin, even in the case of the king, that he lost his head for his service of his God.

We have seen the position occupied by the WORD made flesh, the wisdom of God, the measure and manifestation of divine love to a fallen world. He was not only a faithful teacher, but also and consequently (inevitably so) a Protestant controversialist. The apostles, in like manner, were not only preachers of the gospel, directly proclaiming the revealed mind of God, but also indefatigable controversialists, against the Jew who required a sign, and the Greek who sought after man's wisdom. They were not only shepherds standing to feed the flock of God with bread from heaven, but also watchmen warning the church, and crying, "Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men—after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." These things are written for our learning; and since these things, since the apostles have fallen asleep, the great principles involved remain the same. Every true evangelist becomes

inevitably a controversialist also. Why is this the case? or, in other words, what are the principles involved? The answer is—true religion is not natural to fallen man; but falsehood, in some one or more of its deceitful aspects, *is* natural to man. True religion meets with not only an indisposed, but a pre-occupied soil: and he who would cultivate it has not only to plant what is right, but to root out and pluck up what is wrong. The forms of falsehood by which the minds of men are now pre-occupied are many and various, and consequently many and various are the controversies in which the bold, and faithful, and determined, and persevering advocates of true religion must be involved. There is no new thing under the sun. We have around us at this day counterparts of the ancient Sadducees, who, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God, dare to deny the first principles of revelation; we have counterparts of the Herodians, who, by raising the cry of political parsons, endeavour to neutralize our advocacy because they cannot answer our arguments; and we have counterparts of the Scribes and Pharisees, who being destitute of spirituality, and yet desirous of credit for religion, endeavour to uphold outward formality by human authority, teach for doctrines the traditions of men, and so make void the glorious gospel of the blessed God. So situated, what shall we do? Shall we withhold our testimony for our Lord Jesus Christ altogether, and thereby avoid all contention? Shall we modify, and soften,

and adulterate our testimony with the lax principles of its enemies, and dignify our temporizing trimming with the name of judicious prudence? Shall we become useless, in order to continue peaceable? Shall we walk in cowardice, or supineness, or paralyzing worldliness, and deceive ourselves and others by calling this Christian meekness? Shall we be really traitors to God, in order to seem to be charitable among men? Or, repudiating all this as utterly unworthy of us, shall we stand forth and speak out, in the strength of the Lord Jesus; in imitation also of his high example, in true meekness—not whining, mawkish sentimentality; but the genuine gentleness of calm, determined, dignified self-possession? Shall we thus stand against the sneers of the scoffer, while we expose the hollowness of his objections; against the craftiness of the wily politician, while we refuse to confine ourselves to the saying, “Render unto God the things that are God’s,” seeing that our glorious Lord said also, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s;” and against the formality and hypocrisy of apostate Scribes, who make clean the outside of the cup and platter, while within they are full of rottenness and corruption? Our course is plain. We are put in trust with the gospel, for the preaching of it, and the propagation of it, and the defence of it; and as ministers of the church we have no choice.

THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN.

BY THE REV. J. HARTLEY, M.A.

I.

THE midnights of a thousand years,
 A thousand summers' smiles and tears,
 Have glided through the Roman sky ;
 But vainly has the tempest broke,
 In vain to thee the thunder spoke,—
 Grey column, silent in thy upper air,
 Thou only still art there !

II.

The Vandal with his ocean tide,
 Alaric with his battle pride,
 Have swept the Roman might away ;
 But round thy aged stony frame
 The Gothic swords in weakness came,—
 To harm thee who could ever dare ?
 Thou, column, still art there !

III.

The arrowy javelin storm'd thy height,
The blazing ball threw iron light,
All ages wasting Roman dust ;
But what was chivalry's loud power,
The fiery cannon's thunder shower ?
All were alike beneath thy care,
Stern pillar ! thou art there !

IV.

In fury Tiber's billows flow'd,
And oft with watery ruin strow'd
Rome and her Romans through the plain ;
But never inundation's power
Could shake thee, calm and steadfast tower ;
Thee only could the billows spare,—
Thou, ever thou art there !

V.

Rising above old ruin's rage,
High temples soar'd from age to age,
And Peter's majesty in glory shone ;
But long ere cupolas on high
Bore the bright cross to meet the sky,
When storms did older turrets tear,
Thou, column, thou wast there !

VI.

But heaven darts volley'd fire on Rome,—
She sinks beneath her burning tomb.
'Tis done! the prophet clarion sounds.
Oh! when the last dread ruin's blow
Shall strike the Papal Babel low,—
When Rome's no longer,—then beware!
No more wilt thou be there!

KATHARINE FARR.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

IN tracing the progress of the glorious and ever-blessed Reformation, we find all things perceptibly working together for good, for its ultimate establishment, with a harmony of arrangement most beautifully consonant to those laws which it has pleased the Most High to promulgate for the government of our world. Each instrument was duly prepared in its natural station, and wielded according to its originally appointed use, without any violent displacement or startling deviation from the wonted order of things. God is not the God of confusion; he does not call upon his creatures to quit the path that his own infallible wisdom first marked out for them, but employs alike the king's authority and the subject's loyalty, the pastor's teaching and the statesman's finesse, the warrior's weapon and the civilian's gold, to carry forward his great, his perfect designs. In like manner, having placed woman in the modest shade of life, bidding her not to usurp authority over the man,

but to learn in silence, with all subjection,—to be discreet, chaste, and a keeper at home, the Lord is often pleased to make her inobtrusive services, when rendered strictly within these prescribed bounds, more available for the benefit of his church and her country than the combined efforts of many classes among men.

Thus it was, pre-eminently and with most happy effects, in the case of Queen Katharine Parr. The worldly historian scarcely finds more to record concerning her than that she was the sixth to whom the fickle, tyrannical Henry plighted his ill-omened marriage vow, and that it was her lot to survive him; the Christian annalist dwells on her name with grateful affection, contemplating in that mild, patient queen a dear nursing-mother of the church, which in her day awoke from the long deep lethargy of deadly disease into a state requiring the tenderest nurture, the most unwearied diligence of judicious care. Some, indeed, call it the infancy of the church, but surely they err. The church of the Reformation existed in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world; it was made known to Adam ere yet he left his earthly Eden, and had its witness in the blood of Abel, the proto-martyr for that great Reformation doctrine, justification by faith.

To this long slumbering but now awakened church, Queen Katharine proved a loving fosterer. She pressed not forward into the ranks of polemical

disputants, she interfered not with the political movements of the day, nor claimed even a nominal participation in the public acts of her husband ; but learning in silence, with all subjection, she diligently studied the scriptures, retaining in her household several learned and godly divines, who daily instructed her and her ladies in the gospel of Christ. Her royal apartments were the scene of many a pious conference, her private closet of devout meditation and unceasing prayer. Thus fitted by the Lord's grace, she fulfilled her part with admirable judgment and propriety. The king, always unamiable, had become, as John Foxe says, "very stern and opinionate, so that of few he could be content to be taught, but worst of all to be contended withal by argument." A painful disease in his leg, added to the stings of a conscience that, however seared, must have often writhed in secret torture, heightened the savageness of his temper, now aggravated by the querulousness of age. He was, moreover, continually watched and powerfully influenced by that monster of iniquity, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and, *ex officio*, keeper of the royal conscience. A fox in cunning, this infamous priest basely entrapped his prey ; a tiger in ferocity, he sprang on the helpless victim to revel in its blood. He was, in truth, an incarnation of the spirit of Popery raised on high for judgment in a guilty land, wielding the power of the kingdom by means of subtle flatteries and un-

principled concessions to the wretched prince, whom he governed by seeming to servilely obey.

But government belongs to God, and no man can exercise authority beyond the bounds prescribed by him. Gardiner had swept away, with a bloody besom, many an opponent, and none remained whom he would so gladly have dismissed to a like sanguinary end as Queen Katharine; but the Lord's blessing rested on that gentle lady; he reserved her for further and important work in the cause of the gospel, therefore could no man set upon her to hurt her. Frequently was Gardiner compelled to hear her discourses with the king, whom it was her custom to visit in his sick chamber; and there, with the meekness of wisdom, to render, when called upon, a reason of the faith that was in her. Henry had done much towards reforming ecclesiastical abuses. God made use of his perverseness, his tyranny and cupidity, to carry on the good work; and Katharine pleaded its past successful progress as a stimulus to continued and increased exertion. Against this no occasion could be found, and her influence threatened to counteract that of the chancellor, who watched, with feverish anxiety, for some pretext to loosen her hold on the king's esteem.

This was at length found: the peevish monarch, having evinced some momentary impatience during one of these interviews, the enemy seized on it the moment after her departure, and eagerly sought to

arouse against her the evil passions that had sent her unhappy predecessors to the scaffold. But who has power to curse where God has pronounced a blessing? The king listened to his evil counsellor, his heart being in the hand of the Lord, and every word spoken against the queen took effect in a way the reverse of what her foe intended. Henry however dissembled, appearing to acquiesce in Gardiner's views; and carried on the deception to a length that left him at liberty, as he supposed, to embrue his hands in the blood of this innocent.

Meanwhile, through the casual dropping of a paper, Katharine was made acquainted with her peril. No doubt it drew her nearer to Him who is a very present help in trouble, and worked for good to the little flock of her faithful ladies and godly chaplains, by teaching them a new lesson of trust in the Rock of their salvation. Foxe gives an interesting account of the whole business; until, encouraging himself in his wickedness, Stephen Gardiner conceived that he had the king's authority for conveying Katharine to the Tower, yet reeking with the blood of Henry's former wives. The time chosen for this atrocious act proves how confidently Gardiner reckoned on his master's countenance in it. The king, somewhat recovered from his illness, repaired to his garden for an hour's refreshment, and summoned the queen to enjoy it with him. She came, attended by her three most



attached companions, the Lady Herbert, her majesty's sister, the Lady Fane, her cousin, and the Lady Tyrwhit. Henry received her with great affection, and there, under the refreshing shade of the royal garden at Whitehall, they continued in animated converse, the king being remarkably pleasant and merry. Foxe proceeds—"Suddenly, in the midst of their mirth, the hour determined being come, in cometh the lord chancellor into the garden, with forty of the king's guard at his heels, with purpose indeed to have taken the queen together with the three ladies aforesaid, whom they had before proposed to apprehend alone, even then unto the Tower. Whom the king sternly beholding, breaking off his mirth with the queen, stepping a little aside, called the chancellor unto him, who upon his knees spake certain words unto the king, but what they were (for that they were softly spoken, and the king a pretty good distance from the queen) it is not well known; but it is most certain that the king's replying unto him was, 'Knave!' for his answer; yea, 'Arrant knave, beast, and fool!' And with that the king commanded him presently to avaunt out of his presence. These words, although they were uttered somewhat low, yet were they so vehemently whispered out by the king, that the queen did easily with her ladies aforesaid, overhear them; which had been not a little to her comfort, if she had known at that time the whole cause of his coming,

as perfectly as after she knew it. Thus departed the lord chancellor out of the king's presence, as he came, with all his train; the whole mould of all his device being utterly broken."

How beautifully does this exemplify the Psalmist's assurance, "The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him; the Lord will not leave him in his hand." Many of God's people were indeed slain, glorifying him in the burning fire; but some were preserved to help forward by their open efforts the glorious work which as yet they could only aid in secret prayer and domestic admonition. I have before me a venerable looking volume which bears on its pages a high testimony to the zealous co-operation of Queen Katharine in the Protestant labours of the youthful Edward. It contains the historical books of the New Testament, with the paraphrase of Erasmus, translated into English under the superintendence of that royal lady, and printed during her lifetime. The animated tribute therein rendered to the queen by its editor stamps with peculiar emphasis the importance of this remarkable interposition of divine power, in turning the heart of her husband to her at such a season, and breaking the snare of him who seldom set a snare in vain. It shews, too, how much of zeal and resolute action in the cause of truth may consist with the perfection of feminine modesty and submission. It demands for Katharine Parr a monument in the grateful re-

membrance of every Protestant, while speaking to the Christian females of the land which called her queen an injunction to go and do likewise.

But the old book in question also contains an awful warning to such as rest their confidence on the enjoyment of present privileges and an acquaintance with the letter of God's word. The fact is not generally known, that in apportioning to various persons the task of thus clothing in our language a foreign work of truly scriptural character, the individual chosen to translate the gospel of St. John was no other than the wretched Princess Mary, who shortly afterwards darkened the skies of England with the smoke, and drenched its soil with the blood of the martyrdoms of her subjects, for daring to read, or even to possess a copy of what she had herself prepared for their perusal. Yes, Mary, the pitiless persecutor, spent many a toilsome hour, even to the injury of her bodily health, over that most precious portion of the Holy Scriptures where the love of Jesus is so richly set forth by the disciple whom Jesus loved. It is melancholy to peruse the language conscientiously applied by a godly man to this miserable castaway, grounded evidently on a conviction that such line of study must needs influence her future course. "O how greatly may we all glory in such a peerless flower of virginity as her grace is," writes the editor, "who in the midst of courtly delights, and in the midst of worldly vanities, hath by her own

choice and election so virtuously and so fruitfully passed her tender youth, that to the public comfort and gladful rejoicing which at her birth she brought to all England, she doth now also confer unto the same the inestimable benefit of furthering both us and our posterity in the knowledge of God's word, and to the more clear understanding of Christ's gospel."

Alas for man when he dares to glory, save in the Lord alone! There breathes not one among us, howsoever gifted with natural talents, howsoever distinguished by a consistent dedication of those gifts to the service of God, who can stand one moment longer than while the everlasting arms sustain his helplessness. Often have we, in our day, to take up the lament concerning some who have seemed to be pillars. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" and the frequency of these falls will be just in proportion to the cherishing of a haughty spirit concerning ourselves or others. The Lord our God is a jealous God, who looketh on the proud that he may abase him. Arrogant assumption, whether in individuals or in churches, is the sure token of a coming fall; and though the work itself be unquestionably good, as was the Princess Mary's translation, yet if it be not wrought in the Lord, and to the Lord, its root shall be as rottenness, and its blossom shall go up as dust.

Such was not the case with Katharine Parr;

she held the beginning of her confidence firm unto the end. That which was sown in faith, nourished by prayer, and evermore humbly committed to the Lord's keeping, prospered to the last. Shaded from the sun of prosperity, shielded from the storm of adversity, she ran not as uncertainly, and having richly served her own and succeeding generations, she entered into the joy of her Lord.

POPERY ANTI-TRINITARIAN.

BY X. Q.

“They profess that they know God; but in works they deny Him.”—TITUS, i. 16.

It is probable that few who may glance at these pages have been in the habit of considering this striking description as a portrait of the church of Rome. It is usually applied to professors of religion, who, with a great shew of theological knowledge and experience, combine a laxity of moral practice; to such it is undoubtedly applicable, but they are not the only class whom it describes. My present object will be to prove it an accurate sketch of Popery, by shewing that, while the church of Rome professes a belief in God, as a trinity in unity, and also in the separate office and character of each of these heavenly three, she practically denies every one of them.

Let us first hear her authenticated creed, that of Pope Pius IV.—

“I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things, visible and

invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God . . . who for us men and our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate . . . And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets."

Thus does Rome "*profess*" that she knows God; and that not only in the mere existence and omnipotence of His nature, but as revealed to us in the Scriptures as a trinity in unity, as essentially one, yet in character and manifestation three. She "*professes*" to know Him as the creative Father, the Almighty,—as the incarnate and redeeming Word, the Son of God,—as the life-giving Spirit of holiness. All is good in creed; the theory is good, but what is the practice?

She falls down and worships before carved and painted images, giving them the homage due only to the Creator. By the second Council of Nice, A.D. 787, she decreed "that the images of the glorious saints and angels are to be *adored*." Nor are images of living beings alone to receive this "*latría*," or highest degree of worship—the cross itself shares it with them. On the 14th of September every year, the following prayers are addressed to it:—"O cross, more splendid than the stars, illustrious to the world, much beloved by

men, more holy than all things,—sweet wood, sweet nails,—*SAVE* this present multitude assembled this day in thy praise! O cross, only hope, hail! In this glory of thy triumph give an increase of grace to the pious, and *BLOT OUT* the *crimes* of the guilty.” “Who can forgive sins but God only?” and yet Rome begs a certain piece of wood to “*BLOT OUT*” her crimes! Is not this to deny the omnipotence of the Deity, thus to rob Him of His highest and dearest prerogative, that of forgiveness?

But the Virgin Mary also has a full share of Godhead, or at least of the powers of Godhead, ascribed to her. “We fly to thy patronage, oh holy Mother of God! despise not our prayers in our necessities, but *DELIVER US* from all dangers.” (*Litany of B. V.*) In “Our Lady’s Psalter,” the whole book of Psalms is addressed to her, by altering the eternal and incommunicable name of *JEHOVAH* into “*Lady.*” If this be not to undeify God, I know not what can be.

But the church of Rome not only thus denies the Deity of the Father, she also sets aside the propitiation and intercession of the Son. All the saints and angels, as well as the Virgin, share this work of Deity with Jesus, or rather rob Him of it altogether. Witness the following prayers from her books of devotion:—“O God, who by innumerable miracles hast honoured blessed Nicholas the bishop, grant, we beseech thee, that by *HIS MERITS* and intercession, we may escape eternal

flames.” “O God, who wast pleased to let the soul of thy blessed virgin, St. Scholastica, ascend to heaven in the shape of a dove, grant that by her *prayers and MERITS*, we may lead innocent lives here, and ascend to eternal joys hereafter.”

“Saint Michel, archevêque de paix,
 Nous n’aurons QUE VOUS au moment
 Que viendra le Juge sévère,
 Pour tenir son grand jugement,
 Qui puisse adoucir sa colère :
 Nous avons tous recours à vous,
 Saint Archange, secourez-nous.”

“O God, who hast translated the Bishop St. Dunstan, thy HIGH PRIEST, to thy heavenly kingdom, grant that we, by HIS *glorious MERITS*, may pass from hence to never-ending joys.” I could quote hundreds more, but let these suffice.

The creed of Pope Pius IV. (Art. 20), declares that “the saints reigning together with Christ, are to be *worshipped and prayed to*, and that they do offer prayers unto God *for us*.” And she follows up this declaration, by praying to all the saints in her long calendar to give her the benefit of their merits, and to intercede for her with God. But further: in her catechism of Christian doctrine, she teaches that the atonement for sin may be made by oneself or other men.

Q. “What do you mean by a good action being *satisfactory*?”

A. “I mean that it is *capable of atoning* for the *punishment due to sin*.”

Q. "Can a good action be of any service to any other besides the doer?"

A. "Yes; in consequence of the communion of saints."

Q. "How so?"

A. "By a good action one may impetrate and *satisfy for others* as well as *himself*."

Let us not forget her indulgences, by which the Pope's Bull takes the place of Christ, and expiates all the sins of those who pay the proper price for the sheet of sealed paper. "The ministers of Jesus Christ, invested with His authority, animated with His spirit, expect you with a holy impatience, ready to *ease you* of that *burden of sin* under which you have so long laboured. Were your sins as red as scarlet, by *the grace of the absolution*, and application of *this plenary indulgence*, your souls shall become white as snow." So says one Dr. Moylan, in his pastoral letter of 1813, containing Pope Pius VI.'s Bull of Indulgence to all who shall confess and pray in the new cathedral of Cork. Thus does Rome virtually set aside that propitiation of Christ which, in the beginning of her creed, she "professes" to believe.

But even this is not all, for she likewise robs the Holy Spirit of His divine offices. He is, in her creed, "the Lord and giver of life;" that is, of natural life first, and more peculiarly still of spiritual life, and that grace which alone can support it. But she prays to the Virgin and saints for this grace, and thus practically denies His

power to bestow it. Even the cross, as we have seen, is besought to “*give an increase of grace* to the pious.” Moreover, Pope Pius’ creed (Art. 15) declares that the seven so-called sacraments “do *confer grace*,” thereby giving to the means that power which belongs only to the Holy Spirit himself.

Thus does the church of Rome set aside every one of those scriptural and catholic doctrines concerning the ever-blessed Trinity, which, in her creed, she “professes” to believe. She speaks of one Almighty God, but she “adores” and prays to others than him. She speaks of a propitiating Saviour, but she begs to be saved by the merits of St. Dunstan and St. Scholastica. She speaks of a life-giving Spirit, but she looks for grace to the Virgin, the saints, and the “seven sacraments.” Such is the profession, such the practical denial.

Is this church, then, the church of Christ, or the “catholic church?” or is she, in any sense, a scriptural church? Surely not—until such appellations can be justly given to a system which “professes that it knows God, but in works denies Him.”

* * * For many of the above quotations, see Rev. D. Bagot’s “Protestant Catechism.”

"A JEALOUS GOD."

BY THE REV. W. MUIR, D.D.

JEALOUSY, when ascribed to human character, belongs to him who is suspicious of injury, who is inquisitive on the subject of an offence either done or threatened, who cherishes anxious care in guarding his rights and honour from being invaded or slandered, who is ready to meet and to repel every appearance of insult, and who, strong in his indignation against enemies, whether to his property or good name, will not rest satisfied till he has executed vengeance for the deed under which he may have suffered.

But jealousy, when ascribed to the Divine character, is modified on the principle of an obvious accommodation to the new direction in which the term is applied. It is then meant to convey, only with greater force, this thought—that whatever concerns the perfections of God and His service is sacredly regarded, maintained, and fenced by himself. It is therefore to remind us impressively

that he looks on his intelligent offspring,—that especially on his church, named in the Bible his spouse, he looks with minute and holy scrutinising, as well as with affectionate interest, to remind us that he puts no trust in our most impassioned avowals of religious devotedness,—that he is ever watchful over us, discerning whether the heart correspond with the profession of homage. And hence, in reminding us of these solemn considerations, it is to arouse our fears of ourselves, lest we prove unfaithful to the covenant into which, as the worshippers of Jehovah, we have entered; and lest we displease him by giving to any other the service and affection which we owe exclusively to Him.

The Scripture, as it represents the Divine mind under an emotion of jealousy, connects the representation in a great number of passages with the sin of worshipping idols. This appears first and most prominently in the commandment which is set directly against the making and the reverencing of images. The second law of the decalogue enforces its prohibition by reasons of which the one that is uttered with peculiar emphasis comes out through these words, “a jealous God.” An agreement, a holy contract, was formed between Jehovah and his people, had been proposed on his part in an act of sovereign and rich mercy,—ratified on their part by sacrifices and public vows,—and was itself the constituted medium of precious benefits. The breach of such a covenant, by the people who had voluntarily entered into its engagements, and

whom with such solemnity it had sanctified for the love and service of God, could not fail to lay open the way to them for the visitations of his righteous anger. To set before them, therefore, what miserable consequences were to fall down on them as by a necessary entail of divine wrath, this terrific sanction is given, "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

Proceeding on that very sanction, the warning, expressed in the following words, was sounded in the ear of the children of Israel:—"Take heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God, which he made with you, and make you a graven image in the likeness of anything which the Lord thy God hath forbidden thee. For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a *jealous* God."

When, again, the pernicious influence of idolatrous example as what would contaminate the minds of the chosen people, is the subject of remonstrance, the point of the address is edged by the same thought. "Ye shall not go after other gods, of the gods of the people which are round about you. For the Lord thy God is a jealous God among you."

In describing, further, the thanklessness and rebellion of the highly favoured tribes who had requited Jehovah for his mercies by lightly esteeming him, and by departing from his service, the aggravation of the charge is summed up in the words, "they provoked him to jealousy."

When, moreover, the Divine procedure towards the enemies of the Divine cause is announced, the extreme of righteous indignation is threatened, by declaring that “the Lord shall stir up jealousy,”—a threatening found in the very portion of Scripture in which this solemn statement is made:—“I am the Lord, *that* is my name, and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.”

Ezekiel, when he unfolds what had been witnessed by him of Judah’s “abominations,” gives an appalling view of the idolatries with which the holy of holies was defiled; and, for characterising the pollutions which he bewailed, he names them “an image of jealousy that provoketh to jealousy.”

Zephaniah, speaking of the judgments on Judah, denounces over the whole land “a devouring, by the fire of the Lord’s jealousy,” because “Baal was worshipped,” and the service offered to Jehovah was presumptuously joined with the service offered to an idol. The very same connexion of thought is suggested when the Apostle Paul, remonstrating with the Corinthians for their sinful inconsistency in partaking both “of the Lord’s table and the table of devils,” or attempting to unite the homage due to Christ with the practices of heathen superstition, urges the awakening question, “do we provoke the Lord to jealousy?”

The sin, then, of worshipping and serving another than the true God, or of worshipping and serving him in any way not appointed by him, is

what the scripture connects peculiarly with the view of jealousy in the divine mind. The holy indignation, which is represented as flaming out against the sin, is vehement. It is a consuming fire. It burns up the false adorers as they are standing with their unhallowed censers and strange incense. And, extending its destructive power beyond the more immediate occasion of its exercise, it reaches through a succession of ages, and deepens to “the third and fourth generation” the brand of the curse—an indelible token of righteous displeasure.

At an early period of the Bible-history, for example, it is recorded that “the Lord said unto Moses, write for a memorial in a book—I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven.” The destruction of this idolatrous power, which had defied the worshippers of the true God, is again announced by the prophet Balaam, “who took up his parable and said, Amalek was the first of nations, but his latter end shall be that he perish for ever.” Whatever were their eminence, or the greatness of their resources, the curse was registered against them. The “memorial” for their destruction was gradually verified. When three hundred and sixty years had elapsed from the son of Beor’s prophecy, the sentence that hung over that devoted people was partly executed by Saul. A larger measure of it was next accomplished through the agency of David. And when three hundred years more had flowed

on, the words of the threatening were finished. “ The sons of Simeon, in the days of Hezekiah, smote the rest of the Amalekites that were escaped.” And where is now to be found, on any spot of the territories which they possessed, the slightest traditionary notice of them? How fully realised the declaration “ written in the book ”—that, “ their remembrance should be blotted out for ever.”

From nations turn to individuals. Ahab, king of Israel, “ did evil in the sight of the Lord.” He allied himself to idolators. He worshipped Baal. He reared altars to many false gods. He supported by luxurious provision the priests that served these altars. And he followed them devotedly in all their abominations. And, as it is recorded, “ he did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that went before him.” And what was the sequel? His sins hurried him to destruction. In imitating his example, his children drew down on themselves punishment similar to his. Ahaziah, “ in serving idols, and doing according to all his father had done, provoked the Lord to anger.” And the daughter of Ahab, married to the king of Judah, conveyed to the land which adopted her the sin and misery by which her native land had been troubled. A message from heaven accordingly came to Jehu, couched in these words of extermination, “ And thou shalt smite the house of Ahab, that I may avenge the blood of my servants

the prophets, and the blood of all the servants of the Lord. For the whole house of Ahab shall perish.” And how short the time that elapsed after this sentence had gone forth when the fact of its accomplishment was engrossed in the history of Israel—“ and none of Ahab was left remaining.”

Manasseh, king of Judah, was Ahab’s equal in idolatry and wickedness. Judgments, therefore, were pronounced over him, “ such as that whosoever heareth of them both his ears should tingle.” His son “ walked in all the way that his father had walked in, and forsook the Lord God ;” and though his grandson Josiah, the good Josiah, “ whose heart was tender and who humbled himself before the Lord,” testifying against the idolatries and sins of his progenitors, and “ doing right before the Lord,” obtained immediate blessings for himself and his people, yet a burden of woe was still reserved—the very burden which the iniquities of a former age had in weight so overwhelmingly prepared. Manasseh died ; his son died also ; and the grave had held them during many years. And still this record is found in the history—“ Notwithstanding the Lord turned not from the fierceness of his great wrath wherewith his anger was kindled against Judah, because of all the provocations that Manasseh had provoked him withal. And the Lord said, I will remove Judah also out of my sight as I have removed Israel.” And finally, when, about twenty years after that sentence was uttered, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, carried away all

Jerusalem, it is expressly declared—“ Surely at the commandment of the Lord came this upon Judah, to remove them out of his sight for the sins of Manasseh, according to all that he did.” Is there, indeed, a fact more common in the history of the world than the fact of one generation, or one family of men, suffering the consequences of the impieties and sins of those who lived and transgressed ages before they had a being? Do not the disgrace and punishment which the irreligious and criminal habits of an individual bring down on himself often spread a blighting and withering shade on his children, and more especially by the perpetuated infection of bad example send onwards a moral taint even to remote points in the line of succession from him? Among nations, too, are not the crimes and miseries of one race protracted in the vices and wretchedness of generations that even after long intervals may follow? Where is a kingdom that throws off its allegiance to Jehovah, that severs the cause of religion from its government, gives a portion of its legislature and power into the hand of antichrist, and tampers through the principles of false liberalism with the schemes of infidel policy? That kingdom is, in what it does, sowing the seed, the fruit of which generations far beyond the third and the fourth are to reap in harvests of licentiousness, and woe, and utter confusion. History is imprinted in characters broad and deep with proofs of the divine jealousy. Human experience attests the procedure

threatened and exemplified in the scripture on the sin of forsaking Jehovah's worship and service ; and thus to become rational and consistent sceptics on the Bible declarations and narratives we will have to dispute universal fact and to resist the very evidence of the senses. Ah ! the Bible history may well be read by us with an interest and trembling anxiety peculiar to ourselves. There is a parallelism between Jerusalem and Britain fitted to strike and arouse us. The Lord God, in his sovereign pleasure, chose Jerusalem ; the people were his own above all others on the face of the earth by his election of them, and his great pity for them, and his exercise of unspeakable goodness towards them. They were in circumstances of destitution, and sin, and misery, and he raised them up to receive the blessings of his family ; there was no eye to compassionate them, and he had compassion on them ; there was no hand to help them, and he interposed for their aid ; he entered into covenant with them, and they became his. “ He washed them with water, anointed them with oil, clothed them with broidered work, decked them with ornaments, and made their beauty perfect through his comeliness which he put on them.” And say, then, how strong the obligations to the love and service of Jehovah ought such privileges as these to have impressed and wrought deep into their hearts ? Yet, alas ! the very richness and magnitude of the divine benefits seemed to form the measure by which their ingratitude and rebel-

lion were regulated. They dealt treacherously with the covenant of the Lord; they forsook his alliance, and scorned it; they corrupted his ordinance of worship; they tolerated other gods; nay more, they upheld with their substance the fabric of false religion; they took the very inheritance that had been appropriated to the sanctuary, and turned it basely to the maintenance of idols and idolators; they gave up their children to be polluted by the foul ritual of heathenism, and even sacrificed of their offspring in the fires of Moloch; they proceeded even so far in their evil course as to outrun the steps of their neighbours in sin. “Thine elder sister is Samaria, she and her daughter that dwell at thy left hand. And thy younger sister that dwelleth at thy right hand is Sodom and her daughter. Yet thou hast not walked after their ways, nor done after their abominations. But as if *that* were a very little thing, thou wert corrupted more than they in all thy ways. Thou hast taken thy sons and thy daughters, and these thou hast sacrificed unto the false gods to be devoured. My meat also which I gave thee, fine flour, and oil, and honey, wherewith I fed thee, thou hast even set it before them for a sweet savour. For thus saith the Lord God, I will even deal with thee as thou hast done who hast despised the oath in breaking the covenant.” How dark the catalogue of crimes! how loud-toned the charge of ingratitude! how heavy the sentence is with judgments!

Is there not yet a people of whom it may well be said that Jehovah chose them; that he has made them doubly his own by his extraordinary interpositions of care and bounty; that he has entered into covenant with them, and that he has caused “ their renown,” equally for religious privileges and secular advantages, “ to go forth among the heathen through his own comeliness which he has put upon them?” And if there be a parallel in the divine dispensations towards Britain which holds it out as a second Israel, is there no parallel in the returns offered by those who have thus been so munificently dealt with? Alas! a nation chosen of God to receive his law and promises of mercy; a nation fed as with manna dropping down from the sweet heavens; a nation distinguished by the glorious tokens of Jehovah’s presence in the establishment of the true faith, and by its own high oath, sworn in the Protestant deed and settlement, and vowing to be the Lord’s for ever; a nation that passed through dangers and was safe, and was beset with enemies, and protected; that has had poured out upon it the richest prosperities, and even whose sorest troubles have been rendered the prolific occasions of blessing; a nation thus preserved, nourished, and honoured by Jehovah—such a nation rebels against him, impairs and vitiates the great deed of alliance with him, by public acts receives his enemies into favour, gives of its substance and strength to prop up the tottering fabric of superstition, connives at and tolerates the very

madness of infidelity and atheism, and stands forth an example to “ Samaria and Sodom ” of how far a nation professedly Jehovah’s can exceed in its ingratitude and disobedience and rebellion the other kingdoms of the world. How humbling ! and also how fearful ! And ever as the mind reverts to the procedure of God towards our land—a procedure so gracious and bountiful, and to the whole course which has been run in the requiting of his goodness and mercy—ever as the mind reverts to the public transaction of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, conveying to Antichrist a portion of Britain’s power, thenceforth to be wielded for discouraging and undermining the cause of Protestantism—ever as the mind reverts to the annual legislative grants for the endowing of the seminaries and endowing of the priesthood, the design of which is the spread and magnifying of the Romish abomination, ah, what is left but fear, and the prayer for mercy, and the penitent sighing and crying lest the “ jealousy ” that is provoked by such heinous treachery may flame out for the wasting down of our privileges, and the consuming of all who have slighted and despised them ?

Surely, then, the motive is irresistible that applies to our selfishness, though nothing besides were thought of, for guarding and upholding, with all devotion, the knowledge and worship and service of God. Doubtless the civil institutions of our land are justly to be prized at a high estimate by us. But it is in the very measure in which we

value them that we ought to desire and labour to bring and keep them unalienably connected with the divine cause and glory; for this alone can render them fully beneficial, and by this alone can they be prolonged and perpetuated. Doubtless our literary establishments are deservedly to be cherished; our schools and colleges, sources of light and improvement, wells of water refreshing and fertilizing the heritage. But how shall the knowledge which they spread, the intellectual energies which they foster—how shall these influences, capable of ill not less than of good—how shall they be turned to the furthering of the nation's prosperity, if the wisdom of revealed truth, the only wisdom that "maketh wise unto salvation," be not diffused through the system of secular instruction—be not set up as the grand object, as the ultimate scope and aim, of all the lessons in human philosophy and science? Doubtless our families and households claim, demand our watchful superintendence, and exercise of zealous and affectionate concern. But what shall these choice corners of the vineyard, given us to cultivate, become, except so many barren spots, when the blessing of God is withheld, and the peace and hope and joy of his children do not hallow and gladden the domestic comforts and privileges? It may be that the nation is seemingly flourishing in all those luxuri-ances of which the sensual heart is so proud and boastful. It may be that our families and ourselves may prosper in health, and in the courses of tem-

poral abundance and distinction. But should the eyes of the Holy God, fixed intensely as they always are, on the secret springs, as well as on the outward frame of our condition, mark the separation of all that we have and are from our choice of his favour, and our maintenance of his cause, what is worth, what desirable in anything we possess? There is, then, a deep and incurable canker working in the very core, and down to the root of all our state and worldly happiness.

But let us consider well that whatever we attempt to do for promoting Jehovah's honour and service, whether in our private circle or in our public relationships, is the directest aim and effort for arresting the moral evil, for removing the disease and curse which threaten the ruin of all that is dearest to us. It is in the degree of our remissness, however, and our want of zeal, and our luke-warmness in promoting the cause of the Lord, whether on the lower scale of personal and domestic, or on the higher scale of public interests, that we expose ourselves to the rebuke and the punishment of his jealousy. Such is an awakening consideration on our own account; and it is equally so on account of others. We are entrusted with the souls of others—with the welfare of multitudes—even with the salvation and eternity of those that are to come after us in life.

We may excite and strengthen, or we may weaken and destroy, the principles of sound faith in the minds of our fellow-men. We may encou-

rage them in the service of God, or wholly estrange them from it—may have occasion at last to rejoice that we have forwarded among them the grand interests of their being, or have occasion at last to lament that our indifference, if not hostility, to saving truth had hastened on their ruin. We fulfil the trust conveyed down to us by our Protestant Fathers in doing our utmost effort to retrieve the gross and lamentable wrong which the false charity of modern opinion and legislation has wrought on our best institutions by lifting up our voice on the side of scripture truth, by spreading the knowledge of sound doctrine, and seeking in all things to advance the pure worship, and to restore the honoured service of the Bible faith,—and thus “ deliver our own souls” while we attempt to stop the wild progress of popery and infidelity. Or, on the contrary, we may sanction, by fellowship with the avowed enemies of the Protestant cause, by ceasing to declare ourselves firmly on the Lord’s side, by our want of piety, by our undecidedness in the profession and practice of evangelical religion; by these and other things of similar character we may sanction the very system of Antichrist on which the curse of Revelation is pronounced; and by rousing into solemn and awful exercise the divine jealousy, hasten forward the consummation of those plagues in which ourselves and our country, and all who “ have the mark of the beast,” must be involved. Ah! is it possible, at last, that of us the sad complaint and accusation

may have to be uttered, that but for us there are souls who might have stood at the right hand of the throne in the glories and joys of the Lord—that we had our share in the work of obstructing the real prosperity of our nation—the only substantial good of our families—the salvation of our own and others' souls? Ought not this to strike deeply into us the feeling of serious responsibility? And since God has declared his jealousy over his name, his gospel, his worship, and service, in order that men may be brought to reverence and devotedly obey him, and all for securing their own present and eternal benefit, shall we not cherish and exert the utmost zeal for objects so pure and ennobling, that the divine honour may be promoted, human welfare be advanced, and ourselves, and every one whom we can influence, may rejoice together in the reception of “the favour which is better than Life?”

THE ARMADA.

A Fragment.

* * * * *

“Hark ! Isabel, didst thou hear that distant peal, mingling its echo with the surges’ roar, and dying away over the eastern hills ? Methinks it was a farewell note, and the storm hath spent itself.”

“A dreary morning will rise upon the coast, Joseph ; and yon tumbling waves, that seem to rock our hut as they spend their fury on the shore, will perchance cast up some mangled corse to glitter horribly in the sunbeam that flashes on its sightless eyeballs. I shudder to walk abroad.”

“Nay, Isabel, thou hast looked on death in ghastlier form and quailed not.”

“True, dear heart ; but the death of the righteous, when he taketh the cup of suffering for his Master’s sake, even as the Master drank a sorer cup for him, is a lightsome and a glorious spectacle. Thirty-two years have rolled by since these hands wrought my mother’s white garment, and these eyes beheld it kindle in the flame that con-

sumed her fair body: thirty-one years and six months, Joseph, since I saw my father's scourged and famished carcass hanging dead from the wooden stocks that fettered his heels high above the ground. Thou sayest true, I quailed not then, nor made faint answer when the fierce tormentors shouted in mine ear, 'Wilt thou now to the mass with us, girl, or to hell with yonder heretic?' But fearful it is to look upon the drowned corpse of him whom the sea hath swallowed up, perchance in the midst of his unrepented iniquities!"

A gust of wind shook the cottage, causing the lamp to flicker: it presently expired. "I will open yon shutter, Isabel," said her husband, rising, "and look forth upon the sky. The grey tint is spreading, but a sore tempest hath indeed passed over the land. Blessed be God, it was not a storm of his wrathful displeasure, causing us to fall into the hands of man: the sword hath had no commission to pass through: the ungodly make us not afraid. He hath scattered the people that delight in war. Come, Isabel, let us worship and fall down before Him who hath not given us over as a prey unto their teeth."

Not alone from the solitary cottage of Joseph Fanshawe, but from many a lordly roof, and from many a stately tower, ascended the voice of praise. On the nineteenth day of July had the terrible Armada first been descried from England's shore; and thence to the last day of August a succession of menacing approaches, engagements, and re-

treats, kept up the excitement of England at a feverish height. Vanquished in fight, storm-tossed, scattered, and evidently pursued by vengeance from on high, the bigoted invaders were frequently driven, in shattered barks, upon the rude northern coasts of Britain, the rocky intricacies of the Scottish shore, and the stern barriers of Ireland. The sea was wont to cast up their miserable remains, with occasional chests of treasure, casks of provision, and not unfrequently instruments which the survivors of the Marian persecution but too readily recognised as framed for torturing heretics. By such means was their past danger long kept in vivid remembrance by our rescued forefathers; while those who loved to plunder, rather than to labour with their hands, fixed their temporary dwellings on the lines of coast more prolific in wrecks, and snatched from the deep the spoil of those baffled spoilers.

Not of these, however, was Fanshawe; by birth a gentleman, liberally educated, and early taught in the faith of that gospel which, during his early days, had free course and was glorified under the rule of the pious Edward, he had travelled abroad for improvement, just as the bloody character of Mary began to develope itself, and thus escaped the horrors to which his kindred were exposed. Several of them had obtained the crown of martyrdom; but young Fanshawe remained in the Low Countries until, Elizabeth having ascended the throne, he essayed to return home, where

Isabel, his early betrothed, had, alone of all her family, survived the sanguinary persecution. Passing, however, first to Spain, on some private business, he was informed against, arrested, imprisoned, and held in cruel captivity for ten years. Delivered at last, he found his patrimony a wreck, and nothing remaining of all that he could call his own, save that which above all he prized—his true-hearted Isabel. With her he retired to a secluded spot on the north-western coast, having that godliness which, with contentment, is great gain; and living to the glory of Him who had given both of them grace freely to hazard their lives for a testimony to his truth.

The year was waning, and when Fanshawe, after a devout thanksgiving, left his hut to explore the neighbouring rocks, the sun had not looked forth. All was comfortless, chill, dreary. The ocean spray, borne on the gusty blast, spread a blinding mist around him; and the breakers with hollow roar seemed to exult in mysterious language over victims engulfed beneath their surge. "Wind and storm fulfilling His word," thought Fanshawe, as he shrank from the imaged power of the element, and referred all things to Him who sitteth a king over the water-floods. 'Some may have found a tomb in yon mighty deep; but not a hair of man's head can perish, save as HE giveth commandment.'

Thus pondering, he gained an eminence where the summit of one perpendicular rock formed the

base of another—a rude, wild crag, the chosen haunt of the heron and sea-mew, while on its lofty crown, inaccessible to man, the eagle formed her eyry, and looked forth, perched like a warder on the topmost turret of her fortress. From this point Fanshawe surveyed an awful spectacle—the broken wreck of what had been a majestic ship, her bow buried deep behind a detached rock on which she had struck, her towering stern and broken masts alone remaining visible, soon to be engulfed beneath the billows that had evidently swept away whatever might have tenanted that floating castle; for ever and anon they dashed, not only over, but even through the shattered fragment. Far off, in the dim horizon, he might descry the outline of other struggling barks; but while straining his sight to catch, if it might be, a token that some poor mariner had escaped the raging waves, a broken boat was tossed for a moment on their crests, again to be borne downwards by the riotous surges. This object was sufficiently near the main land to afford a hope that its occupiers had made good a footing on the rocks which ran out, in straggling ridges, to a considerable distance, and in tranquil weather shone high above the level tide, yielding a rich supply of shell fish alike to the inmates of the lonely cottage and to the feathered tenants of the scene.

His heart throbbing with benevolent hope, Fanshawe rapidly descended, proposing to skirt, as far as he safely might, the base of the cliff, whence



we knew the tale would speedily be forgotten, and that, too, of the writers who, considering that the most new lay in the *quantity* of stories, were in no degree, though still worked to, or for the "old" before-hand, and were not, therefore, to be regarded as the authors of the "new" tales.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the "old" tales were not, in some instances, written by the same authors as the "new" tales. It is not, however, to be supposed that the "old" tales were not, in some instances, written by the same authors as the "new" tales.

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Three figures stood at the door, each holding a bundle, and dripping garments, but between them a third, evidently "middle-aged," whose face, as the "old" tales were not, in some instances, written by the same authors as the "new" tales.

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he knew the tide would speedily retire. The stormy swell, too, of the waters was subsiding fast, and the boat now lay stationary on some supporting ledge, though still washed over by the billows. Before Fanshawe could emerge from the pass by which he hastily approached the only possible point of landing, he was startled by the sound of voices so near that prudence dictated a pause ere he should throw himself among a party perchance of hostile strangers. Intimately acquainted with those rugged paths, he presently gained a spot immediately overlooking that whence the voices proceeded, but screened from sight by a rough barrier of natural breastwork.

Three figures met his view; two clad in drenched and dripping garments bore between them a third, evidently disabled, whose frequent exclamations of pain rose above the subsiding murmur of the now half-slumbering ocean. His companions had laid him on a projecting ledge of rock, over which the waves still occasionally ran; and now with a renewed effort, they moved him further on, as the retreating breakers revealed a more commodious spot. Their garb confirmed what the fashion of the ship had already proclaimed; and as Fanshawe cautiously stole nearer, he caught the accents of a tongue with which his long captivity in Spain had rendered him perfectly familiar.

“Landed at last,” said one; “but by St. Jago, with little to boast of! What an infernal coast is this, with its ready-made fortifications and ever-

lasting outworks, contrived to break up every keel but those of its heretic inhabitants."

"Well worth the conquest, if we had it," responded another. "I tell thee, Cervalhos, no country on earth hath goodlier ports, or richer land, or better store of all gallant spoil than this, which hath presented to us a front breathing defiance and working destruction."

"I would we had our brave galley, manned as yester-eve she was," resumed the first, "and bearing for the strand which in evil hour we left upon this bootless emprise. Hath not disaster pursued us, even from the outset until, the very elements conspiring to our ruin, the storm has ingulfed what remained after our desperate encounter with yon restless crew, who have been chasing us over the waves from day to day, until we trusted to the gloom of night and the fair aspect of what has proved a network of rocks, whence no escape lay open."

"Ay; when the brig shortened sail, and stood off, we might have guessed she had hunted us to the trap's mouth, and trusted for the rest to the undiscovered snare. A plague pursue her! The curse is over this land and all pertaining to it."

Fanshawe deeply felt that over his native land was the blessing of Him who had suffered no hostile power to harm her. Again the wounded man groaned. "How now, Diego, is life within thee still?" asked one of his comrades.

"Would it were extinct!" replied the sufferer.

"Patience, man; thou didst vow to our Lady

costly gifts, if she brought thee but to plant thy foot on this English soil ; and truly thou must render due offerings, for thy prayer is granted.”

“Mock me not, Alphonso ; I am cast here to perish, and so are ye.”

“Perhaps not ; I am here no stranger, thanks to good king Philip. My tongue can full well play the Englishman—ay, and the stanch protestant to boot.”

“That were a damnable sin !” exclaimed the third Spaniard.

“Thou art a shallow theologian, Cervalhos ; nothing is sinful that promotes the interests of our most holy faith. If the infernal cannonading of those heretics had not riddled our good ships, and their stout allies, the blustering winds dismantled, dispersed, and sunk them, we should have played an open game to the praise of St. Jago, with lead and steel, where I, as a blithe boy, have often danced round the roasting rebels. But fate denied ; and now, Diego, having ’scaped the waves by our help, who had sore work to bear thee hither, thou mayest rejoice in having one to guide you who can tell a credible tale in the language of the country, and await a prosperous hour for more congenial work.”

“Little avails your boasting,” remarked Cervalhos, “while the desolateness of the spot holds out no better prospect to us than a miserable death.”

This was true. Fanshawe’s hut lay far remote from any other dwelling ; and the nature of the

country was such as to exhaust the strength of the unprovided, unguided traveller, ere he could hope to reach a place of refreshment. The Englishman well understood the character of those before him ; he knew that, once admitted to his hearth, and acquainted with its isolated situation, they might overpower by force, or by treachery destroy its two inhabitants. An entrance they could not gain unpermitted ; he was fully competent to defend it, while Isabel, mounted on her pillion, would speedily traverse the familiar passes, and bring back those who would dispose of them. These thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, when another heavy groan from Diego interrupted them.

“ Is there no water near ? ”

“ Water enough,” replied Alphonso, in the same tone of levity, “ but too salt to suit your palate.”

“ I care not ; let me die ! But, oh, the oath weighs down my soul, and I depart unblest. Holy Mother of God ! regard my intention, and reckon it to me for the act I would but cannot perform.”

“ What means he ? ” asked Cervalhos.

“ He made a vow that, if permitted to land, he would steep his garments in heretic blood, and hang them up in our Lady’s church at Seville. Take courage, Diego, with the help of my devices it may yet be performed.”

Fanshawe shuddered ; he well knew that such vows were common among the soldiers of the papal army when proceeding on an enterprise consecrated, as this had been, by the pope. The bull

of excommunication fulminated against Elizabeth had been followed up by the announcement of plenary indulgences to all who should take part in the expedition against England; thus dispersing spiritual gifts from the church's treasury of superabundant merits for the benefit of the pious; while he encouraged the worldly-minded by an equally liberal donation from her well-filled coffers — a million of gold, in solid ducats, being secured to the crusaders, the one-half in hand, the other payable on landing. This was, indeed, a tempting service: pillaging for the love of God, murdering for the honour of Christianity, earning alike the blessing and the blood-money by obeying the worst dictates of man's vilest propensities; these were the meritorious exploits to which the bishop of Rome instigated his faithful sons, and readily they betook themselves to work out his congenial behests; and well could the southern continent of America testify to the forwardness of Spain in exceeding, if that were possible, the broad commission of the Vatican.

The Englishman stood irresolute as to the course he should pursue; deeper groans issuing from the bosom of the wounded man moved him to pity; the others also declared their inability to make any efforts for him or themselves: they had, they said, exhausted their strength, first in labouring at the oar through that tremendous sea, and when the boat capsized in struggling to rescue their comrade from among the drowning crew. Fanshawe gathered from their discourse that Diego had pre-

viously been wounded in some encounter with an English vessel, and now the half-healed limb was again sorely hurt in the conflict with a mightier foe. Succour they would find none on that unfrequented spot, unless some band of strolling wreckers were haply induced to explore the line of coast in search of what the waves might cast up; and at their hands no mercy could be hoped. Should he retire to his little fortress and wait the event? Had they, the invading enemies of his country, the persecutors unto death of his faith, overtaken by divine judgment in the act of wanton aggression, and bewailing their inability to shed innocent blood, or plotting still to accomplish, by stratagem, the work of murder,—had they any claim on his hospitality? Should he revive, in the warmth of his poor but pleasant dwelling, the adder that would assuredly seek to transfix his bosom with a sting? He lifted up his heart in secret prayer, and the voice prevailed which said, “If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.” The Christian hesitated no longer, but at once presented himself before the startled group.

Alphonso sprang forward, and in good English besought his friendly aid on behalf of three shipwrecked strangers, who had, as he said, taken their passage in a goodly galleon, laden with merchandise from the west; but which, encountering a succession of adverse winds, had been driven into those seas, dismasted, and an easy prey to the storm of yester-eve. They alone had escaped,

one of them being severely injured by the falling of their mast; and now they craved protection not only from impending famine, but from such as might erroneously confound them with enemies who, it was reported, had been hovering on the English coast; but who they were, or what was their enterprise, these honest merchants knew not. His companions, he said, were foreigners, but himself an Englishman, whose long sojourn in other lands had well-nigh untuned his tongue for its native accents.

Fanshawe replied not; though a rebuke swelled to his lip, as the ready lie roused the spirit of truth within him. Prudence dictated the necessity of concealing his acquaintance with their language; nor could they surmise that beneath his simple aspect and rustic attire lurked aught but what an untutored peasant might know. Yet they shrank beneath his steady eye, and Alphonso again impatiently demanded the help, without which they must perish; adding promise of a large reward so soon as he should apprise his wealthy connexions in London of their mishap.

“Follow me!” said Fanshawe.

“To a place of safety?”

“To the shelter of a Christian’s roof, where no harm can overtake the confiding stranger.”

Assisted by him, they gained the cottage, which a projecting mass of rock had alone concealed from them; and, in a few moments, Isabel was moistening the parched lips of Diego with new milk;

while the contents of their little larder were spread before his comrades.

“Ask him if they dwell alone,” said Cervalhos; the query was put in English, and answered affirmatively.

“It is a desert spot,” observed Alphonso; “have ye no fears?”

“We dwell under the shadow of the Most High. He is our strength, and whom should we fear?”

He rose to replenish the cup, and Alphonso repeated these answers, adding, “Depend on it they are heretics. We may here find means of proceeding to a sea-port, whence escape will be easy enough. What says Diego now?” A glance accompanied the words that spoke a dreadful meaning.

“Safety,” replied Diego, “is nought to me; I feel my hours are numbered, and let me but perform my vow, I am content. A soldier of the church from boyhood, I have hunted her enemies in every clime, and revelled in their slaughter. To die as I have lived is all my desire; the sword I may wield no more, but to aim a knife at the heart of a heretic, expending my last energies on the blow; this, this, holy Mother of God, I will do in thy cause, and thou wilt smile upon thy servant while opening to him that paradise whereof thou art the gate!”

A deep flush was kindled on his brow, the sternness of which contrasted with the pathos of his tones. Isabel gazed on him with compassionate interest, and remarked, “Methinks, Joseph, the

last enemy is at hand; and he seemeth to pray. Oh that the only Saviour of sinners may be the refuge sought unto by this departing one!"

No longer able to endure the awful contrast, Fanshawe approached the couch, and exclaimed in Spanish, "Forbear to put thy trust in these lying vanities, and flee to Jesus; in him only is salvation for thy lost and guilty soul!"

The dying man darted forward with a desperate effort to grasp his arm, while the others looked on in momentary stupefaction. Isabel quickly opened an inner door, and at her call a powerful blood-hound sprang into the apartment, and stood with panting eagerness awaiting his master's will. Fanshawe had, unperceived, withdrawn the knives from their table; and now, stepping back, while Isabel clung to his arm, and the dog with menacing eye glared on the shrinking traitors, he thus pursued the subject:—

"O, woeful spectacle of ruined man, that Satan should prevail over him to turn the truth into a lie,—the pure worship of the invisible God into a senseless adoration of idols,—and the gospel of peace, proclaimed by a loving Saviour, into a religion of blood and cruel murderous rage! See the contrariety of that wherein ye trust to that appointed of the Lord. He linketh 'honour the king,' with 'fear God,' and denounceth as worthy of judgment the sin of rebellion. Your false god, the Bishop of Rome, proclaimeth a reward in heaven to such among her subjects as shall use re-

bellious weapon to depose and slay our lawful sovereign. God telleth you that the wisdom which is of Him is pure, peaceable, placable; but the wisdom of your church sendeth you forth to massacre, with pitiless hand, a people that do ye no wrong. The Holy Ghost commands, 'Lie not one to another;' but ye have come with lying lips to deceive and betray, not content to avail yourselves of a poor man's succour, unless ye stain his hearthstone with his blood, as a passport into the paradise of God. Brother sinner," he added, with increased fervour, addressing Diego, "she whom ye call the gate of Heaven had never herself found entrance thereto, but for the atoning sacrifice of Him who vouchsafed to take flesh of her substance, that he might give a ransom for her soul and thine. Hear this,—turn not from me,—let thy dying ear drink in the blessed sound that yet there is pardon for thee, poor guilty victim of a false delusion! Look to Jesus, He is able to save; call on Jesus, He will not reject thy cry. Oh, now, now, while life lingers, cast thy soul down before Him, for Jesus is pitiful, very pitiful," he repeated, his voice faltering with emotion, as, once more drawing nigh, he laid his hand on Diego's shoulder. The unhappy man turned towards him the ghastly face that he had averted; a wild look, an expression not ferocious as before, but full of strange meaning, met the Christian's gaze; and with a low, smothered groan, he expired.

THE MARTYR LAMBERT.

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IN the Jewish dispensation a most sublime revelation was made of the ineffable holiness of God, and of his awful judgments against sinners; and the thunderings and lightnings on Mount Sinai figuratively represented the terror of his justice, and the tremendous penalties which menaced the transgressors of his perfect law. Salvation by faith in the Lamb of God, who was to take away the sins of the world, was typically represented in the sacrifices instituted by Moses, so as to be intelligible to all spiritual believers; but the grand characteristics of the Jewish economy were the law and its denunciations, and these operated as a schoolmaster to conduct true believers to Christ. Hence the apostle Paul did not hesitate to style the Mosaic system “the ministry of condemnation;” and, in perfect unison with its spirit and design, the Jews were employed by God as the instruments of his vengeance upon idolatrous nations, whilst the severest penalties were enacted

in their own laws against those Jews who were guilty of sacrilege or idolatry.

The main object of the Christian dispensation was the revelation of the unutterable grace of God to perishing sinners; the manifestation of his infinite pity and goodness. By Christ, and in Christ, God is made known to man as the God of Love; and the apostle John designates him as being "love" itself. In complete harmony with this design is the whole of the Christian economy. Jesus was meek and lowly; he came to bless, to suffer, to redeem, and not to punish. He published the grace of God; through the gospel was preached forgiveness of sins to the most guilty; God was exhibited as reconciled to all who should repent and believe in his dear Son; the apostles were sent forth to *entreat* sinners to be reconciled to God; their ministry was termed the ministry of reconciliation; as a pledge that God was pacified, the gift of the Holy Spirit was imparted; in contrast to the ministry of condemnation, the Christian system was termed the ministration of the Spirit; and although there was a time predicted in which God's vengeance was to be poured forth upon guilty nations, that day was not to arrive till the days of grace were fulfilled. Well would it have been for the character of the primitive church in the fourth and fifth centuries—for the reputation of reformed catholic statesmen, parliaments, and churchmen of various sects in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—and, most of all,

for that murderess of the saints, the church of Rome, if the sweet and merciful and lovely spirit of Christianity had been more clearly perceived and practised.

The first persecutions were perpetrated by the heathen governments against the church of Christ ; the next persecutions were those so fiercely pursued by the Arians against orthodox believers. These were followed, in due course of time, by the penal code of Theodosius, which was enacted in accordance with the views and interests of the Nicene church. The example of the primitive church was not lost upon the church of Rome. In the middle ages, borrowing authority from Augustine and Jerome, and the fathers of Chalcedon, she unsheathed the sword of vengeance, and the slaughter of her unhappy victims inundated, with its crimson tide, the south of France, and exhibited the Romish apostasy as literally drunken with the blood of the saints. It is consolatory to enlightened members of the reformed catholic church to find that no principles of persecution are discoverable in their creeds ; that private judgment is proclaimed by the reformed religion to be at once a common privilege, a duty, and a birthright ; and that those Protestants who have persecuted are convicted of having acted in direct violation of the spirit and essence of the reformed faith. It must, on the other hand, be the source of deep regret and of heartfelt misgiving to enlightened Roman catholics to find that the punishment of heretics is so

bound up with the infallibility of the church of Rome that no true friend of religious liberty and of freedom of conscience can *consistently* remain a member of the Roman-catholic communion.

Aware how pre-eminently calculated the knowledge of the persecuting doctrines of the Romish church was to prejudice the political claims of British and Irish Roman catholics, and to prevent the reception of Romish principles by British Protestants, the Romish prelates who were examined by the parliamentary committee in 1825, and the Irish prelates who published authoritative expositions of Romish principles, left no means untried of misstating the Roman-catholic doctrine upon this head. Unwilling to believe that men occupying such responsible offices in the church of Rome, and assuming for themselves the episcopal dignity, could, in the face of earth and heaven, be guilty of such heinous falsehood, the honest, honourable, and ignorant simplicity of British statesmen, and legislators, and of a large portion of the population of Great Britain, was utterly deceived. The exterminating principles of the fourth council of Lateran were supposed to be unauthentic, by reason of the solemn disavowal of them by Romish churchmen. It was urged, that in the Mazarine manuscript, which was incomplete, only the beginning and conclusion of the canon were *in esse*. The council of Constance had indeed pronounced sentence against Huss and Jerome as incorrigible heretics, and delivered them over to the secular arm; but

their deaths were solely attributable, it was contended, to the sanguinary edicts of the imperial law. Miserable sophistry! only sufficient, one should have thought, to have blinded those predetermined to be convinced, if experience had not instructed us that sound sense and senatorial eloquence are not unfrequently as widely distant as the poles. To prove the persecuting spirit of the church of Rome, we are not necessitated to run over the whole of her history; her motto is "*semper eadem.*" If we can shew that any tenet has once been received by her, her infallibility eternally forbids its renunciation. Her assumed infallibility is, in point of fact, the power which binds together her unsightly system; and if this were abandoned by her, the whole of that system would fly to pieces. It will suffice, therefore, to establish the fact, that she cherished the doctrine of persecution in the thirteenth century, in order to convict her of being a persecuting church for ever.

In the year 1215, the fourth Lateran council was held, in which Pope Innocent III. proposed certain articles, which, although some of them appeared repulsive to certain members, received the tacit assent of the council and of the universal church. These, therefore, are as true and holy as Romish infallibility can make them, and as such, are binding upon the consciences of all Roman catholics. Among these articles is the well-known canon which sanctions the extirpation of heretics. Of this fact, called in question as it has been by

interested parties, there can be no reasonable doubt. About twenty years after the holding of the abovementioned council, Pope Gregory IX.* in his decretals inserted the canon at full length, and referred to Pope Innocent III. in a general council, which could only be the fourth council of Lateran, for its authority. A better attested fact can scarcely be discovered in history. In the year 1220,† Pope Honorius III., in a public bull, confirmed the laws of Frederic II. of Germany, and inserted them verbatim in his bull; these laws enjoined the *extermination* of heretics. In about the year 1235, Pope Gregory IX., as we have already seen, introduced the exterminating decree of the fourth council of Lateran into his decretals, which are part of the *common law* of the church of Rome. In the year 1243, Pope Innocent IV., in a public bull, confirmed the abovementioned laws of Frederic II., and thus enforced the *extermination* of heretics; and by one of the enactments of these laws, as they are set forth at large in Pope Innocent IV.'s bull, it was decreed that heretics should be publicly burnt alive: “ut vivi in conspectu hominum comburantur, flammarum commissi iudicio.” In the year 1258, Pope Alexander IV. confirmed the same laws. In the year 1262, Pope Urban IV., in a public bull, directed the inquisitors to *exterminate* the heretics, (*vulpeculis exterminatis.*) In the prefatory remarks to the

* Decretalium Gregorii, lib. v., de heretico, tit. vii.

† Bullarium Magnum, Hon. III.

insertion of the bull of Pope Innocent IV., the "Bullarium Magnum" informs us, that Pope Clement IV., on the 22nd day of October, 1265, confirmed the same exterminating laws of Frederick II. In the year 1280, Pope Nicolas III. issued a bull of excommunication against heretics, which decreed that those who were condemned by the church should be left to the secular judgment to be duly punished, and that even those who were willing to perform condign repentance should be perpetually imprisoned. In the prefatory remarks to the introduction of the bull of Pope Honorius III., to which we have already referred, we are told that Pope Boniface VIII., who occupied the papal chair in the year 1295, confirmed the same laws of Frederick II.; and lastly, if it were possible that any doubt could remain in the mind of any sane man respecting the fact that not only the persecution, but the extermination, of heretics was approved of and enforced by the *church* of Rome in the thirteenth century, that doubt would be utterly cancelled by the declaration of the learned Thomas Aquinas, who wrote in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and who declared that the *church* consigned relapsed heretics to the secular judgment, *to be exterminated by death* from the world. (Sec. sec. part. sum. theol. S. Thom. Aquin. Quæ. xi. art. 3. "Et ulterius relinquit cum iudicio seculari a mundo exterminandum per mortem.") To deny, therefore, that the extermination of heretics has had the sanction and been enforced

by the infallible authority of the church of Rome, would be as rash as it would be to deny the existence of the sun, moon, and stars, or of the church of Rome herself.

Of this persecuting system many of the holiest saints of God have been the victims; and of all of that murdered band, who obtained the victory by their faith, no one perhaps is better entitled to the sympathy and affection of reformed catholics, or has more glorified the grace of God, than Lambert, a schoolmaster in London. The bare mention of his name revives the reminiscence of the era of the Reformation, and the heart of every true believer overflows with gratitude to his God when he calls to mind the deliverance of his church and country from papal bondage and corruption. By the most merciless cruelties, the bishops of Rome had attained for a time the triumph over all opposition. The Waldenses had been scattered, and constrained to conceal themselves in Languedoc, the north of Italy, Hungary, and Switzerland. The great western schism, however, introduced such intolerable evils, and such irremediable confusion and indiscipline, at the close of the fourteenth century, that the papal power received a shock from which it never recovered. The court of Rome and the Romish prelates and clergy lost all hold on the respect of the people at large, and the demand for a moral reformation of the church in her head and members became almost universal. St. Bridget, in her revelations, which were recog-

nised by the councils of Constance and Basil, and by Popes Urban VI., Martin V., and Paul V. (edit. Coloniae, 1629, book i. c. 41), described the pope as being worse than Lucifer, more unjust than Pilate, more merciless than Judas, and more abominable than the Jews. She gave also a most appalling picture of priestly and monkish profligacy;* and portrayed the prelates of the church as being filled with pride and covetousness and the putridity of corporeal enjoyments. By their secret intrigues and overt opposition the popes baffled the desire for reformation, but Europe was more and more scandalized by their worldlymindedness and vices. Pope Sixtus IV. was accused, upon the strongest grounds, of being involved in the conspiracy of the Pazzi at Florence, and stained with the blood of the assassinated Julian de Medici. At the siege of Mirandola, Julius II., impatient of delay, was seen by his wondering troops to mount the breach in person, clad in armour. Alexander VI. was graphically described by Guicciardini as a serpent, who, by his pestiferous wickedness, had poisoned the whole world. If the head was thus defiled and deformed, the body of the church was in a state of almost equal demoralization. In the council of Pisa, anno 1409, Gerson, the chancellor of Paris, delivered a sermon before Pope Alexander, in which he gave a most lamentable account of the widespread corruption, and intimated that all the evils had sprung from the foul pollutions of the clergy,

* Lib. vii.

(ex fœdis inquinamentis clericorum.) In the fifth council of Lateran, Anthony Pucci, clerk of the apostolic chamber, described the church as being in a deserted and filthy state, and the shepherds of the flock as slaying rather than saving. At the council of Trent, Paganus, a minorite, in a sermon which he delivered to the council, went so far as to state that "every Christian was without religion!" The revival of literature had already set men's minds in motion; the invention of printing facilitated the diffusion of knowledge; and a sense of the need of a moral reformation in the church of Rome pervaded all classes of men. At this time, under the direction of divine Providence, the desire for a moral reformation was superseded by the still more irrepressible longing for a *doctrinal* reformation. Many had been the frauds of monks and priests which had provoked disgust, but no abuse equalled that which prevailed in the distribution of indulgences. By an indulgence is meant, in the language of Rome, the remission, either in whole or in part, of the temporal punishment which is reserved by God in this world, or in purgatory, for those sins of which the eternal punishment has been remitted. The distribution of indulgences had long been most profane and irrational. In one of the most authoritative books of Roman devotion in use in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in England, we find that the recital of a few prayers, or the performance of a few devotional services, was rewarded by the popes by indul-

gences for eleven thousand, and even *sixty thousand* years.* Under the pontificate of Leo X., the profligate sale of indulgences awakened the zeal of Luther; and as the divine truth gradually revealed itself to his soul, he subsequently denounced, in succession, the main doctrinal corruptions of the Romish church. The blessed principles of everlasting truth, which had long been cherished by the followers of Wickliffe, now obtained entrance into many English hearts; and vainly did the tyrant Henry VIII. endeavour to extinguish the sacred fire. The schoolmaster Lambert was a man of ardent temperament, and was animated by an evangelical detestation of error. He was, in fine, so "*illiberal*" as to detest soul-destroying doctrines; and so "*fanatical*" as to desire to purify the poisoned fountains of truth. He loved his God; he cherished God's blessed promises; he contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and he opposed those deadly errors which degraded and ruined his fellow men. The uncompromising publication of his sentiments led to his imprisonment by Archbishop Watham, at whose death he was released. Subsequently hearing Dr. Taylor, afterwards bishop of Lincoln, preach in favour of transubstantiation, he declared to him his dissent from that doctrine. For this offence he was summoned before certain of the bishops, who vainly endeavoured to persuade him to re-

* *Horæ beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ ad legitimum Sarisburiensis Ecclesiæ ritum, &c. 1533.*

tract. He appealed to the king himself; the appeal was accepted by his sovereign, who was proud of his learning, and insolent in his pomp and power, and a disputation occurred which terminated in the bodily destruction of the champion of truth. To some the weakness of Lambert's understanding may appear to be evidenced by his zealous hostility to a doctrine represented by many as only mysterious and speculative. But the martyr had truer views of the dignity of truth, and of the melancholy results of doctrinal error. He doubtless perceived that from the doctrine of transubstantiation resulted priestly pride, the degradation of the laity, insult to the Saviour, gross idolatry, and that false propitiatory sacrifice which is termed the mass. The priests were described as miraculously converting, whenever they *intended* to do so, the wafer—which they pronounced to be the body of Christ—into his body, blood, soul, and divinity—and thus working a greater miracle than any which were wrought by Moses or Joshua. The consecrated wafer was worshipped by the priests and people as very Christ, with the adoration of *latria*, which, according to the Romish church, is due to Jehovah only; and the offering of this sacrifice was declared to be propitiatory for the sins of the quick and the dead. Such fearful errors naturally filled the minds of pious Christians with awe and detestation; and those whose eyes had been opened to a perception of delusion were most anxious to rescue from it their fellow-citizens, who were the

abject slaves of a pretended infallibility. In proportion as the doctrine tended to elevate the priestly office was the eagerness of the Romish clergy to uphold it; and in proportion as it was unscriptural and irrational, Romish policy prescribed the employment of the greatest severities in its defence. However much we may be disgusted with Henry VIII.'s pedantic pride; however justly, on other occasions, we may abhor his regal tyranny; in the cruelties with which he visited Lambert's opposition to transubstantiation, he only proved himself to be a faithful disciple of Thomas Aquinas, and an obedient member of the Roman-catholic church. Lambert, as we have already stated, appealed to the king. But why did he select for his antagonist the wearer of the British crown? His true motive for so doing is known with certainty to Him only to whom the secrets of all hearts are open. We can only presume what the springs of his conduct were; and such presumptions must not war against charity. Our knowledge of the infirmities of human nature, nevertheless, and of the defects which accompany the conduct of the best of men, cannot but lead us to presume that some feeling of vanity may have been mixed up with purer motives, when he singled out the king of England as the person to whose judgment he appealed, and in whose presence he would contend against the ablest defenders of the Romish doctrine. If any sentiment of self-sufficiency instigated him, they were completely humbled. We are informed that towards the close

of the discussion he was wearied, browbeaten, and abashed. His constancy, however, did not utterly forsake him. He refused to recant, but cast himself upon the king's clemency. The king declared that he would be no protector of heretics, and that Lambert must expect to be committed to the flames. Lambert was condemned to prison, and left to meditate upon his awful fate. On that morning he had been the gazing-stock of thousands; he had had a king for his antagonist, and had disputed with the highest dignitaries of the church; at night he was a solitary and condemned criminal, menaced by the terrors of a death of torture. But, doubtless, the same gracious Saviour who bid Paul be of good cheer, deserted not his servant in his hour of need. Fervent indeed, we may be sure, were the martyr's prayers, rich the spiritual consolations which were vouchsafed to him, and bright and glorious the hope which irradiated his soul.

The morning of Lambert's execution dawned, and the most excruciating sufferings awaited him. But the martyr's spirit was undaunted; his heart was firm as adamant, and his aspect bespoke the confidence of victory. He knew in whom he had believed, and he was confident that the God who had enabled Jerome of Prague to walk to his funeral pile with greater cheerfulness (to use the words of Pope Pius II.) than most men journeyed to a banquet, would not desert him. He doubtless remembered the cheering declaration of the apostle Paul, "Who shall separate us from the

love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." His barbarous executioners determined to prolong his agonies to the utmost, and constructed his fagots of green wood. His tortures were prolonged to such a degree, that some of his guards lifted him on their halberds, and threw him into the flames, where he was consumed. Whilst they were thus engaged, he cried aloud several times, "None but Christ, none but Christ;" and these words were in his mouth when he expired. His last baptism was the baptism of suffering. He was privileged to drink of his Lord's cup. His support was the love of Christ. Sustained by the Holy Spirit, he triumphed over the malice of Satanic cruelty, and died with the Saviour's name upon his lips, and with his love enshrined within his heart. How impotent, after all, is human vengeance, and how short is the triumph of the enemies of God! When the flames had exhausted their destructive powers upon the martyr's bodily frame, all that remained in the possession

of his persecutors was a heap of dust ; his emancipated spirit had already joined that bright band “ which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

In Lambert we behold one of the most glorious martyrs of the church of Christ. This honour belongs to him, not because he laid down his life in defence of his opinions, but because he suffered for the truth ; not because he triumphed over bodily torture, but because he triumphed through the love of Christ. Hindoo fanatics have courted martyrdom, and been unconquered by the flames ; Mahomedan fanatics have rushed upon certain death ; vainglory and Satan have had thousands and tens of thousands of martyrs. But Lambert died for the love of Him who was despised and rejected of men, and in whom there is no beauty to the natural man that he should desire him. He was a champion of that gospel which to the Greeks was foolishness and to the Jews a stumbling-block, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.” By the divine power imparted to him, he died as a witness of that truth which in his unconverted state he would have eagerly sought to destroy. In his death, therefore, he glorified the grace of God.

It is needful at the present day to call these things to mind. It is requisite, first, that the fountains of religious doctrine be pure, and, se-

condly, that the martyr spirit revive. In the apostolic church of Ephesus, the fountains of truth were pure, but the first love had already departed. In the present century there has been a great revival and extension of evangelical truth ; but whilst there is a widely diffused light, there is, comparatively speaking, but little heat. The wisdom that is from above, it is true, is " first pure, then gentle," and few, alas ! at the present day, breathe the gentleness and meekness which are divine. But albeit the wisdom that is from above is not only pure, but gentle and love-breathing ; it is faithful and uncompromising in its protest against error. Paul spared not the superstition of the polished Athenians ; Peter hesitated not to declare to the Jews that by wicked hands they had crucified the Prince of Life ; the language of the protomartyr Stephen was even of a stronger character, and yet his last prayer was for the pardon of his murderers. To denounce the soul-destroying errors of the Romish system, and to counterwork the efforts of the emissaries of Rome, is as solemn a duty as it is to mourn over the declension, and to pray for the conversion, of Roman catholics. What is wanting at the present day is the revival of the martyr spirit in the church of Christ, and the determination, through that love-breathing but dauntless spirit, to destroy Romanism in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. Policy, humanity, faith, the love of souls, and the love of Christ, dictate, in lan-

guage which cannot be misunderstood, persevering, strenuous, almost superhuman, efforts for the conversion of our Roman-catholic fellow-countrymen. Great, every one must admit, are the difficulties which impede their reception of the true gospel. Political and religious bigotry, ignorance of the truth, attachment to error, hereditary predilection, the fear of scorn in England, and the well-grounded apprehension of demoniac persecution in Ireland, are powerful barriers against the progress of their evangelization. But the power of God is resistless; the prayer of faith and the labour of love must as certainly prevail at last over priestcraft and superstition, as it is certain that God is true, and that his Spirit is invincible. There is nothing in the intellect or affections of modern Romanists which renders them invulnerable by the sword of truth. In Ireland, numerous converts have been made, and among these are to be found some of the finest specimens of apostolic Christianity. What is wanting on the part of reformed catholics is, a stronger faith, a more ardent zeal, a more apostolic love; yes, the martyr-love of a Stephen, a Paul, a Peter, a Lambert, a Ridley, and a Latimer. That British Protestants, possessing the knowledge which they do of the superstitions, idolatry, priestcraft, false gospel, and deadly errors of Romanism, should almost sleep, whilst seven millions at least of British and Irish Roman catholics are the vassals of the Romish church, and the victims of her lethiferous system, is neither

more nor less than a standing miracle, which must be the subject of boundless amazement to the angels of light and to the spirits of darkness. May the recollection of the glories of heaven and the agonies of hell, of the sweetness of God's pity and of the terrors of his wrath; may the love of Christ constrain all who believe the truth as it is in Jesus to assume the missionary office, and as far as their pecuniary means, their personal exertions, their voices, their pens, their literary talents, their prayers, and their examples, can avail, to embark in the noble enterprise of seeking and saving their Roman-catholic fellow-countrymen, and conjuring them to cast their idols to the bats and the moles; to place no confidence in their good works and penances for the atonement of their sins; to renounce the hyperdulian veneration of the Virgin Mary, and in life and in death to exclaim, "None but Christ, none but Christ."

THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.

It is not in a miscellaneous production like ours that the record will be sought of the noble protester whose portrait adorns its pages. It has been Lord Winchilsea's privilege—and a precious privilege he esteems it—to occupy a conspicuous station in the van of that unflinching host who never quailed before the bugbear of rebellion, nor gave ear to the dishonest whispers of truckling expediency, when the tide set in with full purpose to sweep away the sacred bulwarks of our national protestantism. Alas! God permitted the foe to prevail against us, as of old he once and again “sold Israel into the hands of their enemies.” That wherein our fathers trusted was taken away; not because their children too much trusted in it as a mere means, but because they undervalued it as a means weak in itself, overlooking the invincible strength wherewith it was endowed as a means appointed of God, and by Him blessed. Those who



committed the deed sinned; some with a high hand, scorning to acknowledge the supreme authority of revealed truth in matters of legislation; others under a deluding persuasion that religion was too holy a thing to be intermingled with worldly politics, or the more wretchedly puerile conceit that Popery in the nineteenth century was a corrected and improved edition of Popery in the sixteenth century. Worldly men ratted (as it was familiarly termed)—that is to say, they calculated on the increased probabilities of the utter prostration of a fabric which their own inconsistencies had greatly aided to endanger; and they followed the example of that sagacious long-tailed fraternity, who forsake a falling house when their previous sojourn has prevailed to undermine its foundations. Others apostatized, if not from the faith of the gospel, yet assuredly from that which their wiser and more devout ancestors held dearer to them than their lives; while another section wavered, and without actually lending a hand in the work of demolition, weakened by their concessions the minds of some who looked to them for guidance, and caused many to halt, who but for their Laodicean influence would have kept the straight path.

It was a time of severe sifting, when the cry "Who is on the Lord's side, who?" while scouted at by some, was responded to by a phalanx of men shewing themselves in the breach, and prepared to

defend, at all hazards, what their ancestors at all hazards, and at all sacrifices too, had planted. Among these—in the house to which the country looked with natural confidence at such a juncture, as including the prelacy of the church, together with the hereditary nobility, whose minds were not likely to be so soon carried away with the liberalizing and levelling spirit that had contaminated the democracy of England—among these stood the Earl of Winchilsea, making good to the last moment his noble pledge to the yeomanry of Kent, who, on Pennenden Heath, had rallied by tens of thousands round the standard of our Protestant faith. Lord Winchilsea's solemn protest, uttered without reserve while yet the matter was under debate, and delivered in as a lasting document after the perpetration of the deed, would not be forgotten either by friend or foe, even had it ended here; but subsequent occasions have exhibited the enduring, the persevering, character of his attachment to the cause. During a short visit to Ireland, where his endeared friend and stanch brother, the truly noble Earl of Roden, was busied in consolidating the mass of long-tried and recently persecuted Protestantism, Lord Winchilsea cheered the spirits, while he won the warm hearts, of those hereditary "no surrender" men in an extraordinary measure; and at home we find him ever at his post—manning with dauntless resolution even the crumbled ruins of the walls whose

breach he formerly mounted, and lifting the warning voice that will be remembered when, alas! its awful predictions are irretrievably verified; dragging out into broad day the abuses that shelter themselves on our now unguarded ground; and pointing out to unwilling eyes the rapid approaches of a desolation that will not tarry. We cannot forget who it was that stood forth and made the empire resound with his indignant call when England's ancient pride—her bold yeomanry, were doomed to extinction as a collective force, by men whose object was, it appears, to disarm her of every available weapon; nor are we insensible to the encouragement afforded by Lord Winchilsea's animated championship as president of the Protestant Association, when he addresses the assembled thousands of its friends and supporters—with an admixture, no doubt, of enemies and spies—on anniversary occasions, and when he never fails to strengthen the hands and brighten the hopes of his brethren.

Lord Winchilsea is a rich specimen of the true old English baronial character, now in danger of being numbered among the things that were. Uncontaminated by foreign influence, undiluted by modern liberalism, undaunted by increasing opposition, and wholly unmindful of the insolence that points a scornful finger where it dare not raise a menacing hand, Lord Winchilsea holds on his even course in the path of old-fashioned patriotism. Those who know him in the pri-

vate intercourse of life bear testimony to the mingled strength and sweetness of his character. But our province it is to regard him in his public capacity—to recognise his invaluable services in the cause of our jeopardded rights; and with affectionate gratitude to hail him as a noble, an unflinching, and a right honest **PROTESTER!**

L U T H E R :

A Fragment.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," "THE MESSIAH," ETC. ETC.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

THY heart, ALMIGHTY ! in the church is seen,
 Where the rich glory of redeeming love
 Unveils its vast expression. In the face
 Of HIM,—the arch ELECT, before all worlds
 In secrecy of love divine embraced,—
 In Christ, the counterpart of Godhead,—shines
 That moral radiance which Thyself repeats
 By humaniz'd reflection :—there alone
 The fallen spirit, with an eye unfilm'd
 By grace, from sin and sensual darkness freed,
 The will and purpose, pardon, love and peace
 From God to man, adoringly may find.
 All other media, which inventive pride
 Presumes to fashion,—are but barren dreams :—

Man's Deity is only dust refined,
Himself re-cast in some ethereal mould,
A finite into infinite enlarged,
And this dilation for a God mistook!—
But Thou! IMMANUEL! art the way we come,
The truth we know, the endless life secur'd,
The all in all of God to us reveal'd,
And us to Him restor'd!—Creation's book
Lies blotted o'er with sin's perplexing stain,
And no erasure can Thy name detect,
In full divinity of sound and sense
Conspicuous and complete. And what can law,
That dreadful paraphrase of justice!—speak
To lawless guilt, but condemnation dire?
And how can Reason in her light resolve
That problem, deep as God, and dark as guilt,—
How sin is punish'd and the sinner spar'd,
When falls the sabre of celestial wrath
And in one flash both Heaven and Hell illumes?—
Or, say, can conscience, whose rebuking voice
A jealous echo of the jealous God
For aye reverberates the soul within,—
Can this alarmist, to the shrinking gaze
Of guilt, the trembler!—mercy's plan unfold?
Ah! no; in CHRIST alone we Godhead find,
In CHRIST alone His character evolves;
On Calv'ry's hill, God's attributes were throned,
Jehovah *there* in coronation shin'd!

II.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHURCH'S EXPERIENCE.

But, oh ! what myst'ry doth the church infold
 Of blended weal and woe !—through sin and shame,
 Through suff'ring dire, and persecution dread,
 Through blood and havoc, through disastrous wrongs
 And burning martyrdom,—her ways have been,
 From the last breath that play'd on Stephen's lip
 Adown the rolling ages—e'en till now !
 And while in silence,—oft religion's soul,
 Before this truth august our faith would bow,—
 That God in time eternity reflects,
 And on the mirror of the church's life
 Doth glass the features of eternal WILL,—
 How tempted Reason, when her musing eye
 Roves o'er the moral waste the church hath been
 Trembles and starts !—Behold ! the unexplain'd,—
 The warring mass of good and evil mixed,
 Where saint and sinner, grace and nature blend,
 Where dust and deity in clash appear,
 Angels and fiends for blood-earn'd souls combine,
 All passions, principles and powers remote,—
 From the high daring of celestial hearts
 To the low horrors of consummate guilt,—
 All strive with each, and each with all conflicts !—
 Lo ! the deep myst'ry of the church's doom.
 We see in part ; but when perfection dawns,
 Both part and whole shall then Thy name uplift,

Almighty !—then the choir of chanting worlds
 Around salvation one stupendous tide
 Of deep'ning rapture shall for ever roll,
 And God his own great vindication be.

Meanwhile to us, eternal SPIRIT ! grant
 The wisdom meek, that lives on truth divine
 However veil'd ; a waiting mind impart,
 And in our weakness shew our strength to dwell ;
 Like, as of old, the pensive Mary sat
 Low at his feet, and listened to her LORD,
 Absorb'd and self-renouncing,—be our soul
 Before the cross in docile rev'rence bent.
 For Thou, oh, Christ ! amid the fires hast been ;
 And o'er the flames that on Thy church advanc'd,
 The promise—*I am with you, till the end of time*,—
 Breath'd, like the spell of some almighty breeze,
 And cool'd them into impotence, or calm.—
 No ! never hath the murd'rous hoof of hell
 Trampled the heart from out the church of heaven ;
 Within her, life, when all seem'd lifeless, glow'd,
 Within her, grace, when all seem'd graceless, dwelt,
 Within her, truth, when all seem'd truthless, reign'd ;
 While ever and anon, amid that gloom
 The priest, the tyrant and the devil made,
 Star after star in radiant grandeur rose
 To shame the midnight of the soul away !—
 But, chief o'er all the galaxy of lights
 That stud the firmament of Christian fame,
 Shin'd LUTHER forth,—that miracle of men !

The gospel hero, who with faith sublime
 Fulmin'd the lightnings of God's flaming word
 Full on the towers of superstition's home,
 Till, lo! they crumbled!—and his with'ring flash
 Yet sears the ruin with victorious play.

III.

THE MAJESTY OF LUTHER'S WORK.

But, where the tongue so eloquently fir'd,
 Or, where the harp, seraphically ton'd
 And sweet enough, o'er Luther's work sublime
 The high, the holy, and the lauding chant
 To lift?—to laurel his intrepid brow,
 Who faced alone, (by all save Heaven unarm'd,)
 That priestly giantess of pamper'd sin
 Whose throne was blasphemy by pride upheld,—
 That brazen arbitress, whose sceptre robb'd
 The King Almighty of the soul's domain,—
 E'en papal ROME?—who still her wine-cup drugs
 With damning charms, and deadly spells, and dares
 Within the heart's pantheon yet to shrine
 Dark falsehoods which redeeming truth bemock,
 Profane the soul, and parody our God!

Eternal hallelujahs rise! and ring
 That grace around, which call'd the champion forth,
 And with Heaven's panoply his spirit clad
 For combat.—With the energies of hell

To grapple,—with incarnate fiends to fight,
Behold him summon'd!—on that brow
Heroic calm indomitably smiles,
And in that lion heart each pulse that beats,
Throbs like an echo to the cheer of heaven!
Behold him!—grateful mem'ry, come and gaze,
See LUTHER, from eternity decreed,
Rise in the majesty of moral force
To heave the world from superstition's grave,
And bid it look upon the cross,—and live!

And oh! what marvels did that mind achieve,
Which in itself a reformation form'd!—
For cent'ries, deep the night of falsehood reign'd,
Mildew'd the soul, and mannaled her powers
With fett'ring darkness; learning pined
In cell monastic; science grew extinct;
The bible rotted in scholastic rust;
That fountain from the Saviour's wounded side
For sin once oped, by sealing lies was shut;
And, 'stead of that bright garb, which mercy wove,
Of perfect righteousness, by JESUS wrought,
Spangled with graces, rich as God's own smiles,—
The filthy rags of ineffectual works
Clad the cold skeleton of naked souls;
While on his throne of sacerdotal lies,
The arch impostor, Satan's brother, sat
Self-deified, and ripen'd earth for hell!—
Then, LUTHER rose!—and liberty and light
Unbarr'd the soul, and let salvation in.—

Hark ! the dead scriptures, toned with Godhead, peal
 Salvation's tidings ; lo ! the gospel lives,
 Swift from the cross the Roman darkness flies,
 Martyrs and saints, like baffled mock'ries, sink
 To nothing,—by victorious truth dispers'd ;
 O'er fancied merit, free redemption reigns,
 And in the temple of the soul illum'd,
 No mortal priesthood, with its pomp of lies
 And sacraments of sin,—can enter now ;
There CHRIST himself in triple office rules,—
 King, priest and prophet on the Spirit's throne.

IV.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE REFORMER'S MIND.

Thee would I vision, thou colossal Mind !
 The solitary monk that shook the world
 From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
 Thunder'd its challenge from thy dauntless lip
 In peals of truth round hierarchal Rome,—
 Till mitred pomp, and cowl'd imposture quail'd ;
 And the fell priesthood, like a fiend unmask'd
 And stripp'd of light fictitiously assumed,
 By some detecting angel—shrunk dismay'd
 And shiver'd, in thy vast exposure seen !—
 For what though sad humanity's broad taint
 Of weakness, here and there thy soul beplagued ;
 Or, harshly quick, or too severely loud
 Some intonations of thy spirit rose,—

When from the thunder-cloud of sacred ire
Within thee, falsehood call'd the lightnings out,
Or, temper's flash round principle did flame ;—
Yet, in the greatness of thy glorious work
Right nobly art thou, like a second Paul,
Apparent,—grac'd with apostolic mind,
Waving that banner, on whose blood-stain'd fold
Thy name, IMMANUEL ! at each ruffling blast
Of conflict, beams with sudden brightness forth !

Thee would I vision ; and on mem'ry's glass
Some traces of thy many-colour'd life
In lines of holy miniature reflect.
For in thy destiny our God we find
Himself expounding,—in thy truth unveil'd ;
Upon thy mind, as some prophetic map,
Almighty love mysteriously engrav'd
An outline wondrous of thy work decreed ;
Thy moral self the reformation seems ;
And in each phasis which thy soul presents,
An imaged counterpart of all we trace
Hereafter in the world's vast scene evolv'd.—
And therefore, hero of a hundred fights
Celestial !—Lion star of Jesus ! rise,
Rise in full radiance, through the cloud of time
Dart the rich beam of evangelic day,
And cause the Church's heart to glow with thee.

V.

THE BIRTH OF LUTHER.

E'en like an instrument whose chord'd depth
Enwraps the unheard music, but awaits
The master-touch of some awaking hand
To make it vibrate,—did the high-strung world
Of truth and feeling, for th' impulsive soul
In solemn hush abide, beneath whose sway
The moral harmonies of ransom'd mind
In mingling swell of holiness and love
Once more should waken ;—LUTHER was that soul
Predestin'd !—who by grace divinely arm'd,
From the foul grave of papal sin and gloom
The buried gospel came to disinter,
With breathing godhead to be all instinct,
Where ev'ry promise a pulsation seems
Of CHRIST'S own heart, that in redemption throbs !

But ah ! how low, to reason's carnal eye
That measures all things by the scale of sense,
The means appointed for the end pursu'd ;
How strangely small those intermitting ways
By which, to great results, God's wisdom moves !—
Yet, once a manger did the ALMIGHTY hold,
When first Messiah's human life-pulse beat,
When first his breath our fever'd world of woe
And sin refresh'd ?—and were not they, who hurl'd
Philosophy from off her Babel throne

To speechless ruin, and our rescu'd souls
 To the rich fountain of celestial blood
 Directed,—were not they, the peerless TWELVE
 Whose words like arrows pierc'd the heart of Hell
 With fire and fearlessness,—the low and weak,
 Unlearn'd of man, but learn'd in much of God?—
 E'en so, from out a shepherd's mountain hut
 Far in the wilds of Alpine bleakness hid,
 The Swiss apostle ran his high career ;
 And he, who with the sun-like mind compar'd
 That LUTHER in his flaming boldness shew'd,
 Soft as the moon in mellow radiance seem'd,—
 The mild MELANCTHON!—from a clanging home,
 A martial workshop, dates his lowly birth ;
 And thou ! the Reformation's mental spring,
 The Bible's lov'd redeemer from the cell
 Where monkish falsehood barr'd its glory in,—
 Not from the loins which heraldry admires
 Didst thou proceed ; of poor but pious blood
 Wert thou ;—a simple miner call'd thee son.

VI.

· HIS EARLY DAYS AND SUFFERINGS.

On Mansfeld plains behold the destin'd boy,
 Or else by Wipper's shelving bank, alone
 In bounding lightness ; or some blue-eyed throug
 Of playmates, round him fond and free rejoice ;—
 And who that then, on his gay forehead smil'd,
 Or saw his glee, in laughing outbreak glance

Like sunbeams from a shading cloud escap'd,—
 Could e'er have dream'd that brow would soon outbrave
 The thund'ring Vatican's avenging roar
 Of bigotry, and spirit-blasting ire?
 A few short years, by dark experience wing'd,
 Shall fly,—and quailing Rome beneath his words
 The heart of Europe set on fire shall see!
 And on the forehead of her blushless pride
 His brand shall burn—THE MATRICIDE OF SOULS!

But bleak the lot his boyish prime endures,
 And sad indeed, and mercilessly dark
 The shades of circumstance around him fall;
 While yet no precious dawn of grace appears
 To light him onward through domestic gloom:—
 But on his cheek a blanching terror comes
 When HE is named, within whose wreathing arms
 Of mercy, once the folded infant smil'd!—
 Foodless and friendless, oft the fainting boy
 Far from his home—with none, save God, his guide,
 (And HE by Rome's deforming darkness veiled)—
 In Magdeburgh from house to house was doom'd
 His meal to beg; and thus by Heaven was school'd
 To hard experience, for hereafter framed.
 “*Bread for the love of God!*”—hark! Luther chants;
 From door to door through Eisenach's street he wends,
 Mix'd with a group as wan and worn as he,
 Of students poor:—but lo! as once he lay
 Beneath the umbrage of a cottage tree,
 Alone and pensive, while the leaf-shades fell

Like soft expressions on his speaking face
Of suff'ring,—sad and sweet the hymn he sung ;
The very echo of his soul was there,
And like the fragments of a broken heart,
The shatter'd feelings trembl'd into song !—
But not in vain the plaintive scholar pled,
For on the ear of Ursula they sunk,
Those tones of truth,—like tears upon the heart
Of friendship, dropp'd from friendship's genial eye !—
Never again shall that pale youth despond
In famine's grasp through days of pining gloom :
At once both heart and home their shelter ope,
And like the Shunamite, her all she shares
With him, the homeless boy of sorrow, now.—
Blessings be on thee, Cotta's lowly bride !
And praise immortal, for the feeling hand
Which dealt thy substance, and the angel voice
That rich as dew-fall on a summer eve
Descending, when the fev'rish earth doth pine,
Besooth'd the world's great benefactor then !

VII.

LUTHER IN THE CALM OF HIS NEW-FOUND HOME.

And here, by want unchill'd, by care unworn,
Bosom'd in calm domestic, LUTHER builds
By soft degrees, his intellectual being up.
Science, and art, and lore, that lovely trine,
Around him throng, and with their blended smiles
The budding energies of mind attract

To bloom and blossom with expanding force
 And freshness,—e'en as sunshine tempts
 The hue of flowers and harmonies of spring
 To full expression :—home of haleyon ease !
 When the loud roar of his hereafter-life
 Deafen'd the heart, how oft did Luther love
 That hush'd oasis of the soul to haunt
 With mem'ry's eye ; and once again recal
 The bliss of tranquil being,—when the noise
 Of man's great world with no disturbing sound
 The mind distracted ;—like the far-off waves
 To one, who pensive at his window dreams,
 When twilight meek upon the palpitating breast
 Of ocean melts in rosy calm away,—
 The soften'd echoes of a distant world
 But serv'd to make the hush of home more dear.

And Music too her poetry of sound
 Evoked ;—for oft when evening's pallid veil
 Curtain'd the clouds with beauty, or the Moon
 The mild entrancement of her beam inspir'd,—
 Did Luther hymn the golden hours to rest
 With deep-ton'd chants, and melodies divine ;
 Where voice and lute each other's echo seem'd,
 So richly one their combination grew.—
 When years had flown, and Europe's grateful hand
 Round Luther's name a wreath of homage twin'd,
 And at his feet the heart of empires bow'd
 Admiring,—Cotta's home still unforgot
 Was outlin'd in his mindful heart of love,

Serene as ever ; while his voice proclaim'd,
 By gallantry and grace at once inspir'd,—
 There's nothing sweeter than a woman's soul,
 When Truth divine erects her temple there !

VIII.

HE ENTERS THE UNIVERSITY OF ERFURTH.

Who prays the most will study best !—so spake
 In noble response to official pride,
 The young Reformer,—when th' unfolding gates
 Of ERFURTH from his asking eye retir'd,
 As pale he stood her letter'd walls beside
 Intreating entrance there. And now commenc'd
 The waking myst'ries of the mind within !
 Around him more and more dread shadows fell,
 That seem'd reflected from Almighty frowns ;
 While conscience, that pale miniature of God !
 In outlines faint the Holiness Supreme
 Began to image. Morning, noon and night,
 In deep simplicity's adoring hush,
 With soul intense, and heart of upward gaze,
 How oft did Luther, on the wings of hope,
 Rise out of earth, heaven's tearless home depict,
 And on God's bosom pillow all his cares !
 And now, when sensitive at ev'ry pore
 His soul lay open to the pregnant beams
 Of truth eternal, out of Godhead sent,—
 The Mercy-seat of everlasting mind
 Itself,—that true SHECHINAH, where enthron'd

In mystic radiance gospel wisdom speaks,
 And LOVE DIVINE oracularly dwells,—
 The BIBLE first on Luther's spirit smiled !
 But little thought he, when the dust-worn shelves
 Were traced, some intellectual food to meet,
 That God in syllables was there enshrin'd !
 And scarce could seraph wave his wings of light
 With ecstasy of more celestial glow,—
 Than did the student with his raptur'd eyes
 To heaven upraised, the heart's rich anthem peal
 Of thankful wonder,—for this costly boon.
 That moment was the Reformation's seed ;
 That volume then the universe outweigh'd
 In mental preciousness, and moral power !
 For in its pages couch'd those slumb'ring germs
 Of principle, from out whose depths have sprung
 The faith and freedom of a Christian world !

IX.

A SPIRITUAL CRISIS.

Say, how can man be justified by God ?
 Thy vaults, eternity ! would echo,—HOW ?
 But from the cross a solemn response rolls
 In the deep music of almighty grace
 Back on the spirit—faith in Christ is life
 And love, and righteousness completely squared
 To each vast claim of violated law.
 There conscience finds no compromise involv'd,
 While Mercy from the hand of Justice plucks

The sceptre, and her awful head uncrowns ;
 But where all attributes divinely blend
 In one rich centre of consummate light,
 And God with most emphatic glory smiles
 His goodness forth, o'er ransom'd minds and worlds !

But he, pale thinker ! in portentous gloom,
 Robed in the rags of papal righteousness,
 Was shiv'ring yet ; around his spirit coil'd
 The clankless fetters of condemning law ;
 And upward, when his heart to gaze presumed
 A moment,—soon it shrunk appall'd and dim
 From God's dread eye-glance, flaming with the curse,—
 Unquench'd—save when the cross absorbs its fire !
 Dark wrestler with the pangs of sin untold,
 Silence and solitude his haunt became ;
 Transforming nature, till the soul was typ'd
 In all he witness'd of the bleak and wild,—
 Down lonely vales, and paths of soundless gloom
 He loved to meditate, and learn'd to mourn ;
 But chief the night-blast, with its hollow yell
 Rung from the tempest's riven heart of sound
 Becharm'd him, when beneath the wat'ry moon
 Late roaming :—but the crisis came at last !—
 'Twas summer ; and with crimson eye of fire
 Full o'er the pine-tree boughs the west'ring orb
 Sunk flaming ; like a furnace glow'd the air
 In breezeless trance, while not a bird-wing mov'd,
 And the fine leaves, as by some fixing spell
 Enchanted, like the lids of slumber hung

Subdu'd and motionless :—so deep the hush
Your very heart-pulse strangely loud appear'd !—
When, lo ! the blacken'd cope of heaven divides
And flashes,—re-divides—and with one fold
Of sheeted flame the firmament involves ;
Hark ! peal on peal redoubling and return'd
With raging echo, till heaven's arches ring
And vibrate ; then, in one convulsive burst
The clouds are clash'd to thunder, and descends
Down at his feet in supernat'ral roar
A death-bolt :—harmless as the rain-drop fell
The blasting ruin !—Luther, in the shade
Of that GREAT HAND whose hollow hides the church
From storming earth and hell,—was all secure,
Though death glar'd round him :—what a scene was
there !

In kneeling agony, with eyes of awe
To heaven upturn'd, as if the judgment-pomp
And equipage of heaven's Almighty King
Emerg'd apparent,—Luther throbb'd and pray'd,
And vow'd his after-life to God alone
If safely rescued from the yelling storm.—
So sank the great apostle, when the blaze,
Bright as THE FORM of glory whence it fell,
Abash'd him into blindness, and he heard
The mournful thunder of Messiah's lip
Rebuke him,—till his conscience rock'd and reel'd !

X.

LUTHER ENTERS THE CONVENT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Hark! on their hinges grind the massive gates
Of St. Augustine's cold and cloister'd pile,
And in the clang of those reclosing doors
The knell of Luther's freedom!—Darkly bound
By stale theology's remorseless web
Of monkish falsehood, in the deep of night,
Fresh from the heart of social youth he comes
Self-exiled and sincere,—in convent gloom,
Amid the graves of unproductive mind
Where dead religion putrefies to fear,
And fear to superstition,—*there* to form
His soul to God, and fashion it for heaven!—
Yet, mark in this Eternal Wisdom's plan:
The dungeon'd martyr, on whose haggard limbs
The rust-worn chain hath delv'd its branding trace,
When free again beneath the skies to walk,
Inhaling liberty from each lov'd breeze
That carols round him,—*chief* o'er all can tell
How priceless to the heart pure freedom is!—
And thus did Luther, by whose dreadless hand
Of truth the fetters from the mind were fell'd,
As captive first by dark experience learn
How deep that dungeon of the spirit was
Where Roman witchcraft plung'd and plagu'd man-
kind!—
Yes!—he, the champion of JEHOVAH'S cause,

Whose bold harangues, like Alpine thunder-peals,
 Hereafter shook the Vatican to shame,—
 Himself once crouch'd, in martyrdom of zeal
 Beneath the lashes of a monk's stern lip,
 In silence!—wound the clock, and swept the floor,
 And begg'd, a charter'd mendicant, from house
 To house, the bread of blushless charity!

But did he find the holiness he sought?
 Did peace divine in purity descend
 Down on his conscience, like the calming dove?
 Ah! no;—in vain the convent's round of rites,
 The fastings dull, the macerations dire,
 The penance long, the midnight watchings pale,—
 All the mean clockwork of monastic life,
 Wheel within wheel, by superstition turn'd!—
 From righteous *acts* no righteous *nature* flows;
 First form the nature, *then* the acts arise
 Spontaneous, free, by fertile love produc'd,
 Not pleading merit, but proclaiming CHRIST
 Within, by transcript of his life without.—
 For how in self can man salvation find,
 When self is sin, compounded and corrupt?—
 But, like that Bible, which his hungry eyes
 Read oft and oft with most devouring gaze
 Of faith and feeling,—Luther wore the chain
 That round the soul rank superstition wound.
 And how the heavings of his spirit rose
 In dark reflection to his pale-worn face!—
 While e'en the whisper of that still small voice

Which cowards all, but Christians maketh none,—
 Beneath the roof of his o'erarching cell
 Raged into moral thunder!—when the thought
 Of God in judgment, tore with tort'ring might
 And mystery, the troubled mind within!—
 Thus like a spectre through the cloisters mov'd,
 With fruitless sigh and ineffectual groan,
 Day after day, all spirit-crush'd and worn,
 The helpless Luther;—till the cross appear'd,
 From holy love then true repentance sprang;
 And faith, like Mary at the feet of CHRIST
 Attending,—hung upon his lips, and lived!

XI.

A PROGRESS IN THE DIVINE LIFE.

Thrice holy love! no self-created sound
 In the cold depth of man's corrupted heart,
 But rather a responsive echo, waked
 By love preventing,—art thou when sincere.
 By God's to man, man's love to God begins,
 And Christianity is CHRIST receiv'd,
 The soul possessing, and himself possess'd.
 Then thaws the heart, however iced and dead,
 In tears that glow with gratitude and God!
 So LUTHER felt, when Love's almighty voice
 Becalm'd him; round the cross he ever read
 The page of heaven, and in that fountain wash'd
 His soul to whiteness, which for sin unclos'd

In streaming mercy from the wounded Lord.
Light, peace, and order round his being throng'd
In rich communion ; prayer and praise arose
Like native incense from the soul renew'd ;
And holiness—man's paradise regain'd,
No effort now, but second nature seem'd,
Not labour done, but life itself enjoy'd.—
Yet, who can tell, as stern-ey'd Law retir'd,
And the mild Gospel o'er his conscience breath'd
Like Jesus, when he sigh'd the breath of peace,
How on his heart the Bible's image grew,
Till like a throbbing counterpart it beat
In living echoes to the truth it loved !—
While doctrines now, that once with scowling front
Black as the shades that over Sinai hung
Appall'd him,—smooth as Christ's own forehead smil'd ;
No more the penance vile, with venal aim
To bribe Eternal Justice, now was wrought.
In CHRIST, her all-in-all stern Conscience found,
And, sprinkled with his blood, her claim withdrew
For ever !—penal law its lightning veil'd ;
And when from sickness, pale and purified
The convert of the cross in health arose,
He clung to Jesus with a clasping soul
Devoted,—fir'd with faith's intenser flame,
And from His wounds saw Earth's atonement flow.

XII.

LUTHER PREACHES HIS FIRST PUBLIC SERMON
AT WITTEMBURGH.

"Go! stand the living and the dead between,
 Take the rich censer of Messiah's grace
 And stop the plague!"—so looks the office high
 To him appointed, who the tidings glad
 Proclaims of liberty to souls condemned
 In the black dungeon of the curse to writhe
 And weep for ever!—well may dread sublime,
 Or holy, soften'd o'er with human shades
 Of feeling, round the youthful herald steal,
 When *first* the embassy of pardon rolls
 In strains of heart from his excited lip,
 That vibrates, like a chord by music thrill'd,
 Master'd by young emotion!—What a theme!—
 God in flesh to save that flesh, array'd,
 The INFINITE within the finite lodg'd,
 The form ALMIGHTY in the frame all weak,
 The dread CREATOR on the cross unveil'd
 In bleeding glory!—Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
 Eternity and Time, and Sin and Grace,
 The swelling anthems of the blood-bought church
 Circling the Lamb with coronation joy,
 Or, howlings of the lost, in lurid flames—
 Stretch'd on the rack of self-tormenting ire,—
 These are the elements combin'd to throw
 Around the preacher that commanding spell

Of awe, that makes the earthen vessel bend
To think it treasures such a peerless trust !

And who can dare himself sufficient deem
For work like this, round which seraphic minds
Would travel in the greatness of their strength,
And yet not scale its altitude divine !—
Oh THOU ! whose office 'tis THE WORD to bless
And quicken, till it breathes that living grace
That makes each syllable with Godhead shine,—
THEE may we ever prove, in presence nigh,
The GREAT INSPIRER,—whose anointing power
Alone can tune the sounding brass to heaven's
True note, and bid our tinkling cymbals do
In mortal accent an immortal's work !—
Whether beneath the bow'd cathedral's roof
Of vastness, while the organ's billowy peals
Roll like a sea of melody and might
Down the dim nave and long-retreating aisles,—
Thy word is preach'd ; or in some Saxon fane
Where rude simplicities of ancient mould
Linger in stone's most exquisite decay,—
Wherever on the tide of human breath
Floats the rich argosy of gospel truth,
As Christ appointed,—may dependence be
The preacher's motto, and the preacher's mode ;
Dependence meek on that concurring grace
Of HIM, the Bible's author,—by whose light
Alone our sermons live, and souls are saved.

So felt the young reformer, when he rose
Within thy square, high-fated Wittemburgh !
Where the grey walls of St. Augustine's fane
Crumble in low decrepitude and dust ;
And from his pulpit, piled with simple planks,
Blew that loud trumpet of salvation's truth
Whose echoes yet the heart of empires wake
To fine pulsations, free as Luther lov'd !—
Eye, cheek, and brow with eloquence array'd,
As though the spirit would incarnate be,
Or mind intense would burn its dazzling way
Through shading matter,—like a second Paul,
Flaming with truth, the fearless herald pour'd
Himself in language o'er the listening hearts
Around him !—like a mental torrent ran
The rich discourse, and on that flood of mind
Nearer and nearer to the LAMB'S white throne
The soul was wafted :—Christ for man,
And man for Christ, and God for all he prov'd,
And hid *himself* behind the cross he rais'd !

A more than Hercules, to cleanse the church
Where priestly falsehood stabled all its guilt,
Through cent'ries dark of domineering crime,—
So preach'd he then ; and in that sermon gave
A noble prelude of the trumpet blast
Predestin'd from his daring lip to roll
Hereafter ;—when from lethargy and lies
He rous'd the great high-priest of hell to man,

In cruelty and curses,—till there came
 An avalanche of everlasting truths
 Down on the popedom, in those thund'rous words
 That crash'd it, like descending Deity !

XIII.

LUTHER GOES TO ROME.

To shameless Rome, the capital of sin,
 Where crime in canoniz'd pretension smiled,
 And pride and lust pontifically reign'd,
 At length great Luther comes. The glare of skies
 O'er which the mercy of no soothing cloud
 Had floated,—vainly tried his burning frame ;
 For still, o'er Alpine crags, by torrents wild,
 And hoar ravines, within whose haunted depth
 Plung'd the loud stream with everlasting yell,—
 The monk of Wittenburgh, with eager step
 And soul expectant, sought the seven-hill'd queen
 Of cities ;—till, behold ! in glimm'ring haze
 The turrets, towers and giant-temple spires
 Emerge at length,—and low upon the ground,
 In kneeling homage, falls her duteous son,
 To breathe his blessing o'er maternal Rome,
 Mother and mistress of the churches all !—
 But when indeed her pillar'd streets he trod,
 And on the ruins, eloquently vast,
 Around him in sublime confusion pil'd,
 Gaz'd with devotion,—what a flooding sweep

Of ancient glory through his being swept!—
 The past in tow'ring resurrection rose
 Bright from the tomb of ages, while the air
 That Peter breath'd, and Paul himself inhal'd,
 Play'd round his temples like a breeze from heaven
 New-wafted! Rome and rapture were combin'd ;
 And Luther, in one lofty dream of soul
 Enchanted stood, and drank the glorious scene,—
 As if religion from the very stones
 Was preaching, where apostles once had trod,
 And over which the martyr's flame of death
 Gleam'd in dread radiance, like a glory there !

But soon the bandage of imposture fell ;
 And then, e'en like the arch-fiend's mystic pomp,
 In cheating vision on the mountain call'd
 Before IMMANUEL's calm resisting eyes,—
 So vanish'd into vile and viewless air,
 Thy pageantries,—thou Babylon of guilt !
 Thou scarlet monster, with the costly blood
 Of God's elected, drunken and bedew'd !—
 When plain revealed in all thy hideous truth
 He saw thee, like a huge and leprous mass
 Of sin,—one moral putrefaction stretch'd
 In foul immensity of papal form,
 Fearless!—and yet beneath the flashing eye
 Of God, and angels, and astounded man !

Oh grace superb !—and wonderful as deep,
 That Rome and Luther should confronted be ;

And there, in Superstition's heart, one text
 Almighty, like a thunderbolt of truth
 Down from the throne of revelation hurl'd,—
 Should raise him, while he crouch'd in faith
 Deluded !—Thus the champion for his cause
 Was meeten'd ; thus from Rome herself he drew
 Weapons of might, whereby her powers would fall.
 So, swift recoiling from his task abhorred,*
 Uprose the brave reformer !—free and firm
 For ever ;—“ BY HIS FAITH THE JUST SHALL LIVE,”—
 Thus roll'd the truth from Inspiration's lip :—
 Religion, then, and Luther's mind, arose
 Erect, upon the rock of faith alone,
 Together did they face the frowning hell,
 And bid our spirit, like her God, be free !

XIV.

THE PREACHING OF INDULGENCES.

“Lo ! at yon gate” (the mercuries of Sin
 Are crying) “stands the awful grace of God !”
 And in one moment, like a moral wave,
 Heaves far and wide the town's excited heart :—
 Council, and nuns, and priests, and monks advance,
 And motley crowds from every dome and street
 Are trooping, while the booming town-clock peals

* See D'Aubigné for a description of Luther ascending St. Peter's staircase on his knees !

A loud hosannah from its lofty spires,
 And tapers flash, and greeting symbols sound,
 To meet the great PROCESSION.—See ! they come
 In robes how costly !—there, in cushion'd pomp,
 The BULL of grace !—whereby the Godhead's hands
 Are bound, and His dread thunders must awake
 Or sleep, as priestly conjuration bids !
 For now, before the wooden cross uprear'd,
 Bedeck'd with Leo's blazonry of pride,
 The loud-voiced Tetzal takes his stand profane ;—
 Prime vender he, beneath whose venal lip
 Heaven's attributes, as in a mart exposed,
 Are purchas'd by Indulgence ;—God is sold
 In pardons ! Sin itself, before conceiv'd
 Or acted, by the Pope's almighty bull
 Shall not be damning ;* whatsoe'er desire
 May dream hereafter, all by this high charm
 Shall be forgiven !—“ down this cross there flows
 A grace like that the Saviour's bleeding side
 Dispers'd ; but hark ! from deeps of ghastly woe,
 Where yelling spirits clank their chains of fire ;
 Tormented parents, friends and children lift
 Their tongues uncool'd, and cry for needed alms
 To bring them from that red abyss of wrath
 Where scorch their souls in purgatorial flames !—
 Let but your money, with its golden clink,
 Yon chest descend,—and, lo ! at once escaped

* By a reference to the Records of the Reformation it will be seen that the picture here is by no means overdrawn.

Those dungeon'd spirits, wing'd by papal grace,
Full into heaven's bright welcome flee !''

So cried the curs'd impostor ; and the souls
Of myriads, by his damning spell of lies,
Murder'd !—CHRIST himself, in blacker shame
Than once the cross of Calvary o'erhung,
Was openly to mocking hell expos'd :
Eternity a mart of sin became,
A papal auction, where that grace was sold
For filthy lucre, which the costly blood
That warm'd IMMANUEL'S veins, alone procur'd ;
And 'gainst the purity of heaven's high throne
The mud of human blasphemy was hurl'd
By pope and priesthood :—seal'd the Bible then !
And sure, if ever down a seraph's cheek
Roll'd the rich tear immortal feeling sheds,
It trickled now—when thus Religion dar'd
In words divine God's heart of gracious love
To libel, Christ's own pangs for venal lies
To barter, till the truth of heaven betray'd,—
In priestly suffocation sank and died !

But there is mercy in thy myst'ry lodg'd,
ETERNAL !—out of darkness cometh light
By thee evok'd ; and while the anarch Sin,
To mortal judgment, in its depthless gaze,
O'er time and circumstance sole monarch looks
Ascendant,—all the waves of human will
In lawless riot though they toss and rage,

Within the circle of THY will supreme
 Alone are plunging ;—if they rise or fall,
 'Tis only as THY helming word decrees !

XV.

LUTHER OPPOSES TETZEL.

Pale with devotion ; wrestling long and lone
 With God in prayer,—behold ! the lion heart
 Of Luther beats with supernat'ral pulse,—
 It throbs with deity and great design !
 Stung to his very soul with piercing shame,
 Beneath a lie to see heaven's truth expire,
 And trampled scripture gasping in the dust
 Of low venality and priestly lies,—
 Upon the door of Wittemberg's dark pile
 He fasten'd then, with hand divinely firm,
 Ninety and five of those all-fearless truths
 That shook the popedom, and the world redeem'd
 From charms infernal, to the cross alone.
 Faith, Hope and Love, upon the Rock of souls
 Were founded ; grace in gospel freedom rose,
 From schools and sophistry at length escap'd,
 And in the fountain of IMMANUEL'S blood
 Both peace and pardon in conjunction flow'd
 Free, full and glorious, from the heart of God,—
 Giver and gift in amnesty combin'd !—
 And yet, what eye, save HIS, before whose beam
 Time, place, and all contingencies retire

As though they were not,—in this daring act
 Of Luther, saw the REFORMATION'S pulse
 Of life and liberty began to beat ?
 Or who, among the crowd that rush'd to read,
 In tumult wild, upon the church's gate,
 Those words that dash'd Indulgences to air,—
 The silent thunder of their strength presum'd
 Upon thine eve, All-Hallows ?—Monk, and priest,
 And pope, and hoary-headed falsehood, then,
 Were death-struck !—in those few fine truths
 The germs of unexpanded glory slept,
 As in the acorn future navies float !—
 And when at night the lonely cell was sought,
 Could the brave monk his deed of might
 Have measur'd ? in the greatness of the act,
 Oh ! was he conscious of th' ALMIGHTY there ?

XVI.

THE REFORMER FINDS A FRIEND.

O friendship ! when thou art indeed the fruit
 Of sacred principle, by love inspir'd,
 Thy bloom is fragrant of yon world of bliss
 Ethereal, and with fadeless beauty rife.—
 And such, when Luther and Melancthon's heart
 In oneness holy blended their deep powers,
 Wert thou ; a friendship from the cross that sprang
 In the green fulness of a common faith.
 And in the annals of the soul, how few

The feelings that more lovingly have twin'd
 A wreath of nature round the brow of grace,
 Than those which, from the young and verdant breast
 Of their twin manhood, did together rise !—

Distinct in tone, yet undivided, both
 Their hearts in melody combin'd and met.
 But if in nature, poesy would find
 Their fancied echo,—hark, the torrent's fall
 In liquid thunder foaming loud and fierce,
 From crag to crag precipitously bold,—
 And there is Luther !—while along the banks
 Tree-shaded, list, the low and quiet stream,—
 And there is mild Melancthon !—each to each
 The grace of contrast, and the charm that glows
 Round minds that vary while the hearts embrace,—
 Imparted : both in one vast work converg'd,
 And ah ! what hours of evangelic peace,
 What hymns of soul, what praises blent with prayers,
 What feelings high, amid the ancient woods
 Of Wittimbergh,—were oft by both enjoy'd !—
 And in the lassitude of lofty cares,
 When, crush'd beneath his adamantine wrongs
 The soul of Luther lay in bleeding gloom,
 How the calm sunshine of Melancthon's face
 Around him shed the heart-restoring smile !—
 But o'er THY page, unerring AUTHOR ! most
 Did their high friendship in communion blend,
 As truth on truth, from out the classic grave
 Of language, where dead meanings darkly slept,—



Started to life in Luther's noble tongue,
 Till FATHERLAND its own free Bible hail'd,
 And God in German to his country spake !—
 Thus day by day the Book of Heaven became
 A sabbath port from earth's tempestuous cares
 That rag'd and roll'd around them : scene and time
 And circumstance,—those mast'ring three
 That make or mar the all that worldlings dream !—
 To them were shadows, which the radiant WORD
 Dazzled to nought, as clouds in sunbeams die.
 The monarch's palace, or the monk's low cell,
 Or chamber dim, from out whose frescoed walls
 In massy framework look'd the pictur'd dead
 That live in hues immortal,—'twas alike
 To them, who *on* this world, were *in* the next,
 By faith, or feeling, ever wafted there !

XVII.

LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL, AND APPEARS BEFORE
 THE DIET OF WORMS.

But now, the noble climax is arriv'd
 When Luther's soul must in meridian shine :
 And soon the haughty Medici shall quail,
 Defied and daunted by a miner's son
 In that high scene, heroically great
 And unsurpass'd,—save when the fetter'd Paul
 Lifted his eyes of light and brow of truth
 Before Agrippa, till that prince of lust
 Shook ! like a fiend beneath the Saviour's glance

Soul-piercing!—From the hills of Rome
 In vain the thund'ring Vatican had roll'd ;
 And thy huge palace, dark-wall'd Pleissenburgh !
 Witnessed the brave defender, when he fell'd
 Those Anakims of intellectual might,
 The proud Goliaths of theology,
 Under that sword, whose bladed fire
 Cleaves the dark spirit, like a flash from God !—
 But, lo ! at length, the very MAN OF SIN,
 That crown'd blasphemer who travestied Christ,
 Himself upon his throne of lies shall start
 And quiver !—“ Pile for pile shall kindle now,
 Bull, law, and canons, and Clementines, all
 Shall in one sacrifice of flame expire !” —
 So spake the monk immortal ; and the blaze
 Redden'd and rose beside the eastern gate
 Of Wittemberg, above that putrid mass
 Of fictions papal, and impostures vile ;

 hile with a shout, that should for ever ring
 The heart of Europe with responsive tones,—
 Applauding thousands hail'd the deed sublime
 Which kindled that protesting flame of truth
 Whose faint reflection scorches popedom now !—

 Vict'ry on vict'ry ! but another still
 To grace thy majesty, redeeming truth.—
 Again behold him take his lofty stand,
 That lone and excommunicated monk,
 Ready to storm the very gates of hell,—
 Fearless in fight, when battling for his God !

Yes, he who once in Erfurth's convent pin'd
 A pale and pensive, wasted, woe-gone man,
 In tearful darkness groping for the truth,—
 Millions of hearts do now with love enshrine,
 And rev'rence ; at his name young bosoms leap ;
 While crowding students, from afar arriv'd
 To see TH' ALMIGHTY in his word unveil'd
 By him, the truth's restorer,—when the spires
 Of Wittemberg in airy distance gleam,
 Arrest their horses, and with lifted hands
 And lauding voices, to the heavens outpour
 High songs to greet the home where Luther dwells !

And now another conflict ; he whose voice
 Encounter'd Tetzal with victorious truth,
 At Augsburgh made the Roman legate quail,
 And crush'd the Stagyrte with all his schools
 Of dead theology in Leipsic halls !—
 Again the champion of the soul must be,
 And plead for Christ, before the bar of kings
 Within thy diet, unforgotten Worms !

And there he stands !—in superhuman calm
 Concenter'd and sublime : round him, pomp
 And blaze imperial ; haughty eyes, and tongues
 Whose tones are tyranny, in vain attempt
 The heaven-born quiet of his soul to move ;
 Crown'd with the grace of everlasting truth
 A more than monarch among kings he stood !—
 And while without, the ever-deep'ning mass

Of murm'ring thousands on the windows watch'd
The torch-light gleaming through the crimson'd glass
Of that throng'd hall, where TRUTH on trial was,—
Seldom on earth did ever sun go down,
Or evening mantle o'er a grander scene!—
Then priest and baron, counts and dukes were met,
Landgrave and margraves, earls, electors, knights,
And Charles the Splendid, in the burning pride
Of princely youth, with empires at his feet,—
And there—the miner's son to match them all!—
With black robe belted round his manly waist
Before that bar august, he stood serene,
By self dominion reining down his soul.
Melancthon wept, and Spalatinus gaz'd
With breathless wonder, on that wond'rous man ;
While mute and motionless, a grim array
Of priests and monks in combination dire,
On Luther fasten'd their most blood-hound gaze
Of bigotry ;—but not one rippling thought disturb'd
The calm of heaven on his majestic face !
Meek but majestic, simple but sublime
In aspect,—thus he brav'd the awe of Rome
With brow unshrinking, and with eyes that flash'd
As if the spirit in each glance were sheath'd!—
And then,—with voice that seem'd a soul in sound
Made audible,—he pled the Almighty's cause
In words almighty as the cause he pled,—
THE BIBLE'S—God's religion, not the priest's
By craft invented, and by lucre sav'd—
For this, life, limb and liberty he vow'd

To sacrifice ; though earth and hell might rage ;
 Not pope, nor canon, council, nor decree
 Would shake him ; from the throne of that resolve
 By fiend, nor angel, would his heart be hurl'd ;
 Truth and his conscience would together fight,—
 The world 'gainst them—and they against the world !—
 And then, with eyeballs flashing intellectual fire,
 Full in the face of that assembly roll'd
 The fearless monk, those ever-famous words—
 “ God help me !—here I stand alone,—Amen ! ”—

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

And now awhile to this high theme, farewell !
 But in thy heart, heroic England ! long
 May Luther's voice, and Luther's spirit live
 Unsilenc'd and unsham'd.—Thou peerless home
 Of liberty and laws, of arts and arms,
 Of learning, love, and eloquence divine,
 Where Shakspeare dreamt, and sightless Milton soar'd,
 Where heroes bled, and martyrs for the truth
 Have died the burning death,—without a groan ;
 Land of the beautiful, the brave, the free !
 Never, oh never ! round thy yielded soul
 May damning popery its rust-worn chain
 Of darkness rivet ; in the might of heaven
 Awake !—and back to Rome's vile dungeon hurl
 Her shackles base, and slavery abhorr'd !—
 Without the Bible, Britain's life-blood chills
 And curdles ; *in* that book, and *by* that book,

Almighty, freedom can alone be kept
 From age to age, in unison with heaven.
 Without it—life is but a ling'ring death,—
 A false existence, that begets decay,
 Or fevers only into restless life,
 Whose blood is madness, and whose breath despair!—
 For not philosophy, with Attic grace
 Bedeck'd and dazzling; nor can science deep,
 Sounding with searchful eye the vast abyss
 Of things created; nor politic weal
 Transcending all that earthly patriot dreams
 Of pure and perfect—our great country guard:—
 And though our banners on the four winds waft
 Defiance in the face of this huge world,
 Our swords flash vict'ry, and our commerce vie
 With more than Tyre, upon her throne of waves
 Once free and famous,—till our country prove
 The banking centre of all climes and creeds,—
 Reft of her Bible, not a drop remains
 Of holy life-blood in the nation's heart!

Land of the LORD! my own maternal isle
 Still in the noontide of celestial love
 Basking, beneath the cross of Christ ador'd,—
 How bounds the heart with patriotic throb
 Devoted, till each pulse a prayer becomes,—
 When oft upon thy sea-dash'd cliff we stand,
 While ships by thousands haunt thy favour'd shores,
 And in their bosom half the world discharge
 Of riches and of splendour!—God is thine,

My country!—faithful unto death be thou ;
For He has made and magnified thy strength,
E'en like a second Palestine, to prove
The ark of scripture, where a Christless world
May find the truth that makes her spirit free!—
Thy bulwark is the Bible, in the heart
Of Britain like a second heart enshrined
For inspiration, purity, and power :
And long o'er principle, and law and weal,
O'er public virtue, and o'er private life,
May scripture be sole paramount and test ;
The source and standard of majestic faith,
Where morals form, and whence our motives flow.—
Our glory is our God, and he alone
Will shield the empire where MESSIAH reigns !



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