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ART. I. *The Life of William Farel, prepared from original authorities*, by Melchior Kirchhofer, Minister at Stein on the Rhine, in the Canton Schaffhausen, &c. Vol. I. Zurich, 1831. 8vo.\*

THE lives of some men are an integral part of history; and of none is this statement more emphatically true than of the Reformers. Notwithstanding its immediate and ulterior effects, the Reformation is an event which has not yet been fairly estimated by the world. The time is coming when this mighty revolution will be seen to surpass, in every attribute of grandeur, all political convulsions put together; and when those who were the instruments of bringing it about, will, by general consent, take precedence of all who have been recognised as heroes. In the mean time, it is pleasant to extend our knowledge of their personal history, especially in the case of some, with the details of whose biography we have not been familiar. Among these we may reckon that impetuous thunderbolt, and terror of the papists,

\* Das Leben Wilhelm Farel's, aus den Quellen bearbeitet, von Melchior Kirchhofer, Pfarrer zu Stein am Rhein, Cantons Schaffhausen, Mitglied der Schweizerischen geschichtsforschenden Gesellschaft in Bern und korrespondirendes Mitglied der Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Geschichtskunde zu Freyburg im Breisgau.

if this had been done to Pope Gregory VII., it would have cost the offender his life. And yet Paul, who thought he was not meet to be called an Apostle, once withstood a certain Pope *to his very face*, and dared to say, and did safely say to him, that he was to be blamed! This was no other than Pope Peter the First.

We have this fact recorded by Paul himself, in his Epistle to the Galatians, which epistle evinces that even in that day had commenced the disposition to put Paul below Peter.

Is it not probable that the Jews would have cordially received Jesus as their Messiah, if he had only come with the splendour of a Roman Pontiff? Yes; if such distinctions as this, and others depending upon this, had been promised by him to his followers, never would the fickle multitude have cried out "Crucify him!" Is there not a striking similarity in splendour and greatness between the Pope and the expected Messiah of the Jews? Is there not an entire dissimilarity between the pompous pontiff and the simple lowly Saviour?

There is, and so surely as there is, so surely the Pope of Rome is Anti-Christ.\*

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ART. VIII.—*Memoir of Julius Charles Rieu, from the French of Frederic Monod, jun. one of the Pastors of the Reformed French Church of Paris. With Introductory Remarks, by the Rev. A. Alexander, D.D. Philadelphia. French & Perkins. 1833. pp. 65. 18mo.*

WE look to France with tender recollections of the past, and trembling hope for the future. The past which we regard is not the chivalrous age of bearded knights, amorous troubadours, and strong-handed feuds; nor yet that grotesque period of powder, ceremony and brocade, in which the Louises shone predominant over a dissipated and warlike court; but the bright intervening season in which Presbyterianism swayed its mild influence over a simple, pious and happy people. Time was, when Frenchmen

\* We deem it proper to say that we do not use this word *in the usual sense*. We believe it an entire mistake to apply to the Pope the passages in the epistles of John, which contain this term. And it occurs no where else in the Scriptures. The Apostle there speaks, in our humble opinion, of the Corinthians and Nicolaitans, &c. who our denied our Saviour's divinity. Still as there were, and are many anti-christs in the world, we may apply the term *in a general way*, wherever we think it proper.

These remarks we would *not* apply, however, to what St. Paul says of the *man of sin*.

went up to their annual Synods, under the leading of teachers who held the truth as we now hold it. The mace of authority, and the pike and musket of a ferocious faction, broke the charm of that halcyon day. The murder of thousands, and the expatriation of thousands more; the unresisted prevalence of Popish license and superstition; the mingled fanaticism and sensuality of the dominant party; and the judicial blindness and infatuation which ensued—left beautiful France a defenceless field, over which the hideous monster Infidelity might expatiate and raven after his prey. Yet we are unwilling to believe that the foot of atheistical pride has trodden down every remnant of the ancient seed; and from time to time we are made glad by tokens of the same faith which dwelt in Farel, Beza and Claude.

The political changes which have resulted from the last revolution, have been as the lifting up of a mighty pressure from a spring which had been well nigh deadened. What there was of Protestantism had been developed without reference to the social principle. It no more resembled the ancient glory of the French Church, than the sickly ears in the corner of a field resemble the yellow harvest of the preceding year. Like severed coals, the pious who remained lost their glow, and some waxed cold. A pulseless Socinianism occupied the place of the Gospel, or unblushing infidelity poisoned the rising race. Yet there was a remnant according to the election of grace, and there has been all along a vigorous, and, of late, an increasing struggle after pristine faith and discipline. Among those who have borne shame and opposition for the Saviour's sake, and who have held up the standard of the Reformation, when to do so was to sacrifice almost every thing of worldly honour, the Monods have been nobly eminent. The *Archives du Christianisme* has been like the sound of a trumpet to slumbering believers. The influence of these men, and such as these, has awakened, rallied, nerved and united a band of evangelical Christians; and we hope and pray for the time when the blessed Gospel shall resound in a thousand churches of France.

There is a peculiar and distinctive aspect of piety pertaining to every age and clime. It is the same family, but the features vary; a treasure modified in its manifestations by the mould of the earthen vessel. Grace seems scarcely the same thing in an Augustin and a Knox. The religion of a German and an American believer differ in a striking manner. And there is something in the simple, fervid, child-like, affectionate, confiding, joyful piety of evangelical France, which has, in our view, a peculiar charm.

The reader of the volume which we are reviewing, will enjoy

the exhibition of a lovely portrait. Here is no long succession of striking events, no strong points of worldly greatness, no ambitious elevation, no eccentricity; but unadorned, natural, graceful piety. The translator is a young Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, who has been happily instrumental, since his return from France, in awakening some interest in behalf of Christians in that country, and whose attention was no doubt fixed upon this little work by his sympathy with European Calvinists. Let us hear his own words:

"In the autumn of the year 1831, the translator of this little work was riding in company with a distinguished pastor of Geneva, in the environs of that delightful city; we were speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; of the long and profound slumbers of the church of Geneva; of the recent revival, whose silent, but irrepressible power had broken up the icy bondage of established error; of the attendant persecutions and sufferings of the ministers of Christ, and of the new reformation which the providence and Spirit of God are now rocking in the cradle of the old. Having spoken of the labours of Neff, Duvier, Wilks, Haldane, and many others, "whose record is on high," he turned to me, with his peculiar earnestness of manner, and inquired, "Have you read the Memoir of Charles Rieu?" On my answering in the negative, he added, "Do not sleep till you have read it." Immediately on my return to the city, I procured and read it, with emotions kindred to those which are awakened by the memoirs of Brainerd, Martyn, Neff, and Oberlin. It is now given to American Christians in an English translation; with the fervent hope and prayer, that it may prove to their hearts, as it did to my own, *a coal from the altar*. What might not the American church do for her own extension and the conversion of the world, if all her sons were animated by the spirit of this holy and admirable young man—a spirit which breathed glory to God in the highest—love to all who bore the image of Christ—peace and good will to the whole world. Such was the spirit of Rieu. God grant that we may all be baptized with it, and that, under its influence, we may "count not our own lives dear to ourselves, that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of the Lord!"

"The author of this little Memoir is well known, not only in Europe, but in our own country, as the editor of the *Archives du Christianisme*. Within the last year, he has been chosen one of the pastors of the Reformed church of Paris, in succession to the late Mr. Marron. He was a personal and intimate friend of Rieu; and his memoir appears to have been a simple, unlaboured, and unpretending memorial of Christian affection. The translation claims no other praise than that of fidelity.

JULIUS CHARLES RIEU was born in Geneva, in August, 1792, of a distinguished family. Of his childhood and youth little is recorded by M. Monod. We learn, however, that he early dedicated himself to God, and yielded his powers to the public service of Christ. In 1817, he left his native country for Denmark, and became the pastor of a church among certain French refugees, colonized at Fredericia, in Denmark. In so doing, he made great sacrifices, with the true spirit of a minister or a missionary. He tore himself from a beloved circle of friends, many of whom resisted his determination; and from his country, which was just then beginning to enjoy the promise of freedom. Yet he preferred Denmark to Geneva, and at the age of twenty-five years,

repaired with a heart burning with zeal to his new destination. Some idea of his temper and life, may be derived from the following extracts:

"Having learned that many of the parishoners had forgotten the French language, he stopped at Göttingen on his journey to the colony, devoted three months of unremitted study to the acquisition of German, and arrived at Fredericia prepared to preach the word of God in that language. His ministry on earth was not destined to continue for a longer period than that of his Master. But what has he not accomplished during the three years and a half of its duration!

"By the sweet influence of his instructions and example; and by the assistance of God, which he never ceased to implore, the moral and religious character of the colony underwent in a very short time a visible alteration. Drunkenness had there been a vice of peculiar frequency. But after a short time, Rieu persuaded the heads of families to subscribe a regulation which authorized the consistory, under the direction of the pastor, to deprive the drunkard, who persevered in his vice after three or four successive admonitions, of his colonial rights during a certain period: that is, that his portion of the lands, gratuitously bestowed by the Danish government on the colony at its first establishment in Jutland, should be administered, during that period for the benefit of the community. This rule was put in force against one of the colonists in 1821; he was, if I mistake not, deprived of the revenue of his colonial lands for three years.

"Though reminded that a preacher ought not to neglect the talents with which he had been endowed for exhibiting the truth with power, Rieu was still more deeply persuaded that the great excellence of a sermon did not consist in its being formed of sonorous and well cadenced periods, or written in a style of scrupulous accuracy, or constructed with art on a method laboriously conceived, and skilfully adjusted. He was convinced that the too great importance often attached to these things was what the apostle denominates *preaching ourselves*. It was his resolution to *preach Christ Jesus the Lord*, according to the commandment which he had received; and it was therefore his principal care to set before his flock, the great truths of the gospel, and the great moral lessons which flow from them, with all possible force and simplicity; and he was always eloquent, but with a Christian eloquence very different from that of the world. 'My oratorical art,' said he, 'is prayer;' remarkable words, which ought to be graven on the heart of every preacher of the gospel. Never did he separate morality from doctrine, or doctrine from morality; these two things were connected, and, as it were, commingled in his heart and in his discourses, like the sun and the light, and with that inseparable union in which they are presented in the gospel. The fall and spiritual misery of man, the necessity of a Saviour, redemption accomplished by the expiatory sacrifice of Jesus Christ, justification by faith in Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, a final judgment, an eternity either of happiness or misery; and as consequences, repentance, sanctification, the observance of all Christian duties; these were the subjects of his discourses."

"The point of view in which his subject was to be exhibited being once determined, he kneeled before the Lord, implored the assistance of his Spirit, and besought Him to prepare himself that spiritual nourishment which He knew to be best suited to the souls for which it was designed. He then took his pen in hand, and wrote with freedom and rapidity a sermon which was always useful, because it was full of the spirit and the word of Christ; of that word which never returns void to him from whom it emanates. And this man, who, but a year before occupied months in the laborious composition of a single sermon, now prepared two during each week; for he preached on the Sabbath morning in French, and in the afternoon in German. The first of these sermons he committed to memory; the second he read, not being yet sufficiently familiar with the German to trust his memory with the repetition of a discourse in that language; During nearly four years, he constantly composed two sermons in each week; for it rarely, if ever, happened, that he repeated an old discourse. He thought that this practice gave to the ministry too much the char-

acter of a trade; that it was important to give to public discourses, as far as possible the appearance of *improvisation*, and that the tone, the tendency, and the details of a sermon ought to vary according to circumstances, which are never entirely the same at different periods. He adopted the habit recommended by Reinhard, of being always in advance by one week in his preparation. Seldom did he preach a sermon either in French or German, unless that which was to succeed it was ready in his desk, and thus he was never left to be embarrassed by those accidents which might occur during the week, to interrupt the labours of preparation. It is true that he rose at four o'clock in the morning; that he occupied, as a faithful steward, every quarter of an hour which his Master allowed him; and only took that repose which was absolutely necessary to the preservation of his health, a strict attention to which he considered his duty, both as a pastor and a son. The Sabbath was to him the happiest day of the week. Far from sharing in that species of anguish with which many pastors regard so rapid a succession of the Sabbaths of the Lord, he beheld their approach with joy, the source of which was to be found in the manner in which he employed them. At nine o'clock he ascended the pulpit and preached in French. He then visited, in succession, three or four infirm persons of his flock who had been confined for years to their own houses, and performed with each of them a private service. At two o'clock he commenced his service in German, at the close of which he held in his own house a large Sunday-school. And finally, at six o'clock, the young apostle opened the doors of his house, and the faithful resorted thither with eagerness, to be again edified by the reading of the holy word, and by the tidings of the progress of Christianity on the earth. The day of the Lord being thus occupied to the end, the faithful pastor closed it in supplications for his flock, and found in that own heart a sweet and effectual recompense for his labours, a true foretaste of that eternal recompense which awaited him, and which he was so soon to receive."—Pp. 16—25.

In the winter, Rieu held two catechetical exercises every week, and also two social meetings. He read the Bible with inquirers; gave lessons in various useful branches; established Bible Societies; and devoted himself to scriptural study. He diffused the savour of his piety far and wide, by means of his personal intercourse and his correspondence, and lived with a constant reference to the shortness of life, and the imminence of judgment. At great expense of labour and time, he established a school, and erected an edifice for the accommodation of two hundred pupils. But we must refer to the memoir itself for more copious details. In the midst of these labours, in the year 1821, a disease appeared in Fredericia, which, for some unknown cause, made its principal ravages among the French colonists, so that their Lutheran neighbours called it "the malady of the Reformed." Rieu was unwearied in his attendance upon the sick and dying, exhorting them to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life. On the 21st of June, he was himself attacked with slight premonitory symptoms. No sooner was this the case, than he wrote the following letter, which was, as is justly remarked by Dr. Alexander, "a sermon not only from the very heart of an affectionate pastor, but from the mouth of the sepulchre." We cannot deny our readers the perusal of this pastoral epistle entire:

“ Fredericia, June 21, 1821.

“Gentlemen, and well beloved Elders and Brethren of the French Reformed Church at Fredericia.

“ Being this day attacked by the symptoms of a disease which has already brought many of our brethren to the grave, I feel it proper to leave you a few instructions, which will be found of importance in the event that it should please God to remove me to himself.

“ All my papers of every description will be forwarded without delay to my family. May the Lord accompany them with his blessing!

“ And now, my beloved parishioners, I have but one word to say to you. It is but a repetition of that which you already know, and which will occupy my thoughts even to the end. It is that I have loved you, and at this hour love you with my whole heart. My prayers have ascended and will ascend in your behalf to the last breath of my life. I believe that I have shown my love towards you, by declaring to you the truth of God as I have believed it in my conscience and before God. Before I have prepared for you the food which it was my duty to dispense, I have invariably cast myself at the foot of the throne of grace, and besought the great Shepherd of souls himself to speak to you by my mouth, and not to suffer me to intrude a single thought of myself. Alas! I know that but for my unbelief, the Lord would have much more eminently accomplished his strength in my infirmity, and would more exclusively have exhorted you himself. Nevertheless, I have this firm and perfect confidence, that He who has chosen me; (me, an unworthy creature, more than a thousand times dead and condemned by my defects and transgressions,) has verily enabled me to build on *the only true foundation, Christ crucified*; and that, without regard to the great imperfections and blemishes which every where cleave to my ministry, He will *keep that which I have committed to Him unto that day, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom*; and this assurance is the more unwavering, because at this hour I lay myself at the foot of His cross and make a full and entire renunciation of my own merits, which are all, from first to last, but *filthy rags*; and solemnly declare before God that I receive Jesus Christ, *God blessed forever*, for my only Saviour, who by the blood which he shed on the cross, has washed me from all iniquity and purified me by his Spirit; so that I can stand before his face in righteousness. I smite my breast like the publican, with a deep consciousness of my guilt; and I cry with the crucified and converted thief, ‘Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.’

“ Thus death becomes to me the happiest moment of my life; though I feel myself in a *strait betwixt two*, willing still to labour for the souls entrusted to me; yet ardently desirous to *depart and be with Christ, which is far better*. Assuredly, should He remove me so early, it would be a favour for which I cannot sufficiently humble myself before Him and sing anthems of praise. What was I, O my God! that the combat should be so soon terminated before I have ‘resisted unto blood, striving against sin?’

“ Dear parishioners, consider well your responsibilities. I have declared to you the counsel of God; it is true, (and I make the confession with grief and humiliation before the cross,) with too much weakness and fear of man; above all, my conscience reproaches me for not having sufficiently imitated the example of the apostle, by exhorting each of you in private from house to house; nevertheless you can hear me testimony that I have never been ashamed of Christ crucified, while proclaiming his word to you in the pulpit. *His kingdom then is come nigh unto you*; the walls of your temple attest it. Oh! that you had all listened to that word of life which alone can save your souls! What would have been my joy to see multitudes of you converted to Christ! Hearken, hearken to his voice *while it is yet to-day*; I call to you from my sepulchre. If you hear not this voice, you would not be persuaded *though one rose from the dead*. Heaven and earth will pass away, but this word will not pass away. O Christ save them and pray for them, as thou has condescended to pray for me!

“ Adieu then, dear parishioners, I commend you to God and to the word of His

grace; watch and pray, *for yet a little while, and he that shall come will come.* We shall soon stand face to face before the tribunal of Christ.

"If time permit, I will also write to my beloved relatives and friends in Christ. If not, they will know that I had an ardent desire to do so; you will communicate to them these lines. Oh! that grace and peace may rest upon them! may they all consider that they are soon to *pass from this world to the Father*; may they hasten to follow that Saviour who is the light of the world, the resurrection, the way, the truth, and the life. Adieu, also, to my well-beloved sister H—; if she survive me, and escape the dangerous malady which now threatens her life. I commend her also to the grace of the Lord, in whom she has trusted, and who has redeemed her. I commend her in this world to my dear parishioners, and to my beloved family, desiring them to render her existence as comfortable as possible. I say to her, adieu, we are not separated. I entreat my relatives to make every possible exertion to send a pastor to supply my place in this church. To my last breath I will pray to God for you all, whom I love with the tenderest affection. May grace and peace be and abide with you from this time forth and for evermore! I remain deeply affected with all the proofs of attachment which you have given me,

"Your devoted pastor,

"CHARLES RIEU."

When he found his symptoms becoming more aggravated, he commenced a journal addressed to his near relatives. In this he speaks with calmness of his approaching dissolution; but he does far more. After detailing all the stages of his malady, he declares: "My soul is filled with unutterable peace and joy. If any thing causes me, after all, to expect my recovery, it is that so early a recall, almost before I have entered into the conflict, would be a favour infinitely beyond my merits or my hopes. What am I, the most worthless and polluted of creatures; what am I, that such *manner of love should be bestowed upon me!* Doubtless, I ought to receive it with more fervent gratitude than any other blessing; I have done absolutely nothing to deserve it; but what do I say! rather is not all, all, all, absolutely gratuitous? It would be delightful for me to speak to you from time to time in short and hasty sentences,—this brings me near to you,—and to speak to you of God; for he alone should be viewed,—and his voice should be heard and obeyed in this matter."

His only prayer seemed to be, *Thy will be done!* When more alarming symptoms occurred, there was the same calm in his soul. The last words of his journal are these:

"I go forward with joy indescribable through the dark valley; for I go to Jesus, my God; to Christ, who has conquered for us. All his promises converge to a point and fill my own soul with a gladness which I have never known before.

"No, he has not deceived us!

"Happy are they who have not seen, and yet have believed! I go to see him as he is. Already I see him. I feel his hand supporting my soul; while this clay is crumbling down, the inward man is renewed. I shall be changed into his image. I shall be like him! where no sorrow—

"Oh! that I could impart this joy to your souls! But there you also may find it. I am not separated from you; in the moment that I close my eyes here, I seem to stand with you, and behold Christ coming in the clouds.

“ Oh ! that you may all sleep in Jesus ! Farewell beloved friends ! A little hope— This happy moment then approaches for which I have so ardently longed, and in the thought of which I have habitually found my sweetest satisfaction. Oh ! how good art thou, my Saviour ! Thy face fills me with joy. Resurrection and life ! Eternity, eternity with Jesus ! So much beloved, though unseen ; what will it be ; my spirit fails ; O blood ! O cross !

“ What peace in that last word to the thief : To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. Joy, endless joy ! fulness of pleasures ! for ever with him whom our souls love ; we shall raise the song of the Lamb, with the ten thousand times ten thousand who know it, who have learned the new song. To him who hath saved us. Before his throne—I burn !

“ When will this wall of flesh be broken down ? Yet a little while—Oh ! how great is his goodness ! Weep not, my friends.

“ The last thing which could even in a slight degree oppress my conscience, is the recollection of a warning which I wished to give to certain offenders, which I have been compelled to neglect by a succession of recent circumstances. I have just sent this admonition by my elders, so that I feel assured their blood will not be required at my hands.

“ My peace is still pure, and perfect, and unmingled ; my joy passes all understanding. I only describe it that you may yourselves breathe after it. Surely, it is not found in the busy circles of the world, and the path thereof is not traced by the philosophers of the world. No, no, Thou alone bestowest it, O God, God the Saviour, God the Comforter !

“ Blessed, blessed, blessed for ever be thy glorious name !

“ Dear mother, uncle, aunt, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, friends in Christ, we are not separated. We shall soon meet.

“ Still Sabbath morning—I will write no more until to-morrow.” (Here the Journal terminates.)

In a literary point of view, there is nothing in this work to be remarked. It is an obituary, rather than a biography. In some respects, it may be considered as an humble biography ; in others it is one of the noblest we have seen. For if there is any thing inspiring in the struggle of untried youth with a crushing disorder, a struggle of faith and hope against the sweeping away of all earthly expectations ; if there is any thing sublime and inspiring in the aspect of true religion triumphing over death, and taking joyful wing for an unknown world ; then is this death-bed worthy of our highest regard.

We have only to regret that the sketch here presented to the public is not more extensive. Such a subject evidently demanded a fuller exhibition. The translator has done his part faithfully and with success, as we have satisfied ourselves by a careful comparison with the original. In conclusion, we heartily recommend the book to all who love the beauty of unfeigned religion.