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ON UNSEEMLY RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.

To the Editor of the (London) Christian Observer.

I remember having read in former years, some animadversions in your pages upon injudicious and unseemly anecdotes in tracts, sermons, and the speeches delivered at meetings of Societies. I hope the evil has abated. From sermons, the narratives to which I allude are banished; nor were they ever admitted, at least in the Anglican Church in modern days, except by a very few ill judging individuals; of whom the race has become extinct. In some religious books and tracts the anecdotes I believe have been revised, and more strict regard is now paid both to authenticity, propriety, and utility. The speeches delivered at the meetings of religious institutions are also for the most part weeded of those facetious stories which were once too common; but exceptions still occur, and unhappily the exceptions are supposed, or at least alleged, to be the rule, by those who cavil at such societies or meetings; as if their friends met to listen to drolleries rather than for godly edification.

It does, however, now and then happen that some religious and zealous, but not over-wise, man gravitates by a sort of affinity towards what neither good taste nor sound judgment can approve; and one can but wonder how he persuades himself that he honours God or promotes piety by his odd outpourings. But the evil does not end with himself. His facetious tales are perhaps received with a smile at the moment by some wiser persons who by no means approve of them; while the less discreet treasure them up, and relate them, as though they were the most happy and valuable portions of the several addresses. Nor does the matter rest here: for perhaps some injudicious writer for the press relates the unprofitable gossip in print with high encomiums; so that those who chance to read such accounts, must conclude that "religious anecdotes," as they are called, are vastly "funny."

Shall I produce an illustration of my remarks? If I do not, I may be thought to bring a false accusation; if I do, I add to the circulation of the tales which I censure. The first alternative would prevent the practical utility of my denouncement; but the second I may disarm of evil by choosing an illustration so absurd or displeasing as to offer no temptation to imitation. As it matters not from what quarter I select a specimen, I will take one from a respectable American religious publication; though the relation applies to an English town, and an English Missionary Society. The retailer says:

"The following anecdotes were related in Liverpool, not long since, at a meeting of the —— Missionary Society. They are both capital of their kind, and show how important it is that an orator should possess a thorough knowledge of the language in which he addresses an assembly."

The retailer, it will be observed, is not constrained, in the ordinary course of reporting the proceedings of a meeting, to mention these anecdotes. He selects them with special approbation from speeches delivered "not long since"—a very vague chronology—in a distant land; but the anecdotes being too good to be lost, he cannot forbear making them known to his countrymen. He seems, however, to be secretly conscious that they needed an apology when cited for religious edification; and therefore he gravely tells us not only that "they are capital of their kind"—that is, I suppose, good Joe Miller jests—but "they show how important it is that an orator should possess a thorough knowledge of the language in which he addresses an assembly;" a truth so obvious and so little needing proof, that one might shrewdly suspect it is only made a pretext for introducing the two "capital" anecdotes, which are as follow:

"A meeting in connexion with the —— Society, was recently held in Paris, at which a gentleman appeared, who had been sent over from England. This representative had been chosen, we understand, for his superior knowledge of the French language. In his turn, he addressed the Parisian assembly, with great fire and energy; but when he expected to see them beaming with enthusiasm, or melted into tears, he observed a smile on every face, and heard from every quarter the sound of suppressed laughter. This occurred so often that there was no mistaking it for any casual effect; and the gentleman was, no doubt, mightily astonished at such a display from a people so well bred as the French are generally allowed to be. When he had finished his oration, he asked a friend what could possibly have occasioned so much laughter while he was speaking. He found, to his utter dismay, that, in his eagerness to impress upon the assembly the necessity of taking *the water of life* (the Scriptures) to the poor heathens, he had unconsciously been expatiating with all his might on the virtues of brandy, (*eau de vie*,) exhorting the multitude to enable them to send brandy to those who were athirst, and telling them that thousands of their fellow creatures were perishing for lack of brandy!"

"Another reverend gentleman, wishing to parallel the above anecdote, told of a French divine, who, preaching in this country, fell into a mistake almost as amusing as the above. As the English were accustomed to call those of their communion their flock, the French designate all who assemble under their ministry their sheep. The French divine alluded to, haranguing his hearers in English, but forgetting that we have in our language *two* translations for *mouton*, one signifying the dead, and the other the living animal, continually addressed his congregation, much to their surprise, as his dear *muttons!*"

With regard to these two "capital" religious anecdotes, a few queries arise. First, are they genuine? I cannot, indeed, say they are not; for I have known mistakes quite as "capital;" as for example, a much respected English clergyman so pronouncing the name of the naturalist Buffon as to convey to French ears the idea of "buffoon," and thereby causing much merriment. I have not transgressed my own rule in adducing this illustration, as I do not give it as a "religious" anecdote; nor does it touch upon sacred things, so that it is legitimately worthy of a smile. But to return to the alleged Liverpool stories: they may be true; but they sound rather like fabrications. But, true or false, were they delivered at a meeting of a Missionary Society at Liverpool? Here again I cannot prove a negative; but I do not myself believe that they were related in addresses upon the platform, though they might be mentioned in conversation; for what spiritual purpose could they serve? and as to being adduced to show that a missionary must learn to understand the language of the people to whom he is sent, the assertion would be readily credited without the introduction of these not very seemly "religious anecdotes" to prove it. The names of the two speakers are not mentioned; but if they did really narrate these stories, it is very clear they were thinking rather of the jest than of the moral; and that they were more anxious to excite a laugh than to guard against irreverent association. The first anecdote in particular, being a pun upon the words of Scripture, is painful and revolting; and I cannot but think that if related as affirmed, it must have elicited the serious reprobation of an audience of Christians assembled to promote the extension of their Redeemer's kingdom.

But even if such things occasionally fall from the lips of an incautious and ill-judging speaker, why should they be printed, and re-printed as "capital religious" anecdotes? The injury caused by this class of stories is very great. Religion is blended with trifling or ludicrous associations; the mind is injured by trifling with sacred things; the strong are offended; the weak are perplexed, and worldlings scoff. If we must have facetious stories, at least let us acknowledge them to be such, and not palm them off as narratives for spiritual edification. But it were far better to discard them altogether; at least so it appears to

ONE OF THE WEAK.

CALVIN VINDICATED.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

Reverend and Dear Brother—The following Letter, and another which you will receive in a few days, were written a number of weeks ago, and sent to Lincolnton, in North Carolina, for insertion in the "Lincoln Republican," a weekly journal printed in that town. Very unexpectedly to me, the Editor of that paper, after publishing Bishop Ives's letter, refused to give admission to my reply. On learning this, I requested the friend to whose care my communications had been sent, to transmit them to the "Watchman of the South," in whose pages they would be likely to be seen by a large number of those who had been readers of the "Lincoln Republican." But, as Bishop Ives's letter has been republished in at least one paper in your city; and as in my reply to an attack in that paper, which you were so good as to publish, I referred to the letters which had been sent to North Carolina for further light on the same subject, I hope you will do me the favour to give insertion in the Presbyterian to the first letter, which you will receive herewith, and also to the second, which, with the permission of Providence, will reach you next week in the Watchman of the South.

I make no apology, Mr. Editor, for the trouble which I have given you, for several weeks past, in consequence of these ecclesiastical polemics. I regret them as much as any one can do. They were not of my seeking. I am not conscious on this, or on any other occasion, of having ever gone into the field of denominational controversy, excepting when forced into it by fidelity to my beloved Church, and to her Head, my Master in heaven. To that high responsibility, however irksome controversy may be, especially at my time of life, I hope I shall never be suffered to be recreant. It would be much more agreeable to me to have no warfare but with the open enemies of our "common salvation;" but surely complaints of "attack" come with rather an ill grace from those who scarcely ever issue a paper without loading it with offensive missiles against all who are out of their pale. It has often amused me to see what morbid sensibility to what they called "attacks," was manifested by those who were constantly dealing around them "firebrands and arrows," and professing at the same time, in words, to be "fierce for moderation," and "furious for peace." I am, my dear sir, very respectfully yours, SAMUEL MILLER.

Princeton, January 24, 1842.

To the Editor of the Lincoln Republican.

Sir—It was not until this day that I saw, in your paper of the 10th instant, a letter from Bishop Ives, in reply to a letter from me, directed to a clerical friend in your neighbourhood, and published in your paper a few weeks before.

My letter was a *private one*, and published altogether without my consent. I kept no copy of it, and while I distinctly remember its general substance, I have not the least recollection of its language. The Bishop complains of the language, as strongly characterized by *asperity* and *positiveness*. As I have never seen even the printed copy, as it appeared in your paper, I am wholly unable to make any other reply to this charge, than to say, that, as I felt *strongly* on the subject, and was perfectly *confident* that the allegations which I opposed were altogether unfounded, I think it probable, that in a *private letter* to a friend, I expressed myself in terms which would have been modified if I had felt myself to be writing for the public eye. I had an interview with Bishop Ives, in this place, since the date of his letter; but as I had not the least knowledge, at that time of the publication of my own letter, or of his reply to it, nothing, of course, respecting the matter passed at that interview.

More than two months ago, a correspondent in North Carolina informed me that Bishop Ives, in a public discourse delivered a short time before, alleged that the celebrated Reformer *Calvin* had avowed a belief in the divine institution of Episcopacy, and had requested to receive Episcopal ordination from the Bishops of England. My correspondent requested me to inform him whether there was any foundation for this statement. I ventured, without hesitation, to assure him that there was not, and that no well-informed person could possibly make it. I have no recollection of having impeached the honesty or the veracity of the reverend preacher; for I had no doubt that he made the statement on evidence which he deemed sufficient; and I have still no doubt that he verily believed what he stated to be strictly true. But I meant to express, and presume I *did* express, strong confidence that the representation which he made was entirely incorrect. Bishop Ives is equally confident that his representation was well founded; and, in his reply to my published letter, has made statements which he seems to think perfectly decisive, and which, I dare say, many others will deem equally decisive, in support of his representation. And yet I will again assert, and hope I shall make it appear to the satisfaction of every candid reader, that that representation is destitute of all solid support in historical verity.

The first testimony which Bishop Ives adduces in support of his former statement, is in the following words: "In his commentary upon 1 Tim. iv. 14, a passage so much relied upon by Presbyterians, he gives an interpretation which makes it perfectly consistent with the *Episcopal* character of Timothy."

The passage, in our common translation, reads thus: *Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.*

Calvin's commentary is as follows: "He admonishes him that he should employ the grace with which he was endowed for the edification of the Church. For it is not the will of the Lord that those talents should perish, or be uselessly buried in the earth, which he has deposited with any one to be profitably used. To *neglect* a gift, is, through sloth and negligence, to leave it unemployed; so that, given up, as it were, to rust, it is worn out in no useful service. Therefore let each of us consider what abilities he has, that he may sedulously apply them to some use. He says that the grace was *given to him by prophecy*. How? Doubtless (as we said before) because the Holy Spirit, by revelation, had appointed Timothy to be set apart to the office of a pastor; for he had not been chosen only by man's judgment, as is customary, but by the previous declaration of the Spirit. He says that it was conferred with *the laying on of hands;* by which is meant that, in addition to the ministerial office, he was furnished also with the necessary *gifts*. It was a settled custom with the Apostles to ordain ministers with the imposition of hands—and, indeed, concerning this rite, its origin and meaning, I have treated at some length before, and a full account may be found in the Institutes. *Presbytery*—Those who think that this is a collective name put for *the college of Presbyters*, in my opinion judge correctly. Although, all things considered, I confess there is another sense not unsuitable, viz: that it is the name of an *office*. The ceremony he has put for the act of ordination itself. Therefore the sense is, that Timothy, when called to the ministry by the voice of the prophets, and afterwards ordained by the customary rite, was, at the same time, furnished for the performance of his duties by the grace of the Holy Spirit—whence we infer that it was not an empty rite, for to that consecration which men represented figuratively by the imposition of hands, God imparted reality, (or ratification) by His Spirit."

This is Calvin's commentary on the passage in question, and it is the *whole* of it. He who can find any thing favourable to the *Episcopal* character of Timothy here, will be at no loss to find it in any document on earth. The only thing noticeable in its bearing on that point is the suggestion, that while in the opinion of Calvin the term *Presbytery* means the bench or body of *Presbyters*, it *may* mean the name of an *office*. But surely this makes nothing in favour of the prelatical character of Timothy; for if this sense be admitted, then the statement will be that Timothy was ordained to the office of the *Presbyterate*, or was made a *Presbyter*.

The Bishop next produces a *fragment* from Calvin's commentary on Titus i. 5, which he thus translates: "We learn also from this place that there was not then such an *equality* among the ministers of the Church, but that some one *had the pre-eminence* in authority and counsel."

The candid reader will doubtless feel astonished when he reads this passage in connection with the context in which it stands—It is as follows:

"*Presbyters* or *Elders*, it is well known, are not so denominated on account of their *age*, since *young* men are sometimes chosen to this office, as, for instance, *Timothy;* but it has always been customary, in all ages, to apply this title, as a term of honour, to all rulers—and as we gather, from the first Epistle to Timothy, that there were *two kinds* of Elders, so here the context shows that no other than *teaching Elders* are to be understood; that is those who were ordained to *teach*, because the same persons are immediately afterwards called *Bishops*. It may be objected that too much power seems to be given to *Titus*, when the Apostle commands him to appoint ministers over all the Churches. This, it may be said, is little less than kingly power; for, on this plan, the right of choice is taken away from the particular Churches, and the right of judging in the case from the college of pastors—and this would be to profane the whole of the sacred discipline of the Church. But the answer is easy. Every thing was *not entrusted* to *Titus* as an individual, nor was he allowed to impose such Bishops on the Churches as he pleased; but he was commanded to *preside* in the elections as a *Moderator*, as it is necessary for some one to do. This is a mode of speaking exceedingly common. Thus a Consul or Regent or Dictator is said to create Consuls, because he convenes assemblies for the purpose of making choice of them. So also Luke uses the same mode of speaking concerning Paul and Barnabas in the Acts of the Apostles; not that they alone authoritatively appointed pastors over the Churches without their being tried or approved; but they ordained suitable men, who had been elected or chosen by the people. We learn also from this place, that there was not, then, *such* an equality among the ministers of the Church as was inconsistent with some one of them presiding in authority and counsel. This, however, is nothing like the tyrannical and profane *Prelacy* which reigns in the Papacy: the plan of the Apostles was altogether different."

Is the reader prepared to find Bishop Ives separating the last sentence but one in this paragraph from what preceded and what follows, and calling it a declaration in favour of *Episcopacy*, when its whole tenor is directly the other way? If the Bishop had read one page further on, he would have found in Calvin's commentary on verse 7th of the same chapter, the following still more explicit declarations:

"Moreover, this place abundantly teaches us that there is no difference between *Presbyters* and *Bishops*, because the Apostle now calls promiscuously by the second of these names those whom he had before called *Presbyters*—and indeed the argument which follows employs both names indifferently in the same sense, which *Jerome* hath observed, as well in his commentary on this passage, as in his Epistle to *Evagrius*. And hence we may see how more has been yielded to the opinions of men than was decent because the style of the Holy Spirit being abrograted, a custom introduced by the will of man prevailed. I do not, indeed, disapprove of the opinion that, soon after the commencement of the Church, every college of Bishops had some one to act as *Moderator*. But that a name of office which God had given *in common to all*, should be transferred to *an individual alone*, the rest being *robbed of it*, was both *injurious* and *absurd*. Wherefore, so to pervert the language of the Holy Spirit as that the same expressions should convey a meaning to us different from that which he intended, partakes too much of *profane audacity*."

It is worthy of remark that the work which contains this passage was published in 1549, in the reign of *Edward* VI., and when Calvin was carrying on a friendly correspondence with Arch-bishop *Cranmer*—yet he did not hesitate then to avow his Presbyterian sentiments.

Again; In his commentary on 1 Peter v. 1, written in 1551, and dedicated to *Edward* VI. of England, Calvin thus speaks:

"*Presbyters.*—By this title he designates pastors, and whoever were appointed to the government of the Church. And since Peter calls himself a *Presbyter*, like the rest, it is hence apparent that this name was common, which, indeed, from many other passages, appears still more clearly. Moreover, by this title he claimed to himself authority, as if he had said that he admonished pastors in his own right, because he was one of their number, for among *colleagues* there ought to be this mutual privilege: whereas if he had enjoyed any pre-eminence of authority among them, he might have urged that, and it would have been more pertinent to the occasion. But although he was an Apostle, yet he knew that this gave him no authority over his colleagues, but that he was rather joined with the rest in a social office."

Bishop Ives, as a further proof that Calvin was persuaded of the Divine right of Prelacy, tells us that in his commentary on Galatians ii. 9, he represents it as "highly probable that St. James was *prefect* of the Church of Jerusalem." "Now, says he, a *prefect* is a chief and permanent ruler of others." Here again the slightest inspection of what Calvin does really and truly say, will sufficiently refute this construction of his language. It is this,

"When the question is here concerning dignity, it may seem wonderful that *James* should be preferred to *Peter*. Perhaps that might have been done because he was the *president*, (præfectus) of the Church of Jerusalem. In regard to what may be included in the title of "Pillars," we know that it is so ordered in the nature of things, that those who excel others in talents, in prudence, or in other gifts, are also superior in authority. So in the Church of God, by how much any one excels in grace by so much ought he to be preferred in honour. For it is ingratitude, nay it is impiety, not to do homage to the Spirit of God wherever he appears in his gifts. Hence it is that a people cannot do without a pastor, so every assembly of pastors needs some one to act as *moderator*. But it ought ever to be so ordered that he who is first of all should be a servant, according to *Matt.* xxiii. 12."

In his commentary on *Acts* xx. 28, written in 1560, a few years before his death, Calvin expresses himself thus: "Concerning the word *Bishop* it is observable that Paul gives this title to all the *Elders* of Ephesus; from which we may infer, that, according to Scripture, *Presbyters* differed, in no respect, from *Bishops;* but that it arose from *corruption*, and a *departure from primitive purity*, that those who held the first seats in particular cities began to be called *Bishops*. I say that it arose from *corruption* not that it is an evil for some one in each college of pastors, to be distinguished above the rest; but because it is *intolerable presumption*, that men, in perverting the titles of Scripture to their own humour, do not hesitate to alter the meaning of the Holy Spirit."

The Bishop's extract from Calvin's work *De necessitate Reformandæ Ecclesiæ* will also prove, when examined, quite as little to his purpose as any of the preceding. The passage, as given by him, is in the following words: "If they will give us such an hierarchy in which the bishops have such a preeminence as that they do not refuse to be subject to Christ, then I will confess that they are worthy of all apathemas, if any such shall be found who will not reverence it, and submit themselves to it with the utmost obedience.

The passage, as really found in Calvin's work is as follows—After speaking of the hierarchy of the Romish Church; of its claims of *uninterrupted succession* from the apostles, which he turns into ridicule; and of the gross departure of the bishops from the spirit and rules of the gospel, he says: "If the Papists would exhibit to us such an hierarchy, as that the bishops should be so distinguished as not to refuse to be subject to Christ; to rely on him as their only Head; to cherish fraternal union among themselves; and to be bound together by no other tie than his truth, then I should confess that there is no anethema of which *they* are not worthy, who should not regard such an hierarchy with reverence and obedience. But what likeness to such an one is borne by that spurious hierarchy, in which they (the Romanists) boast?" He then goes on inveighing against the arrogance and tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, by name, and showing how entirely different that system is from that to which Christ and his apostles gave their sanction, and even that which prevailed in the time of Cyprian.

It is well known that Calvin, in all his writings, maintained that there were *Bishops* in the primitive Church; that every pastor of a congregation was a scriptural bishop; of course, he might well say, that if there were any who would not obey *such bishops* as were conformed to the will of Christ, they were worthy of all condemnation. Some have alleged indeed, that his use of the word *hierarchy*, (*hierarchiam*) in this passage, proves that he could have had reference to no other than a *prelatical* government; that the term is never applied to any other. This is an entire mistake. The word *hierarchy* simply implies *sacred* or *ecclesiastical government*. It may be applied with as much propriety to *Presbyterianism* or *Independency*, as to *Prelacy*. Calvin himself in his *Institutions*, Book iv. chapter 5, speaks of that *hierarchy* or *spiritual government*, which was left in the Church by the apostles, and which he expressly declares, in the same chapter, to be Presbyterian in its form.

Further, we are told, it seems, by *Durell*, in his "View of the Foreign Reformed Churches," that Calvin, in writing to an "old friend," speaks of the office of Bishop as "of divine institution or appointment." It is true that language of this kind is found in that letter, but the most cursory perusal of the whole letter, will banish from any candid mind the idea that Calvin is here speaking of diocesan or prelatical Episcopacy. Does not every intelligent reader know that that great Reformer believed and uniformly taught that the office of Bishop (that is, of the *primitive, parochial* bishop,) was a divine institution? It is evidently of this *parochial Episcopacy* that he speaks, when writing to his "old friend" in the language above quoted. The duties which he urges upon him, and the passages of Scripture which he quotes to enforce his counsel; all show that it is *that* Episcopacy alone which he maintains to be of divine appointment. A Prelatist might as well quote the fourth chapter of the Presbyterian Form of Government, in which it speaks of *Bishops*, as proof positive that it maintains the divine right of Prelacy, as adduce the language cited by Bishop Ives to prove that Calvin was an advocate of the divine Institution of prelatical Episcopacy.

Such is the clear, indubitable testimony that the illustrious Reformer of Geneva was guiltless of the charge which has been brought against him. It is manifest that, with perfect uniformity during the greater part of his public life from 1535 to 1560, he steadfastly maintained the doctrine that the apostolic form of church government was Presbyterian, and not Prelatical: that even in works which he dedicated to the king of England and to the Lord Protector, the highest nobleman in the realm, he still firmly contended for the scriptural doctrine of ministerial parity. The more closely I examine his writings, the more confirmed is my persuasion, that nothing which wears a contrary aspect can be fairly produced from them.

II. The *second* allegation of Bishop Ives, is, that this eminant man *wished to introduce Prelacy into the Church of Geneva; and that he united with others in requesting the English Bishops to impart it to them.*

If I do not greatly mistake, this allegation also is capable of being completely refuted. But as I have already trespassed so far on the columns of your paper, I shall postpone to another week, the remarks and the testimony which I have to adduce in regard to that point. In the mean time, I am, Sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, SAMUEL MILLER.

Princeton, Nov. 20th, 1841.

THE CERTAINTIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Behold the heart-consoling, exhilarating, triumphant *certainties* of Christianity. "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth."—"In my flesh I shall see God, whom mine eyes shall behold and not another."—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—Here is the true balm of Gilead—here is the healing cordial for every human wo.—*Hannah Moore.*

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND BETHANY.

But beyond all question, the most interesting and memorable spot which this celebrated valley (the valley of Jehoshaphat) contains, is the garden of Gethsemane. To this garden an undying interest attaches, as the scene of our Lord's agony. "When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered.* And here it is, lying on the foot of the Mount of Olives, on the east side of the Kedron, and 'occupying the very spot one's eye would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture.'† It is an even plat of ground, 'not above fifty-seven yards square,' ‡ enclosed by a low broken stone fence. A foot-path intersects it in an oblique direction; and as the monks have determined that this is the ground on which Judas walked when he betrayed his Master with a kiss, they have walled it off from the rest, and pronounced it accursed. Eight venerable olive-trees still grow here,§ and vindicate its claim to be regarded as the very garden to which Christ resorted on the night alluded to, and where he offered the prayer—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The soil below them is bare without flower or verdure of any kind,‖ as if the penal fires which smote the human nature of the Son of God with such terrible energy, had withered also the earth on which he stood, and dried up all the springs of its fertility. No more fitting spot could have been chosen for the awful event, of which, eighteen hundred years ago, it was the scene, and which has given to it an eternal interest. Overhung on the one side by the mountain, and on the other by the battlements of the temple and city, while the shadows of the night were still further deepened by the spreading olives of the garden—this was the very spot to which the soul of our surety, which now began to be "exceeding sorrowful," would naturally turn. The wilderness could not have afforded him a more secluded spot, where his sorrows might flow unseen; and here he was near at hand, and ready against the hour when he was to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter." With regard to the olives of the modern Gethsemane, the monks affirm that they are the literal trees which stood here on the night referred to. This is impossible, since all the trees in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem were cut down by Titus, to serve in the siege of the city. The olive possesses the power of shooting out afresh after it has been cut; and it is just possible that the modern olives of Gethsemane are stems from the old roots. The trees are unquestionably of great age and of enormous size.¶ The monuments we have described partakes deeply in the desolation which characterises all the scenery around Jerusalem. It has a withered, and ruinous aspect. The western acclivity has a white chalky appearance. The generally dry bed of the Kedron, which occupies the bottom—the mouldering tomb-stones in the Jewish and Turkish burial-grounds—the grey rocks at the bottom of the mountain—the inclosing hills, whose sides nearly naked, are of a dull red colour, and relieved only by a few black and parched vines, with some groves of wild olive-trees—the silent city above, 'whence no smoke rises, no noise proceeds'—'from the ruinous state of all these tombs, overthrown, broken, and half open, you would imagine that the last trump had already sounded and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.'** No one can survey the scene without calling to mind the touching lament which the Saviour poured over the city in the days of her pride, as he surveyed her from the Mount of Olives. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them who are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." And how awfully has the closing prediction been fulfilled.—'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.'†† Beyond the Mount of Olives, on the east, is the village of Bethany—the quiet home of the happy family which "Jesus loved." The distance is not more than two miles from Jerusalem. The path winds over the lower heights of Olivet, and has been "sanctified" by the feet which so often trod it at eventide. Here the last evenings of our Saviour on earth were passed; for we are told, that, leaving the stormy scene of the day's labours, he "went out of the city into Bethany." On our way to the village, we pass the spot which tradition has fixed on as the site of the fig-tree‡‡ which Jesus cursed. The path is still bordered by a few straggling fig-trees.§§ Descending the eastern side of the hill, we enter Bethany—at this day a small hamlet, occupied by Arabs, the fields around lying uncultivated and covered with rank grass‖‖ and wild flowers. It is easy to imagine the deep and still beauty of the spot, when it was the home of Lazarus, and his sisters Martha and Mary. Defended on the north and west by the Mount of Olives, it enjoys a delightful exposure to the southern sun.¶¶ The grounds around are obviously of great fertility, though quite neglected; and the prospect to the south-east commands a magnificent view of the Dead Sea and the plains of Jordan. The monks undertake to show the ruins of the house in which Lazarus lived. The stones are large and the architecture of a sombre cast; but the building unquestionably is of a much more recent construction than the time of Lazarus. Near to it is shown his tomb: and travellers are disposed to grant that this may indeed be the sepulchre in which he who was the "Resurrection and the Life," stood and cried—"Lazarus, come forth." It is obviously of great age; and if not the very tomb, in all probability it is similar in character and construction to that which Lazarus did indeed occupy. A flight of steps leads down into a square chamber hewn in the rock. A second descent communicates with another small room, in the side of which is a recess large enough to contain three bodies.*** 'We are allowed to suppose,' says Elliot, 'that kindred love had led Martha and Mary to select a resting place for their brother, where their own mortal remains might sleep with his till the day of resurrection.'* —*Modern Judea, Ammon. Moab, &c.*

* John xviii. 1. † Lindsay, vol. ii. p. 60.
‡ Maundrell, p. 169. § Elliot, vol. ii. p. 434.
‖ Robinson, vol. i. p. 122.
¶ Chateaubriand, vol. ii. p. 34, 35.
** Chateaubriand, vol. ii. p. 34. †† Matt. xxiii. 38.
‡‡ Dr. Shaw, p. 349. §§ Sandy's p. 196.
‖‖ Richardson, vol. ii. p. 371.
¶¶ Lindsay, vol. ii. p. 62.
*** Wilson, p. 158; Richardson, vol. ii. p. 370.

* Elliot, vol. ii. p. 463.

ALL THAT IS IN PERIL IS NOT LOST.

As for the trouble thou puttest thyself to concerning the cause and Church of Christ, which thou mayest see at any time distressed by the enemy, though God takes thy good-will to them (from which those thy fears arise) very kindly, yet there is no need of tormenting thyself with that which is sure never to come to pass. The Ark may shake, but it cannot fall: the ship of the Church may be tossed, but it cannot sink, for Christ is in it, and will awake time enough to prevent its wreck. There is therefore no cause for us, when the storm beats hardest upon it, to disturb Him, as once the disciples did, with the shrieks and outcries of our unbelief, as if all were lost. Our faith is more in danger of sinking at such a time, than the cause and Church of Christ are. They are both by the promise set out of the reach of men and devils. The gospel is an *everlasting gospel*, Rev. xiv. *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one iota of this shall perish.* Matt. v. *The word of the Lord endureth for ever.* 1 Pet. i. 23, and shall be alive to walk over all its enemies' graves, yea, to see the funeral of the whole world, when, at the great day of the Lord, it must be everlastingly buried in its own ruins. And for the Church, that is built upon a rock impregnable, *the gates of hell shall never prevail against it*, Matt. xvi. It hath been oft in the sea, but never drowned; seldom out of the fire, but never consumed; sometimes swallowed up to reason, but, like Jonah in the whale's belly, cast up again, as too heavy a charge for the strongest stomach that ever persecutor had to digest. The faith of this hath carried the blessed martyrs to the grave, when they swam to it in their own blood with joy, because they knew the Church should have the day at last, and that they left others behind in pursuit of the victory upon earth, while themselves were taken out of the field to triumph in heaven. Yea, some by prophetic spirit, have foretold the very time when the persecuted truths, that were then buried with so much ignominy and scorn, should have a happy resurrection and victory over their proud enemies. Thus John Huss cited his enemies to answer him a hundred years after, comforting himself that though they then burnt the goose,* (alluding to his own name) a swan would come in his stead, that should fill the air with his sweet singing, which was fulfilled in Luther, whose doctrine went far and near, and charmed the hearts of multitudes every where. And Hiltenius, another German divine, alleviated the miseries he endured in his stinking prison (where he died for rubbing the monks' sores too hard) with this—that another, naming the very time, 1516, should arise after him that would ruin the monks' kingdom (whose abuses he had but gently reproved) and that they should not be able to resist his power, nor so much as fasten a chain upon him; which came to pass in Luther; for, to a miracle, he was kept out of the hands of his bloody enemies, though never was man's blood more thirsted for.—*Rev. W. Gurnall of Lavenham*, 1661.

* Huss, the Bohemian word for goose.

REPROACHES OF THE LOST.

If we could get near enough to the prison-house of souls (1 Pet. iii. 19,) to listen to what is passing there, we should overhear conversations which would make our ears to tingle. It is not improbable that our names are there associated with cursings and bitterness, and that the ruin of souls is ascribed to our negligence. We should hear one saying to his fellow-sufferer: "I had a Christian neighbour who lived next door to me eighteen years. He knew that I was regardless of religion, that I seldom attended public worship, and that I often made the holy day of the Lord a season of worldly pleasure, but he never reproved my sin. To his silence, I may trace my ruin. I remember the turning point in my life; it was the morning of a bright and beautiful day. A friend had invited me to an excursion. His chaise drove off with us at the moment my neighbour was leaving his door to go to the house of God. I would then have given the world to accompany him, but I had gone too far to retreat. How well I remember all that passed on that occasion! Oh, what a curse is memory now! God has set my sins "in order" before mine eyes. There they are, in all their horrible minuteness of circumstance; not a single aggravation is forgotten. My thoughts, all that day, ran on the account to which I should certainly be called the next morning. I pondered over the best excuses that my proud heart or my vain imagination could suggest. One was close confinement during the week, and the necessity of occasional recreation for the benefit of my health. Another, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. A third (and it was this that gave me greater relief than either) that it was only for once, that I never intended to do so again. Miserable was that day to me, and it was followed by a sleepless night. Conscience would not suffer me to slumber. But that was the last time conscience ever disturbed my rest. Monday morning came. My answers were ready. I prepared myself for the dreaded interview, and wished it over. Had my neighbour then treated me with affectionate fidelity, I had never gone on a Sunday's excursion again. I had already resolved that it should be the last time, and I wanted an opportunity of saying so. Judge then my astonishment, when I found that the religious friend, in whose eyes I had fancied myself degraded for ever, made not the slightest allusion to the manner in which I had passed the previous day! His silence, I unhappily regarded as the sanction of my sin. He was a kind neighbour, and a good man, and I could not imagine that he would see my soul in peril without informing me. Fortified by his indifference, I reached the conclusion which has satisfied thousands: I thought religion good but not indispensable. I regarded it as a thing about which every one should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and not make himself a busybody in other men's matters. I felt assured that with it my neighbour would go to heaven, and almost as certain that I should find my way thither without it. His conduct seemed to justify my opinion. For his habitual silence, I could account in no other way. During the lingering illness which brought my body to the grave, and my soul to this place of torment, there was hardly a day when I was not the subject of his kind inquiries. Yet not one word did he say about the claims of Christ, or the guilt and danger of neglecting the great salvation. The consequence is, that here I am, and here I must stay for ever. Who can lie down in everlasting burnings? But I have no other bed. Thanks to my Christian neighbour for this awful doom! Had he been faithful to my soul, and warned me of the wrath to come, never had I been here."

"I, too," rejoins his companion in misery, "once had a religious friend, and that friend was my wife. I loved her with the tenderest affection and believed that her love was no less than my own. Her piety was unquestioned. As she valued the ordinances of God, I constantly accompanied her to the sanctuary. At her request, I read prayers every morning and evening with our assembled household. It pleased her, and that was enough for me, for it was the study of my life to meet her views and anticipate her wishes. I heard her speak to others about Christ, and conversion, and eternity; but of these things she said not a word to me in a manner which indicated a suspicion that matters between my soul and God needed the slightest alteration. I gave myself credit for the piety which she evidently accorded me; and though I never went so far as to make a public profession of religion, I thought myself in a much better condition for doing so than many who did. Thus, life gently glided on till the illness overtook me of which I died. She then watched my bed with unwearied attention spoke of the valley of the shadow of death, and of fearing no evil there, but never asked me on what I was resting my hope for eternity. She took it for granted that I was right, and I thought so too. But she might have known that experimental religion never had charms for me, and that beneath an irreproachable character before men, I had but ill concealed a heart at enmity with God: she might have known this, and must have known it, had it not been that affection blinded her judgment; for there was nothing in me to warrant a belief that I had passed from death unto life. My virtues were those which a heathen might have practised, and remained a heathen still: and such a religion as mine might have existed had Christ never died. And thus I left the world. My last mortal recollection is that my dear wife kissed my cold cheek, and whispered in my ear, 'Farewell, my love, till we meet in heaven.' Meet in heaven? Never? If we meet, it will not be there."

"And I," adds a third, "am another victim of kindness; my parents loved me too tenderly to permit my salvation. I once was most fearfully alarmed about my soul; but they told me to beware of excitement, for it would injure my health they cautioned me against enthusiastic views of religion, and assured me that one so moral and virtuous had nothing to fear. I hearkened to their counsels; my convictions died away, and never troubled me again. Through all the long months when consumption was running its course, I cherished the hope of recovery: not a word was said to undeceive me, till I awoke and found myself here. 'The harvest is past, the summer is over, and I am not saved.'"—"*Decapolis.*"

From the Watchman of the South.

THE THEOLOGY OF NEW ENGLAND.

Much has been said and written for a few years past, at the South and West, respecting the theology of New England, and the true position of the ministers here seems not very well understood. Allow me, therefore, Mr. Editor, to make a few remarks on this subject, that I may correct some mistakes into which some of my friends have fallen.

The ministers of New England, claiming to be orthodox, may be divided into three classes, viz:

1. There are some Old Calvinists; some who still adhere to the theology of the fathers of New England, embracing the views of such men as Owen, and Flavel, and Coles, and are as thorough on that system as any men who can be found in any part of the Church. The number of such among the ministers is not large, but there are many intelligent laymen in the churches who embrace these views, who have not been exposed to the controversies of the age, and have formed their opinions more from the sober reading of the Bible, as well as ancient authors. The writer of this is intimately acquainted with such, both clergymen and laymen.

2. Scattered up and down throughout New England, there are many rank *Taylorites*, (I use this term merely for distinction's sake, without meaning any reproach,) some educated at the New Haven School, some at Andover, some at the Seminary in New York city, some at Auburn, some old men, who were in the ministry many years ago, and who embraced these new notions, when they began to be promulgated by such leading men as Dr. Taylor, Dr. Beecher, and others.

Of these *Taylorites* there are several varieties. Some, and especially the old men