

**REST IN CHRIST; OR,
THE CRUCIFIX AND
THE CROSS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649226061

Rest in Christ; or, The crucifix and the cross by Anonymous

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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ANONYMOUS

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THE CROSS**

Rest in Christ ;
or,
The Crucifix and the Cross.

'Je cherchais à monter, mais Tu daignais
descendre.'—LAMARTINE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :
HATCHARDS, 187 PICCADILLY.
MDCCLXIX.



141. k. 372

LONDON :
STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN, PRINTERS,
Castle St. Leicester Sq.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE pages were originally intended simply for the eye of a friend. At first I shrank extremely from further publicity. But I felt that the ~~history~~ history of my life, as well as my life itself, belongs to Him Who redeemed me; and I could not refuse to offer Him His own. I commit both, therefore, into His hands to employ and to fructify as He shall see fit. May He Who loves to link many blessings together, deign to make

His gift to me the channel of gifts to others. If this simple narrative of facts should aid one heart in a similar conflict, or point it to the same Rest, it will indeed be a rich addition to what has been already given. In Christ is the solution of all perplexities, the remedy for all diseases,—the Rest from all conflicts. These pages are now in His hands. His healing touch can give virtue to the faintest words. May it accompany these.

REST IN CHRIST,

ETC.

AS a child, I had a strong tendency to build up Ideals for myself, to which it was my delight to devote, in imagination, every faculty of my nature, and every energy of my life. Very early all my other Ideals were absorbed into the one grand image of the Holy Catholic Church,—the Church of all ages and all lands. To me she was the widowed Spouse

of the Redeemer,—His image and representative on earth, sharing His reproach, and bowed down beneath the weight of His Cross. I loved her the more deeply because the days of her glory had faded, and her name was no more what it had been,—because her hedges were broken down, and her vineyards trampled under foot. I loved her with all the enthusiasm of patriotism, as the fatherland of my soul. I longed to spend and sacrifice myself for her; the difficulty was how. As it was I could only dream of her, and wait.

But ere long this Image grew too

vague to satisfy me. *What was* this One Universal Church,—holy and indivisible?—*where* was she?—and *what were her organs of utterance?* The Anglican Church was only a small branch; how, then, had she become separated from the communion of the Body? At the Reformation. Was the Reformation, then, a necessary purification which had isolated the purifiers, or a presumptuous schism which had rent the Body of Christ?

I believed the former. The Continental Churches, therefore, Greek and Roman, were our beloved but erring sisters. But what a melancholy conclusion I had arrived at! My Ideal