

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

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

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JESUS CHRIST

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THE CROSS**

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

Je cherchais à monter, mais je daignais
descendre.—LAMARTINE

London:
J. J. GUILLAUME, ELIZABETH STREET,
CHESTER SQUARE.

1848.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE pages were originally intended simply for the eye of a friend. At first I shrank extremely from farther publicity. But I felt that the 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 of Catholic Unity superseded by a distracted family, no one member of which was on speaking terms with the others! And in opposition to this miserable parody of the Seamless Vesture, arose, gradually and majestically developing itself before me, the form

of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church,—one and undivided,—venerable and ever youthful like our mother earth,—with the everlasting hills for her foundation, clothed in all the rich imagery of the South. Beside the empty and silent Anglican Temple, with its mongrel modern-gothic architecture, its velvet cushions for the rich and its deal benches for the poor, stood the venerable Catholic Cathedral, its ancient aisles echoing with the voices of many worshippers,—its altars fragrant with the incense of perpetual prayer,—and, above all, still hallowed by a *living infallible* Voice of God. For a sect in which the heretic of one diocese was the hero of the next,—I beheld a Church animated from the