among the Jews. The apostle makes the calling of *Aaron* the pattern of all other ministers in the Jewish and Christian Church. *Aaron* and his sons, and the Levites were consecrated by the express command of God to *Moses*, and they had all of them their *distinct commission* from Heaven, and no less than *death* was the penalty of invading their office (*a*). What *Aaron* and his sons, and the Levites were in the temple, such are the bishops, presbyters, and deacons, in the Christian Church.

These are appointed by God as *those* were, and therefore it can be no less sacrilege to usurp their office.

Thirdly, From the example of our Saviour, who (as the apostle speaks) *glorified not himself to be made an high priest, but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten the (b).* Though our Saviour wanted no gift to qualify him for this office, as having the *Divine nature* inseparably united to his *human*, yet he would not enter upon his office, 'till he was externally commissioned thereunto by the visible descent of the Holy Ghost upon him, and an *audible voice* from Heaven, proclaiming him to be the Messiah. From all which it is evident, that no one ought to exercise the office of a minister in the Church of God without Divine commission; and that as the officers of the Christian Church, bishops, priests and deacons, were appointed by God, this, like every other Divine institution, must remain in the same state 'till it shall please God to change or wholly lay it aside; men may with the same reason abolish the sacraments of the Church, and all other Chistian institutions, as pretend that the functions of Church officers are mutable and temporary.

III. As no society can subsist without *officers*, so neither can it without *power* to do all things which are necessary to its own preservations and good government; and as it appears that the Church is a society instituted by God, and designed to last to the world's end, there can be no doubt, but that he has invested it with all the powers, which the nature of such a society requires.

First, As the Church is a spiritual society, all the *powers* which belong to it are of the same nature, and such as wholly relate to the next world; consequently, they are distinct from those of *civil* magistrates, which concern the affairs of this life, and are designed for the present welfare of human societies. Our Lord himself wholly disclaimed all civil power, and left the civil rights of mankind in the same state wherein he found them. And when the *apostle* exhorts the *Hebrews* to yield obedience to their *pastors*, he restrains it to the affairs of their *souls*, for which their *pastors* were accountable to God: *Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls, as they that must give an account (c).*

Secondly, As God has appointed *officers* to govern his Church, the powers which he has committed to his Church for its good government must ordinarily be executed by them. For every *office* implies *power*, and to say that the *officers* of the Church have no *power* but what all private *Christians* may lawfully exercise, is just the same as to say, there are no such *officers* at all. And as there are distinct *offices*, so there must be distinct *powers* appropriated to every one of them; for as the notion of an *office* implies *power*, so distinct *offices* do necessarily imply distinct *powers*: and therefore, though the Scriptures had been silent in this matter, it might safely have been concluded, from the different kinds of *officers* whom *Christ* hath intrusted with the care and government of his Church, not only that private *Christians* are excluded from the *ordinary* execution of any ecclesiastical *power*: but that some powers are appropriated in such a manner to the chief *officers*, that they cannot lawfully be exercised by those of lower *orders*. The *officers* of the Church are called God's *stewards*, who are entrusted with the care and government of his *household*, that is, his Church; and whose business and duty it is to dispense their constant *food*, *i. e.* the *word* and *sacraments* to all the members of it; whence it is plain that private *Christians* have no power to dispense the *ordinances* of the Gospel to others but must themselves expect them from the hands of *God's ministers*. And the names of apostles and angels, whereby the *officers* of the Church were distinguished from other *Christians* in the *apostolic* age, manifestly imply, that they acted by a commission from God, to which the rest had no title. And however great the gifts and abilities of private Christians might be, none had power to exercise any function or office in the Church, who had not been first approved and *commissioned* by those whom God had invested with authority, to that end; for through the whole New Testament the gifts or abilities of Church officers are every where distinguished from their *commission*, and *described* as previous qualifications to it.

Thirdly, What these powers of the Church are, and to whom each of them belongs in *particulars*, the Scripture will inform us. They may be reduced under the following heads, *viz.* The *power* 1 Of *preaching*. 2. Of *prayer*. 3. Of *baptism*. 4. Of *celebrating the Lord's Supper*. 5. Of *confirming* persons *baptized*. 6. Of *ordaining* ministers. 7. Of making *canons*. 8. Of *juridiction*. 9. Of demanding *maintenance*.

(To be Continued.)

(*a*) Numb iii 10. (*b*) Heb. v 5. (*c*) Heb. xiii 17.

THE QUEEN'S CASE STATED.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQUIRE.

Sligo, Ireland, August 1, 1820.

To His Majesty the KING.

SIRE,—

Concluded.

Who could have thought, that in a foreign land, the restless fiend of persecution would have haunted her? Who could have thought, that in those distant climes, where her distracted brain had sought oblivion, the demoniac malice of her enemies would have followed? Who could have thought, that any human form which had an heart, would have skulked after the mourner in her wanderings, to note and con every unconscious gesture? Who could have thought that such a man there was, who had drank at the pure fountain of our British law!—who had seen eternal justice in her sanctuary!—who had invoked the shades of Holt and Hardwicke, and held high converse with those mighty spirits, whom mercy hailed in heaven as her representative on earth!

Yet such a man there was, who, on the classic shores of Como, even in the land of the immortal Roman, where every stone entombed an hero, and every scene was redolent of genius, forgot his name, his country, and his calling, to hoard each coinable and rabble slander! Oh sacred shades of our departed sages! avert your eyes from this unhallowed spectacle—the spotless ermine is unsulled still—the ark yet stands untainted in the temple, and should unconsecrated hands assail it, there is a lightning still, which would not slumber! No, no—the judgment seat of British law is to be soared, not crawled to—it must be sought upon an eagle's pinion, and gazed at by an eagle's eye; there is a radiant purity around it, to blast the glance of grovelling speculation. His labour was in vain, Sire. The people of England will not listen to Italian witnesses, nor ought they. Our Queen has been before this, twice assailed, and assailed on the same charges. Adultery, nay, pregnancy, was positively sworn to—one of the ornaments of our navy, Captain Manby, and one of the most glorious heroes who ever gave a nation immortality—a spirit of Marathon or old Thermopylæ—he, who planted England's red cross on the walls of Acre, and shewed Napoleon it was invincible, were the branded traitors to their Sovereign's bed! Englishmen, and, greater scandal, English women, persons of rank, and birth, and education, were found to depose to this infernal charge! The Royal mandate issued for enquiry; Lord Erskine, Lord Ellenborough, a man who had dandled accusations from his cradle, sat on the commission; and what was the result? They found a verdict of perjury against her base accusers! The very child for whose parentage she might have shed her sacred blood, was proved beyond all possible denial, to have been but the adoption of her charity. "We are happy to declare to your Majesty our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing, (I quote the very words of the Commissioners,) that the child now with the Princess is the child of her Royal Highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has any thing appeared to us, which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our inquiries." Yet people of rank and station, moving in the highest Society in England, admitted even to the Sovereign's court, actually volunteered their sworn attestation of this falsehood!! Twenty years have rolled over her since, and yet the same foul charge of adultery, sustained not as before by the plausible fabrications of Englishmen, but bolstered by the habitual invention of Italians, is sought to be affixed to the evening of her life in the face of a generous and loyal people! A kind of sacramental shipload—a packed and assorted cargo of human affidavits has been consigned, it seems, from Italy to Westminster; thirty-three thousand pounds of the people's money paid the pedlar who selected the articles; and with this infected freight, which should have performed quarantine before it vomited its moral pestilence amongst us, the Queen of England is sought to be attainted! It cannot be, Sire: we have given much, very much indeed, to foreigners, but we will not concede to them the hard-earned principles of British justice. It is not to be endured, that two acquittals should be followed by a third experiment; that when the English Testament has failed, an Italian missal's kiss shall be resorted to; that when people of character here have been discredited, others should be recruited who have no character any where; but above all it is intolerable, that a defenceless woman should pass her life in endless persecution, with one trial in swift succession following another, in the hope, perhaps, that the noble heart which has defied all proof, should perish in the torture of eternal accusation. Send back, then, to Italy, those alien adventurers; the land of their birth, and the habits of their lives, alike unfit them for an English court of justice. There is no spark of freedom—no grace of religion—no sense of morals in their degenerate soil. Effeminate in manners—sensual from their cradles—crafty, venal, and officious—naturalized to crime—outcasts of credulity—they have seen from their infancy their court a bagnio—their very churches scenes of daily assignation!—their faith is form—their marriage ceremony a mere mask for the most incestuous intercourse—gold is the God before which they prostrate every impulse of their nature. "O sacra auri fames! quid non mortalia pectora cogis!" the once indignant exclamation of their antiquity, has become the maxim of their modern practice.

No nice extreme a true Italian knows;
But, bid him go to Hell—to Hell he goes.

Away with them any where from us—they cannot live in England—they will die in the purity of its moral atmosphere.

Meanwhile, during this accursed scrutiny, even while the legal blood-hounds were on the scent, the last dear stay which bound her to the world parted—the Princess Charlotte died! I will not harrow up a father's feelings, by dwelling on this dreadful recollection. The poet says, that even grief finds comfort in society, and England wept with you. But, oh God! what must have been that hapless mother's misery, when first the dismal tidings came upon her! The darling child, over whose cradle she had shed so many tears—whose lightest look was treasured in her memory—who mid the world's frown, still smiled upon her—the fair and lovely flower, which when her orb was quenched in tears, lost not its filial, its divine fidelity! it was blighted in its blossom—its verdant stem was withered! and in a foreign land she heard it, and alone—no, no, not quite alone. The myrmidions of British hate were round her, and when her heart's salt tears were blinding her, a German Nobleman was plundering her letters. Bethink you, Sire, if that fair paragon of daughters lived, would England's heart be wrung with this enquiry? Oh! she would have torn the diamonds from her brow, and dashed each royal mockery to the earth, and rushed before the people, not in a Monarch's but in nature's majesty—a child appealing for her persecuted Mother! and God would bless the sight, and man would hallow it, and every little infant in the land who felt a mother's warm tear upon her cheek, would turn by instinct to that sacred summons. Your daughter, in her shroud, is yet alive, Sire—her spirit is amongst us—it rose untombed where her poor mother lauded—it walks amid the people—it has left the angels, to protect a parent.

The theme is sacred, and I will not sully it; I will not recapitulate the griefs, and, worse than griefs, the little, pitiful, deliberate insults which are burning on every tongue in England. Every hope blighted—every friend discountenanced—her kindred in their grave—her declared innocence made but the herald to more cruel accusation—her two trials followed by a third, a third on the same charges—her Royal character insinuated away by German picklocks and Italian conspirators—her divorce sought by an extraordinary procedure, upon grounds untenable before any usual lay or ecclesiastical tribunal—her name meanly erased from the Liturgy—her natural rights as a mother disregarded, and her civil rights as a Queen sought to be exterminated! and all this—all, because she dared to touch the sacred soil of liberty! because she did not banish herself, an implied adulteress! because she would not be bribed into an abandonment of herself and of the generous country over which she has been called to reign, and to which her heart is bound by the most tendier ties, and the most indelible obligations. Yes, she might have lived wherever she selected, in all the magnificence which boundless bribery could procure for her, offered her by those who would affect such tenderness for your Royal character, and such devotion to the honour of your Royal bed. If they thought her guilty, as they allege, this daring offer was a double treason—treason to your Majesty, whose honour they compromised—treason to the people, whose money they thus prostituted. But she spurned the infamous temptation, and she was right. She was right to front her insatiable accusers: even were she guilty, never was there victim with such crying palliations: but all innocent, as in my conscience I believe her to be, not perhaps of the levities contingent on her birth, and which shall not be converted into constructive crime, but of the cruel charge of adultery, now for the third time reproduced against her. She was right, bereft of the court, which was her natural residence, and all-buoyant with innocence as she felt, bravely to fling herself upon the wave of the people—that people will protect her—Britain's red cross is her flag, and Brunswick's spirit is her pilot. May the Almighty send the Royal vessel triumphant into harbour.

Sire, I am almost done; I have touched but slightly on your Queen's misfortunes—I have contracted the volume of her miseries to a page, and if upon that page one word offend you, impute it to my zeal, not my intention. Accustomed all my life to speak the simple truth, I offer it with fearless honesty to my Sovereign. You are in a difficult—it may be in a most perilous emergency. Banish from your court the sycophants who abuse you; surround your palace with approving multitudes, not with armed mercenaries. Other crowns may be bestowed by despots and entrenched by cannon; but

The throne we honour is the people's choice.

Its safest bulwark is the popular heart, and its brightest ornament, domestic virtue. Forget not also, there is a throne which is above even the throne of England—where flatterers cannot come—where kings are sceptreless. The vows you made are written in language brighter than the sun, and in the course of nature, you must soon confront them; prepare the way by effacing now, each seeming slight, and fancied injury; and when you answer the last awful trumpet be your answer this: "God, I forgave,—I hope to be forgiven."

But, if, against all policy, and all humanity, and all religion, you should hearken to the counsels which further countenance this unmanly persecution, then must I appeal not to you but to your parliament. I appeal to the sacred prelacy of England, whether the holy vows which their high church administered, have been kept towards this illustrious lady—whether the hand of man should have erased her from that page with which it is worse than blasphemy in man to interfere—whether as heaven's vicegerants, they will not abjure the sordid passions of the earth, imitate the inspired humanity of their Saviour, and, like Him, protect a persecuted creature from the insatiate fangs of ruthless, bloody, and untiring accusation!

I appeal to the hereditary peerage of the realm whether they will aid this levelling denunciation of their Queen—whether they will exhibit the unseemly spectacle of illustrious rank and Royal lineage degraded for the crime of claiming its inheritance—whether they will hold a sort of civil crimination, where the accused is entitled to the mercy of an impeachment; or whether they will say with their immortal ancestors,—"We will not tamper with the laws of England!"

I appeal to the ermined, independent Judges, whether life is to be made a perpetual indictment—whether two acquittals should not discountenance a third experiment—whether, if any subject-suitor came to their tribunal thus circumstanced, claiming either divorce or compensation, they could grant his suit; and I invoke for them, by the eternal majesty of British justice, the same measure for the peasant and the prince!

I appeal to the Commons in parliament assembled, representing the fathers and the husbands of the nation—I beseech them by the outraged morals of the land!—by the overshadowed dignity of the throne!—by the holiest and tenderest forms of religion!—by the honour of the army, the sanctity of the church, the safety of the state, and the character of the country!—by the solemn virtues which consecrate their hearths!—by those fond endearments of nature and of habit which attach them to their cherished wives and families. I implore their tears, their protection, and their pity, upon the married widow and the childless mother!

To those high powers and authorities I appeal with the firmest confidence in their honour, their humanity, their integrity, and their wisdom. May their conduct justify my faith, and raise no blush on the cheek of our posterity!

I have the honour to subscribe myself,
Sire,
Your Majesty's most faithful subject,
CHARLES PHILLIPS.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Fredericton, 16th November, 1820.

A.

Edwin Atkinson, Robert Armstrong, Alexander Arsbill, 2, William Anderson, Thomas Armstrong, Stephen Atherton, William Astby, Adam Armstrong, Daniel Ansley, Edwin Atkinson.

B

Michael Boyle, John Booth, Nicholas Butler, 2, True Bradbury, Jasper Belaing, Captain Brass, Daniel Bracket, William Bryant, Thomas Brudges, Henry Bowles, Alexander Buchan, William Brown, Christopher C. Bradbury, 2, Cornelius Barsley, Mary-Ann Baird, Joseph F. Bedell, Joseph Best, Alexander Bannerman, William Bryden, Lewis Brown, Thomas Brown, David Bartlett, Richard Burnes, Thomas Bolan, David Betts, 2, Philip Bremner, Timothy Brion, Henry Bartlett, Frederick Brocklebank, William Black, John Bingan, Matthew Breurcliffe, John Brands, Oliver Bickford, Aaron Berry, 2, Mr Bull, John Benderman, Ephraim Bangs, William Brown, Amos Brooks, John Bradock, Henry Baird, Anson Barton, Nathaniel Blackstone, John Barton, 2, Arthur Branscomb, John Buck, David Barr, 2, James Boyde, Miss Ann Briton, John Henry, Thomas Brisbon, Ebenezer Brown, Hannah Brown, James Bailey.

C.

John Curru, Michael Carrol, 2, Hugh Cunningham, Heman Clark, John Campbell, Henry Creighton, John Cahill, John Crocket, Martin Cady, Jeremiah Crowley, Dennis Cochran, Harry Clouston, Hartley Colby, Miss Caies, Thomas Corr, David Cashir, Nickless Cooke, George Corcoran, Martin Cleary, Robert Copelan, Charles Cochland, Thomas Cutler, Mrs Alexander Campbell, Henry Carrell, Joshua Combs, Capt. Richard Clayton, Joseph Clark, Rufus Campbell, John Conrun, Abel Clark, Robert Cark, William Campbell, Thomas Colster, William Chace, Henry Collins, Abraham Colby, Henry Clouston, Johnston Chase, Jeremiah Crowby, William Colbeck, John Carruthern, James M Cook, Capt. Joseph Conliff, 2, James Curran, Michael Coronody, Patrick Caron, Daniel Cogswell, William Casey, John Crawford, Miss Jane Crosby, James Crawford, 2, Alexander Crawford, Tailor Carrol, John Clyde, James Canome, Daniel Cogswell.

D.

Henry Doyle, 2, John Doran, 18, Patrick Doyle, Rufus Dennison, Thomas Dollard, William Dawson, Judge Davidson, William Davidson, William Delaney, Isaac Dudler, John Duncau, James Deven, Thomas Dodd, John Daperty, Michael Doyle, Peter Dudley, 2, John Daugherty, William Dearing, 2, John Daugherty, 2, Moses Dole, 2, Samuel Drew.

E.

Joshua Eaton, William Ellis, John Egan, Michael English, Thomas T. Esterbrooks, 2, Jonathan Estey, Moses Eastey, Thomas Elwood, Sally Ellison, John Eagon, Gardner Edmunds, 3, Joseph Ebbcot.

F

Michael Foley, Stephen Furney, Alexander Fenton, George Forsythe, 2, Henry Forbes, Jeremiah Farwelb, Martin Fahey, James Fahey, Hugh Ferguson, Joseph Furse, Archibald Fleming, James Forman, Alexander Fenton, George Flett, 2, Patt Flanagan, Alexander Fenton, Alexander Forbes, William Fitzgerald, Ebenezer Fish, George Forster, James Fayhy, Thomas Fugiler & Co. Mr Fresur, Samuel L. Foster, Benjamin Field, Mr Ferguson, John Fowler, Robt. Foster, John Ferguson, Joseph Furse, 2, Mrs. Rebecca Fletcher.

G

Alexander Greig, Robert Gordon, Owen F. Gerald, Matthew Guild, Thomas Gorman, John Grant, William Green, Charles Good, David Gower, 2, George Gorden, Justus Gray, Enoch Godfrey, John Green, Robert Germany, James Gilman, Lawrence Gorman, John Grant, John Gillan, Robert Gibson, William Gray, Jerald Green, John Griffiths, Mrs Mary Griffith, John Grey, Reeder Grey, Henry Gree, John Gree, Benjamin Griffith, Hugh Goodwin.

H.

Ansil Hill, James Hobson, Thomas Heald, Amos Heald, Samuel Hayes, Jacob Hosses, Patrick Hackett, Timothy Harrington, Charles Hurley, John Hern, Aaron Hartt, John Hawthorn, John H. Hewstis, Harvey J. Hewett, Wm. Harley, Simon B. Hanimon, Humphrey Horton, Morris Humphrey, 3, Ichabod Hodsdon, 2, Capt Jno Hardy, Joseph Henderson, Robt Hilton, Isaac Harlow, Joseph H. Harris, Miss Mary Harrold, William Harris, John Hewey, John Hamilton, Benjamin Hamitt, Johnston John Hanter, Daniel Higgin, Simond Hammond, Robert Harold, 2, Samuel Hill, David Huntoon, Simon Hanimon, William Hagan, John & Andrew Henry, James Humbow, Robert Henderson, Thomas Hotham, Joseph Henderson, Daniel Harmon, Robert Henderson, Joseph Hoyt.