

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

The following extract from the "Church of England Gazette" is so good, so clear and explicit, and so appropriate for the times in which we live, that I must beg of you to give it a place in your columns.

A CHURCHMAN.

MISUSE OF THE WORD CATHOLIC.

"In perusing some excellent religious publications, such as Southey's Book of the Church, the Church of England Quarterly Review, the historical and biographical volumes of the Christian Knowledge Society's Committee of General Literature, and other attempts to popularize theology, I have been pained by repeatedly meeting a dangerous perversion of a very important and significant word. It is really strange that so right thinking a man as Mr. Southey should not feel, whenever he calls the English Romanists, *Catholics*, that he thereby perverts a consecrated term which has its one determinate meaning in the creeds and Liturgies of the Primitive Church and of our own, and that he thereby degrades the Church of England into the untenable position of a mere sect standing in opposition to "the Catholics."—More surprising still is it, to encounter the same fault in a learned review, which, by assuming in its title to be an organ of "the Church of England," has solemnly pledged itself not to print a syllable that is not strictly orthodox. The Church of England "believes in the holy Catholic Church:" why then does the editor of this Review give that revered title to the popish Schismatics in Great Britain? But most perplexing of all is the same transference of catholicism from our church to the Romanist Seceders from it, when it occurs in several publications of a committee connected with the Christian Knowledge Society. This is indeed a being wounded in the house of one's friends!

The early Fathers were particularly earnest in maintaining the original meaning and application of all such appropriated and consecrated words. They felt bound by duty so to do, since many essential principles of christianity were embodied in certain settled terms, which were handed down from one generation to another, and which, so long as their primary ecclesiastical meaning was strictly adhered to, powerfully aided the pure transmission of the primitive doctrine. The fourth century is memorable for the determined stand then made in defence of the term *homo-ousion*, in which was embodied the fundamental truth, that our Gracious Saviour is "of one substance" with the Eternal Father. Violent were the efforts of the Arians, and Semi-Arians to introduce in its stead, as a plausible compromise, the term *homo-i-ousion*, signifying "of a like substance" with the Father; and which only differed in sound by the addition of a single vowel. It was to exclude that intrusive and insidious vowel, that the heroic Athanasius endured his incredible labours and persecutions, whereby he became the chief human instrument of saving the entire church upon earth from a deadly apostacy. Now, it ought to be generally known, that the very Fathers who bled and died for the preservation of *homo-ousion*, attached almost equal importance to the word *Catholic*. The language of the fourth century, and the universal feeling of every century up to the apostles, was this:—"christian is my name, *Catholic*, my surname; by the former I

am distinguished from heathens, by the latter, from heretics and schismatics."

From the beginning, the Western Church required at the baptismal font the distinct confession,— "I believe in the holy Catholic Church;"—the Eastern Church required a similar one,— "I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church." Each of us, likewise, has made these two avowals, the one at our baptism, the other, in the office for communion.— And since we received from the early church the two creeds which contain these expressions, and did not compose them ourselves; and since we received them as a sacred deposit, to be used by us, and then handed down, unimpaired, to our successors; what shadow of right have we to alter the meaning of a single word therein? None at all, assuredly; we are bound to recite the creeds in their original signification. Otherwise how can they be safeguards against heresy, forasmuch as the simple introduction of a novel significator of one word in the creeds will introduce a new doctrine? It is by coining new definitions for ancient words, that all heresiarchs have succeeded in persuading the heedless, that their newly-devised notions are primitive and scriptural. If the original significance of every word and phrase of the Bible, as they were universally understood by the church in the first century, could be again perfectly recovered, this dictionary knowledge would probably suffice to deprive every theological error of its pretension to scriptural support. It is indeed inconceivable how numerous is that class of scriptural-terms, whose meaning has become altered in the course of eighteen hundred years: the process of perversion seems to have begun with origin in the third century; to have been greatly advanced by Augustin, who flourished 150 years later; to have gradually progressed during the troubles and confusion of the middle ages—to have been specially advanced by the subtle schoolmen, and the fanatical mendicant friars; to have been still more largely carried on by Zuingli, Calvin, and other continental Reformers; and, finally, to have been brought to its present state (which succeeds in obscuring the sense of nearly the entire Bible,) by the combined efforts of the Puritans, and the modern commentators. We are now so inveterately accustomed to put a wrong (because a modern) sense upon scores of the principal theological terms which repeatedly occur in the New Testament, that no other possible way of escape from serious error remains for us, except to go back to the early Fathers and Liturgies for the genuine signification of all these words in the pure and apostolic theology.—*To be continued.*

DEATH.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well—neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour. Wouldst thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death—who when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die: who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time. Avoid not death for it is a weakness—fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is—all that thou certainly knowest, is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest, that which is best employed, doth man the most honour 'himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear—
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreathed for awhile round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare and gray.

Soon, voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime,
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-winged jay—
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I am tired to death of this hum-drum tree;
I'll go—if 'tis only the world to see."

"Will you go?" asked the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain, from the leafless grove,
Responded—"Wherever your lot is cast,
Mid summer skies or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest in this thicket here."

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet call,
And the martens came forth from the box on the wall,
And the owl peep'd out from his secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower;
And the council of blackbird's was long and loud—
Chattering and flying, from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they;
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;
Not a berry is found on the russet plains—
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains—
Every worm has hid—shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with winter? Away! away!"

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking birds broke!
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, through the fathomless depths of air,—
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright!
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight!
Who guideth their caravan's trackless way,
By the star at night, and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing;
Or where the minaret towering high,
Pierces the gold of the western sky;
Or amid the harem's haunt's of fear,
Their lodgings to build and their nursling rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcome them in to its vistas green:
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the bursts of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray!
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing,
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

Mrs. Sigourney.

To Sailors.—Do not conclude that the Lord is not with you, because things go very contrary, and he does not appear for you; he was in the ship notwithstanding the storm, when the disciples thought of perishing.

There are but two classes of the wise:—the men who serve God, because they have found him: and the men who seek him, because they have found him not. All others may say, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?"