

MR. HOMER DIXON'S "FASTING, CHURCH FASTS, AND APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION."

(SECOND LETTER.)

The following letter from the author to a friend is now published at the author's request.

My DEAR SIR,—There is no need to say much about the pages which B. H. D. do vote to Church Fasts. He begins at p. 16, continues to p. 19, then goes into Apostolical Succession, and does not resume Church Fasts till he reaches p. 51. So it may be readily inferred he is not very colourless. The only thing I shall draw your attention to is on p. 19—where, on the subject of the Ember Prayers, on occasions in which there may chance to be no ordinations in a Colonial Diocese, he says: "But, and I say it in all kindness, for no one can esteem more highly the true minister of Christ than myself, is not this unduly exalting the office of a minister?"

Assuredly this leaves the logic of XX far in the rear. What I pray that God would give the Church which he has loved and redeemed "fit persons to serve in his sacred ministry," that so "His glory may be set forth, and the salvation of all men set forward." This objectionable to pray that they may be "endued with truth of doctrine and innocency of life" for "the glory of God's great Name, and the benefit of His holy Church." This unduly exalting ministers! It is absolute fatuity.

But if the objection is made on the score of no Ordination in our own dioceses at the time—objection might as well be made to the mention of "all sick people" in the Litany, because there were none such in the congregation. Just look at the enormous lists of Ordinations at each Ember season in the Church of England, as published in the Guardian, and see if there is no clergy in our Ember prayers—even though we shut out the rest of the world from our thoughts.

After the v. r. I have quoted he jumps into another subject. "It may do for the upholders of the dogma of Apostolical succession like the Ritualists, but Archbishop Whately, a far greater theologian than the Bishop of Winchester, (now to most of us,) denounces solemnly this assumption as having no reliable foundation whatever." "It may do"—what may do it? "It" can possibly refer to nothing but the Ember Prayers—well, he is not so blind as not to suspect from the Ember Prayers that the Church herself does believe in Apostolical Succession, and by dissenting the prayers he would remove one means of teaching the doctrine. P. 19-21 he goes into the Pental Supplicity, having at the first mention left Apostolical Succession. Then (p. 25-32) he discusses the chronological difficulties of the succession in the Roman See; which might affect the ultramontane position, but no other theory in the Christian Church. Then (p. 32-42) he dissertates on the origin of the British Church; at 45 he talks of the imperfect records of English Sees—all which concludes against "this Ritualistic doctrine" of Apostolical Succession. There's a taste of his fairness! But I wish to give you a full illustration of it, which is perfectly done by contrasting his quotation from Bishop Stillingfleet, p. 24, with St. Basil's sentiments.

"Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, says:—The succession is as much as the Tibur adon, for here Tertullian, Irenaeus and several others place Clement next to Peter, Irenaeus and Eusebius set Anacletus before him, Epiphanius and Optatus, both Anacletus and Clotus, Augustinus and Damascus, with others, made Anacletus, Clotus and Linus all to precede him. Now the Bishop may have retained this belief to his dying day, for all I know, and innocently erred respecting the first three Bishops of Rome, but that the words, used as they are here, much misrepresent his convictions in the Episcopal Succession at large, will appear from the following quotations. In the preface to an Ordination sermon preached March 16th, 1684-5 and dedicated to the Bishop of London, he says: "It happened, my Lord, that in my younger days (about 26 years since) I thought it necessary to inform myself as well as I could, in the state of the controversy about Church Government, which had been managed with so much heat amongst us, and was then like to be revived. And to that end I applied myself to the reading and considering the authors of the greatest esteem on both sides; and by diligent perusing of them, I thought them more happy in overthrowing each others hypotheses, than in setting up their own. And, supposing no better reasons than could be found in them, I from thence concluded that the Form of Church Government was left at liberty by any law of Christ, and was therefore to be determined, as served best to the great ends of peace and order. Then he goes on to state how he "adventured" to publish his Ironicon (at 23 years of age), in furtherance of this notion, and he adds: "I do not deny, my Lord, that I do now think much more to be said for the Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy than I at that time apprehend, (as will fully appear in the following sermon)." I will just quote section IV of the sermon.

"The universal consent of the Church being proved, there is no great reason to believe the Apostolical Succession to be of Divine Institution as the Canon of Scripture or the observation of the Lord's day. We do not doubt that it is unlawful to add to or diminish from the Canon of Scripture: and yet there is no pl. n. text for it, with respect to all the books contained in it, and some of the books were a long time disputed in some churches, but the churches joining at last to a full agreement in this matter, upon due search and enquiry, hath been thought sufficient to bind all after-ages to make no alterations in it. And as to the Divine Institution of the Lord's day, we do not go about to lessen it, but only to show that some examples in Scripture being joined with the universal practice of the church in its purest age, hath been allowed to be sufficient ground, not only for following ages to observe it, but to look on it as at least an Apostolical Institution. Now, it cannot but seem unequal not to allow the same force, where there is the same evidence. And therefore our church hath wisely and truly determined, That since the Apostles' times there have been three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons;

and in a regular, well-constituted church, are to continue to the world's end." B. H. D. would more justly quote Stillingfleet at 48 than at 25. Stillingfleet hits the nail on the head—we should "allow the same force where there is the same evidence." Do we know the chronology of the change from the Sabbath to the Lord's Day? Do we know the very persons who made it? Do we know the succession of manuscript in the descent of Holy Scripture? Identically will the same difficulties arise, if we press these questions, as in the case of the Episcopate. We know the purposes of God and His promises, we know on what principles the Church acted from the beginning; and we have the highest degree of moral certainty, and a very high degree of literal and historical certainty, in all the three cases, and they stand or fall together.

Does any man in his wits believe that a single Bishop of the English Church "crept in unawares" since the Reformation? And thus we are asked to believe of the whole Order in former ages, which venerated even more than we do an orderly succession? And, N.B., nothing short of a wide spread disregard of Consecration could vitiate Episcopal Orders, as each Bishop has had since the Council of Nicea at any rate three consecrators, so that individual irregularities could not invalidate consecrations so conducted.

B. H. D. does really beat XX in his in-consequent logic—I suppose from having studied to improve on that eminent model. After gravely assuring us from ancient authorities, (of what none ever doubted) that our Lord's words, "Lo I am with you always," included all Christians, he exclaims, "And yet the Bishop of Winchester, Dean Hook, and others profess to believe the doctrine of Apostolical Succession!" That will do!

We must follow him to his climax—he concludes with a quotation from Heady, "for forty-six years a Bishop of our Church." True, but all the more sad. So will some future B. H. D. quote Bishop Colenso, his exact parallel. Both were repudiated by the Church in Convocation, both were sustained by the civil power. Here is a right royal character of Heady: "My Lord (said George II. to Lord Harvey), I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill, but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a very great puppy, and a very dull fellow, and a very great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their deserts, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the government which has showed them that favour; and very modest in a canting, hypocritical knave to be crying, "The Kingdom of Christ is not of this world," (the text of his famous sermon before Geo. I., which the Convocation were engaged in censuring when they were arbitrarily silenced) at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives £6000 or £7000 a year. But he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favours of the Crown, though by his republican spirit and doctrine he would be glad to abolish its power."—Lord Harvey's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 47. Heady was pro'ly certainly a Socinian and is a most damaging ally to any Churchman or Church party. His name infects with a just and desperate suspicion any one who relies on it. If you never read Law's Letters to the Bishop of Bangor (Heady) a century ago, let me beg you to make haste to remedy the omission, and to urge your friends to read them too. Every lover of the most masculine English, of the keenest logic, and the most approved orthodoxy, will find in them a treat which does not often fall to our lot in these days of immaculate pamphlet-writing. Law's little book can never be obsolete, never unuseful, as long as men like XX and B. H. D. have an itch for scribbling.

Yours very sincerely,

THE BURMESE.

In the general ability of the men to read and write, in the social position of the women, in the absence of any law of primogeniture, and consequent general diffusion of landed property, and in their temperate habits, the Burmese are incontestably in advance of all European nations. The women do most of the trading, superintend farms, advise, in law cases. The wife keeps the money, and her husband goes to her when he needs any. Married women can acquire and hold property in their own names. Such a notice as the following is not a solitary instance: "Twenty persons, including women, have formed themselves into a mercantile firm, and have obtained a monopoly for the sale in the Bhamo district of salt for the Shan States." Women can sue and be sued; can obtain legal divorces on the incompatibility of disposition; yet the suits relating to marriage, dower, and divorce, in all the courts of British Burmah for 1869-70 were only 1178, in a population of two and a half millions. According to the Burmah books, a good wife "knows when her husband is hungry, and that he may eat, puts before him the best food in the kindest way; and dresses him becomingly, seeing that his clothes are not old or dirty; and keeps him in mind of his work and his duty. As friends consult each other, regarding their mutual profit and happiness, and assist each other, she having consulted her husband, lends her assistance and looks on; and behaves to her husband's relations as to her own, and does not dispute his authority; and if he goes to the chief's house or other place, she waits till his return, and eats not her meal till she eats it in company with him." The men are generally able to read and write, and many of them know also the principles of arithmetic. In one place, with a population a little less than 10,000, the government inspector

of schools ascertained last spring that 66.6 per cent. of the boys were attending school, and but 9.8 per cent. of the girls. Even now the Burmese may be ranked as the most temperate people in the world, and yet, since English civilization came among them, they have very much degenerated from their former principles of strict abstinence, and of speedy punishment by flogging for such a breach of decorum and decency as drunkenness is. Owing in part to their temperate habits, and in part to there being no law of primogeniture, there are very few beggars in Burmah. In British Burmah the average size of landed estates is estimated at fifteen acres. The people are intelligent, quick of apprehension, and quick of application; courteous, tolerant, and well governed; and constitute a fine field for missionary labors. —Missionary Herald.

Jubilee Column.

The Story of Immanuel.

Christ, the Father's Son eternal, Once was born a Son of man; He, who never knew beginning, Here on earth a life began. Here in David's lowly city, Tenant of the manger bed, Child of everlasting ages, Mary's infant lays his head. Here at Nazareth He dwelleth, Mild the sire of sinful men, Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated, And yet hating none again. Here in Galilee He wanders, Through its teeming cities moves, Climbs its mountains, walls its waters, Blesses, comforts, saves and loves. Words of truth and deeds of kindness, Miracles of grace and might, Scatter fragrance all around Him, Shine with heaven's most glorious light. In Gethsemane behold Him, In the agony of prayer; Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding, Soul and body prostrated there. All alone He wrestles yonder, Cleanses Him a spot from his cup— Bitterest cup that man e'er tasted; Yet for us He drinks it up. In the Roman hall behold Him Stand at Pilate's judgment seat, Mocked and beaten, crowned and wounded; Jew and Gentile join in hate. Sinless, He our sin is bearing, All our sorrows on Him lie; And His stripes our wounds are healing, God for man contents to die. It is finished! See His body Laid alone in Joseph's tomb; 'Tis for us He lieth yonder, Prince of Light enwrapped in gloom. But in vain the grave has bound Him; Death has barred its gates in vain; See, for us the Saviour rises; See, for us He bursts the chain. Hear we, then, the grand old story, True as God's all-faithful Word, Not of things to the guilty, Of a dead and risen Lord. 'Tis eternal life to know it; Light and love are shining there; While we look, and gaze, and listen, All its joys and peace we share. Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son; Glory be to God the Spirit; Great Jehovah, Three in One.

DORA DINGLE'S CHRISTMAS PLUMS.

BY DEBRYN EACII. CHAPTER IV.

Let us take another peep at little Dora before we wish her and her Christmas plums good bye.

It is a bright, pleasant Sunday afternoon, late in February; and she is sitting in the cottage of her favorite old Dame. There is a snow on the ground; the grass is as green as in summer, and in the small neat garden facing the road, snowdrops, crocuses, and violets are peeping out among the green.

"It has been what people call "an open winter;" very little snow, or bitter cold; but a great deal of wet, and damp weather. Many of the old people in the village have died, and the Dame has often been very ill.

Our little friend has paid her many visits; sometimes with papa, at other times with mamma, or nurse; and many a basin of soup, or rice pudding has been carried in Dora's "invalid basket," as she called it, to tempt the old woman to eat when her appetite was not good, and wanted a little coaxing.

Very often Dora's papa would leave her at the cottage, as he passed on his way to the afternoon service, and call for her on his way home. This is what he had done on the Sunday of which I am going to tell you; and if you look in through the little window, with its tiny diamond panes of glass, and clean chintz curtains drawn back, you can see the old Dame sitting in her high-backed chair; a tall, white frilled cap on, tied with black ribbon; her head resting against a pillow behind. Her face is pale and wasted, but she looks contented and happy.

Dora is on a low stool opposite, with the Pilgrim's Progress on her knees; and the two grandchildren are sitting on the window seat, watching every movement of the old Dame's lips as she reads of Christian and Hopful passing through the river, before they entered the Celestial City. When she stopped to show them the picture of the two pilgrims, Jane and Maria came eagerly forward to see it.

"Oh! how frightened I should be," said Maria, "wouldn't you, Miss Dora?" "Yes, I am afraid I should, indeed, shrophied, "especially if my feet couldn't feel the bottom like Christian's at first;

but you see directly he began to have faith, he was helped. How nice it would be if we could always have it!" and she gave quite a sigh.

"Why, I thought you were quite good, always," said Jane. "I never thought you were ever naughty, Miss Dora."

"Good!" cried Dora. "Ah! if you only knew the hundreds and hundreds of naughty things I have done in my life, even since Christmas, although I made a new promise then to try harder to be good. I do try, but it's dreadfully hard sometimes; good, indeed! I only wish I was!"

"Would you be afraid to die?" asked Maria, almost in a whisper, "Christian was, you know, and he was a good man too."

"I feel so different about it sometimes to what I do at others," said Dora, "that I can never be really sure whether I am afraid or not. Once, after I had done something naughty, I woke up in the night, and I was so afraid I might die before I was quite forgiven; I tried to say hymns and verses to myself, but I kept on forgetting, and saying my geography lesson instead; and that made it worse. I can't tell you how frightened I got at last; I can't bear to think of it. Shall you be afraid to die, Dora?" she asked, turning to the old woman, who had kept her eyes closed while the children were talking; and seemed not to be listening to them.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," murmured she, "if I can only lay hold of these blessed words, I shall fear nothing." Then opening her eyes, and looking at Dora, she said, "I am not afraid now; there have been times though, when I have been full of fears; and they may come again, but I have a strong arm to lean on. That book of yours, dear, has been a powerful comfort to me. I can't tell you how me and the children have looked forward to your coming to read it to us. Next to God's own Book, it is the best I have ever known. Often when I'm not able to sleep at nights for the pain in my old bones, I go over in my mind the journeyings of Christian and Faithful, and all the wonderful things that befel them. My own journey is most over now, and I shall soon cross the deep dark river. May His rod and staff comfort me then, and take me safe to the Celestial City. Now, Miss Dora, dear, if you will read me my best chapter, as I call it, before you go, I shall have a blessed afternoon to think over. Read it me out of your own new Bible, dearie, I know you like to use it."

"Indeed I do," said Dora, "that, and the Pilgrim's Progress, I call my best Christmas Plums out of the pie. I hope I shall keep them as long as I live. How useful they have been, haven't they? Now I've found the XIVth chapter of St. John; here it is"—and she read,— "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." And while she read, the sunbeams streamed through the little window, and fell on the child's boning figure. Jane and Maria kept very still, so still, that two half-tamed sparrows that lived in the ivy which half-covered the porch, came and perched on the window-sill, and began hopping about in the sunshine. The old woman's lips moved as she repeated the words after Dora, for she knew them nearly all by heart. The sweet smell of violets stole into the room, and Mr. Dingle, as he came through the little gate, up the garden into the cottage, frightening away the half-tamed sparrows, thought it was the fairest sight he had seen that day.

CHAPTER V.

Dora is no longer a child. Several Christmases have passed by since the one I have told you of; but no plums from other Christmas pies have ever been more dearly prized than "God-papa's Bible" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." They have carried comfort to many hearts besides that of the good old Dame who has now lain for many years in the quiet churchyard near Dora's new home; her grave blossoming every year with the flowers she loved; and Dora never passes the spot without thinking of the pleasant Sunday afternoons she spent in the humble cottage, sharing with the good people there the delights of her Christmas Plums.

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech which assures us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, denotes many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in balmy dreams. It is consideration. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths, and in all its delicacy. It is everything included in that matchless grace—the gentleness of Christ.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

In the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there is an article on the German Parliament by M. Ernest Lavisse, who describes in a lively and picturesque manner his impression of a debate which he attended during the past session. The building, which has been temporarily fitted up for the use of the deputies, was formerly used as a porcelain manufactory, and is close to the War Office. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission; e. applying to the porter, the visitor is given a ticket and a plan of the House, which costs a few groschen. The name of each deputy is marked in this plan on the seat which he occupies, and the various parties are denoted by different colors. There are no fewer than eight of the parties. The independent (Wilde), whose colors Indian yellow, occupy about twenty seats, and are scattered about the roof. The Progressists (colored red) are on the extreme left. There are about forty of them, mostly lawyers and professors. Many are veteran politicians who sat in 1848 and 1849 in the National Parliament of Frankfurt, and having been implicated in various insurrections and political trials, remained abroad as refugees until the amnesty granted in 1861. They have now become completely reconciled to the policy of the Prussian Government, and have abandoned the Republican principles which they formerly professed. Herr Duncker, "whose gray head, with long hair, stands out prominently from the group of Progressists," was a Captain of the National Guard of Berlin in 1848. He and his colleagues profess to play the same part in the German Parliament as "Her Majesty's Opposition" does in that of England. The space between the Progressists and the Centre is occupied by the strongest party in the House, that of the National Liberals. Nearly all the professions are represented in this party—Government officials, barristers, solicitors, manufacturers, merchants, and bankers. Among their most prominent leaders are Jews, like Herr Baumburger, who is an authority on financial questions, and Herr Lasker, who though young, has already met a parliamentary experience. Short, dark, with abundant curly hair, and a commonplace countenance, Herr Lasker does not, M. Lavisse thinks, look like a party leader. "A German behind me compares him to an old-clothes man. This impertinent remark is probably due to Herr Lasker's Jewish origin, for his co-religionists are in Germany the objects of a hatred which reminds one of the Middle Ages. Not only do the Germans envy the wealth of the Jews, their luxury, and their large houses in the quarter of the Linden, which almost entirely belongs to them, but they accuse them of writing shallow books and composing materialistic music. A Berliner said to me the other day: 'I am not a musician; but if you will play me any piece of music which is unknown to me, I will directly tell you if it is by a Jew.' The Germans have also certain political grievances against the Jews which are of a more substantial kind. 'The Jew,' observed a Prussian Conservative 'has no conception of the German character; his skull is differently formed from ours, and, owing to our intolerance, he has never taken part in our private or public life. Our old traditions are unknown to him; he understands nothing of the complications of the German spirit, of our desire for novelty checked by our respect for antiquity.' Lassalle, the chief of those who wish to destroy historic Germany, was a Jew; many Jews are Republicans, and others very influential National Liberals. In order to find room for their 'modern State' they demolish every 'big without feeling any of the sadness which one experiences on seeing a house in which he has lived all his life fall to pieces.' Some of the members of the National Liberal Party, with Herr von Bennigsen at their head, are devoted adherents of the Government and yield submissively even to the caprices of Prince Bismarck; but Herr Lasker is restive now and then when the Chancellor is more exacting than usual. 'The little Semite,' say the Foundlists in the Upper House, 'is of an independent spirit, because he knows he has no chance of becoming a Minister in an Empire whose chief believes that he holds his crown from Christ.' The center of the House is occupied by the clerical party, which is composed chiefly of oligymon in their priestly robes, nobles of high rank, land-owners, judges, and even high Court functionaries. Its principal speaker is Herr Windthorst "a man of more than sixty, with a bald head sunk into his shoulders, and black rimmed spectacles, behind which glitter eyes of vivacity. He is the ugly and witty orator who is to be found in all the Parliaments of the world." Next come the various of the Right. The first is the "Liberal Imperial" Party, comprising Prince Hohenzollern, formerly a Minister of Austria, an ex-Minister of Baden, and a Chamberlain of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt; then the "Imperial" Party, composed chiefly of Prussian Princes, Counts and Barons, who have reluctantly accepted the Empire, but are decided opponents of Liberalism; and finally, the old Prussian Conservative Party, which was formerly led by Prince Bismarck.