

### THE ANGLICAN SYSTEM.

[The U. S. *Catholic Miscellany* acknowledges the receipt of the *Dublin Review*, from which it gives at length the Review's fifth Article on *The Anglican System*.]

From the fifth, we take to-day an extract of considerable length. It is,—'The Anglican System'—and a curious system it is. The Church by law established, as well as others, wherever found holding to the same ritual, was ever fond of claiming epithets, as indicative of her intolerant spirit towards dissenters, as it was and is of her own pompous folly. She is forsooth, "The *Branch* of the Catholic Church existing in these realms"—'The Anglican *Branch* of the Catholic Church'—'our *Branch* of the church'—'our own reformed *Branch* of the Church of Christ'—'the *Branch* of the Church Catholic'—She speaks of the bulk of Christendom as 'the *Roman branch*, of the Greek as the '*Oriental branch*.'" Then again 'a church'—'the church'—next she must have 'Apostolic succession'—and above all 'The Rule of Faith!' Aye, the *mare magnum*, of all that is revolting in heresy—verily; *illic reptilia, quorum non est numerus!* Upon these slippery phrases, and the foolish pretensions of the Parliament Church, Doctor Wiseman (we understand him to be the writer) has for ever put a *quietus*. To the invitation so charitably held forth to us, by forsaking our schism, to graft ourselves upon the Anglican system, and thus be re-united to the one fold.—We must let the reviewer speak on our behalf:

"But the subject on which we have last treated, seems to call our thoughts to another view of its application, not unpleasant for us to advert to. There is obviously a diversity of opinion among those who uphold the High Church views as to the duty of Catholics. Some now leave our position unnoticed, and silently show no wish that we should change it. With those who have no desire to quarrel—we wish not to urge them into controversy. They are more engaged in thinking on their own state and their own duties: and we would gladly leave them to the working of their own thoughts. We believe that they would waive all question of whose place it is to move, provided we could all come together. They would have unity by force of mutual attraction; and so long as we embrace, will not calculate who made the first step. But there are others of more ticklish sensibilities on the subject. Mr. Palmer of Magdalene, and others with him, would have a more indirect course. He undoubtedly desires to see his church in communion with all other episcopal churches over the world. He has said so in ardent and decisive terms in his letter to Mr. Golithly: and we regard and esteem him for the sentiment, and the frankness and heartiness with which it was uttered. But at the same time, he would first have his church swallow all of us up. According to his theory, we are schismatics from Anglicanism, and we must get into this before we can hope for any good. In other words, we are happily in commun-

ion with the rest of the world, we are owned by all the West, our doctrines and discipline are in accordance with its churches, and those of the East in communion with them: our bishops are received by theirs as brethren, and receive letters communicatory from them; our clergy are admitted to officiate at their altars, to preach in their pulpits; our laity are able to join in their worship and communion. At the same time, our orders are recognized as valid by all, even by separated churches, and no one would venture to dispute our consecration, or sacramental power. This no doubt is a desirable state; one to which these gentlemen would gladly bring their church. But we must forego it. We must needs give up our present Catholicity, enter into the womb of the Anglican church, to take our chance of being born again to Catholicity, should she ever have this happiness. We have no business to be standing on the shore, towards which she is laboring to steer, through rocks and shoals and buffeting waves, and repelling surfs. She may appear to us to be leaky, and ill-appointed, without guiding card, or heaven-directed breeze, without authorized command, or sea-worthy bulwarks; and there may be no hope that she will ever reach the secure haven, in whose shelter we are. Yet we are told, we must leave this, and creep back into her inhospitable hold, to share her fortunes, and be lost or tempest-tossed, as she may fare. No, no, this will not do. We must have more than Mr. Palmer's word for such a duty, before we can think of it. The *Orbis terrarum* comes before the particular church (supposing it to be a church otherwise not defective,) and to have to go out of the former into the latter, in hopes of getting back through it, would indeed be a strange way of securing what, thro' God's mercy, we have. Had St. Gregory the Great, and his missionary St. Austin, disagreed and separated (which we deem of course impossible,) we should have cleaved to the former; and now if we must have the successor of only one of them with us, we prefer the master's to the disciple's line. The sixteenth Gregory represents the former to our minds perfectly, as his heir in place, in doctrine, in episcopacy, in supremacy, no less than in name: Dr. Howley (we mean not personally) gives us no sign of family descent, by anything save actual occupancy. But independent of this difference, if we can have allegiance only either to Rome or to Canterbury, to the mother or the daughter, to the trunk or the offshoot, to the apostolic or the episcopal see, we yield it willingly, lovingly, and irrevocably to the former. Let Canterbury do its duty let it seek and obtain communion from the Chair of St. Peter, and from the great body of bishops throughout the world, and we will bow ourselves before the primatial chair, lower than the lowest, and reverently kiss the jeweled hand of its occupier, and promise him all canonical obedience; but so long as he and his suffragans are not recognized by the Church Catholic, as an actual, living, communicating portion thereof, we recognize and know them not, we have no

part in them or with them: we must beg to be Catholics, at the expense of not being Anglicans.

In fact, there is something so startlingly new in the name *Anglo-Catholic Anglican Catholic*, that it would render us uneasy to bear it. There is a "general-particular," sound in the term; a neutralizing combination of *plus* and *minus* quantities, a conflict of positive and negative forces in it, which render it equal to zero in final value. Such compound appellations convey the idea of a new race, composed of two naturally distinct ones. *Anglo-saxon, Anglo-Norman, Syro-Chaldean, Gallo-Grecian*, are intelligible factitious terms, which tell their own history, that two different tribes coalesced into one nation.—And if we apply to religion, we have the glorious example of the *Luthero-Calvinistic* union lately effected in Prussia, and perhaps we might add the *Evangelico Anglican* bishopric of Jerusalem. But the term *Anglo Catholic* will not admit of such an interpretation. It supposes no union between parties represented by the members of the word, but, as we have already observed, these two members, are contradictory and mutually eliminating.—The one word is descriptive of insularity, the other of universality; the one confines the other breaks down barriers; the one tells us of communion denied, the other of it granted by other Churches beyond the seas; the one identifies the limits of religious intercourse with those of the jurisdiction of our laws, or the prowess of our armies, blends the sacred with the profane power, makes the Church, like the constitution or the army, *national*; the other levels all distinctions, knows no banner but the cross, and claims for its territory whatever this has redeemed—the entire earth. We might, as well talk of our parliament being the "Anglo-European" legislature, as of the Establishment being the *Anglo-Catholic Church*. It is monstrous as the "*callida junctura*" of "Protestant-Catholic." But even supposing in a matter of doubt, supposing that there were some grounds for balancing between duty to the universal or Catholic, or to the Anglican Church, we surely could not hesitate one moment as to which our natural feelings would prefer.

The wants and wretchednesses of the English Church have been too well exposed to us in modern times, for any danger to remain of her alluring us into her arms. We no longer hear men descant upon the noble simplicity of her worship, upon the severe spirituality of her devotions, upon her freedom from the slavery of outward observances, upon her purity from mere human institutions that act on the sense and feelings, to the detriment of reason's eternal claims. No: all these former boasts have become the theme of melancholy lamentation, as losses not easily to be compensated. She presents none of the array of 'the King's daughter,' none of the 'winning graces of the spouse of the Lamb;' she dwells in a solitude of her own making; 'her ways mourn, because none come to her festivals; she is a tributary, a captive.' She has no retreat in which holy contemplatives pray in silence, no

safe anchorage of religious solitude, into which the care-tossed mind, the penitent heart, the timid conscience, can fly for shelter. She has no peaceful cloisters, where virgins, sacred to God, walk in sisterly community, to sing His praises, like their mates in heaven, or to minister to His little ones and poor. She has no seven-fold hour of prayer, no midnight vigils, no daily awakening, at mystical intervals, of the joyful hymn and solemn psalm. The vaults of her deserted churches would startle at the unusual peal of a multitude's voice. She retains no note of times and seasons; the days of penitential humiliation, and those of spiritual exultation, are equal in her blank calendar and ritual; no soothing strains to each peculiar; no variation of outward garb; no solemn office commemorative of each mystery of redemption, each institution of love; no lively representation of the most glorious scenes. A dull and chill monotony is in her service, suited neither to the Easter *Alléluja* nor to the Lenten *Miserere*. Her churches if modern, are without consecration; no holy chrism anoints their walls; no mystic rites inscribe on their area the symbol of universal communion; no majestic procession introduces into them the remains of ancient saints. Upon her altars (if they may bear that name) no oil of gladness hath been poured, no symbolical frankincense burnt, no form of ancient prayer recited. No martyr's bones repose beneath them, to break forth thence, one day, in glorious resurrection; but the shrines that once adorned them have been demolished and their treasures (we mean not the gold that perisheth) burnt, and scattered to the winds. The cross of Christ hath been plucked down, the holy images of Himself and His saints ignominiously destroyed, a mean and inglorious table hath usurped the place of all. The tabernacle hath been swept away, and with it all its tributary ornaments and perennial lamps; and still more, the all-holy gift which it contained. The eye, the sun, the soul of the temple is extinguished,—and shall not the entire body be darksome?

But if these appear only secondary institutions, we feel still more that her very sacramental ordinances (such few as exist in her) have been pared down to the quick, and deeper. At baptism she has foregone all right to command and rebuke the powers of darkness; she has forfeited the two-fold unction, the "salt of wisdom" (the sacrament of catechumens as it was anciently called), the white robe and the burning lamp, with all the venerable prayers that accompany their application.—And even in the performance of the essential rite, such unseemly negligence has grown up, as slight an application of the matter of the sacrament is permitted, as to leave serious doubt of its validity.

Of confirmation we have already spoken: not only is the sacred anointing gone, but the very imposition of hands has been dispensed with. There is but the shadow, not even the avowal of a sacrament.

Then when we come to the most solemn act of worship, what a sadly wretched Liturgy does she present to us? On ordinary days only a fragment of even this; the