

# The Theological Instructor.

No. 3. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1873.

VOL. I.

## THE MAGNIFICENCE, BEAUTY, AND HARMONY OF THE WORKS OF GOD.

The universe may be considered, with great propriety, as a splendid palace where the Deity resides; and the earth as one of its spacious apartments. In the great outlines of nature, to which art cannot reach, and where the utmost efforts of man must have been ineffectual, God himself has finished everything with amazing magnificence, grandeur, and beauty. Where is harmony so complete, symmetry so exact, and sublimity so apparent, as in the works of the Almighty? Our beneficent Father has considered these parts of nature as peculiarly his own; as parts which no creature could have skill or strength to amend: He has, therefore, made them incapable of alteration, or of more perfect regularity. The heavens and the firmament, with all their grand and complicated appendages, exhibit in the most striking manner the transcendent wisdom, goodness, power, and glory of the Great Architect.

Astronomers, who are best skilled in the symmetry of systems, can find nothing there that they can alter for the better. In this great theatre of Jehovah's glory, a thousand suns, like our own, animate their respective systems, appearing and vanishing at Divine command. We behold our own bright luminary fixed, in the centre of its system, wheeling its planets in

times proportioned to their distances, and at once dispensing light, heat, and action. The earth, also, is seen with its two-fold motion, producing, by the one the change of seasons; and, by the other, the grateful vicissitudes of day and night. With what *silent* magnificence is all this performed! With what seeming ease! The works of art are performed by interrupted force; and their noisy progress discovers the obstructions they receive; but the earth, with a silent, steady rotation, successively presents every part of its bosom to the sun, at once imbibing nourishment and light from that parent of vegetation and fertility. Is there not something which whispers within, that to this Creator reverence and homage are due by all the rational beings composing the vast population of His wide extended empire. Every object, whether immense or minute, should serve as a monitor to man. The star and the insect, the fiery meteor and the flower of spring, the verdant field and the lofty mountain, the purling rivulet and the wide stupendous ocean, all exhibit a supreme power, before which the race of mortals should worship and adore. The Royal Poet not only expressed himself in loftiness of language, but also with propriety of sentiment, when he said "The heavens declare the

glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work ;" and should not every rational and intelligent creature join in that majestic hymn, in celebrating the praises of the founder of worlds ?

The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to the full enjoyment of them. By a sacred sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates ; and the frame within assimilates itself to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency, the guileless sheep with pity ; and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the song of birds, soothed with the burr of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of fishes. But a taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes ; the cultivation of it not only refines and humanises, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to admiration and love of that Being, who is the grand author of all that is fair, sublime, and good, in the visible creation.

The characters of grandeur and magnificence are so legibly inscribed upon the face of nature, that the most untaught eye cannot fail to read them. Let the great powers of nature be brought into action, and still more sublime and awful appearances rise to our view. Let woods and forests

wave before the stormy winds ; let ocean heave from his extended bed, and roll his threatening billows to the sky ; let volcanoes pour pillars of smoke and melted torrents from their fiery caverns ; let lightnings dart their vivid fires through the sky, whilst thunders roar among the bursting clouds ; what imagination shall remain unimpressed with emotions of admiration, mingled with terror ! Let it now be observed, that the book of nature may be read with peculiar advantage, when we hold in our hand, at the same time, the sacred volume of Divine Revelation, and view it in this highly polished mirror.

Philosophy is no natural enemy to religion ; but a mighty incentive to it, when properly used. We find the inspired writers directing our attention to the works of nature. To illustrate the greatness of his power, our God is represented as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, as comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, and as weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. "The heavens declare his glory" in silent, but forcible language: a language which may be heard and understood throughout all the earth, by men of every colour, and of every tongue. When the prophets would exhibit and illustrate those infinite resources of wisdom and knowledge that guide the conduct of the Eternal Jehovah, they tell us that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts higher than our thoughts." To point out in energetic language, and to paint in glowing colours, the mighty efficacy of the

Word of God, some of the grand resources, and means of general fertilization, are resorted to by the evangelical prophet: "For as the rain cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." To excite us to put our trust and confidence in God, they represent Him as the great and stupendous Being "who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth—as the God that divided the sea, when the waves thereof roared—who cut Rahab and wounded the dragon—and made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over." To comfort the mourners, and raise the drooping spirit and desponding mind, the strongest and the most beautiful things in nature are referred to by the sublime prophet: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee!" Then he adverts to the mines, where are deposited sparkling gems, a part of the riches of nature, the treasures of the earth: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy foundations with sapphires. I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." Objects also sublime and beautiful in the creation of God, are frequently borrowed as similes to express the glories of the illustrious Saviour, "God manifest in the flesh: the sun shining in his strength, resembles the splendour of his countenance; the whiteness of snow, the colour of his hair, and the roar of many waters, the sound of his voice. And though we are fully assured that the whole realm of nature might be examined and explored in vain to find a metaphor that would completely express his worth, his glory, or his grace, yet these similitudes offered some faint ideas of his transcendent greatness and ineffable glories.

---

#### THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

No doubt the men who recently met in convention in the City of New York, are mostly well meaning men, but utterly mistaken in regard to their duty to God and His Church. The speeches made by several of the speakers were simply ridiculous. Henry Ward Beecher, in his usual profanity, said he was in favor of sectarianism; and some of the American Delegates edified the Foreigners with the beauties of a Republican form of government. Christian Union is a very desirable thing; but, to be Christian, it must be effected on Christian principles. What union can there be with light and darkness; among Baptists, Methodists, and a multitude of opposing sects, each one hugging his peculiar heresy as if it were the genuine gospel itself. How much better would the

convention have been employed in making a public confession of their great sin of schism, and in uniting in the Godly resolution to return to the bosom of that Church left them by the ever adorable Saviour of mankind. Strengthening themselves in schism will avail them nothing. In such a case, Christ will make no compromise with sinners who join hand in hand in opposition to the authority of his own spouse, the Church. First,

they quarrelled with the Church; then among themselves; and next they divided and separated from the Church and from one another; then the discontented spirits poured the thunders of their wrath against their divinely-appointed mother; and now they propose a Conference that will wink at their sins, and cry "peace, when there is no peace." Verily we live in an age of wonders!

---

*For The Theological Instructor.*

### PROTESTANTISM: ITS GOOD AND EVIL RESULTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARRY, B.D.

I now proceed to the second division of my subject—the *moral effects* of Reformation principles on *individual character*.

The despotism of the Papacy had been universal in its influence, affecting the material and intellectual as well as the spiritual movements of Christendom. It allowed the intellect no freedom. True, it could not always hinder the play of that which is of all things the least subject to external violence; but there was nothing which the Papacy abhorred and opposed with such resolute intolerance as free and independent thought. After all reasonable allowance is made in such cases, for example, as Galileo's, this accusation stands just and firm. But once the habit of slavish submission to Papal Bulls was gone, and under the influence of revived learning, men examined, and exposed to merited scorn, the false pretences on which Papal authority was confessedly founded, and the gen-

uine writings of uncorrupted antiquity were explored; and, above all, the sacred Scriptures were brought into the hands of the people for daily use; an intellectual revolution—I think it would be just to say regeneration—was the result. The old lies received by many generations with unquestioning docility, were felt to be hateful, and the love of *truth* for its own sake sprang up in men's souls, together with a high veneration for it, and a deep sense of the duty of each conscientiously to search it out, and manfully to maintain it. And this veneration for truth has stamped itself on Protestant peoples, and stands forth in wonderful contrast to the pious frauds, the notorious legends, the spiritual cozenings, and the corrupting casuistry of Rome. So evident is this, that a convert so able and ardent as Dr. Newman, is obliged to admit the difference between the English and the Italians in the matter of truth-speaking, to the

disadvantage of the latter. And this being so, men will be very slow to think that Papal training is not the main cause. Pascal's Provincial Letters show clearly how adverse to truthfulness the Jesuit influence has been in the years past; and the moral treatises of Alphonsus Liguori, (a late Canonized Saint) which rule in most Romish confessionals, demonstrate the corruption of falsehood which ferments in the heart of Romanism at this moment. But why talk of the heart? has it not shewn itself on the surface, in the late fatal and shameful eruption of those two new dogmas, the immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility—which contradict and would shamefully falsify all history! The first part of the panoply of God named by St. Paul is truth—"Let your loins be girt about with truth." God pity the fallen Roman Church, which is fast becoming a mere sink of lies!

Would to God we could congratulate the Reformed on their mental independence and love of truth without any inward misgiving. But here, too, we have to look at the other side of the account; and what we find there will make a large deduction from our gains. There we find a wilfulness too notorious to be denied, and an audacious reliance on individual judgment; that, in combination, work endless mischief to religion. We see the mischief in such multiplication of sects, in the discord of congregations, in the waywardness of individuals, in the utter repudiation of all *Church authority*, and that to a degree which, if allowed in the state, would ruin and completely disintegrate all political society. Protestants have often identified "the mystery of ini-

quity" of the latter days with the Papacy, but the Protestant world is not very inaptly described by the expression; for the Greek is "mystery of lawlessness," and surely if any word fitly describes the spirit of undisciplined Protestantism, it is this.

A *devout superstitiousness* is the best that can be said of the immediate pre-reformation period. From that the Reformation was a strong rebound into sheer *intellectualism*. So that where as before the intellect was nothing, now it became the all; and it has retained this undue and most injurious supremacy to this day. The old devotee made too much of his forms of devotion; now, the very form of devotion is hardly left; and prayer is deemed justly supplanted by work. Nay, and when we meet for professed devotion, the intellect ostentatiously jostles its way among the timid acts of a too shrinking devotion, and the sermon has effectually bidden prayer hide its diminished head. For a long time too, the cast of reformed doctrine was severely logical and metaphysical, grievously repressive of devotional sentiment, though at the present day a reaction has set in which threatens to carry us far away from both doctrine and devotion. It is a great blessing to be freed from grovelling superstition, but it is a great curse to lose the sacred feelings of awe and reverence when we tread on holy ground.

Once more. It should not be forgotten that Protestants made their appeal against Papal corruptions to the ancient Church, and to the Holy Scriptures as understood in primitive times. There was and could be no indiscriminate denunciation of all that was found

in the Roman Church, else the Christian creed itself would have to be renounced. Rome's corruptions alone were the object of Protestant hostility. But is it so now? Have we kept to that rational position? It must be confessed with grief that we have not. The popular Protestant spirit raves irrationally against almost everything within Roman bounds. Surely it is a mere brutish unreasoning spirit that shies (so to say), at what may be truly Christian, reasonable, and useful, just because Roman Catholics believe or do it. Let what is clearly corrupt or mischievous have our unstinted hostility; but, in the dear name of holy truth, let Protestants rise superior to the hateful and ridiculous silliness of opposing what is Christian, because it is Roman too.

"The future of Protestantism" is a matter of much speculation at the present day. "The decline of Protestantism," is affirmed as a fact by many. But this is a phrase liable to much misunderstanding, and we decline to accept it without qualification. Those elements of enduring good which it has been the means of developing, are not, we feel sure, failing or destined to fail. They have worked themselves too deeply into men's consciences for that. They have leavened Christendom far and wide, even outside the Protestant pale—all except the incurable ultra-montane faction. Thus, its good, we trust, is undying. But if its evil elements fail, why should we be sorry or surprised? The wrong has no necessary permanence. Individualism, the principle of disintegration, the recognition of no authority but self-will—that, we think, is breaking

down; and men are looking round them for some firmer footing, and that footing surely can be found no where but in the organic unity of the historic Church of Christ. Let but the creeds and organization of the primitive Church be maintained, with those sacred Scriptures which Protestantism has loved, and on the whole, helped to elucidate, and the peace and progress of the future of Christendom will be secured; and secured they can be only as this remedy is cordially accepted.

In the following extract, the causes which are represented as at work against Protestantism, are far from being unknown to ourselves, and we would earnestly draw the attention of Canadians to them:—

DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that the number of Protestant theological students in Germany, has considerably diminished of late. Ten years ago there were 1,100 such students in the six eastern provinces of Prussia, whereas during the past half year there were only 680, and a similar diminution is shown by the records of all the German universities except that of Leipzig. In Wurtemberg and Baden especially, it is found difficult to obtain a sufficient number of candidates to fill the vacancies among the Protestant Clergy. In the last number of the "*Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*," Dr. Messmer, the editor, attributes this decrease in the study of theology to the anti-ecclesiastical spirit of the time," to the "lukewarmness with which religion is viewed even in the families of the clergy," to the "contempt with which pious youths at the German Colleges

are treated by their fellow-students," says Dr. Messmer, "that the son of a family of nobles or merchants now elects to study theology, and preaching seems to have lost all its influence." to the humiliations which the clergy have to suffer in public life, and to the divisions which have sprung up in the Church itself. "It is very seldom,"

---

CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editor of The Theological Instructor.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ADDRESS OF THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

MY DEAR SIR.—I hope you will not think it either immodest or unjust if I ask you to publish some observations on the "Address of the Church Association," lately given in the city papers, for I find my parish inundated with copies of them and of the inflammatory sheets which the Association is painfully disseminating. The Associationists profess to be much alarmed for the safety of "Reformation principles." This is the cry with which they go to the country; and it is, indeed, sufficiently vague and sensational. What are these principles? English Churchmen have no difficulty in answering: the Prayer Book is to us the embodiment of all that we can honestly regard as Reformation principles. But multitudes who claim to be the purest Protestants disown that standard, and have, as we all know, set up very various standards of Reformation principles. So that this is mere cant, and dishonest too, as cant usually is. The irrefragable proof of it is, that many in the Church who profess to value those principles the most sincerely, are the most forward in denouncing very much of the Prayer Book, and in endeavoring to alter it—witness the Irish Church and the English Church

Associationists, the parents of the Toronto weakling, and the late secession of Bishop Cummins—while those who are stigmatized as enemies of the Reformation, are well content with the Prayer Book as it is—the deliberate, well-considered work of the Reformers, and of the English Church of later ages. Surely, with honest, thoughtful men, this fact speaks plainly enough.

The Associationists again utter the thread-bare cant of the precious boon of "an open Bible." Now, it is a well-known fact, which not a soul gainsays, that those self-styled Evangelicals look upon "Daily Prayer" in our Church as a suspicious thing, and avoid it as a pest, though the Reformers deliberately enjoined it, as the most effectual way of giving the people a really *open* Bible.

A clamorous zeal for the Reformation is not always to be identified with zeal for Christianity. For example, the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, a simple atheist, tells us that his father, who was a deliberate atheist, "taught him to take the strongest interest in the Reformation, as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought." Here is another example from the land to which our

Associationists turn such longing eyes, the dear home of their religious affections: "The Reformation Society of Neufcastle, in Switzerland, have issued the following programme:—A Church without a Priest; religion without a catechism; worship without mysteries; morals without theology; and God without creeds," (*Toronto Globe*, 17th March, 1869.) This is unquestionably the proved logical and historical result of that barefaced Zwinglianism which our Toronto Puritans would impudently foist upon us as the faith of the English Church! The English Reformers never suffered a graver indignity and injustice than in being saddled with the unbelieving theories of Ulric Swingle.

"The Confessional," it is true, has no place in the English Church—that is, the Romish *enforced* confession, which is pronounced necessary absolutely to salvation and Church communion. Never may that system have a place in our Church! But how disingenuous and wicked to confound that with a *voluntary* confession, which our Church does not make necessary to communion or salvation, but which she clearly sanctions and recommends in certain cases. This is not "the Confessional;" but, even this liberty, Associationists would refuse. The Bishops of the English Church, pestered and badgered as they are on all sides, into saying things not always wise, have said like common sense men that this is a matter which law cannot reach—it is in the hands of the laity; they need not go to confession.

If any one wants to see the true mind of the English Church on this subject fully stated, let him procure a nine-

penny pamphlet, "Confession as taught by the Church of England, by Rev. C. N. Gray," London and Manchester.

That the Church of England should be spoken of as *Anglo-Catholic*, is also a mark of declension from Reformation principles. But how? "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church," and are we not to believe in the *Anglican* branch of it? That would be revolt, with a vengeance. The Prayer Book has the word Catholic, an ancient and venerable word, but I never read "Protestant" in *any* authorized Formula of our Church. And if a few fanatics among the Ritualistic party at home have abused the personal character of some of the Reformers, I don't see how that justifies the stirring up of schismatical strife in our Church in Canada. Sure, I am, that the most pronounced Protestants, as Macaulay, Hallam, and Froude, have written no complimentary words of them; but an English Churchman need be no more concerned to defend *them* than Henry the Eighth, or any Protestant Luther's allowance of concubinage to the Landgrave of Hesse, who could not be content with one wife. It is an unlawful weakening of our position as a Reformed Church, to identify our cause with the personal character of the instruments employed by the Divine Providence. I may, however, note as an instance of the inaccuracy of the writers of the Address, that it was not the *Church Times* that employed the abusive words which they quote, but Dr. Littledale, who softened the force of them by observing afterwards that he purposely used such strong language to compel attention to his

statements. But what sets the common sense and the observation of the Associationists in their full light, is the following passage:—"An early morning communion paves the way for partaking of the Lord's Supper fasting; next follow an unaccustomed vestment, a novel adornment of the communion table, a turning of the back upon the congregation, an elevation of the bread and wine, the use of incense, and at length a hint of some "ineffable mystery" in the symbols selected by our blessed Lord to typify his broken body and shed blood, 'once for all,' sacrificed for us."

Bathos and folly were never more splendidly illustrated. What! after such long, wily, elaborate preparation for the mystery of iniquity, is there nothing *at length* but "a *hint* of some ineffable mystery!" O "ridiculus mus!" we have you *at length!* As if every English Churchman were not taught from his infancy in plain words and not in *hints*, that here is "an ineffable mystery"—"the Body and Blood of Christ, verily and indeed." As if the reiterated expressions of the Prayer Book did not even *hint* it—"the dignity of this holy mystery," "these holy mysteries," "a heavenly and spiritual manner," "the Body and Blood of Christ received and eaten in the Supper," &c., &c. Thank God, our Clergy and people are so far from ending with the Associationists' "lame and impotent conclusion," that they begin a long way ahead of it.

They object to *Altar*; well, then, why not use the Prayer Book word, "Holy Table," instead of "Communion Table," which the Prayer Book does not use; and why not *treat it as*

*holy*, instead of degrading it into a receptacle of dust, rags, and other trumpery, as a certain fine carved table in Toronto is used—*testibus oculis istis meis*. In ethics, I believe, it is allowed, that the violation of a positive precept is regarded as worse than doing what is simply not forbidden. Now, at the Mecca of the Associationists, the rubric which enjoins the oblation of the elements is always disregarded, and yet they complain of "a novel adornment of the communion table." [upon which they would not bestow even a capital letter!] I was wrong about the bathos—here is a lower depth: "The offertory is converted into an offering." In the name of wonder, how is that? Was it not in the very thought of the worshippers an offering to God? Have not the English Reformers from the first Prayer Book downwards, taught us to present our alms "reverently," that "the priest shall *humbly present and place them on the Holy Table*," and then "*humbly beseech God most mercifully to accept our alms, which we offer unto His Divine Majesty?*" Yes, they remembered the angel's words to Cornelius: "Thy prayers and thine *alms* are come up for a *memorial* (sacrifice) before God." Every word is the technical language of sacrifice. These are the men who would teach their teachers! Faugh! it is simply sickening.

Our Bishop, too, is covertly assailed because he did not interfere with that latitude of dress which in this very free and semi-democratic land, our Clergy, in common with laymen, enjoy. There is, indeed, a prescribed dress for the Clergy, which may be seen in

the Canons ; but not one amongst us, High Church or Low Church, observes it. Why don't the sticklers for "Reformation principles" get up a jeremiad about this? No, no! a poor cassock, prescribed in our Canons, and by the Universities to which we belong, is looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a mark of the beast. But horrors of horrors! a young Clergyman is seen at Synod with a cross dangling from his neck! And does it not find a more fitting place there, than on the bosom of a young lady in a ball-room? and yet who so fanatical as to propose her ejection therefor from a scene of gaiety? The Bishop of Lincoln, regarded by some as possessed with an anti-Roman craze, was seen last year at the Congress of the Old Catholics, with a pectoral cross, which the dignitaries of the Lutheran Church always wear. If the cross is made on our brow in baptism, it is simply and unmistakably profane to be ashamed of it any where else. Here we see the germs of an inquisitorial tyranny which, had it a chance, would soon rival St. Dominic's, and which would find fagots with quite as much zeal.

Protestant zeal is appealed to with the alarming announcement that the Romish Church makes in London alone 2,000 converts per annum. The statement is derived from the "Weekly Register," a Romish paper. How readily is Romish boastfulness admitted, when it can be made use of against brethren! For my part, I would as soon believe Satan as a Romish newspaper, when it has an object to serve. But granting it true; how many heathen are there in London who, perhaps, would be all the better

for being even ultra-montanians. Nay, but "seventeen out of every twenty are from Ritualistic congregations." The Ritualists deny any such leakage, and are indignant at the assertion. But grant it, and what then? The sects lose annually immense numbers, and the Methodists many thousands, the Baptists and Congregationalists notoriously. Whither do they go? There can be little doubt, they replenish superabundantly the very doubtful losses to the Romanists. And surely the Church in the City of Toronto can excellently well afford to lose the converts to Rome there—better than she can afford to lose the many families of the *elite* of society that have revolted from her communion to that newest, most radical, and most un-Christian sect in Christendom—the Plymouthists: and who have forsaken the very citadel of purity in which the Associationists are entrenched, thus shewing their appreciation of "Reformation principles."

From Mr. Homer Dixon, one of the secretaries responsible for the address, the author of an assault on "Fasting," as taught by the Church of England, which it is harder than a thousand riddles to construe—such a mass of unintelligible jargon is it—nothing wiser could be expected than this choice morsel of ecclesiastical learning, viz., that "receiving the bread on the crossed palm," (he means, on the open palm, with the hands crossed) is a "revival of mediæval corruption!" Surely such Protestants should know that the bread was not so administered at all in the middle ages, and they *might* have learned that St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in his Cate-

chetical Lectures, delivered in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, more than fifteen centuries ago, gave this identical instruction to his Catechumens.

A great aggravation of the mischiefs complained of is, that they are insinuated "with the charms of music;" Hymns Ancient and Modern are the special instance of the peccant art. Well, those hymns may be no safer than Calvinism, but they are a great deal pleasanter, and it is little wonder if they should be more popular than the Associationists'. It is time to let the wind out of the bladder which is perpetually inflated with the gaseous ignorance that faints over

"Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,  
Whom Jesus loves so well?  
And in His temple, year by year,  
Thy joy and glory tell?"

This is supposed to be worship of the Blessed Virgin. Does any man in his sober senses believe that the people who use the *six million* copies of these hymns actually sold, worship the Blessed Virginia? May not these "accusers of the brethren" any day satisfy themselves on this point by asking a few questions in Toronto, where those hymns are extensively used?

Let us face the dread words boldly. Is there any better reason for loving any person than that Jesus loves him; and whom does he love more than His mother? Do not Protestant preachers preach continually, and Protestant people sing continually of the "joy and glory" of the Saints of God? and then why not this pre-eminent Saint, the "Mother of God?" Whatever may be thought about the fitness of this special hymn for con-

gregational use—and I think it is fitter for private devotional use than congregational—it certainly contains not one sentiment which any genuine believer in the Incarnation can object to. The vocative form no more implies "invocation" than does the same form in "Waft, waft, ye winds His story;" and he would be a very windy theologer who thought this a worship of the winds. Men ought to be ashamed of such silly rubbish. "A real union among Churchmen" the Associationists profess to design; but they say, "if such a union is to be efficacious," (a "real" union, one would think is an "efficacious" union;) "it must be aimed at, as well as carried out in the spirit of strife." Surely the particle "not" should have some place in this sentence! but the accidental omission, as we believe it must be, exactly expresses the spirit of the *Dis*-sociationists. Strife, first, last, midst, and without end, is their sole aim and object. What has W. H. Draper done for the Church in this Diocese? With what work of piety or charity are the names of Homer Dixon and Gillespie identified? Who knows anything of them at all in connection with religion, except as stirrers up of religious strife? It is nothing but sheerest impudence that men who are notorious for their ignorance and neglect of religious studies, and who are not eminent for their practice of religious duties and virtues, should thus set themselves up as irresponsible dictators in the Church, and presume to rebuke where they would more fitly learn.

I will end by expressing the assurance that they will find "they have

taken too much upon them," and will rather be classed by their fellow Churchmen with the sons of Korah, than with the Reformers.

Yours,

A HIGH CHURCHMAN.

Dec. 5th, 1873.

NOTES.—Of *Private Confession*, LUTHER says: "I had rather lose a thousand worlds than suffer private confession to be thrust out of the Church." And far beyond any Anglican divine is this: "Rely on the words of Jesus Christ, and be assured that God does not remit sin otherwise than by the living voice of man, as He himself has ordained it." MELANCTHON says: "It would be wicked to take away private absolution from the Church." CALVIN bids "every faithful man remember that it is *his duty* (if inwardly he be vexed and afflicted with the sense of his sins) not to neglect that remedy which is offered him by the Lord, to wit: that, for the easing of his conscience, he make private confession of his sins unto his pastor." "Nor has private absolution less efficacy or fruit where it is sought for by those who have need of this special remedy to heal their infirmity." CRANMER says: "When your sins do make you afraid and sad, then seek and desire absolution and forgiveness of your sins of the ministers which have received a commission and commandment from Christ Himself to forgive men's sins. Despise not absolution, for it is the commandment and ordinance of God." RIDLEY:—"Confession unto the ministers... indeed, I ever thought might do much good to Christ's congregation, and so I assure you, I think to this day," (from prison, the year before he was burnt). LATIMER:—"To speak of right and true confession, I would to God it were

kept in England; for it is a good thing." "I would have them that are grieved in conscience, to go to some godly man which is able to minister God's word, and there to fetch his absolution. It were truly a thing which would do much good." JEWELL against his Romish adversary Harding: "The Church of England hath authority this day by God's word to bind and loose as much, as ever Christ gave any of His Apostles." "As for private confession, abuses and errors set apart, we condemn it not, but leave it at liberty." "We do no more mislike a private confession than a private sermon." *These are Reformation principles.*

Of the *Sacraments* in general, which our English Puritans so much disparage, the celebrated and eloquent Edward Irving says: "... that strongest hold of faith, which superstition is ever endeavouring to possess, and infidelity to undermine." "It was this article [on the Lord's Supper, in the first confession adopted and put forth by the Church of Scotland, of which he was a minister], which delivered me from the *infidelity of Evangelicalism*, which denies any gift of God in the work of Christ, or in the Sacraments, or anywhere until we experience it to be within ourselves; making God a mere promiser, until we become receivers; making His bounty and beneficence naught but words, till we make it reality by accepting thereof; in one word, making religion only subjective in the believer, and not elective in God—objective in Christ, in order that it may be subjective in the believer; a religion of moods, and not of purposes and fact; having its reality in the creature, its proposal of reality only in God."—Works, vol. i., p. 605, 6th ed. Carlile.

A SHORT SERMON OF ST. BARNARD'S, XII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, ON THE  
THREEFOLD BENEFIT OF THE LORD'S ADVENT.

1. If we devoutly celebrate the Lord's Advent, we do what it behoves us to do; since not only to us, but for our sakes He came, to whom "our goods are nothing." But the very greatness of His condescension shews the more manifestly the exceeding extent of our indigence. Not only does the danger of illness become known from the very costliness of the medicine, but the number of diseases from the multitude of remedies. For why should there be so many separate graces, were our necessities not diverse? It would truly be a difficult thing to run through in a simple discourse all the wants of which we have experience; but at the present there occur to me three which are common to all, and may be called the principal. For none of us can be found who does not at this moment need counsel, or help, or defence. This threefold misery must be allowed to belong to our whole race; and all of us who live in "the region of the shadow of death," in infirmity of body, in a place of temptation, if we carefully observe, are suffering miserably from this threefold misfortune. For we are prone to be led astray, we are feeble in working, and frail in resisting. When we wish to distinguish between good and evil, we are deceived. When we try to do good, we fail. When we endeavour to resist evil, we are cast down and overcome.

2. The Advent of the Saviour was,

therefore, necessary, and the presence of Christ was necessary for men held under the sway of such evils. Oh that He would so come, that, of His most rich condescension, He would dwell in us by faith, and illuminate our darkness, and, abiding with us, help our infirmity, and taking our part protect and defend our frailty. For if He is in us, who shall then deceive us? If He is with us, what shall we not be able henceforth to do through Him that strengtheneth us? If he is for us, who shall be against us; He is a faithful counsellor, who cannot possibly be deceived, nor deceive. He is a strong helper, who cannot grow weary; an effectual patron, who shall quickly bruise Satan himself under our feet, and break in pieces all his engines. Truly is he the wisdom of God who is ever prompt to instruct the ignorant, He is the power of God who finds it easy to refresh the fainting, and deliver those in peril. To this so great an Instructor, therefore, let us run, my brethren, in every doubt; on this so mighty Helper let us call in every undertaking; to this so faithful defender let us commit our souls in every struggle; for, for this very end, came He into the world, that he may dwell in men, with men, for men, and so may enlighten our darkness, relieve our labours, and ward off our dangers.—Transted by Rev. J. C.

DEATH BED OF BISHOP BUTLER.—When his Lordship was on his dying bed, he called for his Chaplain, and said, "Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin, and to please God, to the utmost of my power; yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die." "My Lord," said the Chaplain, "you have forgotten that Christ is a Saviour."

"True," was the answer; "but how shall I know that he was a Saviour for me." "My Lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" "True," said the Bishop, "and I am surprised, that though I have read that scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."

## ARCHBISHOP MANNING AND DR. NICHOLSON.

The controversy between Archbishop Manning and Dr. Nicholson, has taken a somewhat curious turn. It will be remembered that Dr. Nicholson, beginning by asking to have a phrase in one of Dr. Manning's sermons on the cultus of the Sacred Heart explained to him, ended by convicting the Archbishop of formal heresy, of misquoting some standard Roman authorities he professed to refer to, and of displaying entire unacquaintance with what others of them had laid down. Now, the letters on Dr. Manning's side were not directly penned by himself. They were written by the Rev. J. J. Guiron, his Secretary, who throughout the correspondence represents himself as the mere amanuensis of his superier. But Dr. Manning has just published in the *Tablet*, a letter to Mr. Guiron, praising him highly for the perfect orthodoxy of his letter to Dr. Nicholson, and alleging that he himself read only Dr. Nicholson's first epistle, handed the intermediate ones unread to his secretary, and threw the last unread into his waste-paper basket. Yet as Mr. Guiron all along describes himself as writing "by desire of his Grace," and uses other phrases which establishes the fact, that he is merely acting as scribe, and not as author of the letters, and as Dr. Manning himself wrote to the *Spectator*

replying to some criticisms of that journal and of the *Guardian*, on the whole correspondence, his letter to the *Tablet*, does not seem to bear any very intimate relation to the facts. It is the finest thing in this particular style since he addressed, soon after his consecration, a Pastoral to the clergy and laity of his titular diocese, thanking them for the delighted welcome they had given him; knowing at the time that his name was not so much as on one of the lists they sent to Rome for selection, that every effort had been made, all but to avert the misfortune of his nomination by the Pope, and that no change of feeling had taken place. Other men, when they do this style of thing, object to being found out, but Dr. Manning is of a bolder spirit, and prefers to brazen the matter on all occasions.

THE REV. A. NICHOLSON, D. D.—  
The doubt which has existed as to the position of the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, who conducted the recent celebrated controversy with Dr. Manning upon the Worship of the Sacred Heart, is at last dispelled. Dr. Nicholson has written a note to the *Guardian*, to which he signs his name, as "Priest of the Church of England, and British Consular - chaplain at Gothenburg, Sweden."

## MARRIED.

In Toronto, on the 17th of November last, by the Rev. D. F. Hutchinson, Mr. JAMES PARKER to ELIZABETH STEEL, both of the City of Toronto.

On the 25th of November last, by the Rev. D. F. Hutchinson, Mr. GEO. J. BONTER, of Trenton, to MISS GEORGIA M. HIGLEY, of Oshawa, Ont.

## THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON RITUALISM.

In a sermon preached at Chorley on Sunday the Bishop of Manchester referred to Ritualism. He said the preface to the Prayer Book contained a clear and reasonable and statesmanlike exposition of the mind of the Church of England. He thought it unreasonable that we who lived in the nineteenth century should be literally bound by the practices of men who had been in their graves for 300 years. People's feelings expressed themselves in a different way at different dates, and so long as they kept clear of anything like superstition or empty formalism, and so long as they abhorred any sole imitation of the Church of Rome, they were strictly Protestant. His lordship said emphatically, and with all the authority that could be given to it as coming from a Bishop of the Church of England, that for a clergyman to preach in his surplice, to put the choir in surplices, to have the Communion table properly dressed, and to introduce flowers at Easter time, was not Popish and had no right to be called Popish. Some people thought kneeling at prayer Popish, and in many Lancashire congregations kneeling at prayer was the exception and not the rule. His lordship concluded by pointing out the true course of the Church of England was between an intolerant Romanism and an intolerant Puritanism.

## THE CORNER PLANTATION.

## A TALE.

A week or two passed away, and Margaret was up and about again, so one day she went with her sister and Rollo to see how her poor invalid, Mrs. Styles, was. The man was digging in his garden as they came up to the gate, and when he saw who it was he touched his hat with a start, and went on digging furiously, without looking up again. Rollo, as soon as he saw him, rushed at him, growling and showing his teeth.

"Down, Rollo; down, sir!" said the clear voice of his mistress. "What do you mean, you tiresome animal?" The dog retired looking very sulky, and muttering some ominous growls, whilst Margaret turned to the man.

"Good morning, Jem," she said, in her bright voice. "Have you got the hedging and ditching job at Farmer Robinson's?"

"Yes, I thank you, miss," he replied in a quivering voice, and hardly looking up from his work.

"I am glad of that," said Margaret. "Is your wife pretty well?"

"Much the same as usual, miss," he answered as before, and when the young ladies had passed into the cottage, he thrust his spade furiously into the ground, and stealing sidelong looks at the open door, he went round to the back of the house, so that when the two girls came out again, he was nowhere to be seen.

The next day, Margaret was sitting out in the garden, with her arm still in a sling, when a note was brought to her; a little scrap of paper from Mr. Lexworth.

"Dear Maggie; come down to me; I want to speak to you. C. L."

She rose from her seat directly, and said to the servant, "If they want to know where I am, Richard, say I have gone to the Rectory."

Before many minutes had passed, she was at Mr. Lexworth's study window, and saw that he was not alone in

the room. A man sat by the table with his face buried in his arms, and Margaret thought she knew who it was.

"Come in, my dear," said the old Rector; "are you better to-day? Rather pale and feeble still, I see; now, sit down in my arm-chair, and Jem Styles wants to speak to you."

The man was standing up now, but almost as though he dared not look at her; his hands were clasped in front of him, and his head bent down upon his chest.

"You want to speak to me, Jem?" she said kindly. Then the poor fellow looked up for an instant. "Yes, miss," he said, in a broken voice. "I want to tell you that—"

"Stop," said Margaret, gently, as she stood up and put her hand on his. "I think I know what you want to say; there is no need to tell me. We met the other night in the corner plantation; is not that all?"

"Did you know it, miss?" he sobbed. "Did you know it was me?"

"Yes, I knew you, though you thought I was the keeper," said Margaret, smiling, in order to force some tears back.

"I didn't mean to shoot anybody!" he cried in distress, "but, oh, miss, I was frightened when I heard some one coming, and the dog; and I aimed at the dog, I did indeed. I never thought to have come to this," sobbed the strong man; "I shall never hold up my head again!"

Margaret was fairly crying now, and the Rector spoke in answer.

"Jem, you ought to be very thankful that God has sent you this awful warning, the first time you tried to steal what was not your own."

"Had you never poached before?" asked Margaret suddenly.

"No miss, never. I suppose bad thoughts had been in my mind; I'd had nothing but odd jobs for a long time, and my wife was so ill, and all on a sudden I thought I'd go out and shoot a rabbit, and make her something nice for supper, and I wandered

on, uneasy in my mind; and then I heard some one coming, and the dog, and I was awful afraid I should be caught, and then they'd think 'twas I had done all the poaching, so I fired, and oh, I wish I'd been dead first!" said the man with a groan.

"Jem," said Margaret, and Jem looked up, to see his young lady all bright and flushing with pleasure, through her tears. "Jem, I am very, very thankful I happened to pass through that plantation: it may keep you from evil for the future, and I don't see why you should not hold up your head again among your friends; you have done your duty by coming to Mr. Lexworth, and confessing all to him, and I am quite sure you are very sorry for your wrong doing."

"God bless you, miss, he faltered.

"Begin again, from this day Jem," said the Rector; what has passed is only known to Miss Margaret and to me, and it will go no further. Begin afresh, and God Almighty bless and be with you! You will, I am sure, never do so again."

"Never again, sir; never again," said the man, as he passed from their presence.

"Surely they are two angels of God, sent to help me," he murmured as he went homewards "Surely, Miss Margaret is a rare one, she is." And the two stood together for a moment or two in earnest thought.

"Maggie," said the Rector at last, "it will be the saving of that man."

"God grant it may," she said simply, "this is a very little thing to do so much," she added, touching her wounded arm.

"Oh, I am thankful, I am thankful, Maggie," said the good clergyman, turning away to hide some tearful eyes, "though it has been pain to you, it has brought another careless one to repentance, true and deep."

"More joy than pain to me," she said gently.

And Jem Styles's "Never again" lasted for his whole life.

THE END.