Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

XXIII.

During the Commonwealth, from 1649 to 1660, when the Independents and Baptists were in the ascendant, under Cromwell, the English Catholics enjoyed a negative advantage in the abeyance of the laws against recusancy. So long as no one was required to attend the parish church, the Catholics were not required. They suffered heavily in the way of fines and sequestration of estates, on the ground of "malignancy," that is, of adherence to the King. This, however, was a political, not a religious persecution. The Catholics suffered it in common with the Episcopalians. Their worship, it is true, was still proscribed, but then so was the Anglican worship. Cromwell, himself, the longer he ruled, was less and less inclined to make inquisition into the private exercise of religion, and it is said that at the time of his death he was on the point of taking up negotiations with Rome for the authorization of the Roman Catholic worship in England, doubtless with certain precautions against imprudent publicity. To this day English law, though no longer enforced, forbids Catholic processions outside of the churches. It also forbids the presence of Jesuits within the United Kingdom, although the execution of this law also is rendered impossible by public sentiment.

Of course Cromwell never dreamed of laying claim in any way to the religious allegiance of the English. As an Independent, the thought was abhorrent to him. Fidelity to the Establishment was no longer required of any one, for the Establishment, for the time being, had ceased to exist. The churches were still standing, and still in constant use, and the various forms of ecclesiastical endowment, including the payment of tithes, were still protected and enforced in law. The parochial titles, however, were taken away from the Episcopalian incumbents (who were kept from actually starving by an allowance of one-fifth of the tithes), and were distributed, at the option of the Lord Protector, among Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist ministers. The diocesan organizations were suspended, and pretty much all ecclesiastical organization, except a Board of Triers. Irregular as this was, dependent on the mere will of the Protector, Richard Baxter, though far from fond of Cromwell, owns that it put very good men into the parishes, conscientious, faithful and of religious life and example.

Of course, however, this state of things really broke up the Elizabethan tradition. There was always something rather artificial in it, and such rude shocks as it now encountered permanently impaired its vitality. The notion of a mystical, semi-sacramental religious virtue inherent in the Crown, underwent sad ravages in the eleven years during which the crown lay unused in the Tower. In many respects religion was prosperous in England, but it was a personal, diffused religion neither gathered up into a regal centre nor effluent from it. The Church of the Restoration, reviving after the great Protector's death, was in form and law the same Church of England as before, yet it had lost a vital element the unquestioning consciousness of being the Church, if not of all English men, at least of all Protestant Englishmen. The Catholics had been contemned and persecuted as not being true Englishmen at all. Now, however, Anglicanism, though she had succeeded in greatly reducing the number of Catholics from what it was under James the First, and though she had for the time being triumphed over Puritanism, and was savagely persecuting the persecutors, was yet confronted by a large body of strenuous men and women, whose claim to be true Englishmen and Englishwomen was beyond all possible dispute. How could it be questioned, indeed, when under that great ruler who had proceeded from the midst of these dissentients, and had found his chief strength in them, England had risen to such a height of power as had not been known since the day of Henry the Fifth, and to such an extent of power as had never been known at all?

The English nation, it is true, after the Restoration as before, was as a body, strongly attached to the Establishment. The number of Dissenters must have been proportionally small. Yet it was steadily, though slowly, enlarging. Moreover, it was all alive. Every particle of it was vital. It was chiefly gathered into the towns, and was chiefly made up of the alert and intelligent mercantile and artisan classes. Like the Catholics, it was shut out from office, yet far less completely. A Dissenter was ready to renounce the Pope twenty times a day, if required, and many Dissenters, though not, I think, the greater part, were willing to communicate occasionally with the Church. If they stood these two tests, they might hold any office. The Establishment, proud and powerful as it was, and still vastly more numerous than its assailants, was henceforth really thrown on the defensive. Having, for several reigns been implacably severe against the Roman Catholics, as no true Englishmen, it now found itself sharply assailed in turn, not precisely as not English but as hostile to English liberty, and as not including the very soul of English religion. From this defensive position it has never since recovered, and, considered as an Establishment, it is doubtful whether it will ever recover from it. When it ceases to be an establishment, it will, of course, enter into a wholly new stage of its history. Those who imagine that before long it will be reabsorbed by Rome; and those who suppose that it will once again include the whole English nation, will probably all be disappointed in their forecastings.

It is a matter of curious, though perhaps of idle conjecture, to consider what might have been the history of the Church of England after 1660, had Charles the Second, who was secretly a Catholic, been franker, and had a higher cast of character, and had James the Second, who became openly a Catholic, been more discreet, and also had a higher cast of character. In no country can the relation of the Sovereign to the established Church be a matter of slight importance. Yet in no country, it should seem, has the established Church been so singularly involved and interwoven with the Crown as in England. Do what we will, make what explanations we may, even those of us who, like the present writer, are sincerely attached to Anglicanism, and have high hopes of its future, cannot easily keep our faces straight when we think of the Headship, or Supreme Governorship, ascribed to the English Crown over the English Church. This Church was in a bad way when two men in succession stood at her head who, besides being notoriously immoral, were religiously hostile to her. She gathered her forces sufficiently, in temporary alliance with the Dissenters, and, curiously enough, with the unavowed help of the Pope, to free herself from this particular danger. Innocent, at such a juncture, did not want a fool, loose liver, and slave of France, to reign over England, even if he did chance to be a Catholic. Yet in one way or another this Headship, or Supreme Governorship, of the Crown, is the vulnerable point of the Church of England. At the very least, it lays her open to perpetual ridicule, and that from both sides, especially during a long female reign. Queen Victoria, in a long struggle of two generations with Saint Paul, is certain to have the worst of it. The consciousness of it gives added pungency to her Majesty's declaration, "The truth is, we women were never made for government."

Of course when Anglicanism is finally set free from its bondage to the State, it will be relieved of this curious intermarriage with royalty, contradictory alike to Scripture and to Christian history. Yet in the seventeenth century it has been remarked, the doctrine of passive obedience to the prince may fairly be called the one distinguishing tenet of the Church of England. If I remember right, Lord Russell, when about to mount the scaffold, was refused the Communion, even by Whig clergymen, simply because he would not protess this degrading opinion, which, moreover, is entirely apart from Christianity. At all events, even such a Liberal as Gilbert Burnet had serious scruples about suffering such heterodoxy to pass. Cardinal Newman remarks that the Holy See, like other sovereignties, has always been plagued with abject and extravagant flatterers. The blasphemous sayings of some of these, vented even in General Councils, are, by Lansing, and other such lights of Church history (some of whom are doing well if they get a pope within five hundred years of his proper place) paraded as if they were the voice of the councils themselves, and therefore of the Catholic Church. I never heard one of these ornaments of learning call to mind Archbishop Cranmer's eulogy on Thomas Cromwell, that "he loved the King as much as he loved God." Nor does one of them mention that John Tillotson was advanced to the Primacy after having declared that no man unless he could prove an immediate revelation of God, can excuse himself from receiving any religion which the chief magistrate may impose. He does not make any exception against the exchange of Christianity for Paganism. Seeing, then, that the leading See of the Protestant world can boast of such illustrious archiepiscopal blasphemers, one of them, moreover, a Protestant martyr, we shall do well to be a little cautious in provoking our Catholic friends to throw stones at our own glass house.

With the accession of William and Mary, after the expulsion of James in 1688, England became, and has ever since remained, virtually a Republic. The Crown was not abolished, and it exercises to this day a great deal of authority. The notion that the Sovereign is a mere figure-head is far from the truth. Yet that England, since 1688, is really a Republic (first aristocratic and now growingly democratic) rests on two facts. First, it has never been seriously disputed, for any length of time, that when the Crown disagrees with the Commons, and these are supported by the nation, the Crown must give way. Secondly, there is no longer any prerogative beyond the law. The Crown is bound to enforce the law, the whole law, and nothing but the law. Any neglect, and any excess, is a matter for which the royal advisers are responsible, the royal person, since as before, remaining exempt.

There is still one exception to this statement, and that of so slight a texture as to show like what it is, a ridiculous and bodiless survival. The Queen still, if she wishes to see one of her people, and he excuses himself, "commands" his attendance, and if he still refuses to come, he is considered as guilty of gross undutifulness and impropriety. Yet if he is obstinate, the Queen has no means of enforcing his attendance. The courts would take no account of a merely personal command of the Sovereign for a merely personal object.

Thus, the notion of personal allegiance to the Prince, which in the time of Henry the Eighth included the whole compass of interests, individual and collective, civil and religious, even to the intimate beliefs of the soul, slowly, though stubbornly, receded before the attacks and martyrdoms of high-minded men, Catholic on one hand, Puritan on the other, until, after having left the field of religion, princely power was at last compelled to abandon all its claims even in the civil sphere, and to content itself with the permanent and hereditary presidency of the Commonwealth, with being the simple executor of the laws of the land.

Thenceforward the personal opinions of the Sovereign, about religion or anything else, had not the slightest coercive effect on the subject. If the Sovereign thought the Pope a saint (and the law did not say no to this) the subject was at perfect liberty to denounce the Pope as anti-Christ. If the Sovereign declared the Mass idolatrous, the subject was not forbidden to declare it Divine. When, as ever since, the Sovereign was required by law to make this declaration, the law, like all restrictive laws, bound him alone. It was imposed for the one purpose of securing a Protestant monarch, and for no other. So long as parliament wished to have only Protestant functionaries, officers, soldiers and sailors, it imposed corresponding oaths on them. When it wished to have Catholic servants of the State, also, it repealed these oaths, retaining those which bind the Crown. Public servants of any grade or class are not concerned with the Queen's declarations, and the Queen is not concerned with theirs. It is the grossest affront against history and law, and against the theory of the relation between Crown and subject, to imagine that a law passed to bind the Sovereign binds the subject, or that a law passed to bind the subject binds the Sovereign. This Ulster League is disloyal at once to History, to Law, to the dignity of the Crown, and to the liberty of the People.

Charles C. Starbuck.

Andover, Mass.

PRIEST'S SAD OFFICE IN A RAILROAD WRECK.

Heard the Confession of an Engineer Penned Under the Engine.

In the railroad wreck on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at West Dunellen, N. J., on Monday, January 9, when sixteen persons were killed and thirty injured by two trains coming into collision, several priests from neighboring towns were quickly on hand to give spiritual consolation to the dying. One newspaper thus describes one scene:

Engineer Prendergast was trapped. One engine lay upon its side, the other over it, the forward driver of the under one pinning his legs to the rail. The tread of the wheel stretched across his ankles, and as he tried to move them he shrieked with the shock. Both were crushed beneath the mountain of metal upon them, and there he lay upon his face, to die slowly from scalding steam. Although suffering exquisite agony, he clenched his teeth to stifle it and directed the work of rescue. While the wounded were still clamoring in the cars some must work for them, so only three jack men could be told off to drag out the engineer. These rescuers were Italians and unskilled with their tools. They sought to lift the twenty tons of steel over Prendergast's head with two puny screw-jacks. They accomplished little, and the engineer knew beforehand the result. Then, for the first and only time, he complained.

"Can't you get better jacks than that?" he demanded. "Get a hydraulic jack; you can't do anything with those."

A wildcat engine came steaming along at this point. Its passenger was a priest, a gray-haired man, with a keen, kindly face. He peered through the pen of twisted steel that held the engineer. Without a word he went down on his hands and knees, and through the mud and grime crawled and twisted his way underneath the engines.

"My man," said he to the engineer, "are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father," answered the engineer.

"Then confess your sins to me. I am Father Lawrence."

Here, then, was beheld a strange confession. Overhead a chapel of torn and twisted steel, and beneath it a dying man pinned down by its weight, telling his sins to a priest. The dying fire in the engine box cast an uncanny glow upon their faces. Inch by inch the jacks were raising the weight up on the man, and while the men worked the jack the priest, huddled in the ruin, administered the last offices of the Church. Presently they had poor Prendergast free, and the priest turned elsewhere. In the coaches still standing on the tracks were the dead and the dying. From one to another went the priest.

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THE GOOD OLD RELIGION.

F. R. Guernsey, in a recent letter from Mexico to the Boston Herald, says:

"Now in Spanish-speaking countries the home exists, and home feeling is intensely strong, as is seen in the strict and joyful observance of feast-days, of the saints' days of members of families, and the simple delights and the simple pleasures of home. A woman out of her house a great deal is called '*una paseadora*,' one who is 'trapesing about' in old New England phrase. The ideal woman here is the wife and mother who rules her home and servants with mildness and firmness, who can make a hundred 'dulces,' or preserves, who knows all about household affairs, and probably has a goodly array of servants to do the work. Of such a thing as the higher education, nada! Not a word. She has an idea that women may be good doctors, that even a woman lawyer may be well enough once in a while just to show the men that women do have brains, but as for herself—well, she shrugs her pretty shoulders and throws up her little hands and exclaims: '*No soy para esas cosas*!' (I'm not for that sort of things)

"'And she is not. Plump, happy, as cheerful as the birds in her court yard, flower-lined and murmurous with a singing fountain, the Mexican woman is not at all for that sort of thing. She is the centre around whom gathers the family group; she is the good woman of the Bible who ordereth well her house. How many I know of these charming women, who look on, with incurious eyes, at the newer life that has come into the country with our northern invasion!'

"It's all right for the foreign ladies to do so and so, but you know our etiquette, our ways, they say. They do not censure the newer customs, but often seem to admire them as very appropriate for those who come from foreign lands, as is a feather in an Indian's hair.

"Some Mexican ladies were discussing women's clubs. 'I think it is very good for ladies who like to meet and talk,' said one Mexican matron who has lived in Paris and knows all Europe, 'but it is not our way.'

"*No es costumbre!*' It isn't the custom. That is the final clincher in all argument here regarding the adoption of the new ways. And there is something delightful in the thought that a civilization can rest so firmly on its immemorial foundations that no one quest ons the good old ways, that life is settled, and flows through the long fixed channel. People who are born into a religion which does not duck or bend to phases of passing scientific opinion, which has noble ideals and a great history, helps make life easier, and does not bother much with 'problems,' have things comfortably arranged for them. It is really a great relief to know where you came from, what you are here for, and where you are going, with a choice as to destination. Montaigne, though by nature a genial doubter, was at heart a Catholic. He flew about in the upper air of speculation, trying his philosophical wings, but came back into the big and roomy and comfortable house of the ancient belief when weary, and an indulgent Pope and sensible Cardinal refused to give heed to fanatical accusers who would fain have put him to the question, and perhaps have toasted him right brown.

"Now the men of cultivation in Spanish countries are very much of the temper of Montaigne. They get together and say unkind things of the Church which christened them and brought them up; they become philosophic and scoff at Christianity and affect to believe in the vagaries of Renan and the latest skeptic, but they do not fail to call in the Church for the marrying of their children, for the burial of their dead, and, at last, when the ultimate moment comes, the Church of their childhood finds them ready to lay their doubting heads on her broad and motherly bosom. And the wise men among the priests let the men of their flocks talk. They smile indulgently as fathers listening to high-spirited boys who make fun of all things. The patient priest waits. He knows that the wanderer will be very glad to wing himself home in his old age."

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

PARENTS, BE THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

"Master, didst Thou not sow good seed in Thy field? from whence then hath it cockle?" (Matt. 13, 27.)

The question of the servants to the master of the house, given in this day's gospel, may be properly placed in the mouths of many parents, with regard to their offspring: Did we not sow good seed in the hearts of our children? Did we not daily pray with and for them? Did we not untiringly exhort them to do good, correct and punish their faults? Did we not constantly, by good example, show them the way to heaven? And yet, whence this cockle? whence this obstinacy, this want of obedience, this forgetfulness of God? Beloved parents, do you desire the answer to this question? Then consider the reply made by the master of the house to the servants who lamented the appearance of the cockle in the field: "An enemy hath done this, while men were asleep." Did you do, perhaps, as those men—that is, sleep when you should have been vigilant? Then you reposed while the devil came, under the form of human tempters, viz.: bad companions, shameful discourses, evil example, impious books, etc., to sow the seed of cockle in the hearts of your children.

Alas! is this not the case? Are there not many parents who, indeed, take care that no evil befall their cow in the stable or in the pasture, but who do not concern themselves about their children becoming the sad victims of seduction and spiritual murder, by evil communications and impious companions? Are there not many parents, who are indeed anxious that neither small-pox nor typhoid fever penetrate into their homes, but to whom it is a matter of total indifference whether their innocent children hear daily from the mouths of wicked domestics curses, blasphemies and obscenities, and thus from their earliest years are led to impiety? Alas! are there not fathers and mothers who, as it were, lead their children to ruin, since they confide them to factories, or workshops, where, day after day, evil companions vomit the poison of scandal, of seduction? And when sooner or later, the poor children are totally depraved, the parents feign astonishment and hold the children responsible for the bad seed which they themselves have sown. Or take, for example, a son old enough to be given over to a master, or a daughter to go out to service. What should good parents have more at heart—is it perhaps good eating and drinking and great wages, or Christian surroundings and the spiritual welfare of their child? But, alas! what do many parents care about the latter? Their sole anxiety seems to be this: Will the child be well treated and receive great wages? If so, what matters it whether the child remains in a house where nothing religious is seen, but where much is heard that is offensive to God; where no one will remind it of its Christian duties, but where many will try to prevent it from practicing them. If, after a few years, such a child returns to its parental roof and has lost its faith; indeed, it would be miraculous if it were otherwise; if it does not fulfil its religious duties and even makes a marriage contract, implying a denial of faith, then the deluded parents wish to act the innocent and exclaim: O God, whence this cockle? Christain parents, should you not rather strike your breast contritely and give utterance to the following: I am the criminal who has sown the weed; for, in selecting a master and mistress for my child I was more anxious for its food and raiment than for the welfare of its soul. Alas! how many parents will be eternally lost, not because they failed to sow good seed into the hearts of their children, but because they permitted Satan to steal it; not because they personally neglected to educate their children properly, but because they were wanting in vigilance. "They slept" when it was their bounden duty to keep guard over them, to be awake.

O parents, I entreat, I conjure you, by the judgment of God, to bear in mind the terrible account which God will demand in your last hour, when He will require of you His property, the souls of your children; therefore, do all in your power, not only to educate them as good Christians, but also to preserve them as such. Be the protectors of their faith, the defenders of their innocence. Be their guardian angels in youth and shield them, as the apple of your eye, from all dangers, scandals and seductions, which Satan and the wicked world may prepare for them. Therefore, tolerate in your family no suspicious servants who might bring destruction to their souls. Permit your children no communication with bad associates, no impious books, no attending obscene theatricals, no dangerous amusements, but, above all, do not allow your grown children to form the friendship of frivolous persons. And, when obliged by circumstances to have one of your children withdrawn from your watchful care, seek for it a house, a service, a situation where you may rest at ease with regard to its spiritual welfare. Cherished parents, if in this manner you exercise the sacred function of watching over your children, then, and then only, may you hope that they will be your joy and consolation, and, at your last hour, you will be able to render a favorable account of their souls. Amen.

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

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