ENGLISH MISSIONS.

The attention of the people of England has been specially called within recent years to its position as the centre of a world-wide empire, exercising power and dominion in the uttermost regions of the earth. The rapid expansion of the English colonies, and the increased facilities for communication which have practically brought them so much closer to our shores, have been the chief factors in bringing about this result, which marks a growing tendency to recognition of the principle of unity among the widely scattered branches of the Anglo Saxon race. None who read history with a sense of its larger meaning in relation to the ultimate destiny of humanity can fail to see in this unique position of a geographically insignificant group of islands the indication of a great mission allotted to them in the general scheme of the world's progress. And as Pagan Rome was all unconsciously made the main instrument and vehicle for the first diffusion of Christianity, so may England, though still severed from Catholic unity, be designed to play a like part in the second great conversion of the heathen world. The Roman Empire had so complete a monoply of means of communication, as well as of rule throughout the then-known world, that Christendom was for centuries conterminous with it, and the association of religion with its influence long lent a halo of sanctity to its name. The discovery of Columbus, which gave the next vast enlargement to the Christian world, has been paralleled in the present century by the opening up to civilization of regions scarcely less vast, hitherto unknown or inaccessible to missionary enterprize. England, which is leading the van in their commercial and colonial development, is manifestly singled out by her paramount position in this respect to be the pioneer of the Gospel among the heathen brought under her moral and material sway. Nor can she be accused of indifference to her supreme responsibilities to them, since money is lavishly poured out for the support of foreign missions by all the various sects into which her population is unhappily divided. But the results of these enterprises is in no degree commensurate with the amplitude of their endowments, and we have the dispassionate evidence of a number of non Catholic writers and travelers to the fact that the efforts of non Catholic missions, however well intentioned and generally supported, are everywhere stricken with comparative sterility. It is, indeed, in the nature of things that this should be so, since, apart even from the disadvantage at which a married clergy must necessarily find themselves under the inevitable conditions of missionary work, a body which is by name and character national and local is by that fact alone disqualified for universal diffusion. The function of the Church of England is circumscribed, by the very title it assumes, within the bounds of its native island, and it cannot appeal with any hope of success to the sympathies of the Hindu or the Mussulman, the idolater or the pagan.

If England is to take her proper place as the light bearer of Christianity to the two hundred millions of heathen and non-Christian subjects who acknowledge her sway in different parts of the world, it is on the comparatively small fraction of her Catholic population that the burden of fulfilling this great task must fall. The remnant left by persecution and false guidance has only within the last half century so grown and consolidated as to be entitled to rank as a community, yet from the very inception of its organization as such, the duty of accepting this great and arduous function of a Christian Church has been unceasingly and unswervingly kept before it. The singular fashion in which the attainment of this ideal was originally impressed on the mind of the first head of the English Hierarchy, and worked out by one destined eventually to be his successor, is told by Lady Herbert in the interesting little brochure just published by her on the history of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions, and of the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill. She dates the first resolve on the establishment of such a society from an interview between Cardinal Wiseman, on the eve of his episcopal consecration, with whom all Rome regarded, and still regards, as a saint, the venerable Padre Pallotti, of whom the English prelate sought advice as to the problems and difficulties harassing him. "What passed between those chosen souls," says Lady Herbert, "is known but to God. But one thing has been revealed to us—the answer given to the perplexities which so much disturbed the inward peace of the questioner. He was told that trials and temptations of this kind would be his portion until such time as he was enabled in England to start a Foreign Missionary College; that for this object he was unceasingly to hope and pray; that the plan would encounter endless opposition—an opposition bearing on its surface an appearance of truth and wisdom, or, at any rate, of common-sense; that years would elapse before he would be permitted to see the commencement of the work, but that he was neither to lose heart, nor cease from besieging Heaven for its accomplishment." The visible answer to his prayers came in the ardent vocation to foreign missionary work many years later, of a young priest whose mind was filled, from the time of his ordination, with the desire to devote all his energies to the evangelization of the heathen. He, too, met with many discouragements in the prosecution of his task; his superiors deemed it quixotic to seek converts in distant countries while the want of priests at home was a dire evil, and he was told that "London must be his Japan." He obeyed, but still continued to be possessed by the idea, and at last determined to lay it before the supreme head of the English Episcopate, who, so far from opposing it, saw in him the instrument for giving effect to the prophetic counsel received by him twenty-five years before. The foundation of a missionary college was decided on in that hour, and, in order to supply the means which the English Catholics were too few and poor to provide, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, as he was then, started, with the blessing and encouragement of the Holy Father, on a begging tour through America.

His wanderings began with an unexpected call upon his sacerdotal zeal, for he arrived at Panama to find the population dying in hundreds of small-pox and fever, while all the priests had been banished by the President of the Republic, and the administration of the sacraments was treated as a criminal offense. His defiance of this iniquitous decree by ministering to the sick and dying caused his arrest, and he was only released from durance on heavy bail. This was but the beginning of many difficulties and rebuffs; but money, when refused in some quarters, came in unexpectedly from others, and Dr. Vaughan, when recalled to England on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, had collected a sum sufficient to buy a property at Mill Hill, within eleven miles of London, on which a small villa residence then stood. Here, on the Feast of St. Joseph, 1866, the first Foreign Missionary College in England was opened, its inmates consisting of Dr. Vaughan himself, one student and one servant. The hardships and privations endured by the little community during the following years are graphically described by Lady Herbert. "Often," she says, "there was not even bread in the house, and then Dr. Vaughan would come to London in a kind of cart, and beg humbly from door to door." The undertaking was scoffed at as chimerical, and little help was forthcoming until a meeting held in St. James Hall, on April 23, 1868, under the presidency of the late Cardinal Archbishop, secured the public recognition of the work by the Catholics of England. Progress since then has been slow but steady. The building of the present college on a commanding site marked a stage in the growth of the movement; the opening of a preparatory school, at St. Peter's, Freshfield, on August 11, 1884, indicated another. The establishment since then of two other preparatory colleges abroad, one at Rozendaal in Holland, the other at Brixen in the Tyrol, has given a still further impetus to its work. It is an interesting fact in connection with the original foundation of the society with money collected in America, that it was from that continent that the first demand for missionaries educated by it came. In answer to the appeal of the Bishops of the United States for missionaries to evangelize the colored population of the Southern States, the Pope assigned this special mission to St. Joseph's Society, and four Fathers were accordingly despatched from Mill Hill to Baltimore on November 17, 1871. The nomination of Dr. Vaughan to the diocese of Salford, June, 1872, despite his most earnest protests, obliged him to appoint a resident rector to the college, while remaining himself Superior General of the society. The pressure of other cares and duties has caused no slackening in his interest in its work, nor of his energy in promoting it, and it still continues to grow under his fostering care. Its special task is to furnish missionaries to the heathen in British dominions, and with that view it has sent out Fathers to Kashmir and Madras, to Labuan and North Borneo, to the Maoris of New Zealand, and the swarthy natives of Uganda. The latter mission, presided over by Bishop Hanlon, who left England only in May, 1895, is of special interest, from the great success which attends the preaching of Christianity there, and the vast field open to it as a centre of civilizing influences for the entire of Africa. Seven additional priests went out to join him on October 15 last, but even with this reinforcement it may still be truly said that the harvest there is great, but the laborers few.
—London Tablet.

A Curious Eviction.

Ardcanny, county Limerick, saw a curious eviction recently. The Anglican rector of place had been proved guilty of heresy by the General Synod of the Church of Ireland and had been ordered to give up his living. He refused, hoisted the Union Jack over the rectory, nailed protests against the way he was treated to the outer wall, barricaded the house, and declared he would resist. The sheriff and the bailiff, however, got in through a window, when the clergyman quietly walked out of the front door, with a black bag on his shoulder and a parcel under his other arm.

A young man in Lowell, Mass., troubled for years with a constant succession of boils on his neck, was completely cured by taking only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another result of the treatment was greatly improved digestion with increased avoirdupois.

A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

On the sunny slope of a hill, about four miles from Arundel, the ancient hereditary seat of the Duke of Norfolk, lies the picturesque little village of Stindon, one of the few spots in England which have, until quite recent times, retained a distinctively Catholic stamp. Up to the commencement of the present century, and even later, it was inhabited almost exclusively by Catholics; and it is said that never since the seventh century has the Holy Sacrifice ceased to be offered there, unless, perhaps, for a brief interval of some ten or twelve yeras during the unhappy reign of Edward VI. The soil on which the village stands may almost be said to be hallowed ground, for, as early as 680, it became ecclesiastical property, the manor and lands being given to the Church by Ceadwalla, then the ruler of what is now the county of Sussex. On his conversion to Christianity that fierce Saxon warrior abandoned his kingdom, in order to go on a pilgrimage to Rome—an undertaking of no slight danger and difficulty in those days — to pay homage to the successor of St. Peter, and receive baptism at his hands. He died a few days after admission to the sacrament of regeneration, before he had laid aside the white garments which it was then customary for the newly-baptized to wear.

In the year 1108, the grant of the manor of Stindon was formally confirmed by Henry I. to Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Somewhat later, one of his successors in the primatial See built the house, to serve the double purpose of a summer residence and a sanitarium. It was thither that in the early part of the thirteenth century, the great Primate, Stephen Langton, retired, to pass the remaining days of his active life which had been spent in a continual struggle to assert and maintain the rights and prerogatives of the Church against royal encroachments. The aged prelate and his suffragan, Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester, were thus near neighbors; and it may be imagined that the two friends, one bowed down with the weight of years, soon to enter upon his eternal rest, the other in the prime of life, with some forty years of labor and conflict before him, often paced the sunny slopes of Stindon Park, or sat beneath the shade of the spreading beech trees, discussing together the affairs of Church and State. Little, alas! did they anticipate the troubles that were to befall the Church three centuries later, to the almost utter destruction of religion within the realm, through the assumption of the Royal supremacy.

At the time of the dissolution of monasteries, and appropriation of ecclesiastical property by Henry VIII., Stindon was alienated to the crown: it was, however, claimed by Archbishop Cranmer, and in 1543 given to Sir Thomas Palmer in exchange for some other lands. The possession of the estate was, nevertheless, resumed by Queen Mary, and granted by her in 1555 to a Catholic baronet, Sir Anthony Kempe. As was almost invariably the case with holders of Church property, no good fortune attended this family; still the estate remained in their hands until 1752, when the owner, dying without an heir, settled it upon his eldest daughter, who had married James Radcliffe, Earl of Newburgh. This nobleman was nephew to the famous Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1746 for his attachment to the cause of the exiled Stuarts. His only son died without issue 1814, and on the death of the widow, who attained the advanced age of ninety-eight years, the property passed to his cousin and heiress Dorothy. She became the wife of Colonel Charles Leslie of Balquhain, whose son by a former marriage now owns the estate.

Stindon House is a new mansion, standing in a commanding situation surrounded by beautiful grounds and a lovely well-wooded park, whence a splendid view is obtained over land and sea. Originally of early English, or early decorated work, it was pulled down to a great extent and rebuilt by Sir Garrett Kempe, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has subsequently undergone considerable alterations. The part of the mansion most interesting to the Catholic is the old chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice has from time immemorial been celebrated, and where Catholics used to assemble by stealth in the days of persecution to hear Mass, and receive the sacraments from the hands of the persecuted priests who sought refuge there. Secret chambers may yet be seen, ingeniously contrived within the masoned walls of the mansion, which served as hiding-places for the ministers of religion, as well as for the vestments and sacred vessels of the altar.

Holy Mass is still said in this chapel once a week, by the priest in charge of the Mission, though the Blessed Sacrament is no longer reserved there, since a church of considerable size, opened in 1865, was erected for the accommodation of the villagers by the late Colonel Leslie, as an act of reparation. This church, dedicated to Saint Richard, Bishop of Chichester, is almost opposite to the back entrance of the house. The readers of the *Messenger* will be glad to hear that the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is not neglected there, and the Apostleship of Prayer counts many members among the congregation. A statue of the Sacred Heart occupies a prominent position at the entrance of the sanctuary: before it a lamp is kept constantly burning by the piety of a devout gentleman, who recently obtained a striking answer to prayer at the close of a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A beautiful banner, representing the same subject, also the gift of a resident, stands by the statue. The only other figures in the church are those of our Lady Auxilium Christianorum and of Saint Joseph.

The parish church of St. Mary, situated somewhat lower down on the slope of the hill, was built by St. Anselm in the early part of the twelfth century. It contains an altar tomb of sixteenth century workmanship, with a curious effigy in wood, supposed to be that of Sir Anthony Kempe. Hence it is surmised that the Protestant form of worship was not introduced into Stindon until the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and that the majority of the population, in consequence of the estate being in the hands of a Catholic proprietor, remained true to the faith of their forefathers.

The Catholic inhabitants of this pretty village are not only well cared for during their life but also after their death. The mortal remains of those who have clung to the ancient Creed, are laid to rest in a beautiful little cemetery behind the church where, in their life time, they worshipped. Nor are those who rest there forgotten. Mass is frequently celebrated for them, and year by year, when the feast of Corpus Christi comes round, the procession wends its way round the tranquil enclosure, to remind those who take part in it to offer their suffrages on behalf of the suffering souls, and thus give them a share in the joy of the festival, by hastening the time of their release.—Ellis Schreiber in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Fourteen times during the course of His preaching Jesus Christ had announced that after His suffering and His death He would rise again on the third day, and He had clearly pointed out His resurrection as a sure sign by which not only His apostles but the faithless Jews should hereafter acknowledge that He was truly the Son of God.

This prophecy was so well known to the enemies of Jesus, and they so thoroughly understood its great importance that their first care, after the descent from the cross, was to watch the holy sepulchre, to send soldiers to guard it, and to affix the public seal on the opening to the grave. This suspicious care, with the doubt of the apostles, and especially of Thomas, have all turned to our profit; but still, the Resurrection of our Lord being for us the miracle of miracles, the proof beyond all proofs, it is of extreme importance that we should thoroughly know the details, and should rest our belief upon the evidence.

Divine Providence has, as it were, provided for this by surrounding the Resurrection of the Saviour with circumstances so clear and concise as to strike conviction to the heart of any reasonable man.

After the death of Jesus, St. Peter and St. John had rejoined Mary, and had retired with her to weep and pray.

St. John himself acknowledges in his gospel that they had all forgotten the prophetic words of the Saviour touching the Resurrection. The Blessed Virgin alone, being initiated into the mysteries of Christ, knew what would happen, but hid this knowledge in her heart.

As to the apostles, they had all dispersed on the Friday evening, after the treason of Judas in the Garden of Olives; they had passed the Sabbath day and the day of the Passover in the deepest dejection, under the influence of one prevailing sentiment—fear of the Jews. It appears, however, that they all assembled during the night that preceeded the Resurrection. Thomas Didymus, seized with a sudden panic, had fled far away. Ever since the Friday evening the chief priests sent constant relays of soldiers to guard the Saviour's tomb; this fact was not known to the holy women, who, having returned to Jerusalem, were not able to go out on the Sabbath day.

At the very moment in which the day began to break, the holy sepulchre was suddenly shaken, and an angel of the Lord descended from heaven; and his countenance was as lightning, and his raiment as snow, and as for fear of him the guards were struck with terror, and became as dead men; the sealed door was broken open, the stone was rolled back—the Lord had risen! . . . . Thus he fulfilled the word that He had spoken, "I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to lay it down: and I have power to take it up again. This commandment have I received of My Father." — Sacred Heart Review.

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AT THE SMITHY.

Dominican Nuns of South Africa Learn a New Trade.

Catholic Columbian.

Cape Colony in South Africa can show the trans oceanic visitor many strange sights; but none, we fancy, more unusual than that of the Dominican Sisterhood's smithy, where the nuns themselves blow the bellows, swing the sledges and make and mend the implements of farm labor for which the residents of a country neighborhood are always dependent upon the brawny arm of the local blacksmith. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's heroine, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping-Pebworth," was a gracious character in fiction, despite her masculine calling; but her glory must pale before these heroines of real life who have solved the problem of self-help in Africa.

This colony of Dominican nuns have established themselves on a fine farm near King William's Town, Cape Colony, and soon found that gold and diamond-mines in the neighborhood had given the masculine population such a distaste for farming that there was no reliance to be placed on them—every new "strike" sending them off in droves to "the diggings." So they resolved to be independent; and accordingly they had shipped to them from Cape Town all the requisites of a smithy, engaged a smith to teach them the trade, and served a six-months' apprenticeship before their teacher went on a prolonged spree and was given his dismissal. Since that time they have done their own smithing, and have done it well, adding something every day to their fund of knowledge.

A recent visitor to the Sisters of St. Dominic, who had the good fortune to possess a letter of introduction from a Bishop to the Mother Superior, entered the occasion of his visit as a red letter day in his diary, and thus describes it:

"The visitor who rides to the farm from King William's Town, before he reaches the confines of the Dominican domain, beholds from a distance brown-clad feminine figures hoeing, plowing, cultivating, pruning and grafting in the orchards, or, perhaps, a nun mounted on a horse, driving strong-limbed oxen to water.

"After accompanying the Abbess on a drive about the farm the visitor was asked: 'Now, I suppose you will not be willing to conclude your inspection without visiting our blacksmith shop?'

"The visitor did not intimate that a view of these sturdy nuns was the especial object of his trip, but simply expressed a wish to see them at their work.

"Within the smithy was a well-built brick forge, a strong capacious bellows of oxhide, and all the customary paraphernalia incidental to the vocation of votaries of Vulcan.

"Tethered to a strong oaken rack in the center of the shop was a draught horse, and, nail box beside her, a nun was bent over with the horse's "nigh" hind foot over her knee, and with a red hot horse-shoe held with a pair of tongs was fitting the shoe to the scorching hoof. The nun then dropping the hoof, closed up the glowing shoe a little more around the horn of the anvil, and with a few strokes from a helpful Sister the shoe was completed.

"With a preliminary reassuring word and a pat upon the horse's side, the nun again picked up the horse's foot. Once or twice she drove a nail whose direction did not satisfy her. These she withdrew, but at last the shoe was firmly nailed on, the nails clinched, hoof, protruding nails and the sharp corners of the shoe all neatly rasped down and the big horse was shod as well, so far as all appearances went, as the average man-blacksmith would be likely to do it.

"The Abbess remarked that this nun, Sister Joanna, who was in charge of the blacksmith shop, was deeply interested in her new vocation, and a student of 'The Complete and Competent Farrier," and works on the anatomy of the horse. In addition to her blacksmithing, Sister Joanna was acknowledged veterinary of the Sisters' farm, which boasted of over a score of valuable horses and a dozen yoke of oxen.

"Of the half dozen nuns generally at work in the blacksmith shop, one, Sister Marta, was becoming particularly adept at ironing wagons, repairing farm machinery and implements and turning out a considerable variety of wrought iron hardware. While Sister Joanna was, with her helper, busily engaged shoeing the horses, Sister Marta, with another brown-gowned Sister lending a helping hand, was forging a now connecting rod for a mower and reaper, which inspection showed had come from a factory in Springfield, O., in the United States of America.

"Another nun, Sister Aloysius, was busily striving to form from small rod and bar iron hinges, hooks and staples, ring bolts and other articles of building hardware, which other women, as well as most men, would never think of trying to get except from a store. Sister Aloysius was a rather diminutive body, strongly contrasting with the rest of the groups of the nuns in the smithy. She hammered away busily, but in rather an experimental fashion, and frequently exhibited her work to Sister Marta and sought her counsel.

"The other nuns, with whom their small fellow work-woman seemed a favorite, regarded her work and progress with smiling interest and fond indulgence. Evidently Sister Aloysius was a neophyte, even in this company of women blacksmiths, who were all really novices to this the newest field of the new woman."

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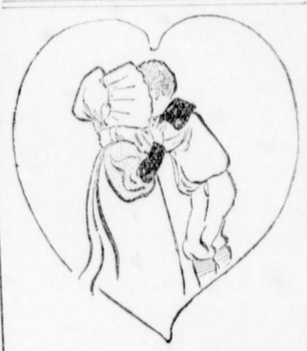

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