

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN ENGLAND.

A MIGHTY ROLL OF BRILLIANT CONVERTS IN FIFTY YEARS.

The following interesting article on the progress of the Church in England is from the *London Tablet*, the first of English Catholic papers:

Until the sea give up the dead that are in it, no rendering up shall be quite so marvellous as that made by Protestantism to Catholicity during the last fifty years. From the Dead Sea of Anglicanism have arisen, in that period, multitudes to be the passengers and the mariners of St. Peter's bark. Not few in number nor insignificant in position are these; but the flower of Anglican manhood, and the pink of Anglican womanly perfection. Dignitaries of the State Church—archdeacons more than half-way up the hill to fat bishoprics, the families of the men who were decked in purple and dined in kings' houses; the men who, like Newman and Manning as rulers, not of a diocese, but of the whole Anglican body; the common clergy in their hundreds; the gentle and the simple among the laity; the consistently pious and penitent; the man of fine literary gifts and the man for whom literature is nothing but a name, artists, architects, musicians, poets, painters and dramatists, besides parsons and lawyers, scientists and statesmen.

Even we who mingle in the throng may hardly know its meaning or its magnitude. We catch the faces that are near us, but the great crowd is as little expressive as are rows of cabbage heads. Types, however, we may take almost-at random, to tell the tale: types which are mostly heroic through myriad variations of temperament and achievement; types of martyrs many of them; and all alike offering, amid other mutations, one concordant act of faith in a divine guide, and all bound together, by old threads and new, in a universal brotherhood of man.

Fifty years ago the flowing tide was not with us. From the hour of the "Reformation" individual converts were made; in twos and threes they entered the ark. The Hon. Gilbert Talbot was a marked man when he crossed the Rubicon at the end of the thirties. Very early in the forties the converts included a popular young Evangelical preacher in London, who had been a fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, Richard Waldo Sibthorp.

Forty-five years have gone since Newman abjured the State religion—"not," as he wrote to a friend, "not from disappointment or impatience, but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic Church, and ours not a part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome, and because I feel that I could not honestly be a teacher in it any longer." Even Newman was not despaired of until he cuttingly declared: "The thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England? No! 'The net is broken and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term), if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey, for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

Within a month of Newman's secession came that of his "acolyte" Frederick Faber. The 16th of November, 1845, was the last Sunday on which he officiated in his church at Elton—that church in which he had almost torn out his heart to offer it to his Redeemer, that he might know the Divine way and work the Divine will. At Even song that day the rusties, whom he had tempted to church by cricket in the rectory grounds between the two services, had a still greater surprise. The brilliant young rector, in broken tones, told them that the doctrines he had taught them, though true, were not those of the Church of England, and that consequently he must go where truth was to be found. Next day saw him received into the Church by Bishop Wareing, of Northampton, and when he was confirmed, he felt himself, like the Apostles at Pentecost, permeated by the sensible presence of the Holy Ghost.

Six years later came what we might call the other boom among the conversions of the half century.

Archdeacon Manning, with his brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, aided by Mr. Gladstone, had drawn up a manifesto against the continuance of Mr. Gorham in his ministry, after what was, in effect, a denial on his part of belief in bap-

tismal regeneration. Thirteen names were appended to the manifesto; and seven of them translated within a brief space their words into deeds when the Anglican Church remained dumb under "the abandonment of one of its Articles." These seven were Manning, R. I. Wilberforce, Henry Wilberforce, Dodsworth, Cavendish, Badely and Hope-Scott. Mr. Gladstone, when he heard that Manning and Hope-Scott had really gone, said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes. Bishop Selwyn was apostolically broken-hearted about Manning. "He might have been the Xavier of the English Church," he said. But he for whom Anglicans, lay and clerical, lamented, what said he, himself? "I feel," he said, "as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."

Others amongst the converts are scattered over London and over England. The salt of the earth, they have made fruitful a land they found barren; Bishops like Cossin, of Southwark; Patterson, of Orders and Superiors of communities; and chief priests of large churches, such as Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory; Father Lockhart, at St. Etheldreda's; Father Purbrick, among the Jesuits; Mgr. Moore, at the Pro-Cathedral; Father Kirk, at St. Mary of the Angels; Father Bampfield, at Barnet; preachers and teachers, like Anderden; Coleridge, Rivington, Garside; Stevenson, Macmullen, Maskell, Christie, Ornsby, Tickell, Richards, Akers, Morris, Bridgett, and Porter (afterwards Archbishop of Bombay). But our columns might be filled and good names remain behind.

Not in the ecclesiastical world only have these mannered us. From Lucas down to Banken, every editor of this paper has been a convert—the record being broken by the present occupant of its editorial chair. Of the paper's sub-editors almost the same record can be made. The *Dublin Review* reached its zenith under a convert, Dr. W. G. Ward; the *Month* and *Merry England* have, so far as we remember, known no others as editors. The Catholic publishing firms have a similar derivation: Mr. Burns was a convert, and so also was Mr. Oates; so is Mr. Washburne. The Secretary of the Catholic Union is a convert; so is one of the Secretaries of the Truth Society; so is the founder of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, Father Philip Fletcher and his right hand man, Mr. Lister Drummond; so, too, is the leading spirit of St. Anselm's Society; and so the Secretary of the Poor-School Committee, Mr. Allies. True, there was not much, from a wordly point of view, even in these posts and tasks, to tempt the Anglican parson to relinquish his place.

In fifties these ex-clergymen have gone into professions and trades—toilsomely beginning a new life at an age when they might think of rest and reward. Barff became a professor of chemistry, and a great discoverer in that capacity; Mr. Freeman quarries marble; Mr. Gresiam Wells is at the Bar; Mr. Bliss searches the archives of Rome for the British Government; Mr. Marshall and Dr. Maziere Grady and Mr. Little have done journalism; Mr. Bedford, Mr. Cansby, Mr. Humbybun, and scores of others teach; Mr. New became a solicitor before he became a priest; Mr. Aymer Valance advises and writes on decoration; Mr. Rose disguised himself as "Arthur Sketchley," and Mr. Walford as an Editor of Peetrages. Others have become Consuls in foreign parts; and others inspectors of schools, and these have no better model than Mr. Scott Nasymmin Stokes. These are a few names and cases which come to mind as illustrations of the careers chosen by these exiles of conscience. Others of them, with that inaptitude which is no shame, but rather a sign of predestination to the cleric, have failed to get a footing on the road to secular success. Opulent ones, they now live on incomes not larger than those of artisans, silent martyrs in an age of noisy needs.

The Anglican rectories thus emptied of their pious folk were soon refilled. Patrons had no difficulty in naming successors to those who fled. Some churches indeed, and some districts were affected more than others. St. Saviour's at Leeds, for instance, was started under Dr. Pusey's direct auspices to show that High Churchism was a really workable religion; and the pick of Oxford's zealous young men in Orders were sent down to do wonders among the manufacturing population. No fewer than seven of these chosen ones were