

"Christi, os ad leones" re-echoed through the length and the breadth of the civilized world, nevertheless, besides the thousands and tens of thousands of the common people, who, during those years of horrid persecution flocked to be enrolled under the saving banner of the Cross, homage was paid to the cause of truth by the noblest geniuses of the Grecian and Roman name. The conversion in those days of a Justin, Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Augustine, to pass over a crowd of illustrious names so deservedly known to fame—to the humble and despised religion of the crucified Jesus, to a system of worship called by the enlightened world "Malefica Superstitio" formed on the worldly principles of the day, a phenomenon equally unaccountable with the one which is a leading characteristic of our age.

Yes,—deny it, who can!—it is a leading characteristic of the present age, that while Catholicism is viewed by the world as a gross superstition quite degrading to the dignity of freemen, beneath the light and intellect of the age, while the followers of the ancient creed are daily exposed to the humiliations so wantonly heaped upon their primitive brethren, who would believe it? the cause of truth triumphs, public homage is daily being rendered to the divinity of Catholicism by a crowd of the most pious, learned, and enlightened men in the ranks of our adversaries. When therefore, we see the Newmans, and Wards of enlightened England, the Hammons and Schlegels of learned Germany, the Brownsons and Majors of calculating America, —not to mention a host of other illustrious converts in these countries,—whom we see, I say so many princes, nobles, philosophers, poets, scholars, and historians, renowned for piety and learning embrace Catholicism and become its most zealous advocates—we may, with reason smile at the puny efforts of rampant Sciolists to stigmatize as erroneous a system of credence to the truth of which the leading minds even of their own ranks, bear ample testimony.

#### SCOTUS.

#### RECENT CONVERSIONS.

"More than ever," said a celebrated Christian philosopher, in the early part of the present century, "ought we to be occupied with holy thoughts upon the mysteries of grace, and of the goodness of God; for it behoves us to keep ourselves prepared for an immense event in the order of Divine Providence, towards which we are advancing with a rapidity which must be obvious to every thoughtful observer." In these words the illustrious writer announced that profound conviction of an approaching return to Unity which so many of his most distinguished contemporaries shared with him, and the justice of which the progressive course events has signally confirmed.

It may be interesting at this remarkable epoch, when the whole world seems to be gradually ranging itself into two classes—those who seek to unite themselves with God by communion with the Son of his chief Apostle, and those who make war against Him by rejecting truths which that Son is commissioned to attest—to contemplate for a moment the march of this momentous movement under its most cheerful and consoling aspect.

It is natural, indeed, that our attention should be mainly occupied in such a crisis with the consideration of the religious destinies of our own country, and the events which perpetually crowding one upon another, provoke even the most indifferent to speculate upon their final issue. But directly we begin to look abroad, and cast our eyes around hither and thither to examine the phenomena upon which our judgement is to be formed, we find ourselves compelled to enter upon a wider investigation than the contemplation of a single and isolated people will satisfy.

The whole circle of the horizon present us with the same unwonted signs whichever way we turn our glance. Like men

who stand by the shore of some wide sea, and bend down over its waters, we seem to catch the low mysterious sound which comes stealing into the ear from a thousand directions at once. In vain we shift our position, or attempt to distract ourselves with other sights and sounds. We may close our eyes, but it is only to see more clearly the object which we endeavour to exclude; we may shut our ears, but a moment after we hear again the same solemn murmur, like that which comes up from the ocean, and seems like a voice from another world. Everything announces—if we may trust an almost universal impression—an epoch memorable in the annals of the human race.—We must take our part in its events whether we will or not.—We may refuse to co-operate with the stupendous designs of our Creator—for he has left us this freedom—but we cannot stay their execution one hour. The prophetic instinct of mankind gives warning of their approach, and it is the most sublime act of our intelligence to contemplate them with attentive awe as they gradually unfold themselves before our eyes.

There is one phenomena of the age in which we live so palpable to every eye and presenting itself so unobtrusively at every turn, that we have only to name it, and men find themselves straightway in the face of a thought with which they are familiar. Some have confronted it in one mood and some in another; some with exultation, some with dismay, some with hope, and some with fear; some only with a half-pleased, half-terrified curiosity, and some with deep-intense, deliberate hate: but with one or other of these emotions every reflecting mind, at the moment at which we write, scrutinises the great phenomenon of our epoch—the constant conversion of souls to the Catholic religion from every class of Society, and in every part of the world.

We call this the great phenomenon of our epoch. The expression is not exaggerated—and they who would fain prove it so, are themselves the reluctant witnesses of its truth, for they are precisely the men who have most loudly acknowledged the presence of the dreaded and unwelcome apparition, by the paroxysms of anger and mortification with which they have attempted to deny it.

Perhaps, some of our readers, accustomed to confine their observations to the sphere within which their daily course is run, are not aware, or have only an imperfect and confused idea of the silent revolution which is being accomplished in every other territory of Christendom, simultaneously with that which now excites, so much attention in England. Everywhere the same long-expected change has been in operation since the commencement of the present century; on the one hand, an appalling de-voilement of all the anti-Catholic religions towards their ultimate form, and a frightfully accelerated advance towards the negation of all the positive dogmas of Christianity, till in some cases nothing remains to be denied; and on the other, an almost tumultuous rushing and crowding of families and of individuals into the Communion of the One Eternal Fold.

The author of "The Life, the Works, and the Conversion of Frederick Hurter," the celebrated historian, and formerly President of the Protestant Consistory of Schaffhausen—has given in the second chapter of his work, some interesting information in illustration of the latter fact. It is impossible to follow him in his enumeration of the innumerable miracles of conversion—and what miracle so great?—during the course of the present century, without mingled feelings of admiration and of awe. Beginning with Germany—the birth-place of the most fatal calamity which, after the Fall, ever afflicted our race—M. de Saint-Cheron observes, that the conversion of Winkelmänn, "the illustrious author of the 'History of Art amongst the Ancients,' was as it were the signal for that general movement which has since absorbed into itself such vast numbers of persons eminent both for dignity of rank and elevation of mind." Amongst the German converts of this century are:—the Duke of Saxo-Gotha and his family, the Prince Henry Edward of Schenbourg; the Count d'Ingenheim, brother of the King of Prussia; the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; the Prince Frederic Augustus Charles, third son of the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt; the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Cöthen; the Countess Frederica Wilhelmina Louisa of Solms-Baruth; the Princess Charlotte Frederica, daughter