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The *Tablet* contains the following interesting notice of Dr. Ives's new work; in which that gentleman, who lately held the situation of Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, gives to the world the history of the motives which led to his conversion, and of the struggles and trials which he had to undergo:—

This work possesses an obvious interest which distinguishes it from all others of the same class, even the most learned, in the circumstance that its author is, in our times, the only Protestant Bishop who has yielded to the influence of grace and entered the Catholic Church. It has, indeed, been said that Doctor Ives is the only Protestant Bishop who, at any period, became a Catholic; this, however, we believe, is not the case, even setting aside Montague and one or two disputed instances which will occur to most of our readers. An accomplished Scottish antiquary, in a paper which we transferred to these columns some months ago, showed that this conversion is not without a parallel in the history of the Scottish Protestant Episcopal communion. We do not mean to found any argument upon it. The Catholic Church wins souls from the world without one by one, and it matters not in an eternal point of view what rank in a system of heresy any rescued soul may have held. The Catholic Church has as much love for the soul of the poorest and meanest mechanic listening to the burning words of the Redeemer or Passionist at a mission in the crowded manufacturing town, as it has for that of the learned scholar or theologian.—But then it frequently happens that the triumph of grace is more extraordinary in the one case than in the other, at least to the eyes of the world. The Devil makes a terrible fight even for the soul of the humblest convert, but the conflict between "the two standards" for such a prize as Saint Augustine is a sight from which all may derive a lesson. St. Teresa remarks somewhere that a generous and heroic soul is never saved alone, but brings a whole troop along with him of those who are saved by his influence and example. How eminently is not this the case with many of late years; what rich gems will adorn the crown which awaits those in Heaven who, like a Newman, a Manning, or a Faber, have not only saved their own lives out of the sinking ship of Anglicanism, but have been enabled, thanks to Almighty God and our dear Lady, to rescue many a score of friends and disciples out of the wreck.

What men like these have been in England, Doctor Ives was in the United States. He, and others like him, followed the movement *pari passu*. Every shock in that earthquake reverberated to America, and there was not a pamphlet of those times which did not immediately reappear, and was eagerly discussed beyond the Alleghenys and on the shores of the Mississippi. Doctor Ives was the Anglican Bishop of an important diocese of that communion in the United States, and early made himself conspicuous for the zeal with which he sought to "Catholicise" those under his sway. He encouraged the practice of confession, and we believe founded a monastery on the Littlemore stamp, called "Holy Cross." With the history of these proceedings we are but imperfectly acquainted, and the present volume, confined as it is to the reasons and the studies which influenced Dr. Ives's own mind to close with the persuasions of grace does not afford very much information on the subject. A delicacy and prudence which it is easy to understand have led him probably to pass over these details, which indeed were no more to be expected from him than from any other of the more prominent converts in these countries. In America, of course, the facts are known to everybody, and all that he had to do was to place before his "old friends," in the clearest form, those motives which have led him to the haven of Catholicity.

Doctor Ives's book is a remarkable one; what has struck us very much in reading, especially the introductory part of it, is the extreme suffering through which it has pleased Almighty God he should pass before he attained to the Catholic faith. The anguish through which perhaps all converts must pass in their transit from spiritual death to life is no doubt great, but where a man is placed in such a station as Doctor Ives was, this anguish must be awful. One sees in the struggle of which he gives us the history points that enable one to understand the immense difficulty of bringing minds like many of those now prominent in England to acquiesce in Catholicity. The sacrifice of riches and rank is a great deal, but nothing to that sense of responsibility which attaches to conversion in cases like that of Dr. Ives. Of this the following passage will give some idea:—

THE TRIALS OF CONVERSION.

"This state of doubt and fear awakened in my mind the inquiry, why I should not more thoroughly examine the ground on which I stood, and on which were based my hopes of eternal salvation?"

"When I seriously approached this question, however, it was terrible to me. No man can well conceive the horror with which I first contemplated the possibility of a conviction against my own claims as the result! My claims as a Bishop, a Minister, a Christian in any safe sense; and hence of my being compelled as an honest man to give up my position. A horror enhanced by the self-humiliation with which I saw such a step must cover me, the absolute deprivation of all mere temporal support which it must occasion, not only to myself, but to one whom I was bound to love and cherish until death. The heart-rending distress and mortification in which it must involve, without their consent, a large circle of the dearest relatives and friends, the utter annihilation of all that confidence and hope which under common struggles and common sufferings, for what we deemed the truth, had been reposed in me as a sincere and trustworthy Bishop. But I forbear. Enough that the prospect, heightened in its repulsiveness by the sad forebodings around me at the renewed symptoms of my wavering, was so confounding as actually to make me debate, whether it were not better, and my duty, to stay and risk the salvation of my soul, as to make me supplicate in agony to be spared so bitter a chalice, to make me seize, with the eagerness of a drowning man, upon every possible pretext for relinquishing the inquiry. Could I not be sincere where I was? Work with a quiet conscience where Providence had placed me? Were not the fathers of the Reformation, in case of my being in error, to be held responsible? Would it not be presumption in me to reconsider other points long considered settled by a national Church? These and more like questions would force themselves daily upon my mind to deter my advance; and under their influence I actually went so far as to commit myself publicly to Protestantism, to make such advance the more difficult. But God was merciful, and all this did not satisfy me.—I thought I saw in it clearly the temptation of Satan, an effort of my over-burthened heart to escape self-sacrifice. I felt that if for such reasons I could be accused, so might Saul of Tarsus have been. His example of self-negation for Christ came frequently before me. His words, as the Apostle of Christ, sounded often in my ears. 'If any man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more—circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews, according to the law a Pharisee—concerning zeal persecuting the Church. Touching the justice which is in the law blameless. But what things were gain to me, the same I counted loss for Christ. Yea, furthermore, I count all things but loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ. . . . We are fools for Christ's sake. . . . And if any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise. . . . We are made a spectacle to the world—are weak and despised—are naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place—labor, working with our hands—are reviled, and persecuted, and defamed; yea, are made as the filth of the world unto this day.' These words often sounded in my ears, with those encouraging ones too: 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. For if we suffer with Christ we shall also reign with Him. We suffer with Him, that we may be glorified together.' And I felt warned and strengthened from above, to let nothing below turn me from a faithful search into the will of God. Other and still more solemn words, too, would come to deepen and to fix this impression—words from the lips, the bosom of eternal charity: 'He that would be My disciple, must deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me. He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be My disciple. He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for My sake shall keep it unto life eternal.' Yea, and those awful words, too, which, in the mouth of the holy Ignatius, changed the proud and self-indulgent thoughts of the youthful nobleman into the penitential sighs and angelic aspirations of the self-denying and wonder-working St. Francis—'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Now it was that I cast myself, body and soul, powers, honors, and emoluments, all that I was, all that I had, before the cross of Christ, entreating Him to take all, and lead me to the truth, lead me to Himself, vowing in the depth of my soul that if He would in mercy show me the way, and uphold my footsteps, I would follow Him whithersoever He would lead me.

"I will not attempt to say what it cost me to make this surrender. But one thing I will say, the sacrifice has been repaid ten thousand fold in the blessings of present peace, and in the certain hopes

of eternal life. And another thing I will record, by way of caution to my dear friends, that if any of them have one doubt, or think they ought to have one doubt of their present safety (and who will not think this, after the solemn admonition to consider and reconsider, given in the departure of so many of the best and wisest Anglicans to the Catholic Church—for who would refuse, or think there was no cause to examine his title-deeds, while grave doubts concerning them were abroad, and the wisest members of his family were bestirring themselves to make good the tenure of their estates?) if any of my dear friends, then, have one doubt or suspicion of their safety as Protestants, let them at once commit themselves to the guidance of God's Spirit. Nothing else can save them. Nothing else give them courage to face the trials, to baffle self-delusion, and advance to the altar of self-sacrifice. Let them waive all investigation, then, till they have humbled themselves before the cross, and sought, in a spirit of childlike docility, for the guidance of the Holy Ghost—till they have cast themselves upon this guidance, and poured forth the fervent desires of their hearts in some such thoughts as these: 'God of all goodness; Father of mercies, and Saviour of mankind, I implore Thee, by Thy boundless wisdom and love, to enlighten my mind, and touch my heart, that by means of true faith, hope, and charity, I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I confidently believe that, as there is but one God, there can be but one faith, one religion, one only path to salvation, and that every other path opposed thereto can lead but to destruction. This path, O my God, I anxiously seek after that I may follow it, and be saved. Therefore I protest before Thy Divine Majesty, that I will follow the religion which Thou shalt reveal to me as the true one, and will abandon, at whatever cost, that wherein I shall have discovered errors and falsehoods. I confess that I do not deserve this favor for the greatness of my sins, for which I am truly penitent, seeing they offend a God who is so good, so holy, so worthy of love. But what I deserve not I hope to obtain from Thine infinite mercy; and I beseech Thee to grant it unto me through the merits of that precious blood which was shed for us sinners by Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord,' &c.—(Pp. 12—17.)

Again, take the following. What numbers of Protestant dignitaries there must have been, generation after generation, since the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, who have asked themselves these same questions that Dr. Ives did, but without daring to face the inevitable conclusion:—

QUESTIONS A PROTESTANT BISHOP MIGHT WELL ASK HIMSELF.

I asked myself with what kind of authority I could proclaim the truth of God? Whether I really felt myself in a condition to speak positively—that is, without shadow of doubt, to the inquiring sinner? To declare to one demanding certainty (and who should not?) on vital questions of faith and practice, this or that view of the matter infallibly true? Suppose, I said to myself, that such an inquirer, impelled by the words of Christ, "He that heareth you heareth Me," had come to me with an earnest spirit, to know certainly and exactly "what he must do to be saved?" That, convinced by the New Testament that he must "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," he had come to be informed "who Jesus Christ is that he might believe on Him?" in what precise relation He stands, not only to God the Father by His Divine nature, but also to us sinners by His incarnation, and sufferings, and death? That, convinced by the New Testament that he must "be born of water and of the Spirit, be baptised in the name of Jesus Christ to wash away his sins," he had come to be informed the precise nature and benefits of the duty—what it implied in itself? and what it implied in respect to the recipient? What it required of one coming to it? What it did for one submitting to it? What it expected of one blessed by it? That, convinced by the New Testament of his having been made "the temple of the Holy Ghost" in baptism, and of his having incurred the awful punishment of those who "defile" that temple, by mortal sin after baptism, he had come to me, and now earnestly entreated to know what he must do to regain God's favor, and be restored to the blessings he had forfeited by his grievous transgressions? That he was assured by the New Testament that Our Lord, before His ascension, commissioned His Apostles to teach "every creature" in "all nations," giving His promise to be with them to "the end of the world," and sealing that promise by breathing into them the Holy Ghost, and saying to them, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained." And now, as he felt himself to be one of the creatures to whom the Apostles were thus sent, he desired and demanded to be explicitly informed what precise benefit he, as a sinner, could claim under

this commission, and what exact line of duty he must pursue to secure it? That, convinced by the New Testament of being under a solemn and weighty obligation "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, to strive together for the faith of the Gospel, to obey those who are commissioned to watch for souls," he asked to be instructed in this great duty, for a knowledge of its nature and extent, and how he was to decide and to act amid the conflicting claims and diverse teachings of this age of strife and apostasy from the Faith? And furthermore, he read in the New Testament, that "when Christians were sick, they were commanded to send for the elders (or Priests) of the Church, to pray over them, and anoint them with oil in the name of the Lord," in virtue of which great blessings were to be expected. And now as he contemplated that last fearful scene of his life, when approaching death was to put an end to his obedience and the use of God's grace on earth, he demanded, from the depths of a trembling soul, to know infallibly what he must do in respect to this command, which, if not settled now, must address itself to him with distracting force on his deathbed! Suppose, thought I, all this and much more of the like kind should be addressed to my awakened and oppressed mind, what, in the name of God, could I answer? What could I dare claim, or what evince of that authority implied in a commission to stand before sinners in "Christ's stead," and speak to them with unerring certainly the will of Christ in God? The thought was confounding?

And I turned from myself to those with whom I was in visible communion, and I asked, in respect to the above questions, if I have not this authority to answer in my own person, perhaps I may in conjunction with my fellow-Bishops and clergymen. In our hands the Book of Common Prayer was professedly the symbol of our faith and the authorised guide in our teaching. But a moment's thought convinced me, that on the solemn questions proposed to me as above, this book, whatever might be its merits, could give no certainty. For a moment's thought only was needful to let in upon my mind the sorrowful fact of its utter inefficiency to procure agreement among the only persons associated with me and around me, who claimed authority to teach; inefficiency not only to procure agreement, but also to restrain from mutual charges of teaching falsely, teaching "another Gospel." Under the torturing influence of a thought which thus came home to my conscience, I could hear myself appealed to from the first age of the Church:—"Thou who art seeking why dost thou look to those who are themselves seeking? If the doubtful are led by the doubtful, the unassured by the unassured, the blind by the blind, they must needs be led together into the ditch. And strongly was I moved to obey at once the appeal of another Father:—"There is here a contradiction of tongues, divers heresies, divers schisms cry aloud; run to the tabernacle of God, and lay fast hold of the Catholic Church, and thou shalt be protected from the contradiction of tongues."—(Pp. 46—49.)

The last year and a half of my Episcopate was, I can truly say, the most trying, the most painful period of my life, although one of apparent quietness, official success, and restored confidence. After the immediate effects of my convention in the spring of 1851—which, as you will remember, resulted in a reconciliation between myself and the disaffected part of my diocese—had passed off, and my mind, long pressed down by a weight of sore trials, had time to react, it came up at once, and to my own surprise, to its former level of Catholic belief; indeed, it was like waking from a pleasant dream to a frightful reality, I had actually flattered myself into the belief that my doubts had left me, and that I could henceforward act with a quiet conscience on Protestant ground. But on recovering from the stupefaction of over-much sorrow, I found myself fearfully deceived—that what I had taken for permanent relief of mind was only the momentary insensibility of opiates or exhaustion. When I came again to myself, however, I was visited with reflections which no man need envy. The concessions I had made in good faith at the time for the peace of the Church, and as I had falsely supposed for my own peace, rose up before me as so many concessions, and cowardly ones too, to the God of this world. I felt that I had shrunk publicly from the consequences of that truth which God had taught me—that I had denied that Blessed Master who had graciously revealed Himself to me. But blessed be His name for that grace which moved me to "weep bitterly." Persecution for Christ's sake would then have been balm to my wounded conscience.

For all this suffering, however, God forbid that I

* It was at this period, as I was performing my last ordination, that I came to the determination never, without entire relief of mind, to repeat it. And here let me say, that I had not as yet had communication of any kind with Catholics on the subject of my doubts; and, furthermore, that I communicated the above fact to a member of my Standing Committee before leaving my diocese, as he, if called upon, will testify.