

THE PASSIONISTS AND THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

London Catholic News. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Pope's letter which has just been issued to the English people. No document of recent years has created more eager expectancy. None has more completely baffled invidious criticism; or displayed more evidently the double character of saint and diplomatist, which has compelled the admiration of the civilized world, for the venerable head of the Church.

Those who expected that the address would deal with the vexed question of Anglican Orders have been disappointed by its cautious reticence. The credulous folk, who gave credence to the foolish rumours about the celibacy of the clergy, which have lately been murmured in the English press, may be disappointed to find no reference to this trumpety in the Papal letter. How long will they continue the easy dupes of enterprising journalists, who know how to tickle their fancy with extravagant fables about Rome, purporting to emanate from behind the scenes. People who could swallow such a double dose of obvious nonsense as the marriage of the Catholic clergy, and work themselves into the belief that the Pontiff was about to construct a *modus vivendi* by sacrificing principles for which we have fought for more than three centuries, and which are incorporated in the doctrine of Catholicity are incapable of appreciating the inflexible conservatism of the Church, or the wisdom of her venerable head.

Will they never understand that in Catholicity there can be no shifting of positions, no sinister manoeuvres, no capitulation of dogmas, however bitterly attacked: in a word, no compromise with error, however plausible in appearance. The Church must ever be as tenacious of her doctrine as the rock on which she is built is eternally fixed and immovable.

But the saintly Pontiff is conscious that he is burdened with the care of the faithful, and that his solicitude must extend to all those who by baptism have been made members of the Church of Christ. In words which are transparently sincere he confesses that his sympathies as well as his responsibility, interest him in the return of England to the unity of the Catholic Church. He has, therefore, eschewed all minor issues, and controverted topics, and addressed to the people of England words of paternal advice and invitation, to relinquish their errors, and return to the old faith of their Catholic ancestors.

That his kindly words will be flouted by extremists, who proclaim that "nothing good can come out of Rome," we have no doubt. Already they have sounded their tocsin, and rallied their windy warriors; they have hoisted their bogey, and started a marching to the tune of "No Popery." Fortunately, however, their filibustering excites no one now a days, but the martial and frothy biggorers themselves.

There are those who will misinterpret the quiet and conciliatory tone of the letter, and construe the Pope's abstention from polemics into a conscious weakness of his position. But in his first address to the English nation as such Leo XIII. has too much instinctive culture and refinement to wound their susceptibilities; and besides he is conscious that the "whys" and the "wherefores" and the triumphant vindication of the Catholic doctrine and the faith that is in them could be furnished to the seekers after truth by every priest and educated Catholic layman in England.

But apart from the redoubtable Quixotes, whose periodical fits of anti-Roman mania excite the pity and the laughter of their intended victims, apart from those whose mental vision is tinted by prejudice, there can be no doubt that the letter of his Holiness will be welcomed and received with respect by many earnest minded Protestants.

To us Catholics it is amazing how any logical mind can remain in communion with a Church which originated in the lust and cupidity of a monarch, and the contemptible obscurity of a time-serving prelate, who whimpered for his life, and vainly recanted, when the *auto da fe* was testing the sincerity of his convictions. But in this Erastian religion there are logical inconsistencies, which, independent of its ignoble origin, divest it of any claim to credibility. The confused medley of doctrines, which are simultaneously approved and anathematized in the Protestant communion, makes it impossible for themselves to formulate a creed, or for outsiders to compass their belief in any definite or organic body of doctrine. For purposes of controversy they have all the advantages of skirmishers, who can skip from place to place according as their position becomes vulnerable. There was some very instructive, and what we might term amusing reading, in the reports of the Easter vestries, which have just been submitted to the English public. *Tot capita quot sententia.* But it was too severe an exaction upon human gravity to restrain a smile, at the travesty of the Catholic Ritual to which we were treated by Anglican clergymen in their churches during Holy Week. What was "idolatry" and "Popish mummery" half a century ago is now the order of the day, in spite of the loud protests from certain quarters. His Protestant Lordship of Liverpool has under his crook a heterogeneous flock that bleat in such different and discordant notes, that no human ingenuity could fancy

their agreement in a common sheep-fold, or regard them as belonging even to a similar species. To confirm to-day in a church where confession and the worship of the Blessed Sacrament are inculcated, and to confirm to-morrow in a church where these are denounced as Jesuitism and priestcraft and idolatry, requires a very capacious stomach, and a digestive organism, not to say countenance, of brass.

It is, however, in no spirit of ridicule that these idiosyncrasies are alluded to but to confirm a theorem which was evidently in the mind of the Holy Father when writing his letter. With his keen insight into the trend of current events, he saw that to reason and prove to the people in their present frame of mind, was to expend a useless waste of energy. His reliance for the conversion of England is not upon controversy nor dialectics, but upon instant and fervent prayer to the Father of Light and Grace. The introduction of the name of St. Paul of the Cross into his letter shows the peculiar drift of his own mind. For this great saint, though never destined to labor in person for England's conversion, may justly be regarded as one of her Apostles. He prayed without ceasing for fifty years, for the return of the English nation to the Faith of their fathers, and in his children of the Passionist Order we must recognize a powerful instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for carrying into effect the designs of their sainted founder. It must indeed be flattering to the soul of St. Paul of the Cross mentioned so pointedly by the Papal letter in connection with England's conversion. And for all English Catholics, it is doubtless a subject for gratification, that their countryman, Father Ignatius Spencer, of the same Passionist Order, is accredited by His Holiness with the inauguration of that Holy League of Prayer to whose efficacy the Pope attributes the great Oxford Movement, and the reception of Dr. Newman and his companions into the Church by the saintly Passionist, Father Dominic of the Mother of God.

It was in 1838 that Father Ignatius Spencer commenced to work publicly for the extension of his holy league, and to this purpose he devoted his energy and resources of his after life. When he died his lonely death at Carstairs, in 1864, he had preached two hundred and forty five missions and retreats, and pleaded in almost every convent and monastery of Europe for prayers for England's conversion. It is now more than thirty years since his brethren laid him to rest in St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, beside the remains of Father Dominic, his companion and emulator in working for the conversion of England; and while the eyes of Catholic England are turned to the last resting-place of these two apostles, they will best interpret the wishes of the Father of the Faithful by praying that the spirit of Dominic and Ignatius may still animate the sons of St. Paul of the Cross, and be commended by them to the Catholics of England, and those single minded Protestants who need only to see the truth in order to embrace it. The watchword of all English Catholics deserving the name, must, now be that of Father Ignatius Spencer — "Pray for England — pray for her conversion." And the signs of the times are indeed misleading if these fervent prayers do not gather into the one fold of Christ vast numbers of wandering souls who are straying aimlessly without an accredited guide, or submitting reluctantly to the usurpations of their own benighted shepherds.

The Pan-American Congress.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education will hold its deliberations at Toronto from July 18th to the 25th. The object of this congress is to bring workers in all religious bodies into closer association in the interests of educational, philanthropic and reform movements. Instead of an effort to set forth doctrinal differences, the object sought is the practical union of practical men on behalf of practical affairs which make for the betterment of society. The fact that Archbishop Ireland will be present and take part in the proceedings is evidence that the spirit and motive of the movement is good and wholesome.

The Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, writes to the secretary, Mr. S. Sherin, in reference to it as follows: Dear Sir: From all I have been able to learn of the aim, object and intended action, under wise and prudent direction, of the Pan-American Congress, it seems to me the convention is calculated to aid the cause of human progress, Christian brotherhood, and civic and social harmony and peace. I am sure it will receive the general approval of our Canadian prelates and the hearty co-operation of the Catholics of Toronto. With best wishes for the success of your work, I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours, F. RYAN, rector, St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont., May 13, 1895.

Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years' standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose incomparable Sarsaparilla is known and used everywhere, has passed its half-centennial and was never so vigorous as at present.

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A NOBLE CONVERT.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." This may seem a strange epithet to choose for one who was placed in the highest rank of England's proud aristocracy, and who was surrounded from her birth to her death with all the luxuries and consideration which great wealth and high position bring with them. But the late Duchess of Buccleuch was an instance of what God's grace, faithfully corresponded with, can effect, whatever may be the condition or circumstances of our life. Lady Charlotte Anne Thynne was the second daughter of the second Marquis of Bath. She was born in 1811, and when she was eighteen she married the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. She was only thirty when she was called to the highest post in the English court, being Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria from 1841 to 1846. But the Duchess was not overmuch influenced by the vanities of the world. Her spirit soared to higher things. She was attracted to the Oxford Movement, in its zenith in the Forties, which some one has cleverly called "the years of the *forties*," the strong set in toward the Catholic Church, and among these was that of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Thus she spent the last forty years of her life as a Catholic, and was as fervent and devout at the end as at the beginning.

As the years flowed on they only unfolded to her humble, loyal spirit more and more of the divine beauty of the Church; and she grew daily more devoted to her faith, more grateful for her conversion. She became a widow in 1884; and then withdrew from society, and spent the last years of her life almost entirely in her dower house, Ditton Park, Windsor. Here she was frequently visited by Queen Victoria, who held her in high affection and esteem. In all her words and actions the beautiful humility of her character shone forth; while at the same time she well fulfilled the duties of her high position, being a perfect type of the *grande dame*.

Some nuns, who had undertaken to carry out one of her pious works, once had occasion to go to the house of a Catholic family in London who had recently come into great wealth. They were made to understand that they were unwelcome to the mistress of the house, too much occupied with her entertainments and her costumes. The next day they went to the Duchess, and no guests were more honored or treated with greater consideration. "There is a difference," they said afterwards, "between a rich woman and a great lady."

About the time of her own conversion her brother, Lord Charles Thynne, was also received into the Church. After the death of his wife he became a priest, and the private chaplain of his sister, who thus enjoyed the happiness of daily Mass for many years.

Her good works were numerous; her ear was always open to any appeal for help, and she bestowed abundant alms. In 1885 there was a great movement among the Protestants in London for the rescue of the numerous poor women and girls who disgrace the streets of the great city. Some of the Duchess of Buccleuch's friends told her that Catholics were remiss in this respect; and that, besides the refugees of the Good Shepherd, there should be a house in London where these poor, strayed ones could be received at any hour of the day or night. The Duchess met with many contradictions and discouragements, but held to her purpose. She engaged the services of a religious institute in her enterprise, and the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity was started by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1885. It began in a very humble way, with beds for three or four. But it went on steadily increasing, and in 1888 a country branch was founded. There are now, between the two houses, fifty beds generally filled; so that it may be computed that nearly fifteen hundred cases have been dealt with during these ten years.

When people tried to discourage the efforts made by St. Ignatius for these poor creatures in Rome, he replied that if he saved one he would be content. There have been many failures; but in all cases some good was done, a chance given, and nearly all were admitted to the sacraments. There have been many solid conversions. Numbers have made their first Communion and received confirmation. Touching stories could be told of erring ones restored to their parents and miserable homes made happy.

This work afforded the Duchess deep consolation in these declining years of her life. She rejoiced in its fruits, and had great confidence in the prayers of these poor waiters and strays, which were fervently offered for her. Her closing hours were full of peace. All that Holy Church could do was done for her; and almost the last thing she understood on earth before she became unconscious was that the blessing of the Holy Father had been sent to her, to comfort her as she passed away from scenes of earth to the arms of her God.—Ave Maria.

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THE DRINK PLAGUE.

A Vampire That Sucks the Life Blood.

Of all evils that have cursed mankind, crushed woman's heart, sent youth to destruction, driven virtue to the resort of shame, and smoothed the pathway to hell, none can compare with the evil of intoxicating drink. Astonishing it is that more of our upright citizens do not attempt to wipe out the plague. It is pleasant to address the young and intelligent men of this vast union, the men who are to be the formers of public opinion for a next generation, and to lay before them the fearful havoc of this terrible enemy. If a disease—small pox or fever—broke out, so that a hundred would be laid low, how every expedient would be tried, how the cases would be isolated, yet this disease is destroying daily thousands, and where are the citizens that seek the remedies? Were a mad dog abroad, you would raise a hue and cry, seize any weapon to stop him in his murderous career; yet worse than a hundred rabid dogs is the demon of drink, and you are not up in arms against the monster. Were a stagnant pool to appear in the centre of the city, and to offend the senses with its green impure films, and its noxious stenches spreading miasma, and seeds of all manner of diseases, you would petition the corporation, hammer at the doors of the municipal authority, and demand the removal of the deadly danger. And yet, worse than stagnant pools, we see the pools of vice belching their alcoholic fumes over the land, opening the doors to invite the young men to destruction; and where are the men to stand up and demand redress, protection—demand the wiping out of these manufactories of drunkards!

Not only do the poor suffer from intemperance—all classes are victims. Where goes your tax money? To pay policemen for arresting the products of those drunkard factories, to pay asylums and prisons for holding the wrecks of humanity. Seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the inmates of these places are there on account of drink. Business men suffer from its ravages. Enter that house where the drunken father has left the impress of cold poverty—a broken stove, a few shattered chairs, ragged children, empty cupboard, dirt and filth greet your eyes. Had not that man's money gone to the saloon, it would have gone to the hardware house for a stove, to the tailor for clothes, to the grocer for food, to the carpenter for furniture, to the painter, the butcher, to every honest trader, but not to the saloon.

Statistics tell that seventy-five thousand men go down, in America, every year, to drunkards' graves. Say one were to pass every minute, the vast army would take forty-eight days in marching past. Two hundred per day; eight per hour going into eternity through drink. If these could be summoned from the saloons where they were murdered, the railway tracks where they were smashed, and offered a lease of life on condition of taking a temperance pledge, how gladly would they not, one and all, jump at the glorious chance of a respite, of a salvation they can never know! This demon of drink grapples with man in his physical, civil and spiritual life. It is a good thing to have health; glorious to be strong—without it there is no real happiness in life, yet nothing ruins the health, nor saps the strength like drink. It is never necessary, no matter how tired one may be, a young man can work longer, better, and with less fatigue, when he is a total abstainer.

Alcohol is a poison; if infused into the veins it produces instant death; taken into the stomach, it courses through the system, and puts all its part out of order. If a stranger intruded into a polite family circle, he would receive gentle or pointed hints that he was out of place. Your system is a family composed of its organs and members, let alcohol intrude, and the headache, the bad stomach, the abnormal pulse, all these are hints that the presence of the stranger is hurtful. But let the intruder be a mad man, who proceeds to smash the furniture, you seize him and eject him. Too much alcohol, what is called being drunk, abuses the members of the system, and they all rebel and strive to fire out the intruder. That self-preservation so instinctive in every organ of man, rebels against the presence of alcohol.

Some mistakenly say that drink helps to work. It does, for it will make you work in your old age, when you should be enjoying at ease the fruits of life's labor; it will drive you to work when it has robbed you of a power to perform your labor. Take a man upon a noble horse; while he is steady and keeps firm grasp of the rein, the beauty and power of the animal are his; but if he relaxes, the steed takes the bit between his teeth, rushes off, tosses the rider to earth, drags him to death in the mud. So with our unguarded passions; if in drink we let go the reins, the demon rushes away with us, flings us to the ground and tramples us in the mire—and finally kills us outright.

Drink is a vampire that sucks the life blood; a serpent that stings to death; a demon that haunts the whole life; a ghost that tracks its victim to the grave. Intemperance grapples with man in his family life—the highest and best life man can have. It is not good man should be alone; he must have his family, his home. A good man should

have his home, where he can sit in peace and enjoy its sweet repose. The Angel of Peace is at his fireside; but when the Demon of Drink enters, the Angel of Peace takes wing. Everything good, noble, high, elevating, disappears in the presence of the monster of hell; all beauty departs when the phantom is on the threshold. From being a quiet abode of joy and love, that home is transformed into the ante-chambers of hell. Go to the cold cellars where vegetate the victims of drink; it was the breath of intemperance that blew out the fire, that carried away the food, that tore the clothing from the bed. It grapples with the spiritual life of the soul. You can talk to a murderer, to a thief, to any bad man, and he can understand you; there is a chance of repentance; he can be reasoned with; but not so the drunkard. He is less than the dumb animal, he is a caricature of his Creator. He defies God's mercy, for if the demon drunk there is no salvation for him. After all this, in God's name, what are we going to do? What are you men going to do about it? You are not drunkards; no! But have you no example to show—no lesson to preach by your life example? "Touch not, taste not, handle not." It is God's remedy; when on the cross, upon Good Friday, as He was expiring, and had undergone every species and degree of mortal torture, He wished to preach a lesson of temperance—and He cried out in agony, "I thirst, I thirst."

He was expiating the unnumbered sins of the unreckoned drunkards. And he took the gall and vinegar, although the mixture augmented His thirst.

If you wish to stop the ravages of drink you must go to the opposite extreme and become a total abstainer. This appeal is not made from base and unworthy motives; it is not made through the fear of being drunkards, but for the sake of Christian example and Catholic penance. Christ, who thirsted for our souls, will bless every one who becomes a total abstainer—bless him with wealth and happiness in this life, and joy and glory in eternity.—Rev. A. P. Doyle.

An Attack on the Cardinal.

The Rev. McCrory, of Diamond Alley, in Pittsburg, undertook to show in a recent sermon that Cardinal Gibbons approved of mob violence in the treatment of ex-priests engaged in defaming the Church. A Presbyterian minister of the same city, Rev. E. R. Donohoe, severely criticized Rev. McCrory, for his attack, and warmly defended the Cardinal. This graceful act of Christian courtesy was acknowledged by the Cardinal by personal letter to the Rev. Mr. Donohoe in which His Eminence says: "This unjustifiable misconstruction of another's words and motives, indulged in by Rev. McCrory, is unworthy of an honest man. The offense is only aggravated when committed by one who is a leader of others, and who professes to teach the doctrine of truth and charity. I am happy to think that this man is not a fair specimen of the Christian preacher. The knowledge that I have from a personal acquaintance with reverend gentlemen of every denomination convinces me that the Rev. McCrory is an unfortunate exception in a body of honorable and respected Christians."

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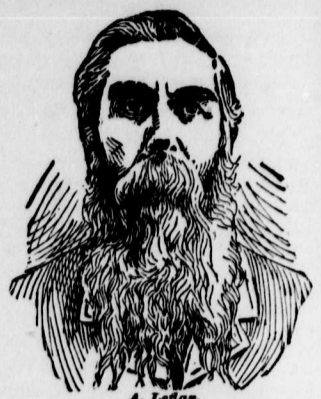
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