

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Something more impressive than even a Queen's jubilee was witnessed in England this month. It was a pageant far more majestic than any secular one. The thirteenth century of the landing of St. Augustine and his forty soldiers of the Cross in Britain recalled an event that had more to do with the making of modern England than the landing of Julius Caesar or the Norman Conquest. It was the first admission of the principle that there is a stronger power in human affairs than brute force. Hitherto the spiritual side of man had been ignored or unknown in English public affairs. The fierce persecution of Diocletian had swept away the seeds of Christianity already planted in the island by the missionaries sent by Pope Eleutherius, and when the legions of Rome were withdrawn the polished sensualism which passed for religion with those conquerors gave way to the fiercer paganism of the Scandinavian system introduced by the Saxon hordes who stepped into their places. Between the gloomy Druidism of the wood painted Britons and the cult of the Northern Valhalla there was nothing on which to found a civilized system to replace the artificial order of the departed Roman one. Inferentially, therefore, the Isle must have for centuries been a prey to internecine anarchy had not Heaven inspired the sainted Gregory the Great to dispatch Augustine on that enterprise which it had been the eager desire of his own heart to undertake ere he was summoned to occupy the chair of Peter. The foundations of that modern system of order and constitutionalism were laid in the monasteries which soon began to spring up as the result of the labors of Augustine, Paulinus, Wilfrid and Columbkille. Nothing so marvelous as the religious conquest of Britain had hitherto demonstrated the divine power of the new dispensation. For to Christian Rome the Isle with its new Teutonic conquerors was wholly alien—in language, laws, habits of thought, physical temperament, everything—foreign and unassimilable as the inhabitants of different planets. It was not so when Clovis accepted Christianity for himself and his Franks: not so when the Visigoths in Spain yielded to the charm of the Christian spirit—not so, in fact, in any European land where ancient Roman civilization had paved the way for the crown and apex of the great fabric—the religion symbolized by the Cross. Nor is there any just analogy to be found in the case of Ireland, because, although the religious system of that country was also based on Druidic superstition, the singular mental bent of the people and the sympathetic tenderness of their imagination led them easily to apprehend the meaning of a philosophy based on infinite love and supererogatory sacrifice.

The influence which the conversion of England exercised upon its own era was great: upon the future of the world simply incalculable. It grafted upon the crude Teutonic law the nobler principles of the Roman law. It infused the principle of a new life. It brought England into the great social circle of the cultivated world. It was, perhaps the most epoch-making event, from a material point of view, so to speak, since the dawn of Christendom. It furnished the complement to the other great conquest from the old gods—the winning over of Ireland. If Patrick laid at the footstool of Peter the brightest intellectual spoil of the old Paganism, Augustine could show the solidest material one.

Again has the supremacy of mind over matter been triumphantly vindicated on the same chalky shore. After a persecution fully as fierce, and far more inexcusable in that it was waged in the name of Christianity, the voice of Gregory and Augustine is heard, through Rome, once again at Ebbw Fleet, and the solemn hymn of the sublime old Church floats upward to the throne of the Eternal Founder. The stability of the lines on which it was laid is proved by the march of time. Thirteen hundred years have passed since the psalter was written, and language and ritual and the great central Sacrifice are still the same. The times change and we change with them. Other races have come upon the scene in England: laws have changed, dynasties have risen and disappeared, churches even sprung up. But there, again, after all is the Church of all Christianity, venerable in years, but with the hope of youth in her heart and in her eyes, just as it was when Augustine explained her beauties to King Ethelbert and his Saxons.

The relation which this memorable celebration bears to the existing condition of things spiritual in England is not more distant certainly than was St. Augustine's advent to the system of the Druids and the Teutonic myths. Trembling on the verge of infidelity or reunion, the spurious Church of England cries helplessly for the shadow, as a substitute for the substance, of incorporation with the Universal Church which three centuries ago her founders repudiated. On this point the Bishops at Lambeth gave out a most plaintive note, and in his masterful address Cardinal Vaughan took care to bring home to those prelates the full logical force of their own arguments. His Eminence's strong utterances upon the infinite difference between unity visible and unity invisible can hardly fail of convincing at least some of the minds to whom his weighty sentences are mainly addressed.

All historians acknowledge that it

was to the Church England owed the beginning of her national life. To its unifying power, the only agency possible in the early days to effect the consolidation and fusion of different and inimical races, is ascribed the beginning of that historical life which has culminated in the growth of the mightiest empire of modern days. The national Synod, as one of her historians remarks, preceded the national Parliament, and the Hierarchy acknowledged a common Primate before it acknowledged a common King. It has been diligently sought within the past three hundred years to disentangle the golden wool of the Church from the web of the national destiny down to that date, but the task is ever found more and more hopeless. The Ebbw Fleet celebration will render it impossible. There is a tie of nature between Rome and "Mary's Dowry," as England in the old better days was called, which even centuries of separation cannot dissolve.

THE "LAST MOMENT" DIFFICULTIES OF A CONVERT.

I do not refer to doctrinal difficulties. These differ so much in different minds, or in minds trained in differing schools of thought, that what is a theological mountain of difficulty to one man is but a mole hill to another.

"Surrender to an Italian Bishop" may be the *crux* to a man to whose mind the doctrine of Transubstantiation presented no difficulties whatever.

But lying somewhere beyond the last contested battle field is a sort of Desolable Land, stretching often up to the very door of the Church, in which the convert is beset with terrors and hindrances which he scarcely recognizes as such. The dread of life-long loneliness is one of the greatest horrors—though an ungrounded one—to converts. It is impossible to realize before experiencing it what the perpetual companionship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament with His people really is. The religious work and worship of American non-Catholics largely depend on social and merely human relationships; therefore this real supernatural and hourly relationship with our Lord practically unimaginable to them, and they anticipate isolation in the Church as a necessary cross. This feeling of isolation is fostered by linguistic difficulties of the convert. His new ideas and experiences demand a new language that he has not yet learned. He finds that his phraseology on religious things sounds unorthodox to Catholic ears. Uselessness is another bugbear in his path. What will the active member of the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. P. S. C. E. "find to do" in the Church? If the layman is easily satisfied on this point, the laywoman is not! Before her open, in this country, doors barred even to her brother. But the Catholic Church holds no prizes for women that are of mere worldly worth.

American denominational Christianity has so "run to seed" in good works toward man to have, in practice at least, inverted the commandment of Christ. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, etc., to mean, Thou shalt first love thy neighbor. The idea of duty towards God pure and simple, and of working for His glory alone, is ignored. That God demands obedience, even though it may mean sitting with folded hands: that He prefers obedience to sacrifice: that one might conceivably gain the whole world to Him and yet lose one's own soul, are ideas which gain possession but slowly of minds long trained to recognize and serve the Creator only in His creatures. Indeed, one of the great temptations of these "last moments" is the feeling that one is praying to, learning about, and approaching a *new God*.

Into every crink of these last fearful moments too fills the question, with many, of a means of future livelihood, assuming proportions which appal one in view of their materiality.

"It's all very well to say to me that a man can *only* starve or freeze," said one who stands very near the head of a great missionary society to his friend, "but I regard either process as exceedingly uncomfortable." "Conversion means starvation!" said a gray haired, delicately nurtured woman to me only last week. So many of the more devout and intellectual women of our country are engaged in educational and charitable work which is directly under denominational control, and which would be instantly withdrawn from them if they were suspected of "Romanism," that it seems, humanly speaking, impossible that they should examine Catholicism in any unbiased way.

Sometimes, after every difficulty has been disposed of, an unaccountable hesitancy and even apathy set in. "I can't think, I can't pray, I'm in no fit state to approach great sacraments," is the last objection of the Protestant, as though "if one had the purity of an angel and the sanctity of St. John the Baptist he would be worthy to receive these sacraments."—The Missionary.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

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THE LAMBETH CONVENTION TAKEN TO TASK.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Hon. Oswald John Simon, a prominent English Jew, has written a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury protesting against the reference to the Jews in the letter issued by the Anglican bishops at the recent Lambeth convention. He calls it an outrage, and says: "You have no justification for a statement that 'the conversion of the Jews is also much hindered by the severe persecution to which Jewish converts are often exposed by their own people.' This statement says Mr. Simon, is absolutely false. He strikes back in this fashion: 'I know, as Your Grace does, of many Protestants who have cut off their sons and their daughters for becoming Roman Catholics or Israelites.'"

He gives another interesting bit of information which reminds us of the efforts to convert the Irish people to Protestantism by means of soup, which was offered freely to the starving people on condition that they would forsake their religion: the same means that were adopted by the devil on a memorable occasion. Mr. Simon says:

"I am intimately acquainted with the work of the 'London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews,' and have had the opportunities for conversation with the young men who used to reside at their settlement in Palestine place. I reported to the chairman, Sir John Kenworthy, and his committee, the results of my investigations. Every youth whom I saw admitted to me that he only resided at the institution, and went through the form of baptism because he had no other means of subsistence. Each of them was willing to return to the synagogue if I could offer him the physical maintenance which he received at Palestine place. Without exception, every Jew who is converted by means of conversion societies is a rogue. These societies attract the worst Jews, making them into bad Christians. Thirty-seven thousand pounds a year is raised from the purses of individuals who are grossly deceived on the subject."

Among others he makes the following noteworthy statement:

"Moreover, it is well for Anglicans to reflect that no Jew with a sense of history and of logic, which they are not merely equipped, would dream of becoming a Christian except as a Roman Catholic. Be it remembered that the traditions of the Jewish race, illustrious by their antiquity, as well as by the divine revelation which they embody, are all on the side of the positive and affirmative, and by no means on that of the protesting and the negative."

This calls to mind the anecdote of the rabbi who was appealed to by a Catholic and a Protestant to settle a dispute. He said: "If Christ has not come the Jew is right; if Christ has come the Catholic is right; but, come or not, the Jew is wrong." Mr. Simon says practically the same thing to the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. And he is right.

October Orisons.

In the encyclical which it is announced he is preparing for early issuance, the Holy Father, who has allowed no year since he attained his present exalted position to pass without recommending to his world-wide flock the devotion of the holy rosary, will inculcate upon the faithful anew the practice of the daily recitation during October of the beads in honor of the benignant Queen of the Rosary.

There is no form of prayer, perhaps, that is more popular with Catholics than the saying of the beads; and for the reasons that that form of prayer is mainly composed of the prayer which our Lord Himself taught to His followers and the salutation with which the Angel Gabriel addressed the Blessed Virgin, none is better calculated to win a hearing at the throne of grace. The innumerable and inestimable favors which heaven has showered upon earth, in answer to petitions addressed to it in this form of prayer furnish all the proof required of the truth of this assertion.

The practical Catholic, who heeds the counsels of his spiritual guides and gladly avails himself of the graces which are so lavishly bestowed during days of particular devotion, will allow no October day to pass without reciting his beads. There are very many persons who do not content themselves with reciting the rosary during October, but who make it an every day practice throughout the year, choosing it for family devotions and saying the beads in common with the rest of the household every evening. This practice cannot be too highly commended. An admirable time for those who have not yet adopted it, to begin it will be Friday, when the month of the holy rosary begins.—Catholic Columbian.

Coca and Its Uses.

We are wont to associate this new drug of marvelous medicinal properties with the grateful beverage of the breakfast table, but they are quite different in source and in properties. Coca is a most beneficial gift to the sick and suffering, as is attested by its rapid rise in estimation and the reliance now placed upon it by the most eminent practitioners in Europe and America.

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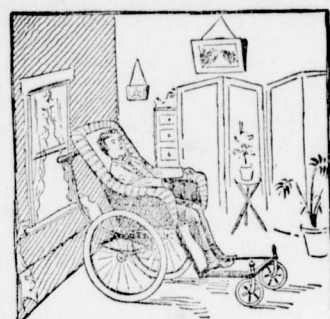
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A BOY'S SUFFERINGS.

Attacked With Inflammatory Rheumatism at an Early Age.—Each Successive Year Brought Fresh Attacks With Increasing Severity Until He Was a Physical Wreck.

From the Sun, Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve-year old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors on the Midland division of the G. T. R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home, and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who, on being informed of the story of the cure and how the results were attained. We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age, and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk. Medical aid being summoned, we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our little boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring while in Peterborough he was again seized with the dread disease and again we were in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of



his former self. Despite all we could do he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each one leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to the mouth. His nervous system was so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himself. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave them to Harry for several months, and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it; nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as healthy a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."

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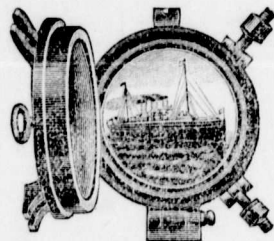
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A Bit of Irish Humor.

In some of Sheridan Le Fanu's stories in the early numbers of the *Dublin University Magazine* there are several good touches of Irish humor. The following is a peasant's description of Billy Malowney in love: "Well, now, he was raly stupid wid love; there wasn't a bit of fun left in him. He was good for nothing on earth but sittin' under bushes smokin' tobacco, and sighin' till you'd wonder where he got the wind for it all. Now you might as well be persuadin' the birds again flyin', or strivin' to coax the stars out of the sky into your hat, as to be talkin' common-sense to them that's fairly bothered and burstin' wid love. There is nothing like it. The toothache and colic together would compose you better for an argument; it leaves you fit for nothing but nonsense. It's stronger than whiskey, for one good drop of it will make you drunk for a year, and sick, begorra, for ten; it's stronger than the sea, for it will carry you round the world, and never let you sink in sunshine or in storm; and, begorra, its stronger than death itself, for it's not afraid of him, but dares him in every shape. But lovers do have their quarrels some times, and, begorra, when they do you'd almost think they hated one another like man and wife."

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