

DO AMERICANS HATE ENGLAND?

Seven fairly representative Americans reply in the North American Review for June to Professor Goldwin Smith's peevish whimper, on "American Hatred of England."

Col. E. W. Higginson, who has the first word, quotes the words of another sterling American, Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing nearly half a century ago: "If an Englishman were individually acquainted with all our twenty-five millions of Americans, and liked every one of them, and believed that each man of those millions was a Christian, honest, upright, and kind, he would doubt, despise, and hate them in the aggregate, however he might love them as individuals."

"The statement," says Col. Higginson, "is too strongly put, doubtless, but it touches the precise point in the case; and Hawthorne might have added that the twenty-five—now sixty-five—millions of Americans have just the same curious mental habit."

Col. Higginson courteously attributes this feeling to the jealousy often noticed in country circles, but he has a very vivid remembrance of something worse than jealousy displayed by our British cousins, from the days of the Revolutionary War down to the latest words of the London Times or the Saturday Review.

Andrew Carnegie, an American of Scotch birth, and proudly fond of his native land, handles Mr. Smith less tenderly. "The American people could not help rejoicing in any reverse that might befall England," said Mr. Smith. "As between England and the brave Scandinavians," answers Mr. Carnegie, "for instance, between England and Russia, Germany, or even France, No."

Mr. Smith's funny assumption that Americans are jealous of England's success moves Mr. Carnegie to observe that: "A country that has in one century become the greatest manufacturing, commercial, and mining nation, and the wealthiest nation in the world, cannot well be jealous of the success of any other. Jealousy of England! the dear little thing! This is a new idea, and we must thank Mr. Smith for the suggestion. It gives us a laugh."

He laughs also at Mr. Smith's ludicrous complaint that American legislative bodies have expressed sympathy with Ireland, and reminds him that England has never been backward in giving advice to her neighbors. "England is always protesting against something or other. Poland, or Bulgaria, or Turkey is doing something which calls for the censure of England, and her numerous societies are continually lecturing other nations upon questions from the cause of civil and religious liberty up or down to the proper observance of the Lord's Day."

Even Mr. Smith's own temporary country, Canada, has passed similar resolutions of sympathy with the cause of Home Rule; but, as Mr. Carnegie says, "Mr. Smith cannot write upon any subject nowadays without rendering his treatment of it subservient to his hatred of Ireland."

"Nothing more hateful than Mr. Smith's paper has appeared in print, within the range of my reading for many years," says Murat Halstead, who has a cordial liking for England, with an equally cordial attempt for the idea that we fear England enough to hate her.

Horace Porter is inclined to think that the prevalent disease partakes rather of Anglomania than of Anglophobia: "We find here Victoria hotels, Her Majesty's Opera, royal baking-powders, imperial trains, and harness makers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and when the anthem of 'John Brown' is sung, there appears to be a confusion in the minds of some of our more advanced Anglomaniacs as to whether the reference to the possessor of so progressive a soul is an allusion to our hero of Harper's Ferry or the Queen's late eulie."

After a careful review of English aggression and American forbearance, he concludes that "one cannot resist the impression that one of the few persons disposed to keep prominently in view the grounds for grievance is the distinguished author of 'The Hatred of England' himself."

Rev. Robert Collyer, himself an Englishman born, has a word not only for Mr. Smith but also for sundry other Englishmen living in America upon questions from the cause of "British American" societies—"men who came here to find an au-pair life and have found it, or to make their fortune and have made it, but are ready still to spit on the hand which was held out to welcome them when they landed on these shores, or came southward, as so many do, from Canada."

James Harrison Wilson says that Americans do not hate England, the home of their race: "They hate the insulting, domineering, aggressive policy of the British Government. They hate the supercilious and patronizing airs, the self-sufficiency, and the arrogance and superiority of the class which controls and represents that Government, and which has always given it its character before the world."

They remember, he says, that England is the only first class power with which they have had wars and continual disputes. They remember the interminable quarrels over the fisheries; "they remember—and with all due deference to the opinions of others, they should never forgive—the 'Treaty' and the 'Alabama' affairs."

M. W. Hazeltine, who contributes the closing paper, says very truly that Americans of German, Scandinavian and Italian descent are completely indifferent on the question. The feeling of Irish Americans is one of antipathy, which at present is active, but which is not by any means irremediable:

"Not is this rancorous dislike of Irish Americans for England a new thing. The Irish Presbyterians who immigrated to this country during the ten years preceding 1775 played a noteworthy, if not decisive, part in the ensuing struggle of the colonies for independence. According to the testimony taken in London on the conduct of the war, these Irish emigrants constituted one half of the rank and file of the Continental Army. In like manner, should a war between Great Britain and the United States break out to-morrow, Irish-Americans would, of all our citizens, show themselves the most eager to enlist."

The granting of Home Rule to Ireland, he believes, would result in the disappearance of that antipathy among Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic. It will disappear among Irish or other Americans, so long as the class which fights against Home Rule to day, and which rejoiced in American misfortunes thirty years ago, rules English sentiment. "That class," says Mr. Hazeltine, "would undoubtedly evince to-morrow the same sentiments should another disruptive calamity befall us." When the class disappears, "American Hatred of England" will disappear also.

Mr. Smith cannot say that he has not been categorically answered.

"MARY ON MOUNT CALVARY."

SERMON BY FATHER TARTLETON, S. J. London Universe, May 31.

From the above text Father Tartleton, S. J., preached the concluding sermon of the May series on Sunday evening in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers at (Garnet Hill), Glasgow. He said when they contemplated the life of our Lord they found that joy and sorrow went together. It was a joyful time for mankind when Christ was presented in the Temple as the Redeemer of the world; and what sorrow Mary must have endured when she was told by Holy Simeon "That a sword should pierce her heart."

They were celebrating that day the last event of the life of our Lord. It would not be out of place to call that a great event, for it was the beginning of the great triumphs of the Church. He was interceding to God for His persecutors and He was praying for the conversion of mankind. When any one prayed for the forgiveness of their sins they were not to suppose that it was through their prayer forgiveness was granted. No; whatever soul is saved is saved through the merits of Jesus Christ. He interceded for them. He paid the price of their forgiveness with His life on Mount Calvary, and whatever came to them by prayer came through the part which Christ took in the scene there.

He might have a great love of souls; they might pray to God to save all mankind, but that was only a secondary part, for Christ, in yielding up His life, played the first part, and He only saved them from eternal sufferings. But while Christ was sacrificing His life to save mankind, Mary our Mother was playing her part at the foot of the cross by praying to God in heaven.

WHAT A LESSON THEY COULD LEARN FROM MARY ON MOUNT CALVARY, standing there seeing her beloved Son being put to death, and yet praying to God to forgive His murderers! Our Lord, although He was supposed to have been overcome, yet really triumphed on the cross. He broke the chain of sin which bound mankind, and Mary knew the great victory they had won, and her heart was full of joy and forgiveness. Let them for one moment think of the state of mind our Blessed Lady must have been in when she saw the Jews take the garments of our Lord and divide them, thus fulfilling the prophecy made many years before; and when they came to His robe, which was woven for Him in His infancy by Mary, and which tradition says grew with Him as He progressed in years, they cast lots as to who should possess it, not being able to divide it as it was seamless. It was God's will that His Son should thus be despoiled, and Mary consented without a murmur.

THEY SHOULD THINK IN THEIR MINDS OF THE AGONY SHE MUST HAVE ENDURED at witnessing her Son suffering on the cross, that Son she loved so well, and for whom she had done so much. Some of his hearers might have had one who they loved, it may be their mother, or it may be their sister, and if they saw those loved ones suffering much in pain they would do everything they could to help them to make their sufferings less; nay, they might in many cases wish to endure it themselves rather than see those who they love enduring it. And so it was with Mary, and yet she could not help her Son; no, she had to look upon the Jews putting Him to death for a crime they never inquired into. They would now pass on to the time when Christ cried out to God, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," thus imploring forgiveness for those who were putting Him to death, and Mary at this moment, looking round, did not see a face with pity on it, but she saw the faces of the false priests who cried out, Crucify Him, crucify Him, and she felt not one tinge of bitterness, but silently repeated the prayer which her Son had sent up to heaven. What a lesson they might learn from this scene! How they ought to love her for her forgiveness of the Jews, for she must have forgiven them to fulfill God's words, "Unless you forgive you shall not be forgiven." If any one felt in their hearts a bitterness against some person who done them an injury, let them take a lesson from Mary on Mount Calvary, who prayed for the forgiveness of the Jews, and let them take a lesson, too, from the manner in which Christ pleaded to His Father in heaven for them.

THE FORGIVENESS OF HIS MURDERERS There were also two thieves crucified with our Lord, so that any person passing that way might think the three to be great criminals. These two thieves also taunted Christ, saying, if He was God why did He not come down from the cross and rescue them also; and all the time they were mocking Him He was appealing to God for their conversion, and Mary was adding her prayers to His. After a while one of them was won back to the true faith by the power of God's grace, and turning on the cross towards Christ he cried out, "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt enter into Thy kingdom," and Christ answered him saying, "Amen, amen, I say to you, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." Christ had come into the world to save mankind, and He succeeded in saving them from eternal fire. Many of that congregation were surrounded by people upon a kind word would win back to the true fold, and if they did not give that they would not be Christian, neither would they be like Mary. They had seen our Lord dispensing mercy with God like generosity while on the cross, they had seen Him commending Mary to the care of St. John, and St. John to the care of Mary. He was going away from His Mother for a

time, but He did not leave her unprotected; no, He left her in trust with John, His faithful Apostle, appointing him her guardian keeper on earth.

THE CHURCH HAD RECOGNIZED THIS, and therefore they all looked upon Mary as their Mother. What a boon God conferred on them when He gave Mary as their Mother, their spotless and immaculate Mother. If they looked back to their early days they would remember many times they were in sorrow and affliction, when Mary gave them balm for their wounds and comforted them in their affliction. She has been faithful to the trust that Christ gave her on Calvary, and had they been faithful to her, and if they had been faithful in the past let them be so in the future.

PROTESTANT DEACONESSES.

Singular to say, both the Presbyterians and Methodists are considering the advisability of imitating the Episcopalians in establishing an order of deaconesses, who, in beginning these, were in turn feeble imitators of the Catholic Ritualists. Indeed, the Church of England Ritualists have gone further than their brethren in this country. We believe their deaconesses openly call themselves Sisters. They have an order of monks, whose head calls himself Father Ignatius, evidently a sort of Protestant imitation of the Jesuits! Not that there is any truth in the foolish charge of teaching no man's religion. On the contrary, the tallest Ritualists suffer extravagantly from the odium theologum. The nearer they draw to the Catholic Church, the more bitter do they become against us. Their first great leader here, since becoming a Catholic, explained this phenomenon by saying that they resented the unyielding and "extreme" attitude of "Rome." Some of them boasted that on the Continent they even received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion from regular "Roman" priests; and when informed that they had acted in a gravely wrong way, bitterly resented the rebuke as an insult.

Perhaps this feeling accounts for the renewed tendency of the Presbyterians and Methodists to revile the Catholic Church. They perceive a grand institution. They are eager to have put aside what they consider its abuses, and while the Church goes calmly on, paying no heed to them, they become angry.

Nevertheless we are glad to see this drawing towards Catholic ideals of the Protestants. The Church can afford to ignore their temporary attacks, in view of the ultimate results. That is the way converts to Catholicity are made. They begin as did the great St. Paul and all his illustrious successors, by reviling that which they subsequently receive as the highest truth.

Certainly this imitation of Catholic methods could take no more beneficial forms than in providing regular institutions to be the organs of female piety. Too familiar has been the public with Protestant women teachers, who, in attempting to occupy the pulpit, usurp a function utterly inappropriate to their sex. Of course the imitation is feeble, but it is better than nothing. Here is the form of questions prescribed by Bishop Potter for setting apart deaconesses:

The Bishop—"Have you well considered in your own mind your purpose to serve God in this office and ministry?"

Answer—"I have so considered it."

The Bishop—"Will you endeavor, so long as you shall hold this office faithfully to fulfill the duties of the same without fickleness or waywardness?"

Answer—"I will."

The Bishop—"Will you diligently ask of God the grace to enable you to cling to this endeavor, and to make this purpose good?"

Answer—"I will."

Only a temporary mission seems contemplated by these questions. But there are indications that it will grow into a permanent form. These efforts will, besides, call attention to their prototypes, and lead many inquiring souls into the true faith. People will not long remain content with shadows when the realities are at hand.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction.

Miss Jennie A. McNair, of Lions Head, Bruce Co., Ont., tells the following remarkable experience—I called upon a poor woman who was very sick. She had not left her bed for weeks. Her friends said she was dying of consumption; indeed she was so low it seemed that it would be but a very short time until she would pass away. I looked around on her little children and resolved if possible to cure her, but how to do it was the question. I was well used to the different forms of consumption and knew her trouble all came from the "head" and that her lungs were being destroyed by breathing the poisonous exhalations into them. I came home praying that God would give me what was wanted to cure her—and he did in a strange way. A little boy came into the room where I was and wanted me to look at a star on a piece of paper. It proved to be an advertisement of Nasal Balm. I ordered it at once and it proved to be just what I wanted as to-day the woman's head is all right, she is able to do her own work and is getting strong very fast. This remarkable change was effected by one bottle of Nasal Balm. Enclose 50 cents for another bottle which is for a young lady here who has had catarrh for a long time. Please send at once and I will try and make it worth known to this place. It is a pleasure for me to work for the suffering and praise the medicine that deserves it.

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"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emancipated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River St., Lowell, Mass.

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