

Anglo Catholic Readings

A variety of readings from our history



The Late Riot at Lewes
by John Mason Neale
The Times, London, November 23, 1857.

Background: Early Anglo Catholics faced a number of riots, which were protests about their traditions. This is a letter of J.M. Neal about such an event.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—It was my earnest wish not to have been compelled to take any public notice of the disgraceful riot which occurred at Lewes on Wednesday last on the occasion of the funeral of a Sister of Mercy. A very incorrect account, however, having appeared, I am sure I may trust to your sense of justice to permit me to state the facts as they really occurred.

It pleased God to take to himself one of the Sisters at St. Margaret's Home, East Grinstead, on Friday the 13th. She died from the effects of scarlet fever, caught from a case which the sisters were nursing. On her death bed, having appointed the Superior of St. Margaret's and myself her executors, she expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault in the churchyard of her father, the Rev. John Scobell, incumbent of All Saints, Lewes, and that her funeral should be conducted in the way which she considered most Christian.

On mentioning these wishes to her father on his arrival (which did not take place till after her death), he immediately acquiesced in both, expressed his willingness that she should be followed to the grave by the other Sisters, and charged himself with all the arrangements at Lewes, including the preparation for their reception; he also engaged that the bearers should be respectable and trustworthy men. Contrary to what would have been our wish, and much to our inconvenience, he asked that the funeral might take place in the evening. It was therefore fixed for 5.30 p.m. On our arrival at Lewes the usual procession was formed—i.e., lest anything extraordinary should be thought to have been attempted—the bier preceded, myself and the Sisters followed; the only thing beyond an ordinary funeral being a wreath of white flowers carried by an orphan child from St. Margaret's (unless, indeed, I need mention a white pall, but so trimmed with black as to be perfectly inconspicuous in the twilight.

The churchyard lies, I should think, about a hundred yards from the station. Before reaching it we were joined by Mr. Scobell himself and three members of his family, who proceeded to take their places between ourselves and the bier. The service in the church was read by Mr.

Hutchinson, of West Firle; the uproar, hooting, and yelling in the churchyard—almost evidently preconcerted, and that with considerable skill—being quite alarming. With some difficulty we made our way to the vault; it is not attached to the church, but is hollowed out of a kind of bank on the north side of the churchyard. Mr. Hutchinson entered the vault, and the service was there concluded; the mob every moment growing fiercer and more threatening. They made way, however, for Mr. Scobell and his family, as well as for Mr. Hutchinson. As the former was passing I stepped up to him and said, "Mr. Scobell, you see how threatening the mob is; will you not protect the Sisters?" He bowed, and passed on; and that, be it remembered, when his daughter had died in their arms only five days previously. While this was passing the lights were either extinguished, or so flashed in our faces as to make a confusion worse than darkness. There was a cry of "Do your duty!" "Now the performance is come off!" and a rush was immediately made upon us. The impression of all of us is that some at least of the bearers and light-men were the ring-leaders of the mob. But the strangest part of all was that men, certainly in the garb of gentlemen, could stand by and see ladies dashed this way and that, their veils dragged off, and their dresses torn, and, far from rendering the least assistance, could actually excite the dregs of the rabble to further violence. I was myself knocked down, and for a moment, while under the feet of the mob, gave myself up for lost. We were borne along into the street, Mr. Scobell having quietly gone home, and taking no further interest in the matter.

Some of the sisters took refuge in the schoolmaster's house; some, with myself, in a little public-house called the King's Head. Round this inn the mob soon gathered. At last, by the advice of the police, I made my way across gardens and over walls to the station. A larger force having been now got together were sent back with a fly to the King's Head; and thus, after some hard fighting on their part, we were enabled to return to East Grinstead by the next train, the rabble besetting the station to the very last.

Now, Sir, your readers may draw their own conclusions as to the constitution of the Lewes mob—a mob only too notorious in the annals of lawlessness. A lady who had actually laid down her life in the cause of the poor is buried, according to her own wish, in the church of her father, with that father's full acquiescence; is followed to the grave by her executors and by the ladies in whose arms she died; no demonstration is made which could excite any popular feeling, and the result you have seen.

It is only right that I should mention the great promptitude and kindness of the schoolmaster, and also of the railway officials—a kindness which the Sisters of St. Margaret's on their errands of nursing have invariably experienced.

I see it stated in a paper of yesterday that I had attempted at the vault to read some additional prayers at the conclusion of the service. This is absolutely and totally false. There is not a shadow of truth in it; and I should have been the very last to have for one moment contemplated so very indecent an interruption.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J.M. NEALE, Warden of Sackville College. Sackville College, East Grinstead, Nov. 21.



The Sisters of St. Mary at Memphis: with the Acts and Sufferings of the Priests and Others Who Were There with Them during the Yellow Fever Season of 1878.

New York: Printed, but not Published, 1879; 62pp.
transcribed by Elizabeth Boggs and Richard Mammana AD 2000-2001

Background: Commonly Called "The Martyrs of Memphis." In 1873 a group of sisters of the Sisterhood of St. Mary went to Memphis, Tennessee, at the request of Bishop Charles T. Quintard, to establish a school for girls adjacent to the Cathedral of St. Mary. They were confronted by an epidemic of yellow fever and began to care for the sick. Yellow fever returned in 1878. The sisters stayed in Memphis to continue to minister to the sick while others fled the city. Sister Constance and six other Sisters of St. Mary, Sister Clare of the Society of St. Margaret in Boston, and a number of Memphis clergy ministered to the victims of the deadly disease. More than 5,000 people died, including Sister Constance on Sept. 9, 1878, Sister Thecla on Sept. 12, Sister Ruth on Sept. 17, and Sister Francis on Oct. 4. The high altar at the Cathedral of St. Mary is a memorial to the four martyred sisters. These martyrs are commemorated in the Episcopal calendar of the church year on Sept. 9.

It is with deep emotion, and inexpressible reverence and tenderness, that I undertake the task of compiling, from letters, notes, and memoranda which have been placed in my hands, a brief narrative of the acts and sufferings of our beloved in Christ who died of the pestilence at Memphis last year. The motive which leads many to wish for some permanent record of these things cannot, it is thought, be misunderstood by any ingenuous mind. No one could for an instant suppose that it was intended to honor, hereby, the holy departed. Their souls are in the hands of God, and their reward is with the Most High; no one of us could add to the radiance of their crown, nor are we worthy to pronounce the eulogy on such sublime devotion. But the glory of their sorrows and their victory is the common property of the Church; and if it be true, that when one member suffers all the members suffer, and that, when some of us are enabled by God's grace to do noble deeds, the honor may be shared by even the humblest brother of those heroic souls, then may we all claim it as of right that we should know what has been accomplished.

By way of introduction to the more immediate subject, reference must be made to the beginning of the work of the Sisters of St. Mary, in the city of Memphis. It commenced in the year 1873.... to found a school in that place, and to take charge of an institution known as the Church Home. In August of that year, a little band arrived, consisting of Sister Constance as the Sister Superior, Sister Amelia, Sister Thecla, who had just made her profession, and Sister Huggetta, then a novice. Sister Amelia was placed in charge of the Church Home; and preparations were made to open, in the ensuing month of September, a boarding and day school for girls, the bishop having given up his own residence, next to the cathedral, for that purpose. Scarcely had this work been commenced when the yellow fever appeared in Memphis, and was soon pronounced epidemic. The Sisters immediately wrote to New York, for permission to remain in the city and nurse the sick; the request had been anticipated, and consent was granted; and so they who had had no experience in epidemic disease, and whose special work was that of teaching, found themselves at once employed in novel duties in the face of a frightful visitation.

Sister Constance took the lead. One of the Community, writing of those now distant days, says: "Sister Constance went out first to the sick. Before she reached the house to which she was going, she was met by a young girl weeping and in great distress. She said her sister was just taken with the fever, that they could get no doctor, and did not know what they ought to do for her. My Sister went immediately to the sick child, did for her all that could be done, and ministered to her wants daily till her recovery. - My Sister always loved to speak of this little Louise as her first patient." ...

The work of the Sisters consisted in visiting the sick, supplying nurses, medicines, and delicacies, speaking words of comfort and strength, offering prayers, and, in some cases, performing the last offices for the dead. They had under their charge some sixty cases, of which only eight terminated fatally. During that time, the Rev. George C. Harris, Dean of St., Mary's Cathedral, celebrated the Holy Communion daily, and the Blessed Sacrament was also reserved for the sick and dying. ...

The fever ceased at length, and the Sisters resumed their proper work of teaching. The school was opened

late in the autumn, and has been maintained to this day, with the desired measure of success. ... We come to the fatal year, 1878, When it became known that the yellow fever was in New Orleans, the Memphis Board of Health desired the establishment and enforcement of a rigid quarantine; before this could be effected it was too late, and in the month of August the fever was again pronounced epidemic in Memphis.

"For several days previous to this a panic convulsed the whole city. Thousands left on the trains, whilst thousands of others escaped in carriages, wagons, carts, and even on foot. On Wednesday and the three following days, on any road leading out from Memphis, could be seen a procession of wagons, piled high with beds, trunks, and small furniture, carrying, also, the women and children. Beside these walked groups of men, some riotous with the wild excitement, others moody and silent from anxiety and dread. The scenes at the depots were wild and exciting to the highest degree. A friend wrote back to us from Louisville: ' ... The scene I witnessed at the depot could not be pictured. We were nearly crushed in obtaining our places. At last the over-crowded train moved off amid the loud and heart-rending cries of those left behind. I was told that a child and an old person were trampled to death near us on the platform.' By the middle of the following week all who desired to escape and had the means of doing so were gone, and the city was still and death-like. There was something wonderfully moving to the soul in this contrast -- this change from wild and terrible confusion to the calm stillness of the deserted streets, the closed stores and houses, the rapid passing of hearses and wagons with the dead. As we went to and from St. Mary's in visiting the sick and dying, we met very few persons excepting the physicians and officers of the Howard and Relief Associations on their round of duty."

When the fearful disease thus broke out again in Memphis, Sister Constance, Superior of the Work, and Sister Thecla, were absent. They had gone for a vacation after the close of the school, and for a brief rest, to the Mother House, St. Gabriel's, at Peekskill, on the Hudson. It was there, on the 5th of August, that the news reached them that the fever was epidemic in Memphis, just two weeks after their arrival in the North. Without an hour's delay they made their preparations, bade their dear companions farewell, no more again to see their faces in this world, and took their way back to the scene of desolation and death.

I give here a series of brief notes found among the papers of Sister Constance after her death, together with some of her graphic letters.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER:

"Your telegram brought me a kind of Brightness, but I cannot help a great deal of anxiety for Sreter Helen and Sister Ruth, my sense of duty in the matter is so divided between the feeling that I ought to secure all the help I can for these poor suffering people, and the fear for those who come. I will guard them to the utmost; but they know and you know that they are offering their lives. I am glad to have the East Grinstead Sister. They are trained nurses, and she will be invaluable. I will not send for the Clewer Sisters if I can help it. Dr. Houghton telegraphed to know if I wanted them. But on Monday if the fever spreads I must send, for we shall want all the help we can get. Cases that are nursed seldom die. Most of the dead have died of neglect or utter ignorance on the part of their attendants. The panic is fearful to-day. Eighty deaths reported, and half of the doctors refuse to report at all. We found one of our nurses lying on the floor in her patient's room down with the fever, another is sickening. Our ward visitor was here just now to give me some directions about to-morrow, 'For I am down,' he said. When I said something cheering he put a hand that fairly burned me on my wrist and asked me to feel his pulse if I could. He is a bright, brave young man, our opposite neighbor; his father is dying, his two poor sisters are here asleep, and I am sitting up waiting till Dr. Harris calls me to go to the old man with these two poor girls. There is little hope that the change which must come to-night will be for life, but I suppose it will not come before twelve. Mr. Parsons had a chill this evening; I shall know before twelve whether it was *the* chill. I really believe that Dr. Harris and I and the two negro nurses are the only well persons anywhere near. Mr. Brinkley's gardener and his son are ill. Dr. Armstrong has shut himself up for the night declaring himself

worn out. Sister Thecla and Miss Murdock are in bed worn out with last night's nursing and watching. We like Miss M., who came to us from Ohio (she has had the fever), so much. Sister H. is well; Sister F. much better; no more cases at Church Home, none at the Canfield Asylum, where there are thirty-two children gathered from the infected houses. This is the dreariest night we have had. If anything happens to Mrs. Bullock and to me, will you take care of little Bessie? Mrs. Bullock has helped us bravely, working like one of ourselves, and never shrinking. She was with me in the most pestilential room I have yet had to enter, and I never saw her hesitate. The calls for food and wine are incessant. I have been on my feet almost the whole day, for our old cook would not do a thing if one of us did not stay with her, whenever we could be spared from the sick. A nurse has just been here to say that he will not stay another night with his two patients—a father and daughter—if the dead mother is not buried. The body has been there for nearly two days, and no undertaker can be found who has time to bring a coffin. We are absolutely forbidden to touch the dead even if a coffin could be found. Dr. Harris is all that earthly strength can be to us, but he is far from strong. I do not think he even hopes to get through. Pray *doubly* for us now, dear mother. I think of the Sisters who are coming and of those who are praying at home so constantly.

"Your loving CONSTANCE, S. S. M."

"Sunday Morning, Sept. 1.

"My Sister came to the Asylum to advise me in some matters there. She then told me of Dr. Harris's illness; she said, 'We have almost no hope.' We then spoke together for a few minutes of the Eternal Joy awaiting him, us also, it might be. My Sister returned to her work. A number of children were brought to the asylum that day; I had but one lady to help me. Every child brought in had to receive a carbohic bath and be dressed in clean clothes. Two of the children were taken ill with the fever that day. It was not till evening that I remembered that it was the Lord's Day; all days alike were His."

"Monday, Sept. 2.

"Sisters Helen and Ruth arrived from New York, and with them Sister Clare, of St. Margaret's, from Boston. They rested at St. Mary's that night, and on Tuesday morning Sisters Helen and Ruth came out to the Asylum. Sister Clare went to the Church Home to assist Sister Frances in the Infirmary, where several were already down with fever; Sister Frances had recovered from a light attack of the fever.

"I took, that day, from the Canfield Asylum, a young girl ill with the fever to the Market Street Infirmary, which was opened that day; she was the first patient. I shall never forget the countenance of one of the two gentlemen—I think both were physicians—who carried the girl from the carriage up to the ward; it was so expressive of terror and dread that it made me admire him all the more for doing his duty.

"Being now released from my charge at the Asylum, I returned to the still more pressing duties at St. Mary's, where hundreds now came for relief, and calls for the Sisters to go to the sick had become so numerous, that it was impossible to attend to half of them. I remember feeling, for a moment, almost overcome with heart-sickness, as I saw some go away with the unsatisfying promise that the Sisters would come to their dying ones *the next day*, one day too late. We could obtain no nurses that day or the two following, for any amount of money, and the Sisters had made more promises than they had time to fulfill. It is sometimes said to me now: 'The Sisters worked themselves to death unwisely; why did they do so?' A look into one of those disappointed faces would have been a better answer than any I can give. 'Unwisely!' When, in each sick and dying person the Sister beheld her suffering Lord! How could she hold back, from fatigue, or weakness, or *wisdom*!

"About two o'clock that afternoon Sister Constance came in. It was with difficulty that I could persuade her to remain long enough to take some much-needed food. As she sat down she said: 'Sister, I am hungry all the time, no matter how much I eat: I am so very well.' While taking the refreshment, she told me of the place she had just left. I think I can remember her very words, for ail her words spoken to me in those last few days of her life, and the very tone of voice in which she spoke, are so impressed upon my mind that I can never forget them. She said: 'I have just been at Mrs. F.'s ; you do not know her; she is a

sweet little woman ; she will die. I took her a good nurse; I found her husband and child just taken ill. ...
"That afternoon I spent with a friend whose whole family, six in number, were all ill with the fever. At sunset I went to Dr. Harris's. The Rev. Charles C. Parsons had been taken ill with the fever that morning at Dr. Harris's house. I saw Mr. Parsons first; he was very cheerful. The room was very warm. I offered to do him some little service, as fanning him, or putting up the mosquito net, but he said, quickly, 'No, no, I beg you will not; indeed, I could not let you so fatigue yourself.' I looked at his nurse; she whispered: 'Let him have it his way; I never saw any one so unselfish as he is.'

"Up to the time of Mr. Parsons' illness, we had had the daily celebration of Holy Eucharist in the cathedral: now we had no priest on duty."

"I do not know what work was done by my Sisters that day, but it must have been very exhausting. Sister Thecla looked worn out when she came to take my place in the sick-room at sunset, and upon returning home I found Sister Constance and Mrs. Bullock completely exhausted. I entreated my Sister to let me sit up with Dr. Harris in her place and let her rest; she replied, 'I shall keep you from the night work as long as I can, you have not the strength for it.' I replied, 'I cannot remember, but is there not a special promise to those who lay down their lives for the saints?' Her answer was the sweetest smile, and a soft murmur, 'Very blessed!' She went herself, and forbade me to go." ...

[And now the end was coming to the two Sisters on whom had fallen, thus far, the heaviest of the burden. Sister Constance and Sister Thecla were both stricken down in one day, Sister Constance first] ... On Wednesday night Sister Constance watched by Dr. Harris; Sister Thecla was partly with Mrs. A. and partly with Mrs. G., then dying. On the following Thursday, one of the Sisters, returning from a sick-bed at 1 o'clock P.M., found Sister Constance in the parlor at St. Mary's, resting on a sofa.

"I knew at once that she was very ill. She insisted that it was only a slight headache, and would not listen to my entreaties that she would go to bed, but continued dictating letters (acknowledgments of receipts of offerings, goods, etc.) to Mrs. Bullock, who sat writing at her side. Her face was flushed with the fever; she allowed me to get a pillow and make her somewhat more comfortable; but she talked of resuming her work among the sick as soon as possible. I called in Dr. Armstrong as he passed the house. 'I have not the fever,' she said to him, 'it is only a bad headache; it will go off at sunset.' When told that she must go to bed, she called Mrs. Bullock to her assistance, to spare the Sisters. They were about to place her on a comfortable mattress ; she refused, saying, 'It is the only one you have in the house, and if I have the fever you will have to burn it.' It seemed as if she would keep her pledge of poverty to the last.

"Within the same hour in which we put her to bed, Sister Thecla came in from the death-bed of a poor woman. She said at once, calmly and quietly, 'I am so sorry, Sister, but I have the fever. Give me a cup of tea, and then I shall go to bed.' Like Sister Constance, and for the same reason, she refused to have the mattress; the same practical spirit animated these two brave, thoughtful women.

"I was obliged to tell each Sister that the other was ill, as each wanted the other to come to her.

"I asked Sister Thecla if she would like Mrs. V. to nurse her. Mrs. V. was a motherly woman, and one of our best nurses. She replied that she would prefer to have her, adding, 'But you must come to me very often, Sister; will you come to me as often as you can, and say the prayers for me? We have no priest. Oh, what shall I do for the blessed sacrament? I have no strength without it.' 'We have the reservation, dear Sister.' 'Yes, I know.' ...

"The history of these days shall be continued by extracts from a letter from Sister Ruth, addressed to the Sisters at Trinity Infirmary, in New York:

"CANFIELD ORPHANAGE, *Saturday, Sept. 7.*

"My DEAR SISTERS:

"I will write and try to explain clearly about everything. Sister Constance and Sister Thecla were taken with the fever the day before yesterday, and Dr. Armstrong told us this morning he has no hope for either one: they are very ill. Mr. Harris is better. Mr. Parsons died this morning. Of course Sister Hughetta and Mrs. Bullock (a lady who is to them what Mrs. Crane is to us) are with the Sisters night and day, and can think of nothing else. . . . We are helpless and do not know what to do nor how help can come. There are nearly fifty children here now; we have no clean clothes, and it is utterly impossible to get any washing done. There is no one to send for supplies, and no stores are open. An old negro cooks for us, and his wife takes care of six little children: to-day one is dying with the worst form of the fever, another has sickened, and the nurse has locked herself in her room and will do nothing. Sister Helen, Miss Robinson, and I have to sweep the house, wash the children, and nurse the sick. It looks utterly hopeless, and all we can do is to go on until each one drops. A box of clothing is at St. Mary's, but there is no way of getting it here; no wagons of any kind; and it would be just the same with provisions.... Money is quite useless; there is plenty of money here, but it buys no head to plan, no hands to wash, nor the common necessities of life.
"4 P.M.

"Have just sent Miss Robinson to Church Home, and now am quite alone. Sister Clare gone to nurse our Sisters. Miss Waring, our New York nurse, raving with fever. . . . We know how eager you all are to help us, and we prize the thoughtfulness and love, but it is almost as if we were utterly isolated. Those outside can do so little. I do not *fear* the fever, but I *know* we shall all have it. The only ray of sunshine is, that it was *right* to come; and we are here; so we go on with tired but thankful hearts. I am writing by the bedside of a sick child, and in great haste. Dearest love to all.
"Your Sister, "+RUTH.

"On Saturday morning the Rev. Dr. Dalzell arrived from Louisiana. On Sunday morning he celebrated the Holy Communion in my Sister's room. As he approached her bedside, he said: 'Dear Sister, I have come to bring you the blessed sacrament of our dear Lord. Do you desire to receive it?' With a bright look and clear voice, she answered, 'Oh, so very much!' At the foot of the chalice lay the beautiful white roses which had been sent by some friend to Dr. Harris, and which he had told them to take to the Sisters' House. We seldom saw flowers there; no one had time to gather them.

"After this, Sister Thecla seemed strengthened and better; but Sister Constance was evidently passing away. At intervals she seemed conscious, and repeated again and again the V. and R., 'O God, make speed to save us, 'O Lord, make haste to help us; then the Gloria.

"On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 8, the Rev. Louis Schuyler arrived from New York, and came directly to the aid of the Sisters. For four days he worked with deep earnestness and a mighty spirit of love; then, on Thursday, the 12th, he too fell a victim to the fearful fever.

"That Sunday was the most melancholy that can be imagined. Some two hundred new cases reported, and as many deaths. The constant messages from the Home and the Asylum were most distressing, because I had no means of sending the help they implored. All the world seemed passing away; the earth sinking from under our feet. I could not pray that the lives so dear to me should be spared, but could only say, again and again, 'To them that have no might He increaseth strength.' My physical strength was leaving me, and my worst fear was that I should be stricken with the disease before my Sister's soul should have entered into its rest. This fear was realized late in the evening. All through that night I could hear from my room her low moan. At about midnight she exclaimed, 'Hosanna!' repeating it again and again more faintly. This was the last word. But still she continued the low soft moan of one unconscious, though not in pain, till at 7 A.M. St. Mary's bell rang out on the air. At that clear sound, which she had always loved, whose call she had never refused to answer, the moaning ceased; and at 10 o'clock A.M. her soul entered the Paradise of Perfect Love.

"They robed her in her habit; they carried her to the little chapel, with those same fair roses resting on her bosom. I do not know why I think so much of the sweet flowers, unless it is that a thing that is fair and bright will take a wonderful hold upon the mind at such a time, when all else is dark and distressing; and they seemed to come into the scenes of those days as a sweet cadence that repeats itself in sad music. . . .

[After an illness of six days, on the 18th, Sister Ruth followed her companions, and entered into the rest of eternal, peace. She was twenty-six years of age, and had been professed only one year.]



SSM founded 1865

Letters of Harriet Starr Cannon: First Mother Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Mary

My Dear Sister: "I think of you now as hard at work in the great city of Chicago (Sister F——'s pet). I imagine you will become greatly interested and absorbed in mission work; it is always fascinating and it is quite unlike your work of the past few years. I trust all will go well; but in every house we find trials awaiting us; we must meet them, not in our own strength, but in the strength of the Great Master, who never fails us, if we leave all in His hands. You are now, as it were, making a new beginning. Dr. Pusey somewhere says, our whole life is one of new beginnings; and so it is, falling and rising again, time after time. . . . I think you know I cannot do much letter writing on account of my eyes, but you must write to me from time to time. My dear love to Sisters F— and C—. "Affectionately yours, "THE MOTHER."

"St. Gabriel's, April 10, 1884. "*My dear Sister:* "It is Maundy Thursday: our Matins and Lauds for this day, may I say it ? were *perfect*. I think the Office was never more beautifully rendered in our Chapel than last night at 12. Oh! what a mystery this week is, Shall we understand it all some day? With dearest love for all, ever lovingly yours, in the Crucified One."



**UN-SCIENCE, NOT SCIENCE, ADVERSE TO FAITH.
A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD ON THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,
1878. BY THE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. REGIUS PROFESSOR OF
HEBREW AND CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH.**

It is not that the book of God's works contradicts the book of God's Word, or even that man's interpretation of the one book contradicts his interpretation of the other. They move in two different spheres, and cross each other's path only in the most elementary points. The sphere of the Bible is the revelation which God makes of Himself to man, what He has declared of Himself, of His Being, His Attributes, His relation to His creatures and of His creatures to Him; what duties that revelation imposes upon man; how man may correspond to the purposes of that revelation; why he failed; how he may recover; what God has done to restore him, nay to raise him above his original creation in grace: how He daily helps him in his struggle with sin, on his way, step by step, upwards to Himself; how he may attain to the end, for which he was created, likeness to God, love

of God, union with God, attaining to God, the blessed-making sight of God, in all eternity; and, on God's side, by what rule of His everlasting justice holiness and mercy, He will, after this life, dispose of each individual soul whom He has made and has redeemed. The sphere of physical science is the material.

The basis of a lasting peace and alliance between physical science and Theology is, that neither should intrude into the province of the other. This is also true science. For science is *certain* knowledge based on *certain* facts. The facts on which Theology rests are spiritual facts; those of physical science are material.

Yield thyself to His love, and no perplexities of intellect will ever overpower thee; for "the heart has its own convictions," which are immovable because they are from God. "I know in Whom I have believed," said one, who knew what it was to love Jesus, whom Jesus had won by His love to His love: "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



Our Present Duty
Concluding Address, Anglo-Catholic
Congress, 1923
By Frank Weston, Bishop of Zanzibar

If you are prepared to say that the Anglo-Catholic is at perfect liberty to rake in all the money he can get no matter what the wages are that are paid, no matter what the conditions are under which people work; if you say that the Anglo-Catholic has a right to hold his peace while his fellow citizens are living in hovels below the levels of the streets, this I say to you, that you do not yet know the Lord Jesus in his Sacrament. You have begun with the Christ of Bethlehem, you have gone on to know something of the Christ of Calvary—but the Christ of the Sacrament, not yet. Oh brethren! if only you listen to-night your movement is going to sweep England. If you listen. I am not talking economics, I do not understand them. I am not talking politics, I do not understand them. I am talking the Gospel, and I say to you this: If you are Christians then your Jesus is one and the same: Jesus on the Throne of his glory, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus received into your hearts in Communion, Jesus with you mystically as you pray, and Jesus enthroned in the hearts and bodies of his brothers and sisters up and down this country. And it is folly—it is madness—to suppose that you can worship Jesus in the Sacraments and Jesus on the Throne of glory, when you are sweating him in the souls and bodies of his children. It cannot be done.

There then, as I conceive it, is your present duty; and I beg you, brethren, as you love the Lord

Jesus, consider that it is at least possible that this is the new light that the Congress was to bring to us. You have got your Mass, you have got your Altar, you have begun to get your Tabernacle. Now go out into the highways and hedges where not even the Bishops will try to hinder you. Go out and look for Jesus in the ragged, in the naked, in the oppressed and sweated, in those who have lost hope, in those who are struggling to make good. Look for Jesus. And when you see him, gird yourselves with his towel and try to wash their feet.



THE SPIRIT OF THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC AS IT
SHOULD BE

From: The Anglo-Catholic Movement To-day

by Charles Gore

London: Mowbray, 1925

ON this basis I will try to sketch what ought to be the spirit of the Anglo-Catholic to-day.

That in which he finds his delight is the sense of membership in the great historical church—as supernatural as it is supernatural—which has been sent into the world with the full authority of its Lord to express its devotion to Him in its life, in its worship, and in its creeds, and to carry into all departments of human life and all regions of the earth His gospel of human redemption and human fellowship. He will resent the limitations of 'the National Church.' He wants to feel his unity with the saints and common people of all ages and of all countries. Here, of course, owing to the divisions of Christendom, he finds himself up against a great and conspicuous difficulty, as he looks towards Rome or the East or the Protestant Churches. This class of difficulty we shall be facing directly. But he feels he must insist on being Catholic before he is Anglican. He sees everywhere in history this Catholic Church with its ringing faith, with its glorious saints, with its rich cycle of sacramental rites—baptism and confirmation, eucharist and penance, matrimony and Holy Orders, and the unction of the sick—encompassing a man's life from the cradle to the grave and meeting it at every turn with the divine remedy for its varying needs. He delights in its solemn and mystical ceremonies—its liturgy or mass or eucharist—differing in details of rite and ceremony from age to age and country to country, but the same in principle everywhere. And he hails the recognition of different states within the one fellowship, and venerates the dignity of the priesthood and the special consecration of human life under the religious vows. The Christian faith and religion claims to be final for this world and catholic. That is to say that, though it can adjust itself to the various needs of man, intellectual and moral and national, in each successive age, yet everywhere it makes its central appeal to what is constant and unchanging. It is the existence of this 'general heart of man' which makes possible a catholic religion. But in every race and at every epoch the same religion receives a special development, and its theology and its rites become special and distinctive, Greek or Latin or Russian or Celtic or English. This our Catholic will gladly recognize. But he would not have any one of these special developments gain the power to claim to be the one legitimate development, and so limit the original freedom and largeness of the Christian religion. The early church found unity consistent with much variety in the types of theology and ceremonial. So it should continue to be. The new churches of Africa and India, of China and Japan, should have the same freedom

as the earlier churches had to develop their congenial type of thought and worship and life. There are indeed elements of religious faith and worship and discipline which are essential to catholicity. Such are the catholic creeds and sacraments and the requirements of Holy Order. But the Anglo-Catholic will rejoice to accept the limits which antiquity laid upon the dogmatic activity of the church. Nothing, it held, could be made matter for catholic requirement in respect of doctrine which had not always in substance belonged to the faith of the church and which could not appeal for confirmation to the Bible—especially, of course, the New Testament—in which was to be found the testing-ground for legitimate dogma. Thus the dogmatic tests of the General Councils were justified because they declared only in new terms and for protective purposes the faith which, explicitly or implicitly but in real substance, the church had always held. This limitation safeguards the original liberty of the church and prevents it being narrowed by one-sided developments which belong to some one age or racial development.

The ancient church would have us minimize rather than maximize the dogmatic requirement. On the basis of this required minimum each church and age may develop its rites and its theological tendencies in accordance with its special genius. The local province or national church ' has power to decree rites and ceremonies ' ; and the obedience of its clergy and its members is primarily to this provincial authority in matters of discipline and ceremonial, though special respect ought to be paid to customs and rules which have been approximately universal. So the Catholic should be Roman or Greek or Anglican, with a special obedience to local authority, but always remaining, above all else, catholic in outlook and loyalty. And always he will seek to put the first things firsthand to live in the large spirit of the New Testament, remembering that the Lord Christ whom he serves does not change, and that His judgement on the relative importance of things remains as the New Testament expresses it. In some such lines we can describe what we should wish to be the spirit of the Anglo-Catholic.

It should be added that an Anglo-Catholic spirit such as I have sought to describe would enable us, not indeed to glorify the Prayer Book settlement under which we live as if it were in any sense ideal, but to accept the 'comprehensiveness' of the Church of England in the sense of recognizing that it legitimately admits of different schools of thought and practice—the Evangelical and the Broad Church—provided that the catholic essentials are unhesitatingly maintained, by which we should mean especially the authority of the catholic creeds, both in regard to their statements of fact and their statements of doctrine, as our rule of faith, and the administration of the sacraments according to the forms of the Prayer Book, and the maintenance of the principle of Holy Order as the Preface to the Ordinal describes it. Indeed, if the Evangelical school means the school which always insists primarily upon the necessity of personal faith and real conversion, and the Broad Church that which insists on giving the primacy to moral considerations above all others, those who recognize the danger of formalism or materialism which has always dogged the steps of the sacramentalist, and the peril of subordinating moral to doctrinal considerations which has always dogged the steps of the dogmatist, will feel the need of schools of thought whose primary object is to guard against these perils. But the chief object of any one who loves to call himself Catholic must be to keep catholic teaching as complete and free from one-sided-ness as possible, and in this completeness to make it prevail and permeate the whole church.



THE SPIRAL WAY:
Being Meditations upon the Fifteen
Mysteries of the Soul's Ascent

EVELYN UNDERHILL
(Second edition, 1922)

Background: *She had a vivid, lively personality with a keen sense of humor and great lightness of touch. As befitted a good Incarnationalist she was interested in every side of life and had a passion for efficiency in everything she undertook. In her dealings with people, and especially with her pupils, she was always a little shy, having a great hatred, as she said, of "pushing souls about." This love of souls coupled with the determination to help them to grow at God's pace and not at their own or hers, won her the love and trust of all who went to her for help.*

—from the website of the Evelyn Underhill Association

Seen from this side the veil, the wonder of the Incarnation is the descent of Godhead to us: yet seen from the standpoint of Eternity, it may well be that the truer wonder is the ascent of our humanity to Him. In the eyes of the angels that boundless generosity is but the meet expression of His nature: *donner est chose naturel à Dieu*. It is rather in Mary's receptivity that these would find the miracle: in that unique example of a perfect response.

Life as they see it, that mounting flood of Spirit ever striving, tending, towards God, here touched Reality at last. So many had gone up the mountain to that one desired encounter; only to be thwarted by the cloud that broods upon the summit, and hides from human eyes the Shining Light within. The great prophets, poets, and philosophers of the antique world—all these had gone up, all had marked classic moments in the ascent of the race. Then came a little girl, pure, meek, and receptive: and ran easily to her destiny and the destiny of the Universe because she was "full of grace." She held out her heart to the Invisible, and in this act flung a bridge across the chasm which separates Illusion from Reality.

Mary becomes by this circumstance the type and pattern of each human soul. Consciously or unconsciously, all are candidates for her high office: all are striving towards the Transcendent, stretching towards the contact of the Divine. She alone, because of her lowliness, "failed not of the prick, the which is God." Sealed and made safe by His touch on her, she remained for all time immaculate—the veritable Sophia, the unspotted virgin, yet the fruitful mother of the soul's true life.

' *"Quem cum amavero, casta sum,
cum tetigero, munda sunt,
cum accepero, virgo sum!"*

This is a part of the great paradox of purity, the shining chastity of love, whereby:

' "... Of pure Virgins none

Is fairer seen

Save One

Than Mary Magdalene."

“Hail, Mary, full of grace,” said the angel. To him that hath, shall be given. Because Mary was full of grace, to her was vouchsafed the crowning grace of the created order: the life of God upspringing within her, the deification of humanity.....

“And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste.” Activity followed close upon the heels of revelation; as if the new dower of vitality poured in on her must somehow be expressed. She could not stay passively in those angel-haunted solitudes, where she had been overshadowed by the power and the presence of God. Not in stillness, in rapt meditation, was the Child Emmanuel to be quickened in her womb. The pendulum of spirit, that swings perpetually between fruition and self-donation—the mysterious give-and-take of the living soul—drove her out into life’s arena, and up to the hilltops of prayer: the double movement of the awakened heart.

Yet not alone as the uniquely chosen Mother of Christ is Mary made a partaker of the Divine Nature. She is the firstfruits and completion of the Incarnation, the key to all cosmic meanings, an earnest of the perfect indwelling of humanity in God. She goes up, then, as type and harbinger of the race which has struggled in her footsteps up the difficult mountain of self-knowledge and prayer—more, of all creation groaning and travailing even until now, awaiting the transmuting of all things in the Divine image, the perfect manifestation of the liberty of the children of God. The poet sees her thus, going up from the ocean of Becoming; set about with the banners of victory, and bearing in her hands the brimming chalice of intensest life.

The story of the Coronation of Mary, for them as for us, concealed the mystery of all transcendence. It imaged for them the final consummation of the Spiritual Marriage, the fulfilment of our racial destiny, the utter self-mergence of the soul in the Divine. All other stages of the Way had been but a preparation for this. Here life comes to full circle and highest and lowest, in the bonds of love, are seen to be one thing. ...

As the Communion of Saints is consummated in Mary, so in the Divine Humanity made perfect, the bodily expression of the Word, there is added up all the aspirations and potentialities of the race. They have a part in her victory; within the final flower of her achievement they find their meaning and their rest. She is the Mystic Rose of many petals: all living things that tend to God are gathered in her heart—

‘ *Nel giallo della Rosa sempiterna,*

che si dilata, digrade, e redole

odor di lode al sol the sempre verna.

Within that Mystic Rose, Dante saw Eve, sitting at the feet of Mary healed and made radiant by the reflection of her transfigured countenance. Natural Life, the Mother of Men, in all her strength and splendour, here finds her appointed place. Do what she will, she cannot of her own power come nearer: cannot with her own hand heal the wound of separation that she made. Yet there shall be born of her, and of all to whom her germinal life has been communicated, a Life Transcendent, *umile ed alta più che creatura*: by whose humble receptivity, by whose eager self-donation, her loss may be redeemed. The story of the little girl who ran to God on Carmel, the glad yet timid

phrases of self-surrender on her lips, may be read by us as the story of every soul achieving dedication. She is for us the pioneer of creation: the harbinger of an exiled nation going home. She set her feet upon that Spiral Way which links the deeps and heights, the worlds of Becoming and of Being and finds its goal at last in the flaming heart of Reality—Eternal Truth, true Love, and loved Eternity.



Trevor Huddleston

Parish priest, Archbishop, Anglican monk of the Community of the Resurrection,

About Trevor Huddleston ---

"If you could say that anybody single-handedly made apartheid a world issue then that person was Trevor Huddleston" - Archbishop Desmond Tutu.

“All who encountered Father Huddleston in the closing years of our struggle will know of his longing to see a free South Africa before he died; and his impatience with mere speeches that would exasperate him to exclaim: "Words, words, words - I am sick of words!" It is therefore with special humility that I join in his commemoration to convey the sense of loss we feel, as a nation, at Father Huddleston's death, and our abiding gratitude that the vagaries of history brought him to our land. I do so in the knowledge that I am speaking of one who touched the hearts of millions of South Africans. Although he disparaged empty words, this man of action, who also lived a deeply contemplative life, inspired the world to action through his eloquent denunciation of our condition and the realities of forced removal and bantu education.”

NELSON MANDELA AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR FATHER TREVOR HUDDLESTON
Johannesburg, 5 May 1998

A touching, but largely untold story of the Archbishop Huddleston was relayed to me a few years ago by the Rev. Warren H. Davis, the retired, but still working rector of St. Christopher Church in Gladwyne, ... During Huddleston's tenure as an Anglican priest in the black slums of Soweto, a boy child of one of his parishioners was gravely ill. Like many South African boys, he had fallen under the spell of American jazz and the one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world was a trumpet. Serving as a monk to a poverty-stricken people left Huddleston with few financial resources to simply just go out and buy the trumpet for the boy to ease a child's illness and , just perhaps, give him something to live for. One long shot possibility occurred to him. Louis Armstrong—America's "jazz ambassador" and arguably, the greatest jazz trumpet player of all time —was appearing in Johannesburg on one of his world tours.

Huddleston went to see Louis and told him the story, asking if Armstrong might be of help in possibly getting a trumpet for the boy. As soon as Louis heard the story, he held out his hand, holding the trumpet, he had just used in his performance. The boy would not only have his trumpet, but he would have one played the acknowledged finest trumpet player who ever lived, Louis Armstrong. Huddleston was overcome at Louis' characteristic generosity. The boy to whom Huddleston gave his horn was, as you might imagine, nearly speechless with joy. He not only recovered from his illness, but went on to become a world-renowned jazz trumpeter himself. His name was Hugh Masekela, who has starred all over the world and appeared here just a few years ago in Philadelphia in the Forrest Theater production of "Sarafina." "Pops" and the Preacher” on *All About Jazz August 1998 By Donald Van Deusen*

By Trevor Huddleston

“God bless Africa, Guard her people, Guide her leaders, And give her peace.”

“Let us look fearlessly at the Cross”

“Because the Christian attitude to race is based on something very simple: we do in fact believe that man – humanity – has dignity given to it by God and that anything that tries to undermine or destroy that dignity has to be resisted. “

"What I shall try to avoid is that most common and persistent error in all such assessments - the attempt to be impartial. By this I mean that I shall write this book as a partisan, for I believe that Christians are committed in the field of human relationships to a partisan approach. I believe that, because God became Man, therefore human nature in itself has a dignity and value which is infinite. I believe that this conception necessarily carries with it the idea that the state exists for the individual, not the individual for the State. Any doctrine based on racial or colour prejudice and enforced by the State is therefore an affront to human dignity and 'ipso facto' an insult to God himself. It is for this reason I feel bound to oppose ".
