

## JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By a series of events, none of them noisy or startling, but which have become historic, or, as some would say, by a singular leading of divine Providence, one by nature retiring and shy holds a position of higher dignity than any other, not hereditary, in England. A small room in a religious house, only technically differing from a monk's cell, is the home of the one English writer of transcendent intellectual and literary merit left by the deaths of Carlyle and George Eliot.

Whatever a man's religious or political opinions,—and the majority of my readers have different views to those of my subject,—that must be a dull imagination which is untouched by the ecclesiastical and storied splendor of the office of cardinal. The Pope and the members of the Sacred College alone are they whose dignity and influence go beyond the bounds of kingdoms or states; they, whatever their authority, wield it equally in Rome, their center, and Japan or San Francisco, points of their circumference; their sway, being over the mind, is far more real than rule over the mere bodies of men. Yet, because of the once temporal dignities of the pontifical court, there still encompasses them, also, a state and a majesty which impresses the eye, and lends the sanction of sense to their intellectual empire.

In England, this historic grandeur has been strongly felt, even by those who most repudiate the papal claim, and, though somewhat illogically, men rejoiced and felt that Englishmen were honored when spiritual honor flowed on Dr. Newman from an authority which they do not recognize. It came tardily, but the late Pope had not, perhaps, so fair a chance of discovering intellectual worth as his successor, and, more narrowly Italian, did not, it may be, fully understand so thoroughly English a mind as that of Dr. Newman. But if the dignity came late, it came at a good time. After many years of misunderstanding, mists have cleared off as, in the natural course of human life, Dr. Newman's sun draws to its setting, and the honor from abroad coincided opportunely with the full recognition of its recipient as one of our greatest, wisest, and best. Much of the improved understanding is due to the publication of "Apologia pro Vita Sua,"—a fragment of autobiography written with rare courage and frankness, a work which has become classical, and is, or ought to be, known to all students of religious

life, of psychology, or of pure and vigorous English.

It seemed well to the editor of this magazine that a critical analysis of such a life and character should be presented by an outsider, and I was consulted in regard to the writer. Certain names of persons, younger, indeed, than the Cardinal, but still workers with him in Oxford days, at once suggested themselves. These were interested in the desire to make their friend better known and understood, but the old days and times were too sacred in their memories, too dear and too painful to allow them, as yet, to treat of them in full. "The Parting of Friends," in the cases of which I speak, has left a wound fresh as though it were of yesterday. They who now know best Dr. Newman's life and mind are not especially qualified to write of the Oxford past, nor can they be free to speak of one, their master and their father, with whom they are in daily companionship. It was equally clear that such a memoir could not be written by any former opponent—then, as now, out of sympathy with the mind with which they would deal, nor, if there were such, by any once familiar friend who had lifted up his heel against him.

So, by a process of natural elimination, the thoughts of those old friends of whom I have spoken, and my own, suggested that the task should be mine. One word, not for egoism, but for explanation, of what I may know on the matter. My entrance into Oxford life almost coincided with Mr. Newman's secession. The high-church movement of that day had reached its furthest water-mark. It remained at the full for some years before the ebb preceding the new tide which we call ritualism; all the doctrines of the movement had been settled and defined by the Tractarians, and in that full, still time, though Newman was gone in person, his was the one influence abiding in the place—his spirit and his name were everywhere. With it Oxford resounded, as Hebrus of old with that of Eurydice:

"Eurydice the woods,  
Eurydice the floods,  
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rang."

Dr. Pusey's was the name which stamped the Oxford movement in the country, but in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman's was the one potent memory in the



university, alike a charm to conjure with and a dangerous force to execrate. The men who had been his friends were kind to me, a younger man; the glamour which had attached to him wrapped me round. I well remember a home near Oxford, in which a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessors to have gained a special sanctity because it had been his, and many of us who attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before us; it was hard to say if the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most for the porch which Laud had built, or for the pulpit whence Newman had preached.

Having, then, had a clear understanding of these things from the first, from eye-witnesses and fellow-workers, my veneration and my interest have never flagged. But my interest then, as now, was mainly intellectual, not doctrinal. It is true that I now feel, even far more than then, that, granting the premises, Dr. Newman's church is the only logical outcome of them; but even then I scarce accepted the premises with a whole assent. And there is no seeming paradox more certainly true than this, that a man may largely agree with and give full intellectual admiration to those with whom he remains irreconcilably at variance. So near but so far is not a contradiction in terms. A liberal of the liberals, one of those, therefore, falling under Dr. Newman's stern disapproval, with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot follow, with genuine admiration for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, the most unselfish life I know, I try to give my readers some faint portraiture of John Henry Newman, Cardinal of St. George.

He was born in London eighty-one years ago, the eldest son of Mr. John Newman, a London banker. His brother, still living, is Mr. Francis Newman, the well-known author of "Phases of Faith." One of his sisters, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, now dead, was the writer of several exceedingly clever stories for young people, among which "The Fairy Bower" and "The Lost Brooch" are the best known. Some graceful lines in the second of these are understood to be by her brother John. That literary tastes and reading were not exceptional in the family shows, in a measure, the character of the home. The religious tone was what would now be called evangelical, and, indeed, religious earnestness in that day usually took no other form, save in a few nooks of cathedral cities, and in some old-world aristocratic families. But it was not of a narrow or fanatical type. Dr. Newman speaks of his having read "some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's," of having been taken

by his father, "who wanted to hear some piece of music," into the Catholic chapel in Warwick street, and, in other directions than fiction, the boy's own reading was allowed to be discursive. Tom Paine's tracts, Hume's "Essay on Miracles," some of Voltaire, all seem to have been studied without parental opposition, and, indeed, a father might well have judged that such a boy would refuse the evil and choose the good. For, from a child, he took delight in sermons and in theological reading—"all of the school of Calvin," and the same teaching had deep effect on him after mere boyhood; he went up to Trinity as a scholar, after education at Ealing School, near London, with the same opinions dominant in his mind. Yet, as Dr. Newman is himself careful to point out, he was, to a certain extent, eclectic in his acceptance of the theology set before him; he denied and abjured the doctrine of predestination to eternal death, nor had that of final perseverance any tendency to lead him to be careless about pleasing God. It had some influence, he tells us, "in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my distrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." In this we may indeed see the boy of fifteen father of the man, for there is no single strain of teaching which so runs through all Dr. Newman's works as that of the direct relation of the human soul to God, its isolation from all else, however it may seem involved with others, "the everlasting face to face with God." And, even at that early date, a guiding fact was fixed as well as a guiding dogma. A deep imagination took hold of him that it would be the will of God that he should lead a single life. This expectation, which coalesced by degrees with personal decision, had a great effect in fitting him to be the guide and friend of many men. For the religious adviser in his ideal state must be celibate, free from other absorbing ties. Such an one is also able to contract friendships which are personal to himself alone, and not involved in the tastes and needs of others. Dr. Newman's friendships have been singularly firm and strong. The affectionate epithet "*carissime*" is applied to more than one in his published letters, and the love thus given has been returned in as full measure as has been compatible with other calls on the heart. He was surely in some measure describing himself, also, when he spoke of St. Paul, "who had a thousand friends and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths



when he must quit them." But in friendship as in love the feeling is perhaps always stronger on one side than the other; there can be no exact reciprocity.

Dr. Newman's residence at Oxford introduced him to wholly new ideas. The vigorous mind of Whately, the cautious shrewdness of Dr. Hawkins, the free speculations of Blanco White, whose tendency was not then as yet recognized, were among the personal influences which surrounded him, while the study of "Butler's Analogy" was "an era in his religious opinions." A time of change had begun for the university as well as for its new and distinguished student, who passed from his Trinity scholarship to a fellowship at Oriel. The old high-church tradition had never died out at Oxford; the daily chapel, so often a formal observance, still had its effect on many minds, and the whole spirit of the English Prayer-book was realized with a vividness unknown in the country at large. There were elderly men linked by tradition to the days of Wesley, whose influence at Oxford was all in the direction of Catholic observance—men who walked out week by week to Godstowe on each Friday, that they might dine off fish, who discontinued their darling indulgence of snuff through Lent, did reverence to the altar on entering church, and turned to the east at the Creeds. The bones had become very dry, but they were the bones of Catholic doctrines and observances, and the wind of change breathed on them—the same wind whose influence had already been shown in Scott and Wordsworth in the fields of literature. It is true, men did not know it. The same persons, or those most closely allied to them, were they whom Dr. Newman calls unintellectual and "most fond of port,"—one of whom, when Dr. Pusey first showed acquaintance with continental literature, wished "that German theology and German philosophy were both at the bottom of the German ocean." Many of them opposed the innovators who fully restored their own imperfect tradition, but they yet made it possible that the new revival should for a time remain, as Wesley had remained, within the boundaries of Oxford and the English Church.

In 1828, Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. Though the nave is used as the university church, and in it are preached the majority of sermons delivered to the university as such, St. Mary's is really the church of a very small parish, the area of which is covered by Oriel and St. Mary's Hall, together with a few houses in the High street and Oriel Lane. To it was attached the then small hamlet of Littlemore, on rising ground about three miles from Oxford—a spot which was to be-

come famous, and, when Mr. Newman had left the English Church, almost a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who loved his memory. He says himself: "It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years." This influence was gained, first, by his sermons; secondly, by the boundless sympathy which he showed to those who, recognizing from his pulpit-teaching his great knowledge of the human heart, came to lay bare before him their troubles and ask his advice. As his view of the dignity and power of his office deepened, his ministrations assumed more and more a sacerdotal character. Private confession had perhaps never become wholly extinct in the Church of England, but it had certainly been confined to extremely rare occasions. Mr. Newman and his friends were the first, for many years, to make it habitual; and independent of its theological character, this close intercourse between themselves and younger men became one of the modes of breaking down the fence which had so long divided the don from the undergraduate. That moral, social, and intellectual sympathy which has of late years characterized the relations of tutor and pupil has been manifested in various forms. It passed in its early stages into the relation of priest and penitent, and in some instances the confessional was the way in which it began.

We have evidence of the power of Newman's preaching, not only in those ten eloquent volumes which all may read for themselves, but from his own description and from the unwilling testimony of his enemies. When, many years later than the time of which we are now speaking, he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the "Parting of Friends," the speaker and the hearers alike knowing that it was his farewell to them and to the English Church, he used the following words:

"And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

Mr. J. A. Froude, a younger brother of one of Newman's dearest friends, himself in a measure and for a time his disciple, wrote in



the once widely known romance, now forgotten, "The Nemesis of Faith," of "that voice so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features, so stern and yet so gentle!"

Mr. Kingsley, though of the sister university, knew well the sway that was exercised over men of his own age at Oxford when he, too, characterized that wonderful preaching in terms at once of strong condemnation and unwilling admiration; and neither of these descriptions is in any degree overstrained. The reader may begin by thinking the sermons cold; so, in some cases, did their hearers, for there is little attempt at rhetoric: profound thoughts and logical conclusions are stated in the simplest and most direct words. By degrees, only, did the hearer or does the reader find himself, by accepting simple premises, implicated in the web of a relentless logic, and fused in the fire of the preacher's intense conviction. Now and then, indeed, as if unconsciously, the words rise to a lofty strain almost unequaled in the language, though even then the style is severe and simple, stripped of all those ornaments which men usually regard as eloquence. One such example is the passage on music in the University Sermon on "The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine":

"Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels,

or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It is no part of our intention to tell over again, save in small measure, the story of the Tractarian movement, so well told by Dr. Newman himself in the "Apologia." The masterly sketches of Pusey, Keble, Froude, and others in that work leave nothing to be desired. But though these were the leaders, the party itself was not definitely formed for five years after Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. The year before this event, the *vates sacer* had indeed appeared, "The Christian Year" having been published in 1827. For six months previous to the definite formation of the party, Mr. Newman was not in Oxford. At the end of 1832 he stood in need of rest, after the completion of the "History of the Arians," and went abroad with Archdeacon Froude and Mr. Hurrell Froude, for the health of the latter. His body was weary, his mind full of care; fortunately for us, he threw many of the thoughts of that period into verse—those short poems which afterward appeared in the "Lyra Apostolica"; the most beautiful of them all, the well-known "Lead, Kindly Light," was, as he has told us, written at sea in an orange-boat, between Palermo and Marseilles. He returned early in the following July, to find that the Liberalism he so much dreaded, and the reaction against it, had each assumed decided shape; and, on Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached his celebrated sermon on "National Apostacy," of which Mr. Newman says, "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." The first outward and visible form of the party was that of an "Association of Friends of the Church." The leaders, or, at least, the Oxford leaders, determined to put out a series of "Tracts for the Times," of which Mr. Newman was editor. They were published at varying intervals from 1833 to February, 1841, the date of "Tract XC." They were of lengths between a mere leaflet and a great theological pamphlet. They were written, some *ad clerum*, some *ad populum*. About half a dozen are, perhaps, still forgotten; the last only, "Tract XC.," is of any real historical importance. Before that came to be written, the party, with Mr. Newman in its van, had advanced far on the Romeward road, though he was not always fully aware of it. Three things during that time had tended to weaken his reverence for the existing state of things in the English Church



and in his own Oxford, the visible embodiment of so large a portion of that church. These were the suppression of the Irish sees, which proved the church under the iron grasp of the state; the appointment of Dr. Hampden, an avowed liberal, and, as Dr. Newman and his friends thought, dangerously heretical, to the Regius Professorship of Theology; and, at the last, the establishment of an English bishopric at Jerusalem. It will be remembered that this last was brought about by the joint action of the Prussian and English Governments. By such action, two Catholic principles were violated. The Anglican Church, by acting with Lutherans, seemed to declare itself Protestant, to consider that Episcopal orders were no note of the church, but merely a convenient form of church government, while the ancient Patriarchate of Jerusalem was unchurched by the intrusion of such a bishop. It need hardly be said that against all these things the party protested, and protested in vain; yet the more they felt the unsatisfactory state of things around them, the more they desired to reform the English Church. They held almost all Catholic doctrine, but they were not prepared as yet to leave that which had been their home for so many happy years. The Articles were, of course, the great difficulty in their way. Though ritualism was not as yet, it was felt that there was nothing in the words of the services, or in the rubrics, necessarily inconsistent with the extremest developments of doctrine and ceremony; but the Articles drawn up by Puritan divines were generally held to represent a totally different phase of thought. Was the Prayer-book, then, as it has been termed, only "an Elizabethan compromise"? It has been said that Acts of Parliament are so loosely drawn that it is possible to drive a coach and four through the clauses of any one of them. Mr. Newman was about to try whether he could not drive his coach through the clause of an Act of which, on the whole, he disapproved. He tried, therefore, to discover whether within the grammatical meaning of the Articles it might not be possible to hold all Catholic doctrine; nor in this was there anything dishonest. In considering any legal document, "the legal obligation is the measure of the moral," to use the words of Mr. H. B. Wilson, at a later period. If the framers of an Act of Parliament decide, contrary to the desire of the promoters of a railway, that it shall not go through a certain valley, and it afterward be found that, through some error in the drafting, the valley is not exempted from its passage, no one can surely complain should the promoters, or their successors on the

board, take their line down that valley, however much the inhabitants may regret that the Act was not more carefully framed. Mr. Newman wished to show that, in holding certain opinions, he and his friends were not what Mr. Faber, long years afterward, designated as "straying under the shadow of condemned propositions." He had not only laid down what he thought his party might legitimately hold, but he had cleared his own mind. He had rendered his own position unmistakable, and he had challenged his university and the bench of bishops. The other party was not long in taking up the gage thus flung down. The tract appeared on February 27, 1841, and on March 8th was issued a solemn protest of four of the senior tutors in Oxford. The senior tutors of the other colleges either agreed with Mr. Newman, or, at least, did not agree with his assailants. These grounded their interference on the fact that the Articles were "the textbook for tutors in their theological teaching." They alleged that the tract had "a tendency to mitigate beyond what charity requires \* \* \* the very serious differences which separate the Church of Rome from" that of England. They admitted "the necessity of allowing liberty in interpreting the formularies of the church," but demurred to the extent to which that liberty had here been carried, and, although the editorship of the whole series and the authorship of this tract was an open secret, it was yet necessary to call upon the editor that "some person, other than the printer and publisher of the tract, should acknowledge himself responsible for its contents." The letter was signed by T. T. Churton, tutor of Brasenose; H. B. Wilson, tutor of St. John's; John Griffiths, tutor of Wadham; and A. C. Tait, tutor of Balliol. Of these, only two were afterward found to be men of real weight. Mr. Churton accepted a college living, and died a year or two since. Mr. Griffiths has lately retired, full of years and honored by all, from the wardenship of Wadham, but neither of them had at any time a claim to be called a theologian. The same, indeed, may be said of Dr. Tait, an energetic tutor, an excellent head master, and who, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, has done so much to uphold the dignity, honor, and firmness of the English bench. But we suppose that many even of those who have the interest of the Church of England at heart would think it, on the whole, well that her chief representative should be commonplace. The fourth, Mr. Wilson, was a man of very different stamp, a theologian, and as a writer of graceful English inferior to few. His Bampton



Lectures, published not long after Mr. Newman's secession, were the nearest approach to a theological treatise, constructed on other than Catholic lines, that has been known in England for many years. His aim, as laid down in these Lectures, was to build up a Zwinglian school within the church, and a further development of his opinions was put forth in his article in the "Essays and Reviews," the ablest contribution made to that volume. Had his health lasted, he was the one man who could have given a cohesion and a headship to the broad-church party, which neither the mystical piety of Mr. Maurice nor the poetic enthusiasm of Dean Stanley has been able to furnish. That river of thought has almost ceased to run within the church, or dribbles away in the little stream of followers of Mr. Llewellyn Davies and a few writers in the "Spectator," while he who might have been a leader is stricken down by paralysis and weakness of brain.

We do not know whether Mr. Newman would have recognized that the tutors had any right to call him to account, but on March 15th a more weighty appeal was made to him by an authority which he was bound to respect. The Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the vice-chancellor, the heads of houses, and the proctors, resolved "that the modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the above mentioned statutes." On this appeal, Mr. Newman at once informed the vice-chancellor that he was "the author, and had the sole responsibility of the tract"; and on an appeal from his bishop he discontinued the series. It was the second time that he had entirely submitted himself to the bishop's judgment, but on the former occasion the cessation of the tracts had not been required.

The "Lives of the Saints" is another publication with which Mr. Newman's name is connected about the same time. Although the tone of the "Lives" would now be recognized by most persons as Roman, it was undertaken in the same inclusive spirit as "Tract XC." Mr. Newman started it with the idea that "it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome as she is: and further, as tending to promote the spread of right views."

But no sooner was the "Life of Saint Stephen Harding" written than persons of great weight decided that it could not proceed even from an Anglican publisher, and, therefore, after the issue of two numbers, Dr. Newman ceased to be editor. But men still persisted in associating him in their minds with the scheme; some blamed the series because they thought of him; others wrote in it because the idea had been his, and if any were disloyal in carrying out the work which had been given them to do, their disloyalty was unfaith to him. Considered as literature, the "Lives" are of singular beauty and grace. It can scarcely have been anticipated, even by their writers, that they could ever be taken as serious history. There is little attempt at original research. Legend and admitted facts are mixed inextricably with one another.

One writer alone avowedly drew on his imagination. His conduct in so doing has always been regarded by those who knew the circumstances as an act of singular unfaithfulness to the dear friend of his dead brother. The "Life of Saint Bettelin" was intrusted to Mr. James Anthony Froude, and the following is the peroration of this very graceful work of fiction: "And this is all that is known, and more than all,—yet nothing to what the angels know,—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven." Mr. Froude has not alluded to it in his recent account of the Tractarian movement at Oxford; but the matter is not without interest, and may perhaps throw some light on his whole method of writing history and biography.

On September 18, 1843, Dr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary's. He says himself that the ostensible, direct, and sufficient reason for his doing so was the persevering attack of the bishops on "Tract XC.;" the immediate cause was the secession to Rome of a young friend under his spiritual care. And so his work was over, and he withdrew still more completely into his seclusion at Littlemore, where for some time past he and a band of religious-minded men had been endeavoring to lead a life more simple and more by rule than was possible in the ordinary social distractions of collegiate life. Here, thrown in on his own thoughts, which had been moving so long in one direction, it soon became visible to himself whither they must bear him; but he had not attained certainty; until that certainty came, he felt that he could take no further voluntary step. In 1845, he began his "History of the Develop-



ment of Doctrine," an expansion of his last university sermon, preached February 2, 1843, and this landed him with certainty in Rome. The book remains a fragment, but it is sufficient to sum up what he had taught, and to show whither all his teaching tended. The argument is flawless. Given the premises from which he starts, his conclusions follow by simple rules of logic, unless it be held that an absolutely sufficient doctrine and teaching are to be gained from the very letter of the Bible; and few but unlearned and unhistorical persons would be found to maintain this. If it be admitted that any one body of men has authority to bring out explicitly and infallibly what is implicit in simple statements and imperfect observances, the Catholic Church is that body, and the Roman is the true Church Catholic. The only escape from his conclusions is illogical, such as that adopted by one who, when pushed into a corner on a philosophical question, said, "I admit your premises, I see the conclusion, but I decline to draw it"; or there is the bolder but more scientific method of denying the premises. But in such a case knowledge, certainty, and a great deal of faith are destroyed; while all that remains is a hazy speculation and a hazardous hope.

Meantime Oxford was, as we have already said, still full of the spirit of him whose bodily presence was secluded at Littlemore. The tracts had ceased, but "Tract XC." was still alive and at work. In 1844 Mr. Ward, fellow of Balliol, published his "Ideal of a Christian Church," and as men gazed at the stately fabric raised before their imagination it was plain that the church so described—if it ever had found realization at all—had found it nowhere but on the Seven Hills. In this work was to be found contravention of the Articles still more alarming than that of "Tract XC.," because it was the language of an assailant, not of one who would fain find terms of peace. The party so long opposed to the movement endeavored to procure Mr. Ward's degradation from his degrees, and they joined to the censure intended to be pronounced upon him a condemnation of Mr. Newman. The number of pamphlets, addresses, memoranda, etc., which this produced was so vast that even a collection of some of the more striking fills many thick volumes, and there is no need to speak of more than two or three. One is remarkable as bearing out all and more than all that we have said of the love felt for Mr. Newman by his friends. Mr. Rogers, fellow of Oriel, now Lord Blachford, wrote a short appeal to members of Convocation upon the proposed censure of No. XC., from which we may quote the following passage:

"Those who have been ever honored by Mr. Newman's friendship must feel it dangerous to allow themselves thus to speak. And yet they must speak, for no one else can appreciate it as truly as they do. When they see the person whom they have been accustomed to revere as few men are revered—whose labors, whose greatness, whose tenderness, whose singleness and holiness of purpose they have been permitted to know intimately—not allowed even the poor privilege of satisfying, by silence and retirement, by the relinquishment of preferment, position, and influence, the persevering hostility of persons whom they cannot help comparing with him,—not permitted even to submit in peace to these irregular censures to which he seems to have been even morbidly alive, but dragged forth to suffer an oblique and tardy condemnation; called again to account for matters now long ago accounted for, on which a judgment has been pronounced, which, whatever others may think of it, he at least has accepted as conclusive;—when they contrast his merits, his submission, his treatment which they see or know, with the merits, the bearing, and the fortunes of those who are doggedly pursuing him, it does become very difficult to speak without sully what it is a kind of pleasure to feel is *his* cause by using hard words, or betraying it by not using them."

But the most interesting now of all these papers is a little leaflet bearing only the signature "Nemesis," and written by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then fellow of University College. It is as follows:

"OXFORD, February 10, 1845.

"1. In 1836, Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an undefined charge of want of confidence. In 1845, Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

"2. In 1836, the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845, the country is panic-stricken with a fear of Popery.

"3. 474 was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden. 474 is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

"4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

"5. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the proctor's office in 1836. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, fill the proctor's office in 1845.

"6. The 'Standard' newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The 'Standard' newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"7. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defended Dr. Hampden. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defends Mr. Ward.

"8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden as the ground of his condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"9. The Bampton Lectures were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th 'Tract for the Times' was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

"10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers have pronounced the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

"11. The 'Edinburgh Review' denounced the mockery of a judgment by Convocation then. The 'English Churchman' denounces it now.

"12. And if on the one hand the degradation of Mr.



Ward is more severe than the exemptions of Dr. Hampden, on the other hand, the extracts from Mr. Ward give a truer notion of the Ideal than the extracts from Dr. Hampden of the Bampton Lectures."

"'The wheel then is come full circle.' The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victors of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemners are condemned, the condemned are the condemners.

"'The wheel is come full circle.' Voters of the 13th, take this in its true spirit—not as an idle note of triumph, nor as a merely striking coincidence, but as a solemn warning to all who were concerned then, to all who are concerned now,—as a sign that there are principles of justice equally applicable to opposite cases, and that sooner or later their violation recoils on the heads of those who violated them.

"'The wheel is come full circle.' How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th, deal now to your opponents that justice which perhaps you may not expect to receive from them; remembering that the surest hope of obtaining mercy and justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836, what should be your conduct in 1845; and by your conduct in 1845, what should be your opponent's conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed; when none can with any face cry for toleration then who have refused toleration now; or protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have used it now; or deprecate the madness of a popular clamor then, if they have kindled or yielded to it now."

Making full allowance for the fact that the points in dispute concern controversy in an insular church, and that civilization and culture have softened manners, there was much to remind us of the Councils of Sardis and Soissons in the existing state of Oxford when this question came before Convocation. The proceedings were brought to a summary and dramatic close by the proctors Mr. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity, and Mr. Church, of Oriel, the present dean of St. Paul's, who exercised the power they possessed of interposing their own veto on the condemnation which would have been passed. It required no little courage to make this stand against an angry and excited majority, and thus to save the university from an unjust and dishonorable action—unjust because a charge which had been virtually condoned was revived; dishonorable because the blow was aimed at Mr. Newman through a second work, with which he had nothing whatever to do. How little, indeed, he considered Mr. Ward as the exponent of his own views is seen in the curious fact that, in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Mr. Ward's name is not even mentioned. When the late dean of Westminster used to speak of these times, in which he, too, began to play a not inconspicuous part, he was wont to attribute the collapse of the Oxford movement to Mr. Ward's marriage, and to say, "*Solvuntur risu tabulae.*" There was, however, no real inconsistency in

the fact that Mr. Ward, vehemently as he upheld the necessity of clerical celibacy, should have married so soon as he had convinced himself that Anglican orders were naught, and when about to join a church in which he would be no priest; but the event had its comic side, and might perhaps be styled the collapse, for the time, of Ward, though not the collapse of the Oxford movement. This really came from the secession of Mr. Newman. In that was gathered up and brought to an end the strife of many anxious years. It, and nothing else, made men who had followed him so long almost unquestioningly, ask themselves, "Am I prepared also to go?" and in the "No" of many there was not only the unavoidable pause, but a resistance to further advance. Those so long carried forward by the current were now stranded and became fixed. The tide ebbed away and left them there. It gathered strength again and came on in its new phase of ritualism, but, opposed by them in some instances, has passed it, but not changed or moved them. Their convictions were fixed when Newman left; they have felt no further duty, as certainly they have had no inclination, to ask themselves again the questions of that time. It is not, however, unnatural that Dean Stanley should have taken the view he did. He was always a little inclined to minimize the Oxford movement. Great as was his tolerance when he looked at anything from the side of the affections, he was yet intellectually somewhat intolerant; with all his courteous allowance there was ever mingled a something of scorn for that which he did not wholly understand.

And so the end had come. The foremost man in the English Church was content to send for the humble Italian monk, Father Dominic, the Passionist, and, falling at his feet, to ask reception into the Roman Church. At the call of conscience he had already resigned preferment and leadership; he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends; for ease he accepted comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience; "*et exiit nesciens quo iret.*"

## II.

For a while after his reception, Mr. Newman proposed to devote himself to some secular calling, but Cardinal Wiseman, in whose hands he had placed himself, decided otherwise; and, indeed, it must have been obvious to all the leading members of the church which now had gained him that so great gifts of preaching, such deep theological



learning, so keen a power of analyzing the workings of the human heart, should be available for the service of the priesthood. In the intervals of the close study at Rome which the change of belief required, he relaxed his mind by writing the extremely interesting story, "Loss and Gain." A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman, and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said: "You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns" (the late high-church publisher), "a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties owing to his change of faith, and I am going to give him this manuscript to see if it may not help him a little out of them."

Of course, Dr. Newman is to be believed implicitly when he tells us that none of the characters in this little romance of Oxford life are drawn from nature; real persons were, he says, far from his thoughts. Free use was made, however, of sayings and doings which were characteristic of the time and place in which the scene was laid, and he admits that "it is impossible that, when a general truth or fact is exhibited in individual specimens of it, an ideal representation should not more or less coincide, in spite of the author's endeavor, or even without his recognition, with its existing instances or champions." And so it came to pass that, whether intended or not, the book was a presentation, on the somewhat lighter side, of not only the conflicting opinions, but of the men who had held them, in Oxford during the late years. It exhibits the author's good-humored and more playful sarcasm. We shall see presently what he could do in this strain when he thought the time was fitting for its still more vigorous use.

The history of his religious opinions, we are told, ended with his conversion; and though this is strictly true, since he who accepts the Roman system accepts it in faith and as an unchangeable whole, yet that development which Dr. Newman claimed for doctrine in the church takes place also in the life of the individual. Each dogma which he held implicitly, some, perhaps, unconsciously, had to be brought out and formularized in his Roman retirement. Each that at first was only a faith had to be grasped afterward by the reason, and put into its proper relation with other tenets. Again, since his reception into the Roman Church, certain great doctrines, hitherto undefined, have been dogmatically fixed, and until they were so, he, with other divines, was free to take either

side of the controversy concerning them. Before the definition of any dogma, it is in the very nature of things that the matter shall be weighed, discussed, arguments for and against heard. Hence it is quite possible that in regard to these Cardinal Newman's attitude of mind may not be precisely that which it was in the early days of his conversion; but this is not to say that there has been any change in his religious opinions. What he accepted, he accepted once for all. His mind has been at rest. He has possibly not always seen the same aspect of divine truth; the doctrines have developed in his mind as the whole system of Catholic doctrine has developed in the church at large. But all his mental progress must have seemed to him like stepping from firm to ever firmer ground, or, at least, to the increasing assurance that under his feet was solid rock. For the Church of England, in so far as it had been possible to hold in it Catholic truth, and in so far as its offices had fostered devotion, he has been full of affectionate memories. In so far as it has been regarded by him as a Protestant establishment, he has had nothing but scorn. Two short passages will give his attitude of mind as he regarded his past from those two stand-points.

"Why should I deny to your memory what is so pleasant in mine? Cannot I, too, look back on many years past and many events in which I myself experienced what is now your confidence? Can I forget the happy life I have led all my days, with no cares, no anxieties worth remembering—without desolateness, or fever of thought, or gloom of mind, or doubt of God's love to me, and Providence over me? Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth, I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old church of St. Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford?—nor how I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I then had become, though I looked on ordination as no sacramental rite, nor even to baptism ascribed any supernatural virtue? Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own church of St. Mary's, and, in the pleasantness and joy of it, heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls? When, too, shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?"

But, on the other hand, he says:

"We see in the English Church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of Government, or a function or operation of the state,—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings



of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so commonplace a framework or mechanism. We regard it neither with anger, nor with aversion, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state, or mode of civil governance; it is responsible for nothing; it can appropriate neither praise nor blame; but whatever feeling it raises is to be referred on, by the nature of the case, to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no real identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present Legislature or the present Court can affect to be the offspring and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents, or any future; or to live, except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds, and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of, as long as they last, for they are transient, and without succession; its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry; its Prayer-book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its cathedrals and its chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism."

While it was still uncertain in what special post Dr. Newman's great powers could be used in England, he was attracted by the elasticity, beauty, and usefulness of the Oratorian congregation in Rome, and, with the full consent of the Pope, he was the first to introduce the Oratorians into England. The congregation of the Oratory had gradually grown up around St. Philip Neri toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and was formally approved in 1575. The Oratorians "are secular priests without vows, bound together by the simple tie of charity. Their aim is the conversion and sanctification of souls by means of prayer, daily preaching, and frequentation of sacraments." St. Philip made few rules, but would have these perfectly kept. The character of the Oratorians at this present day is as at their foundation; each congregation is independent of the others; each priest is free to go when he will; but the simple life that they live together is very beautiful, and the various works of preaching, education, and the like most efficiently and admirably performed. It is an interesting fact that Dr. Newman himself gives, and the remote cause of his attraction to the Oratory, Ranke's sketch of St. Philip (Bk. IV., Sec. 10, "On the Roman Curia"). It had struck him while still in the Anglican Church. This was a curious place in which to find the germ of a vocation.

While he was working at Birmingham, in 1851, occurred the first event which brought

Dr. Newman again prominently before the world, from which he had to so large an extent retired. He gave a course of lectures on "The Position of Catholics in England," addressed to the brethren of the Oratory, exposing in a lively manner some of the vast number of misconceptions which have attached themselves to Catholics in England. In words at once indignant and pathetic, he explained how a number of gentlemen who had devoted themselves to live a religious life, and who would build a house for their own accommodation, were exposed to the most malignant insinuations from persons "who peeped into the under-ground brickwork and were curious about the drains," to discover cells of imprisonment, or even places of murder, which must, they thought, necessarily exist in every Catholic establishment; and he was not unnaturally indignant that the religious world of Birmingham should consider that these malignant insinuations gained some color from the words of those who, profligate in life and false in tongue, had left the Roman Church, not because they were no longer able to agree with its dogmas intellectually, but because moral rules were disagreeable to them, and because denouncing an unpopular religion was easier than leading a virtuous and cleanly life. Foremost among these persons was a certain Father Achilli, an Italian, an ex-Dominican monk, who had been lecturing at the Birmingham town-hall against the church he had left, and to which he had been a disgrace. "It is, indeed, our great confusion," said Dr. Newman, "that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him." What more he said need not be quoted; though necessary at the time, it is not now edifying to lay bare the scandals of an evil life, exposed as they were by a master of indignant eloquence. Every word of his burning accusation was true, and even less than the truth, but it was actionable according to our singular English law of libel. Dr. Newman was prosecuted, and by the Court of Queen's Bench condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds; but Father Achilli was disposed of once for all. The price was a cheap one to pay for having finally routed such a rascal, while with his exposure fell a large part of the hinted accusations against the Birmingham Oratorians. It is recognized by all fair-minded men and women that, in England at least, Catholics are much like other people, and that they do not, because they happen to hold certain opinions about the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and about the supernatural in this world and the next, necessarily secrete horns and grow a tail.



In the same lectures Dr. Newman incidentally refuted one very common statement, which had been made in regard to his position as a Catholic in England. It was the fashion to say that a man of his intellect must have accepted the Roman faith with reservations; that it was impossible he could believe all the church taught; that he was a Protestant among Catholics, holding only what his reason could accept, and leaving all the rest on one side; but the fact was far otherwise. Here are his own words in contradiction:

"The Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the Cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escorial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded; sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favors gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvelous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their life-time, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axe-man was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue; here, what one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestants' charge, and it is their glory."

I must give one specimen, also, of how in these most telling lectures his pathos passes into sarcasm, his sarcasm into impassioned argument, when he endeavors to explain the manner in which the Church of Rome uses images; and in a passage of great humor he shows that the Protestant practice is not so different as it is the fashion to represent it:

"A Protestant blames Catholics for showing honour to images; yet he does it himself. And first, he sees

no difficulty in a mode of treating them quite as repugnant to his own ideas of what is rational as the practice he abominates; and that is, the offering insult and mockery to them. Where is the good sense of showing dishonour, if it be stupid and brutish to show honour? Approbation and criticism, praise and blame go together. I do not mean, of course, that you dishonour what you honour; but that the two ideas of honour and dishonour so go together, that where you *can* apply (rightly or wrongly, but still)—where it is *possible* to apply to one, it is possible to apply the other. Tell me, then, what is meant by burning bishops, or cardinals, or popes, in *effigy*? has it no meaning? is it not plainly intended for an insult? Would any one who was burned in effigy feel it no insult? Well, then, how is it *not* absurd to feel pain at being dishonoured in effigy, *yet* absurd to feel pleasure at being honoured in effigy? How is it childish to honour an image, if it is not childish to dishonour it? This only can a Protestant say in defence of the act which he allows and practices, that he is used to it, whereas to the other he is not used. Honour is a new idea—it comes strange to him; and, wonderful to say, he does not see that he has admitted it in principle already, in admitting dishonour; and after preaching against the Catholic who crowns an image of the Madonna, he complacently goes his way, and sets light to a straw effigy of Guy Fawkes.

"But this is not all; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honour without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin; and, though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised, some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle; and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor, senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used 'he' and 'him' of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse did I but honour my living Lord as they their dead king."

In 1852 Dr. Newman, who had, both in Oxford and at Birmingham, shown the deep interest he took in education, and his ability as a teacher, was called from his post at Birmingham to be rector for a time of the Catholic University in Dublin. We need not deal with this episode in his life further than to say that his residence in Dublin drew from him one of his most interesting books—his nine lectures on "The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated," in which his recollections of what Oxford was at its best, and his former dreams of what it might become, were happily blended with a larger vision of some greater Oxford in a once more Catholic land. But after this short episode was over he returned again to his quiet work at Birmingham, content to be obscure and unknown, except to his spiritual children. Once more, however, by no means through his own seeking, he came forward in controversy, and was able to put before his countrymen a statement and an explanation of his life and his religious opin-



ions. It seemed good to Mr. Kingsley, an eager controversialist, when anxious to maintain that truth for its own sake was not esteemed a virtue by Roman ecclesiastics, to put Dr. Newman's name forward as an example of what he was saying. It is probable that he at first used Dr. Newman's name only as a concrete way of expressing the Roman priesthood. It was the mightiest English name, but he could not have lighted on a more unlucky instance. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" was the answer to what its author says "was the impression of large classes of men, the impression twenty years ago, and the impression now."

"There has been a general feeling that I was for years where I had no right to be; that I was a 'Romanist' in Protestant livery and service; that I was doing the work of a hostile Church in the bosom of the English Establishment, and knew it, or ought to have known it. There was no need of arguing about particular passages in my writings when the fact was so patent, as men thought it to be."

But the English mind, if suspicious, is not on the whole unfair, and it is quick to recognize the ring of truth. When, therefore, Dr. Newman at last spoke out, men saw directly that here was very fact. A life was laid before them bare to its inmost cell. Although the writer had for years felt "*secretum meum mihi*," he at last spoke out all that he had to say, and his countrymen believed him. However they may differ, however some of them may abhor the opinions which he holds, however dangerous to the well-being of society at large and to many individuals they may think them, they have recognized that here at least is one who holds the opinions he does, because he honestly believes they are the best guides and safeguards to wandering men, because they tend to produce holy, happy, and consistent lives. There are few more touching dedications to any man or company of men than that in which Dr. Newman inscribes his "History of My Religious Opinions" work to his brethren of the Oratory. I must quote the closing words:

"In you" (that is, in those to whom he dedicates his book) "I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

And so, having nobly vindicated himself, he was again silent, publishing only from time to time collections of his former works, and as a new contribution to literature "The Grammar of Assent," in which he put forward arguments satisfactory to his own mind for theism, for Christianity, and for the Catholic religion. Every intelligent Catholic would be ready to admit that, though in the Church faith is one, the schools of thought and shades of feeling are more than one; that the late Pope did not perhaps belong to the same school as the present, certainly had not always the same feeling and tone; or that it was unlikely that one called to the highest eminence in the church under the present pontiff should have been selected by Pio Nono. It is said, however, by one likely to be well informed on this subject, that had the late Pope known, or been allowed to know, about Dr. Newman all that his successor knew, he would have probably bestowed the same honor. In his residence at Gaeta, in 1849, Pio Nono spoke of Dr. Newman in terms of high, even enthusiastic, admiration. But another school of thought was preponderant in his councils, and the Pope in Italy may not always have been conversant with English thought. None can fairly blame a dominant party for promoting its own men,—but the party was narrow and provincial. As Dr. Newman has himself said: "The rock of St. Peter enjoys at its summit a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is" (was then especially) "a great deal of Roman malaria at the foot of it." By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing Dr. Newman from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy if we give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within



a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the rest save the red lines of his *biretta*, which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that, while he, no doubt, recognized that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there,

and the dignified unbending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honored not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

May he long remain in the possession of bodily ease and intellectual vigor! Long may it be before any life of him has to be written! Till that day comes, when his loving friends shall gather such private letters and memoranda as he may have desired should be given to the world, he who would speak of Cardinal Newman is bound, whatever his sources of information, to trench but little on any but published matter. One paper, however, may be given which has not yet seen the light. The following memorandum was written in answer to an inquirer, who wished to know the Catholic view on certain subjects, not in themselves the most important, but which were at the time of interest to him, and each of which answered incidentally several other questions of the same sort. With these few words of explanation the following paper explains itself:

"Very little has been formally determined by the church on the subject of the authority of Scripture further than this, that it is one of the two channels given to us by which the *salutaris veritas* and the *morum disciplina* (in the words of the Council of Trent), which our Lord and his apostles taught, are carried down from age to age to the end of the world. In this sense Scripture is the 'word of God,' *i. e.*, the written word.

"There has been no formal definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired.

"It is defined that Almighty God is *auctor utriusque Testamenti*. I do not know of any definition that he is *auctor omnium librorum* which belong to each Testament.

"But it is not to be supposed that, because there is no definition on the part of the church that Scripture



is inspired, therefore we are at liberty at once to deny it.

"1. First, St. Paul's words cannot be passed over *omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata*.

"2. Next, the very strong opinion on the subject of the early fathers must be taken into account.

"3. Thirdly, the universal feeling, or *ψρόνημα*, of the Church in every age down to the present time.

"4. The consent of all divines, which, whatever their differences on the subject in detail, is clear so far as this, *viz.*, that Scripture is true. This, when analyzed, I consider to signify this, *viz.*, 'Truth in the sense in which the inspired writer, or, at least, the Holy Ghost, meant it, and means to convey it to us.'

"Thus, though it be not proposed to us by the church *de fide* that we should accept the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, only that we must accept all the church teaches us to be in Scripture and teaches us out of Scripture, yet it is a matter of duty, for the first reasons I have given, not to encourage, to spread, or to defend doubts about its inspiration.

"As to the extent of its inspiration, I do not see that the Council of Trent speaks of it as the authoritative channel of doctrine in other matters than faith and morals; but here, besides the four considerations above set down, I would observe that it is often a most hazardous process to attempt to enunciate faith and morals out of the sacred text which contains them. It is not a work for individuals. At last it has been felt and understood that faith and morals are not involved in a doctrine which Scripture seems to teach, that the earth is fixed and the sun moves over it. The time was necessary to ascertain the fact, *viz.*, that the earth *does* move, and therefore that the divine spirit did not dictate these expressions of Scripture which imply that it does not, rather that He did not mean to convey that notion by these expressions.

"As to the questions you put to me, I do not see anything in the text of Scripture which obliges us, or even leads us, to consider the six days of Genesis i. to be literal days.

"The literal accuracy of the history of Jonah, or that of Elisha, rests upon a different principle, *viz.*, whether miracles are possible, and to be expected. I see no difficulty in believing that iron, on a particular occasion, had the lightness of wood, if it is the will of God in any case to work miracles, *i. e.*, to do something contrary to general experience. And while I say the same of Jonah and the whale, I feel the additional grave and awful hazard how to attempt to deny the history without irreverence toward the express teaching of the incarnate God."

It would ill become me to dare to pronounce a critical judgment on Dr. Newman, except so far as such judgment is involved in any account of the man and his works. The scales of comparison at the disposal of the writer are too small to weigh and judge so great an intellect, such deep learning, such subtle literary skill, as is possessed by Cardinal Newman. I can only say that, during the last few months, I have re-read a very large part of what he has written, always with fresh admiration and even wonder.

One word, however, may be permitted of Cardinal Newman, considered as a poet, in addition to what comes out incidentally in the foregoing sketch. If I have said nothing hitherto of his poetry, it is not that I am unmindful of it. Who can forget that the lyric "Lead, Kindly Light" has found its

way into almost every hymnal? Who can ignore the wonderful "Dream of Gerontius," in which the peaceful and beautiful side of the doctrine of purgatory is presented to all who can receive it? His poetry, however, is to be found chiefly in the beautiful thoughts scattered through his prose rather than in the form of verses. These have been the lighter flowers of his literature, and, graceful as they are, are not those by which he is to be judged.

We suspect, however, that few who know the gravity and greatness of such a mind would have been prepared for the flower of religious fancy which broke forth in his "Valentine to a Little Girl":

"Little maiden, dost thou pine  
For a faithful Valentine?  
Art thou scanning timidly  
Every face that meets thine eye?  
Art thou fancying there may be  
Fairer face than thou dost see?  
Little maiden, scholar mine,  
Would'st thou have a Valentine?"

"Go and ask, my little child,  
Ask the Mother undefiled:  
Ask, for she will draw thee near,  
And will whisper in thine ear:  
'Valentine! the name is good;  
For it comes of lineage high,  
And a famous family:  
And it tells of gentle blood,  
Noble blood,—and nobler still,  
For its owner freely poured  
Every drop there was to spill  
In the quarrel of his Lord.  
Valentine! I know the name;  
Many martyrs bear the same,  
And they stand in glittering ring  
Round their warrior God and King,—  
Who before and for them bled,—  
With their robes of ruby red  
And their swords with cherub flame.'

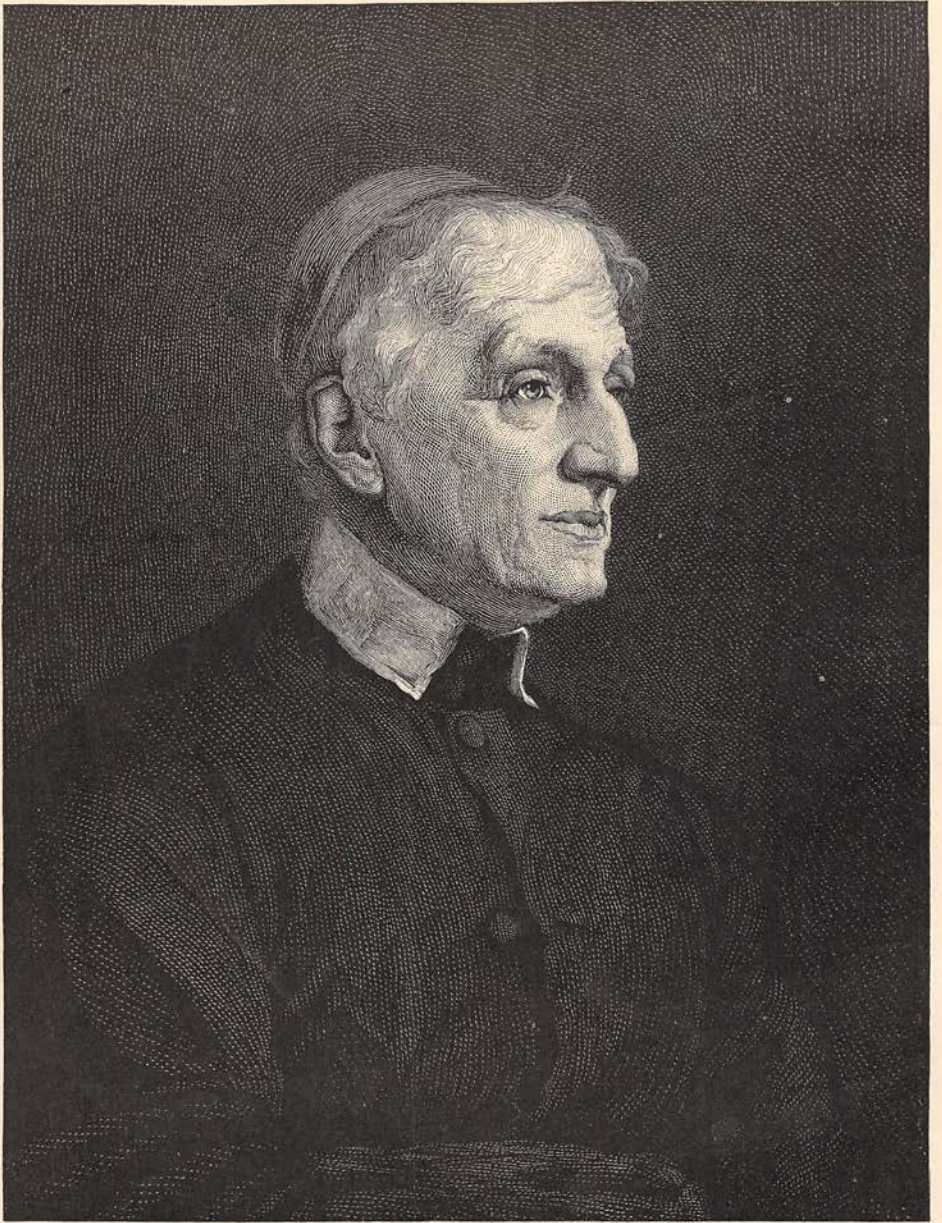
"Yes! there is plenty there,  
Knights without reproach or fear,—  
Such St. Denys, such St. George,  
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,  
And a hundred thousand more,  
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er  
By that sea without a surge.

"And beneath the eternal sky,  
And the beatific Sun  
In Jerusalem above,  
Valentine is every one;  
Choose from out that company  
Whom to serve, and whom to love."

But it is time to draw these words to an end. The readers of THE CENTURY will have had enough of the interpreter, who trusts that he has not said so much as to weary them, but that he may have succeeded in imparting something of his own reverence and affection to some who knew only as a name this man, so old with the weight of honored years, but, in ecclesiastical dignity, the youngest English cardinal.

C. Kegan Paul.





*John H. Card Newman*