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THE VERY REV. DR. NEWMAN.

The following beautiful discourse was preached by the above distinguished divine in the Synod of Oscott, on Tuesday, July 13th, under the designation of "The Second Spring":—

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."—*Words taken from the second chapter of Solomon's Canticle of Canticles.*

We have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does not give birth to fresh modes of organisation, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives.—Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change—yet one change cries out to another, like the Seraphim, alternately, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops, which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward, so resourceless amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future disappoints, and is no more. The same sun shines in Heaven from first to last; and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect his rays; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the law-giver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descend upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not on in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. It is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only to die.

His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of this constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it. We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonored by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaustion and collapse, fill at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life, with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first leaves, and opens, and rejoices in its spring-tide.—Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, is natural virtue. It blooms in the young, like some rich flower, so delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart, and amiableness—the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part—are not these beautiful?—and are they not dressed up and put out for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems?—and ah! what a prospect of good is there!—who could believe that it is to fade?—and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health, so surely are failure, and overthrow, and annihilation the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed it to run its course. There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and

then, if we may trust their epitaphs, they have lived like angels; but wait a while, let the bright soul go through the fire and water of the world's temptations, and seductions, and corruptions, and transformations, and, alas! for the insufficiency of nature, alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the miniature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honor, when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair grey, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidding and repulsive aspect of his soul, now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness, and cynicism, and selfishness is the ordinary winter of that spring.

Such is man in his own nature, and such, too, is he in his works. The noblest efforts of his genius, the conquests he has made, the expansive influence he has exerted, the nations he has civilised, the states he has created, they outlive himself, they outlive him by many centuries, but they tend to an end, and that end is dissolution. Powers of the world, sovereignties, dynasties, sooner or later come to nought: they have their fatal hour. The Roman conqueror shed tears over Carthage, for in the destruction of the rival city, he discerned too truly an augury of the fall of Rome; and at length with the weight and the responsibilities, the crimes and the glories of centuries upon centuries, the imperial city fell.

Thus man and all his works are mortal; they die, and they have no power of renovation.

But what is it, my Fathers, my Brothers, what is it that has happened in England just at this time? Something strange is passing over this land, by the very surprise, by the very commotion, which it excites. Were we not near enough the scene of action to be able to say what is going on—were we the inhabitants of some sister planet, possessed of a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe—and did we turn our eyes thence towards England just at this season, we should be arrested by a political phenomenon as wonderful as any which the astronomer notes down from his physical field of view. It would be the appearance of a national commotion, almost without parallel, more violent than has happened here for centuries—at least in the judgments and intentions of men, if not in act and deed. We should note it down, that soon after St. Michael's day, 1850, a storm arose in the moral world, so furious as to demand some great explanation, and to rouse our intense desire to gain it. We should observe it increasing from day to day, and spreading from place to place without remission, almost without lull, up to this very day, when perhaps it threatens worse still, at least gives no sure prospect of alleviation. Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence—from the Queen upon her throne, down to the little ones in the infant or day school. The ten thousands of the constituency, the sum total of Protestant sects, the aggregate of religious societies and associations, the great body of established clergy in town and country, the bar, even the medical profession, nay, even the circle of literary men, every class, every interest, every fringeside gives tokens of this ubiquitous storm. This would be our report of it, seeing it from the distance, and we should speculate on the cause. What is it all about? against what is it directed? what wonder has happened upon earth? what prodigious, what preternatural event is adequate to the burden of so vast an effect?

We should judge rightly in our curiosity about such a phenomenon; it must be a portentous event, and such it is. It is an innovation, a miracle, I may say, in the course of human events. The physical world revolves year by year; but the political order of things does not renew itself, does not return; it continues, but it proceeds; there is no retrogression. This is so well understood by men of the day, that with them progress is idolized as another name for good. The past never returns—it is never a good; if we are to escape existing ills, it must be by going forward. The past is out of date; the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit us, as the past return. This, then, is the cause of this national transport, this national cry, which encompasses us. The past has returned, the dead lives. Thrones are overturned and are never restored; states live and die, and then are matter only for history. Babylon was great, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Nineveh, and shall never be great again. The English Church was, and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes place in the physical.

Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land

in pride of place. It had the honors of near 1,000 years upon it; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country; it was based in the will of a faithful people; it energised through ten thousand instruments of power and influence; and it was ennobled by a host of saints and martyrs. The churches, one by one, recounted and rejoiced in the line of glorified intercessors, who were the respective objects of their grateful homage. Canterbury alone numbered perhaps some sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas, down to St. Edmund. York had its St. Paulinus, St. John, St. Wilfred, and St. William; London, its St. Erconwald; Durham its St. Cuthbert; Winton its St. Swithun. Then there was St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, and St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Chad of Lichfield, and Thomas of Hereford, and St. Oswald and St. Wulstan of Worcester, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, and St. Birinus of Dorchester, and St. Richard of Chichester. And then, too, its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogative in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honors—where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy? Mixed up with the civil institutions, with king and nobles, with the people, found it in every village and in every town, it seemed destined to stand, so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness.

But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out. It is a long story, my Fathers and Brothers—you know it well. I need not go through it. The vivifying principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer, left it. That old Church on its day became a corpse, (a marvellous, an awful change!) and then it did but corrupt the air which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified. So all seemed to be lost; and there was a struggle for a time, and then its Priests were cast out, or martyred. There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed—its grace disowned—its power despised—its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown. It took a long while to do this thoroughly; much time, much thought, much labor, much expense; but at last it was done. Oh, that miserable day, centuries before we were born! What a martyrdom to live in it, and see the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piecemeal, and every limb and organ carried off and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep! But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of, and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of peace;—and such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world.

My Fathers and Brothers, you have seen it on one side, and some of us on another; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, also, know it far better than I can know it; but it may not be out of place, if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without, of what you can witness so much more truly from within. No longer the Catholic Church in the country;—nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community;—but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been the "Roman Catholics;"—not a sect even—not an interest—not, as men conceived of it, a body, however small, representatives of the Great Communion abroad—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and *debris* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain opinions, which, in their day, were the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and—a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the "Roman Catholics;" but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there was lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned

from books, from Protestant histories and sermons, and they did not report well of "the Roman Catholics," but on the contrary, deposed that they once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondit point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had Bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars Apostolic.

Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathens of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts sitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth! At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity, and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favor, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to blaspheme our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idleness might be our plea for mercy.

A great change, an awful contrast, between the time-honored Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to pull down that lordly power; but there was a greater and truer one in store. No one could prophesy its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again. The fall was wonderful; still after all it was in the order of nature—all things come to nought. Its rise again would be a different sort of wonder, for it is in the order of grace, and who can hope for miracles, and such a miracle as this? Has the whole course of history a like to show? I must speak cautiously and according to my knowledge, but I recollect no parallel to it. Augustine, indeed, came to the same island to which the early Missionaries had come already; but they came to Britons, and he to Saxons. The Arian Goths and Lombards too cast off their heresy in St. Augustine's age and joined the Church, but they had never fallen away from her. The inspired Word seems to imply the almost impossibility of such a grace as the renovation of those who have crucified to themselves again and trodden under foot the Son of God. Who then could have dared to hope that, out of so sacrilegious a nation as this is, a people would have been formed again unto their Saviour? What signs did it show that it was to be singled out from among the nations? Had it been prophesied some fifty years ago, would not the very notion have seemed preposterous and wild?

My Fathers, there was one of your own order then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese, yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark, in an evil time, could he have lived to see this day? It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here present; yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this, in which we stand, would have seemed to him a dream, or if he prophesied of it, to his hearers, nothing but a mockery?—Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lowly chapel in the valley which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighboring height, then waste and solitary. And let him say to those about him, "I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there; clothing and circling in the space. And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name, which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley. I look more attentively at that building, and I see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the