NEWMAN AND DISRAELI.

ONE BECAME ENGLAND'S PREMIER IN STIRRING TIMES, AND THE OTHER DIED A CARDINAL—INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT CHURCHMAN.

Bloomsbury Square is, even in summer, a gloomy place. Like many of the great squares of the London West End, it has a sepulchral exterior which entirely belies the brilliant and comfortable interiors of the homes surrounding it.

Toward the close of 1810, on pleasant Saturday afternoons, two little boys, one aged five or six, the other nine, were seen playing together in the great gardens in the center of this square. They were nearly aways hand in hand, running or walking, and conversing with a gravity worthy of persons thrice their age. So entirely different were they in appearance that they attracted universal attention, and there are two or three very old persons still living in the square who remember them and speak of them with delight.

The younger of these boys was a child of almost Oriental beauty, and full of life and energy. His shapely head was covered with long, glossy, black ringlets, which his little comrade used to stroke lovingly.

The elder boy was grave and pale and wore his hair closely cut. Even the children called him old-fashioned. He was of pure English race and Puritan family.

The little boy with glossy black curls was Benjamin Disraeli, and was to become England's Premier in exciting times.

The grave, old-fashioned boy was John Henry Newman, who was destined to be the first one of the greatest of Anglican preachers, and then to return to Mother Church and to die a Cardinal.

Many another celebrity has come out of Bloomsbury Square and its neighborhood, but, on the whole, no one who has left such a profound impress upon England and on politics and literature as was left by these two who played together as children.

How often the memory of those childish days must have come back to the worn and weary Prime Minister while he was penning the exquisite sketch of Cardinal Newman which appears in the political novel "Lothair!" *

The death of Newman brings out a great flood of reminiscences of his youth and early manhood. In a few years most of those associated with his early Oxford days will be gone, but many are living now.

Newman passed the earlier years of his life in Bloomsbury Square. His mother, who was descended from a Huguenot family long resident in England, trained him from earliest infancy to take a deep interest in the Scriptures.

But the child liked to get away by himself and to revel in the Arabian Nights and in the gloomy romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. As he grew up he read Thomas Paine and Hume, and struggled through the ornate gardens of Voltaire's well-trained fancy. Thus in tender years he was showing his independence of thought and boldness of investigation.

When he was fifteen Newman's religious convictions began to take shape, and in 1816 he had a remarkable revelation "that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life."

It is curious to learn that had Newman not become a doctor of the church he would certainly have become a Paganini. At school he early mastered music as a science. At the age of twelve he composed an opera, he wrote in albums, and improvised masques and idyls. The poet's crown was his, and the few verses he has left are unquestionably touched with the

Light that never was on sea or land.

But to music his young soul leaped responsively. In Newman there was always a poetic temperament, which he seems to have chastened and subdued that he might give sterner attention to the higher duties of the church to which he had consecrated himself.

Among his schoolfellows he was "facile princeps," and at Oxford, at which he took a degree in 1820, he was fairly venerated. In 1824 he took orders in the church of England. For a time he was a tutor, but presently he became the vicar of St. Mary's, and in this position he had a wonderful influence on the young students.

Something like a spell seemed to fall upon these generous and ardent youths when Newman glided through Oriel Lane with quick, noiseless step, and the youths spoke of him as if he were a second St. Augustine or Ambrosious.

His preaching was called magnetic, although he made no pretense of being an orator. His language was seldom flowery, and sometimes he read his sermons entirely through without taking his eyes from the page.

But a mysterious charm exhaled from everything that he read and said. His sermons from week to week reflected the exact condition of his mind.

After his conversion to the Catholic faith his associates whom he had left behind were wont to accuse him of veiling his purpose while he was leading those he taught nearer and nearer to Rome,

There was never a more groundless accusation. His mind was so entirely sincere, translucent and frank that, had he ever been tempted to do so, he could not have concealed the processes drawing his own soul away from his ancient convictions to those which he finally professed.

Newman said that he thought a college tutor had a "care of souls," and he not only drew men's souls, but their intellects to him. "His mind," says Mr. Froude, "was world-wide."

The great preacher took what might be called the journalist's interest in everything. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too small, "if it threw light upon the central question—what man was, and what was his destiny. Science, politics, literature, conduct, all thrilled him and enchained his attention. He cared, says one of his eminent biographers, little about his personal prospects. "He had no ambition to make a career or to rise to rank or power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. Though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwoods 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' came out just then. Newman had been reading the book and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think!' he said, 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!'

In his sermons, says one of his adorers, he seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome from its sincerity, interesting from its originality.

On one occasion Newman was describing in a sermon some of the incidents in the Passion of Our Lord. After a closely-followed series of word-pictures he suddenly stopped. The audience was startled and the silence was breathless.

Then, in a low, clear voice, the faintest vibration of which was audible in the farthest corner of the church, he said:

"Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God!" "It was," says Mathew Arnold, "as if an electric shock had gone through the church."

* Note—This is a mistake. It was Cardinal Manning whom Disraeli drew in "Lothair."—Ed. C. W. Rev.

It has been given out by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, that J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway Company, has given $500,000 for the erection of a great Catholic college at Groveland, the beautiful St. Paul suburb on the curve of the Mississippi river opposite Fort Snelling. The institution will be devoted entirely to the education of young men for the priesthood. Work on the buildings will be begun next spring, and it is expected that the college will be dedicated in 1891, the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the first Catholic church in the Northwest. It is also stated that Mr. Hill will give $250,000 to endow the professorships.