

baric ages; to the Anglican clinging to the historic episcopacy, and to the Presbyterian convinced that the primitive church was congregational; to the Methodist glorying in the Bible, the whole of the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and the Ritualist delighting in white robed choirs, clusters of lights, altars, crosses, stoles and surplices. To what a refining process of private judgment must not the Word of God pass through before it can be reduced to an aspect which all these conflicting sects may wear with the same good grace? What an elastic force must it not be endowed with? What a watering down of creeds must take place before Christendom can unite in mutual love and brotherhood. Alas that grown men should engage in comedy before the world, masquerade in the robes of religion whilst denying its hidden virtue, and ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. What temerity to trifle with the divinely instituted religion of Christ and the eternal salvation of countless souls.

Montreal, Sep. 18th, 1889.

J. J.

FOUR OCTOGENARIANS.

NEWMAN, MANNING, MAHON AND GLADSTONE.

A correspondent writing to the *Philadelphia Times* from London, England, furnishes this charming sketch of four great men.

Last week I had the privilege of seeing four men who are among the oldest and yet most vigorous men in the United Kingdom. Three of them are famous wherever the English language is spoken. Down in bustling Birmingham there is one quiet spot. It is at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. If you were to happen within the walls of the Oratory some day just at the hour when sunset is being followed by twilight, you might hear stealing down the long, silent corridors of the building, sweet strains of music drawn from the strings of a violin by a skilled and delicate touch. If you would ask one of the robed fathers whence the music comes, he would probably smile and answer:

"It is His Eminence, the Superior, who is playing."

On an old and valuable Stradivarius the greatest churchman in England and one of the greatest masters in the English language, finds relaxation and peace as the evening falls. The master of the violin is none other than John Henry Newman, who was at Oxford the college mate of Gladstone, Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, Keble and others, who was ordained in the English Church, and was one of the select University preachers and Vicar of St. Mary's Oxford, but who is now a Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church, which he joined over forty years ago. This is another of England's vigorous old men. He is older than either Gladstone or The O'Gorman Mahon; he is almost as old as the nineteenth century, for he was born in 1801. But as the Cardinal gently touches his violin in the twilight hours he is content in the belief that his life work is done. He has passed through the storm and now is safely moored in a peaceful haven. In the Oratory he is quiet and undisturbed, and his days pass peacefully and without disturbing incident. Though the revolution of religious thought, which the Earl of Beaconsfield declared to have been the greatest that England had seen in more than three hundred years, and in which Newman was the leading figure, is a thing of the past, among the visitors to his retreat you will find men and women of various creeds and from almost everywhere. There is but one opinion as to his standing as a master in the literary art. Years ago an eminent English writer said that if he were sentenced to solitary confinement and allowed his choice, being limited to one or two writers, he would prefer some of Newman's to even Shakespeare himself.

The Cardinal has all his life been a vigorous worker, but now he rarely preaches and writes but little. He still rises early, as he has always done, and his mornings are given to devotions and to looking after the affairs of the Oratory that he loves so well and which he established some years ago. The love that the students and priests at the Oratory bear for the aged Cardinal is touching. Between all of them and the Cardinal the warmest friendship exists. The youngest as well as the oldest of them finds in the old man one who is

over ready to sympathize with and assist them when called upon. The same gentle character which made him so popular at Oxford has not been changed by age. The Cardinal cannot receive so many visitors as he once did. The task would be too great. All kinds of persons seek to see him on all sorts of devices, most of them through curiosity. But those who do gain an entrance are amply repaid for their trouble. It is hard to believe that this soft-voiced old man, with thin and silvery hair, rather bent, slender form, face out of which intellect shines and gentle manner, was the fierce warrior that we are told was in the famed Oxford movement, or the polemical gladiator who worsted Gladstone in a battle on paper some fourteen years ago. The Cardinal receives all his visitors, whether Protestant or Catholic, with the same kind courtesy. He is not given to talk, and as he is rather feeble, audiences are necessarily short. But no one leaves without feeling that he has gained something by his visit. The time not given up to devotions, to visitors and studies, is given up to the affairs of the beloved Oratory. Often during the day the old man may be seen moving through the building, stopping here and there to answer some question, to encourage some weary one, and to give advice where it may be needed. Sometimes he occupies the pulpit, and these are red letter days. But he loves the institution that he established. There are those who say he is more proud of it than he is of the thirty odd volumes that he has written or the Cardinal hat that he wears.

And so the days at the Oratory pass on peacefully and quietly as the old man could wish. There is no bitterness in them. All the bitterness is gone. The opponents of other days are his friends. He has no enemies in the evening of his life. So in the evening he may be left, a smile on his gentle old face, with his old violin, softly playing the airs of other days.

At Westminster you will find another man who is to-day doing the work of two ordinary men, although he is more than two years older than Gladstone. You may see his spare figure on platforms here in London and elsewhere whenever any movement in behalf of temperance, the London poor or some important public reform is put under way. You may even see him with one attendant perhaps, inspecting some of the poorer districts of London, and you would scarcely suspect that the active old man was 81 years old last month. But he was. This is Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster and head of the Roman Hierarchy in England. Cardinal Newman was the son of a banker. Cardinal Manning was the son of a respectable merchant and member of Parliament, and so, like the former, was in a position to obtain a good education. Both the young men were together at Oxford, and Manning was much influenced by the finer and more powerful mind of Newman. Like Newman, he was ordained in the English Church, and before he left it was Archdeacon of Chichester. Like Newman he is a convert, having entered the Catholic Church in 1851. Like Newman, too, he is one of the popular men in England. Here the likeness between the men ends. Newman's life has been spent with his books and writings, except for his work at the Oratory. He is but little seen in the outside world. But Cardinal Manning is in, and of the world, and is a more familiar figure generally about London, leaving the vicinity of the House of Commons out of the matter, than Parnell, the Irish leader, is. Not that Cardinal Manning is not a writer. He has, in fact, written much. But it is as a man of action that he is best known now.

The life of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is a very busy one. Cardinal Manning would have it so. He has all his life been a prodigious worker, like his friend Gladstone. When he was appointed a priest in one of the poorer parishes of London in 1857, he became intensely interested in the people among whom he was appointed to work, and in all schemes having for their object the amelioration of the wretched condition of hundreds of thousands in this great human hive. He has never lost interest in this work. In fact, he is more earnest in prosecuting it now than ever, not only because the need is greater, but also because his power to do good is greater. But Cardinal Manning would not be satisfied with the quiet life that Cardinal Newman leads. Scarcely a young curate in London would care to do the