

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Little wonder then that they were held to Newman. But we, who have never seen him with our bodily eyes, nor heard his unforgettable voice with our bodily ears, and yet have learned so well to admire and love him from afar off even from beyond the wild sea, we have had other spells added to these. They were certain qualities of soul which do not court but command admiration from all men. Dr. Newman was in the most literal meaning of the word a 'true' man. His pupil, Mozley, who had spent a lifetime in his near presence says, "During the whole period of my personal acquaintance and communication with Newman I never had any other thought than that he was more thoroughly in earnest and more entirely convinced of the truth of what he was saying than any other man I had come across."

And we never can see this in his printed page. As we read, we feel that every thought, every sentence has been carefully and solemnly weighed in the most rigid balance of truth before it was given to the world forever. I believe that he must have thought of God oftenest as the Infinite and Eternal Truth.

And on the altar of this Truth he leads his whole life, for its sake setting at naught all things that the world of men most prize, wishing only to do right, and that at all hazards. There is something heart-rendingly pathetic in his attempt to find reasons for not abandoning the Church in which he was born and reared, when he found Truth dragging him towards the Rome he had been taught to look upon as Anti-Christ. Hear these words to the Church of England wrung from his heart when he preached his last sermon in an Anglican pulpit: "O my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender and deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thy arms?"

A man born to,
"Face the spectres of the mind
And lay them."

he was yet beaten back by Truth step by step. One plea after the other against Rome was defeated until his theology was gone; and then he opposed The Woman of the Seven Hills on the grounds of political policy and her popular errors until what he hoped might be rocks proved to be only quicksands. "And so the end was 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 and comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience, 'et exiit nesciens quo iret,' his heart praying, those words his lips had framed twelve years before in an orange-boat on the Mediterranean.

"Lead Kindly Light" amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me

I was not ever thus nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years

When Carlyle was asked what he thought to be the secret of Cardinal's Newman's great popularity he replied: "A man who does something which all men worth the name are trying to do, each one one after his fashion, and does it effectually, too, is and must be a curiosity to his fellows. Newman thought his way through great difficulties to a logical issue, and those who have the same soul-fights are curious to know how he did it." In other words the rare frankness and courage which faced and overcame everything that stood in his path towards Truth have given him the prestige of a 'hero.' Men see in him one who has braved all odds to win the fight for life and heaven over death and error, who willingly forewore all brightest worldly hopes, clasped hands with all dearest friends, to go out alone into the path where he was to meet new thoughts, new feelings, new faces, new everything save God and truth.

As Father Faber might have put it, his was indeed a heart with the full noon tide of God about it; he believed in doing from principle and not in wasting a lifetime in speculation about principles he was

"One of that small transfigured band
Which the world cannot tame,"

but is forced to admire. And his reward has begun even in his lifetime. At one time the only Catholic to whom Englishmen would listen, he has commanded an audience for the truth, and made the Catholic Church "respectable" in England. It would be superfluous to add, 'May his name live through a decade of centuries,' for the intelligent world has long since decided that it shall live for ever.

C. A. Wingenter, '87.

KEEPING A VOW.

On the summit of a hill, within the walls of an old prison, now pulled down, in the ancient city of Norwich, England, is being constructed a Roman Catholic Cathedral, which, with the exception of St. Paul's will be the grandest ecclesiastical building erected in England since the Reformation. Already the massive pillars of the interior have reached the first arches while the centre wall of the main structure have risen to the height

of thirty feet or more. For nearly five years the building has been in progress, yet it was not until the massive structure rose above the prison walls that the casual visitor would have observed what was going on. Within the walls men were busy working with chisel and mallet and trowel, cutting, carving and putting in place the beautiful white and black and brown marble. The work proceeds so quietly that one might fancy himself in the days of the old monasteries. From the scaffold of the new cathedral may be seen the old city with its old fifty church spires, its red tile roofs, its fantastic gables, and above all, its beautiful garden and foliage. Twelve years will be occupied in the construction of this church.

Every now and then a man about thirty eight, slight in stature, not weighing over 120 pounds, with a thin black mustache and whiskers, intensely quick, nervous, brown eyes, unassuming in manner, unostentatious in dress, arrives at Norwich, straightway proceeds to what is known as the "old jail yard," and begins an inspection of the magnificent edifice so silently assuming form. He enters the architect's office, examines the plans, and asks innumerable questions' practical, common sense questions, as a builder would. He examines the various huge blocks of stones in the yard, and even ascends the scaffold and watches the work of the masons. Everything comes under his keen, dark eyes; no defect escapes him.

This man is Henry Fitzalan Howard Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshall of England. He is the Premier of twenty one English dukes, his title having been created in 1483, and next to the duke of Westminster, the richest. The Catholic cathedral is the building, and which will cost \$1,000,000, is the fulfilment of a vow he is said to have made should he be blessed with an heir. In 1879, after having two daughters, a son was born to him. In 1880 the Duke began the cathedral.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Entree for Roast Pork.—Peel as many potatoes as will cover the bottom of a big pie dish. Sprinkle a half teaspoonful of dry sage over them. Cut an onion in thin slices and spread them over this. Add salt and pepper and lumps of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with water or milk, and bake in a modern oven.

Omelet.—From four to eight very fresh eggs; break them singly and carefully; when they are sufficiently whisked pour them through a sieve, and resume the beating until they are very light; add to them half a teaspoonful of salt; season with pepper, dissolve in a frying pan two ounces of butter, pour in the eggs, and as soon as the omelet is well risen and firm throughout slide it into a hot dish, fold it together like a turnover, and serve at once.

Mont Blanc Potato.—Instead of mashing boiled potatoes, whip light and dry with a wooden or silver fork. At this point being to whip in a cupful of hot milk for a quart of mashed potato, and, when all is in, beat in the frothed white of two eggs. Heap, conically, in a deep silver or stoneware dish, set in a quick oven until the surface harden slightly. Withdraw before it catches a shade of brown, wash over lightly with butter and send to table.

Giblet Soup.—Cook the giblets of a turkey, or those from a pair of chickens, in a pint of cold water until tender salt and set away in the liquor until cold and stiff. Take them out and chop fine when you have skimmed the fat from the liquor, and put it over the fire with a pint stock. Boil up well, skim strain back into the pot, add the minced giblets, and season to taste. Put into a frying pan two table-spoonfuls of the butter which has been out up and worked into two of brown flour. Stir steadily until it melts and simmers, when add a small teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Turn into the soup raising out the frying pan with a few spoonfuls of the hot liquor to get all the flour at butter. Cook gently for ten minutes and serve.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

'The relentless Indian pursuer never drinks while on the trail. His tongue may hang white and swollen from his mouth, he may be choked with dust, his stomach may be burning up with heat but not a swallow of water does he take. When a deer drinks of a stream it swims into the water at the same spot and crosses. As he dashes across he scoops up a handful of water and carries it to his mouth, where he holds it rining it about for a few seconds and then rejects it. If he is obliged to swim he lets the water run in and out of his mouth, but carefully prevents a drop from entering his stomach. An hour or so after the Indian has discov-

ered that the deer has filled its stomach with the water he begins to examine the trail more carefully as he runs, for he knows that it is time for him to find signs of the deer's exhaustion. A drop of blood here and there along the trail indicates to the Indian that the deer has fallen on its knees at those spots, a bunch of hair hanging to a projecting edge of the rock or sharp branch hanging low across the trail proves that the deer's strength has failed, so that it can not turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. When these infallible signs of the deers approaching doom are found by the hunter, he increases his speed for the first time. He soon discovers the game, and with a yell of triumph bounds forward; the cry startles the failing animal to a momentary burst of speed. After a leap or two it stops. As if aroused to the fact that farther efforts to escape were utterly futile, it turns and faces its pursuer with all the defiance its exhausted nature will permit. The hunter knows the animal is too weak to harm him, and he seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground and cuts its throat. Without a second's delay the Indian cuts from behind its foreshoulder a large piece of meat, and throttling too and fro constantly he sucks the blood from the meat, and now and then eats a small portion of it. After sucking the meat dry he throws the carcass across his shoulder, if it is not heavy, and starts back for his wigwam. If the deer is too heavy he takes a portion of the meat and hides the rest. He keeps constantly moving, and he fears that if he should stop to rest his limbs would become stiff and he could not return at once with his prize. His wigwam may not be far from the spot where the chase ended, and as the trail of the deer is always devious and circuitous, and frequently ends within a short distance of the point from which it started, but if the deer is captured fifty miles from the hunter's home he does not rest until he casts the carcass, or a portion of it, on the ground at his wigwam door.'

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