

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

"As admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given, from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connection with them. Pains have been taken to correct obvious blunders of the reporter and the printer; also to add such notes as seemed needed in explanation." Thus modestly does the Editor of a most charming and interesting little volume, set forth in a prefatory note the scope and character of the publication. And though the volume does not bear his name we think we are correct in saying that it comes from the same painstaking and appreciative hands that have given us at intervals within late years the admirable short biography of the Sovereign Pontiff—the pattern of what such a biography should be—and the two small volumes containing the "Letters" of Cardinals Newman and Manning, and the "Landmarks" of half their Lifetime—Mr. "John Oldcastle," the *nom de plume* occasionally assumed by the talented Editor of the *Weekly Register*.

The greater number of the addresses contained in the present volume were delivered by the late Cardinal in reply to addresses bearing to him tributes of the love and esteem in which he was held by the Catholic community for which he did so much; and perhaps one of their chief charms is the absence from them of any reaching after oratorical effect, and the presence instead, in every line, of a winning and gentle familiarity. "You have led me on to be familiar with you," he says in one of them; and it is this which has given to so many of them the charm of sweetness, and the interest of intimate personal reference. For example, we get a self estimate in the address in reply to the messenger bearing the *big lietto* from the Cardinal Secretary of State announcing his elevation to the Cardinalate. Casting the account of his work, and laying aside, in his usual style, all claim to superior merit, he rejoiced to say that there was "one great mischief" to which he had from the first opposed himself. "For thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted, to the best of my powers, the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world and upon the Holy Church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made." It was as a warrior against the spirit of Indifferentism that he assumed the Roman purple.

On the relations between Protestants and Catholics in those days we find him using these words:

"And thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favour which has taken place of late years among the Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place—the conversions, which have not been few. . . . The Catholics of England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or consins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island; and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow, indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and love quite as much as their fellow Protestants might be—human beings whom they could be interested in and could sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy

and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior, and, then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced upon them that that hated creed, at least, had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. . . . And I might have enlarged on this—that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer and feel tender towards the slandered from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it."

It is not the opponent of Liberalism in religion, or the Churchman, however, who is most revealed in the "Sayings," but, as one reviewer has put it, the heart to whom was given "troops of friends." There is one extract in the volume which is not from a newspaper but from a letter. It is a description, by one who was present, of Dr. Newman as he then was, at the funeral of Henry W. Wilberforce—of the Newman that so many loved even before they gave their minds to his sway:—

"During the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side; but I—saw him and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall, which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after a while could contain his tears no longer, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At the end of Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and, after a little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do—to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that none could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good" in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man." "Then the word of the Lord came to him as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become"—here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Saviour," and he reminded us of "the last hour, and dreadful judgment which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed, "that everyone there present might have a holy and happy death."

Among the most interesting of the "Sayings" are those replies of the Cardinal to addresses of congratulation which came to him from Ireland—"that home of warm and affectionate hearts which . . . I have wished in my humble measure to serve, believing that in serving Ireland I was serving a country which had tokens in her of an important future, and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith." The evidence of Irish esteem "surprised" him. "I do not think," he said to the representatives of Ireland who addressed him in 1879, "there is any other country which could have treated me so graciously as you have done." During his

*Sayings of Cardinal Newman. London: Burns and Oates.