

ear." Cardinal Newman's brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Mozley, writes in his *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*, "John Henry Newman has not done justice (in his *Apologia*) to his early adventures and sallies in the domains of thought, politics and fancy, and taste. He very early mastered music as a science, and attained such a proficiency on the violin that, had he not become a doctor of the church, he would have been a Pagnani. At the age of twelve he composed an opera. He wrote in albums, improvised masques and idylls, and only they who see no poetry in "Lead, Kindly Light," or in the "Dream of Gerontius," will deny that this divine gift entered into his birthright." When Newman's books appeared in book form a criticism entitled "The Poetry of a Beautiful Soul" was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from which we take the following extract. "The poetry of the volume before us is limited in range, rarely passing beyond the circle of religious ideas with which his name has been identified, and then only for a very few notes of tender personal feelings; the style of argument strikes us as thoughtful rather than powerful; in many stanzas it is clear, skilful, and tunable verse which we find rather than that rare inspiration which blends word and thought in one inseparable, harmony, but these poems are throughout, and that in a degree almost as infrequent in our modern literature as the rich creativeness of Keats or Tennyson, the "Confessions of a beautiful Soul." From the boy's paraphrase of 1821 to the noble drama of 1865 (*Gerontius*) which concludes the book, every line in it is marked by a rare and exquisite sincerity . . . . We are admitted to the presence of a beautiful soul rather than a candidate for political honors; to the battle of life, fought as an imperious necessity of nature demanded, not to a volume of dogmatic controversy. The lines gain a strange effectiveness through the simple purpose which never deviates for effect; a pathos lying "too deep for tears" from the very innocence and childlike reserve of the sincerity.

But some one may object that the religious controversialist was devoid of imagination. Out of Dr. Newman's own mouth will such a one stand condemned.

In his *Apology* which turns the revealing limelight upon his character, we read, "I used to wish the Arabian tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. . . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the resemblance of a material world." We can moreover draw intrinsic evidence from his own works. To him who first studies Newman's sermons and then reads his poems, it is quite evident that both issue from the same mint. Guided by these facts, we think, that every reasonable man must conclude that Newman was a highly favored child of the goddess of poetry. If we ascribe rare poetical gifts to many others who have written only one or two short poems, why deny the same title to Cardinal Newman, who has given conclusive proof of his poetical talent? We need not go far to find the answer. His fame as a poet has been eclipsed by his glory as a prose writer; and tell it not in Gath, whisper it not to the fair-minded critics of this age of boasted impartiality—he was a Catholic.

He who wishes to have a clear insight into the character of this gifted churchman should read his poems. They were written for himself not for the world; consequently the workings of his masterly intellect and the intense feelings of his heart are therein portrayed. A full-throated, happy minstrel, he pours forth his holiest aspirations and discourses the sweetest music of his soul in the grand symphony of poetic numbers. Newman has written in prose for the children of this world; but, when he desired to place his heart in unison with his God, he had recourse to the subtle imagery of poetry.

In making a few general reflections upon his poetry we propose to follow the chronological order because with Newman the chronological and the logical are identical. We must follow the general stream of thought and not be turned aside by the pebbles that now and then cause a ripple in the in-stream, but do not disturb the full flowing waters.

We can form a faint idea of the man's brilliant, comprehensive intellect when we remember that nearly all his poems are