

his conversion a sincere and practical Catholic, forever striving to bend his mighty and hitherto undisciplined intellect into submission to the teachings of the faith. He believed, indeed, with an entire and deep conviction which would be amazing to the flippant agnostics and so-called free-thinkers of to-day. He had literally groped his way into the Church, testing and rejecting with characteristic courage and honesty, a variety of systems finding intellectual certainty, as well as religious conviction at the feet of Peter. In *Catholicity* he found full satisfaction for heart and mind. Its universality and breadth delighted him. He disliked the word Catholicism, indignantly declaring that the faith had nothing to do with "isms."

Had he remained without the Fold, where after many wanderings he had found peace, it is quite possible that his fame would be trumpeted more widely, and that he would have been acclaimed as, perhaps, the greatest of American thinkers. Dr. Brownson was well content to sacrifice that more extended horoscope and to dwell in the comparative obscurity to which his change of faith had consigned him.

It is gratifying to learn that a bronze bust of this intellectual Hercules has been placed in Central Park, New York, as some recognition at least of his eminence amongst his countrymen. Dr. Brownson was intensely American, though the late D'Arcy McGee once observed that "Brownson was too big for America." He loved his country with a virile and sturdy patriotism, which commanded respect even from those who differed with him. He lived in the seclusion of a small Jersey town, whence he made occasional visits to his friends in New York. Elizabeth, with its shaded streets and gardens, with its grave and conservative aspect, seemed a fitting background for the sage. His household was a delightful one. presided over by the gentle and sympathetic wife, with her soft eyes of brown and pleasant face, and his brilliant daughter, Sarah, afterwards the wife of Judge Tenny, too early lost to literature, as well as to a wide circle of friends. This home, so redolent of culture, so attractive a place of pilgrimage for the Doctor's many admirers, was saddened by the early death of three sons, but notably the universally lamented Captain Brownson of the regular army, who distinguished upon General Hancock's staff and fell at the battle of Five Forks.