

A Gift.

What can I give, O well-beloved, to thee, Whose clear, firm knock at my heart's door I hear...

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A NAME DESTINED FOREVER TO LIVE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

C. A. Wingerset, in Fordham Monthly.

All the world seems unanimous in allowing that the century in which we now find ourselves is destined to have a most noted place in history.

In the light of this fact there is some ground of confidence in the remark made by a Protestant clergyman writing for the Andover Review of August, 1855.

At first sight we might be inclined to protest against such a broad assertion, did we not know that all the intelligent literature of the past forty years which at all touches upon "that protuberant birth of time," the Oxford Movement, agree that it marked an epoch not only in the Anglican Church, but in all history.

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and water for his sake, and some of them, like Horrell Froude, "only likely to quarrel if the pace was too slow."

And it was this same mysterious personal charm which drew all Oxford to fill St. Mary's with eager ears to hear those thrilling Sunday afternoon sermons, and to revel on the presence of "voice"—I use the words of Anthony Froude—"so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features so stern and yet so gentle."

But when all Oxford resounded with that name, the memory of which even in the nineteenth century written no influence power in the university, "like a charm to conjure with, and a dangerous force to exorcise," the ever memorable 9th of October, 1845, drew nigh, and with it came the end of twelve long years of intense and earnest thought; and "Ho Megaw," as Henry Wilberforce used to speak of him, chose "the reproach of Christ as to be esteemed greater than the treasure of the Egyptians."

How sacredly he was remembered we may learn in hearing Kegan Paul tell us of a home near Oxford in which a veiled crucifix seemed to his possessor to have gained a special sanctity because it had been Newman's; and how those who had attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before them; while the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most because of its pulpit where Newman had preached.

The secret of the charm that fascinated while it awed the younger enthusiasm of Oxford is partly to be found in man's veneration of the mysterious and the solitary, and his admiration of the tameness of soul which was ready to essay the impossible. Although in Oxford days Cardinal Newman was known to be almost romantic, he devoted to the inner circle of his friends, to the world at large he seemed as one who dwelt apart from the age which claimed him. With an earnestness which would not permit him "to pause, to make an end," he occupied his whole future; we are told he was ever yearning to build up as fast as men cast down, and to plant again the waste places. Mr. Mozley says, "It was never possible for him to utter a word of an hour in his company without a man feeling himself to be invited to take an onward step sufficient to tax his energy or his faith."

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balances or truth before it was given to the world forever. I believe he must have thought of God oftenest as the Infinite and Eternal Truth.

And on the altar of this Truth he laid 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 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: "Oh, my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet dar'st not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services? How canst thou rejoice in their love? Is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and buds 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 reached. The foreigner 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 he accepted comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience; *ad exitum usque* he felt 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 even thus nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on. I loved to choose and see my path; but now I loved the grayish day, and spite of tears, I pride me in my will; remember not past years."

When Carlyle was asked what he thought to be the secret of Cardinal Newman's great popularity, he replied: "A man who does something which all men worth the name are trying to do, each one after his fashion, and does it effectually, too, is and must be curious 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 its 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 every-day life, and God and truth.

As Father Egan might have put it, his was indeed a heart with the full nouitite of God about it; he believed in *deus* 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 annul. 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 he shall live forever.

DR. BROWNSON.

THE STORY OF HIS SEARCH AFTER TRUTH AND HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A few years ago the greatest of American philosophers was laid to rest, and recently his remains were deposited in the vault beneath the altar of Brownson Chapel, connected with Notre Dame Institute, at South Bend, Ind.; but his glorious work survives him, and an eternal monument to truth, it shall perpetuate his memory to future generations. By the iron hand of death the strong frame was stricken, the manly voice forever hushed. Never again will that grand and all powerful intellect be heard to proclaim the principles of right and liberty.

Whilst he lived like all great men, his enemies were many; now when he is gone, all unite in sounding the cymbals of praise. It is a fact to be remembered that it was in the heat of discussion where he created enemies; far outside of controversy, and under the influence of his home, Dr. Brownson was universally loved and respected.

It would be practically impossible to follow out in a limited space the course of thought which led him to the portal of the Church. Brownson was at this time just forty years of age, the prime of a glorious manhood, in comfortable circumstances blessed with a wife and family. What more could he desire? He had won for himself a prominent station in the American literary world; yet his position was peculiar and embarrassing. While yet a Protestant, nominally a Congregationalist, he had defended, in his *Review*, many Catholic doctrines which others attacked, but which his powerful understanding, aided by deep research, pronounced true and consistent with reason. His friends often reminded him of the folly (if) of his course, and advised him to follow in that rut of abuse against the Catholic Church which distinguishes Protestant religions. But Brownson's simple "would-not" settled the matter.

Having eventually examined Catholicity fully, impartially, and understandingly, he was surprised and confounded! Here he had been seeking the truth for twenty

years or more, in almost every nook and corner where one would expect it. He had sped from Materialism to Spiritualism; from Pantheism to Rationalism; now he finds it in the Catholic Church—the last lurking place, the very last in which he would have sought for it—in that Church which his own position, influenced by Protestant prejudices and Protestant misrepresentation, had thrust aside as a despised thing, unworthy of any consideration whatever, and painted as the very personification of every superstition and error, the very fountain-head and mother of witchery, heathenism and lies! Now he stands convinced beyond a doubt that the Catholic Church is the one, the holy, the Catholic Church established by Christ and propagated by the Apostles; and all was clear to his mind. But here lay the crisis: What should he do? Embrace Catholicity with the knowledge staring him in the face that he should then be come an unworthy, a despised renegade in the eyes of his best and dearest and oldest friends, and, worst of all, be thrust aside from them as contemptible, mean, and half-witted? Or remain as he was, believing all the convictions of his reason and judgment? The latter could not be thought of; Brownson was far too noble to stoop so low as that of public favor at any time, much more so when honor and self-respect were at stake. So, throwing aside every human consideration, he followed the course pointed out by his reason, aided by faith, and was received into the Church, on the 20th of October, 1844, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston.

Just as he and his new friends had expected, his enemies immediately began to honor and respect him; they accused him of inexplicable inconsistency; of unaccountable contradictions. Finally the whole non-Catholic press united in trying to break the force of his conversion by representing him as eccentric, variable, a lover of notoriety, tossed about by every wind; for rule over others he took on him obedience; *ad exitum usque* he felt his heart praying those words his lips had framed twelve years before in an orange boat on the Mediterranean.

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picture to ourselves Zoroaster, or Plato, St. Jerome, or St. Bruno.—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

JONES' GEMS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The self-appointed "evangelist" who was plain "Sam Jones" in the West, is the Rev. Sam P. Jones in New York State, where he is now preaching, and "gems" from his sermons are freely distributed through the journals. Mr. Jones talks to God with that easy impudence with which Peck's Bad Boy addresses his father, and his assumed insight into the ways of Providence is appalling to reverent minds.

Mr. Jones has made a decalogue of his own, in which the three principal commandments are against dancing, card-playing and smoking. Mr. Jones uses the pronoun "I" as the representative of dogmatic authority. He is justified in so doing by the Protestant doctrine of private interpretation. Mr. Jones has as good a right to teach with an infallible "I" as the Rev. Heber Newton, or any of the rest.

Some of the "gems" quoted by the newspapers from Mr. Jones' orations are made to suit the intellectual capacity of the "immense audiences" he is said to address. The enthusiasm with which he is received shows that there are "gems" that may not be thrown before swine in vain. It is said that Mr. Jones' success is due to the tact with which he adapts his speech to the capacity of his hearers. If so, his hearers are generally of a calibre beneath contempt. The most ignorant Italian or Spanish peasant would not listen with patience to such "gems," even if cast to him from the pulpit. If the result of years of secular teaching in public schools and religious teaching in Sunday schools is to make Sam Jones possible, the non-Catholic American people are becoming in reality more ignorant and besotted than any of the nations to which they send missionaries.

"I never," said "Sam Jones, at Lakewood, N. Y.," "saw a boy proud of his father, but that his father was ashamed of him."

This saying was applauded, we are told; but it is vicious, as well as silly: "When I get to Heaven, with my crown and harp, I don't care about Heavenly recognition, I am all fixed. We want a little more Heaven here in New York and on the earth."

"If we go home and consecrate ourselves, and obey the Ten Commandments, we needn't go to Heaven at all. 'The stock of men, like horses, should be improved. In some parts of the country we are run down pretty low. 'Is there any man in dancing? Dance all you want to, for where you are going it will be too warm to dance. Play cards day and night, for cards won't stand fire down there unless you get asbestos cards. 'Where there is love of sin of any description there is no salvation in that soul."

"Salvation is deliverance from guilt of sin and love of sin. I used to dance but was never idiot enough to play cards. You can't find a lunatic asylum in America unless you find a deck of cards in nearly every room. They amuse themselves with cards because they are idiots. The camps of soldiers and battle-fields are always covered with cards. When God Almighty's Church moves out of camp to battle she will throw away her cards, too."

"Sanctified people, who are all holiness, are like those stalks of corn that are devoid of everything but the tassel. God save us from being all tassel. I feed my horse on corn, not tassels. Holiness means wholenessness; 100 cents on the dollar."

"If you play progressive euchre you are just as much of a blackleg as any gambler in the country; you are a blacklegged gambler, and I don't care whose husband or wife you are. That's pretty strong, but if you can write anything stronger I'll sign it."

"Mr. Jones is very sure of getting into Heaven; to that end he relies on his having given up dancing, card-playing and the use of tobacco. It does not occur to him that it is the abuse of these things that makes them sinful. A man, according to the Jones theology, who smokes an occasional cigar may not enter Heaven; one who plays a harmless game of cards or who joins in a family quadrille is damned. It is noticeable that Mr. Jones is careful not to touch the real and deep sins that are poisoning the lives of his countrymen and women, and endangering the future of the race. He tries to make amusing speeches, and when his audience utter the truly American phrase, 'He is so cute!' he is satisfied."

It is an awful thing, to see this bungler teaching, unchallenged, the ways of life temporal and life eternal to people whose ignorance and self-conceit are equal to his. He is encouraged, too, by Protestant ministers, at their wits end to supply sensations for jaded congregations. Some of them have begun to draw away from him since he assumed to exercise the Protestant right of private interpretation by denouncing the "orthodox" views of baptism—which are by no means invariable.

In olden days travelling friars went through Catholic countries, teaching truth by means of homely illustrations and stories pointed with the rough wit of the people. They were not free to change the tenor or the meaning of the Ten Commandments of God. The Church was the rock on which they rested, no matter how they might choose to adorn that rock with flowers and vines to catch the eye of the ignorant. There was always the strictest line between essential and non-essential, and the people were not misled. But the travelling "evangelist" draws no such lines by Divine authority. In his speech he acknowledges no higher authority than himself. It is always "I."

The devil seems to be hard at work trying to make Protestant Americans magnify peccadilloes into sins and make sins appear peccadilloes.

Mr. Jones, for instance, denounces all dancing, round or otherwise; but says nothing against the "kissin' games" so popular in religious circles, where the spectacle of a jig,

a reel, or a quadrille, would shock pious brothers and sisters beyond recovery. He knows his people. He knows them too well. He knows that if he makes them angry by telling them the truth about the sins that are crying to Heaven from this "free" country, he will decrease the sums of money which he and Bob Ingersoll, by the same means, are drawing steadily to themselves.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Exchange.

We read in an Irish exchange that "the proportion of Catholics and Protestants in the town of Sligo is pretty nearly the proportion in Ireland." Our readers will remember that close upon the late Orange outrages in Belfast, there was some rioting in Sligo. It originated in a vile defacing of the Catholic Bishop's residence and of the Catholic cathedral. What we would call attention to is the happy *faute*, recorded as follows in an Irish contemporary: "The Protestants, naturally indignant that suspicion should rest on them, met and offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage on their Catholic brethren. The offer was successful, and the self-confessed perpetrators proved to be at least nominal Catholics. Then the turn of the respectable Catholics arrived. They met, passed resolutions of the sincerest sympathy with their Protestant neighbors at the unjust suspicion and the injurious violence to which they had been exposed. They backed their kind words with kinder deeds, for forthwith a subscription list was open to recoup them for any injury they had sustained. The Catholic mayor headed the list with the magnificent donation of £100, and Mr. O'Connor, a Catholic merchant, followed suit with £50. As was justly observed in a fair-minded and generous leader in which the *Daily Express* commented on the incident, "Out of evil has come good."

Boston Pilot.

It is but three years since the Maori mission at Wanganui, New Zealand, was established by the Rev. Father Soulas, and already its success has surpassed all hope. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Redwood lately visited Wanganui and the neighboring Maori missions of Keremite, Jerusalem, and Hanama. At the first-named place he blessed a new church, and gave the veil to three religious, who are devoting their lives to the welfare of the Maori children. A banquet was prepared for the Bishop, at which the venerable Maori chief, Pontini, made the following address: "Father, good-day to you—good-day to you surrounded by your new children! Had you been here at a feast in the days of my youth, you would have been offered human flesh. You would have found yourself in the midst of intractable and savage men. Here, three years ago we were infidels, full of vice; to-day, thanks to Divine Providence, and the labors of the good priests sent to us by you, we are a Christian people. True, we are but of yesterday, but our desire is to persevere. Behold the church: it has cost us great sacrifices; it stands there as a witness to our faith, and a promise of its endurance; we shall never abandon prayer. Let the priest, then, remain in our midst, to guide and enlighten us. Good-day, Father! Great is our happiness at seeing you."

Catholic Review.

Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., lectured last Thursday evening, at Chickering Hall, for the benefit of the Irish Parliament agitation. He said many good things, but few better than these telling words: "We are in the midst of a battle. The first engagement has taken place, and we stand asking what we are to win by the next engagement. What have we won already? A few years ago martial law existed everywhere in Ireland. The people were bound, gagged and handcuffed. We had no Parliamentary party. The people who were true to the Irish cause were in prison. Now this is changed. We proclaimed the wrongs of Ireland and were scoffed at. Now the world knows our story and knows that we never told the half. The world was silent and Ireland had no voice to speak. But a man came, like Grattan, from the midst of our foes. Great in genius and great in heart, he became convinced, after trying to crush Ireland, that Ireland's wrongs were real. The world that would not listen to us listens to Mr. Gladstone."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"The Pope was willing to make Nicolini a Count or a Marquis for \$30,000 and to authorize him to marry the divorced singer for another \$25,000; but La Patti said this would be paying too dear for her whistle, and so they were *whistled* *la bourgeoisie*, just like other Tolly Whistlers, though, of course, the latter extract it from the Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia Times. It is a lie, of course, and the more to be tested against, because the editorial revision in the *Times* is generally so strict as to keep that journal clear of such calumnies. The Paris correspondent copied this from the wretched *Figaro*, the literary sewer of Paris."

Michigan Catholic.

"It was a kind and brotherly act of the Poles assembled in convention at Bay Ory last week to thank Gladstone in the name of the Poles of America for his efforts in behalf of Ireland. If anything were wanting to cement the sympathy that has always existed between Ireland and Poland, Poland for the past hundred years resembles that of Ireland for more than three centuries. We hope that Poland will soon be as near Home Rule as Ireland is at this moment."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.