



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23.

NO. 2.

At the request of several of our subscribers, we have been induced to reproduce the lectures lately delivered at the Oratory, in London, by the Rev. Mr. Newman. We acknowledge our obligations to the *New York Freeman's Journal*.

## DISCOURSES TO MIXED CONGREGATIONS.

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### DISCOURSE I.

THE SALVATION OF THE HEARER THE MOTIVE OF THE PREACHER.

When a body of men come into a neighborhood to them unknown, as we are doing, my brethren, strangers to strangers, and there set themselves down, and raise an altar, and open a school, and invite, or even exhort all men to attend them, it is natural that they who see them, and are drawn to think about them, should ask the question, What brings them hither? Who bid them come? What do they want? What do they preach? What is their warrant? What do they promise?—You have a right, my brethren, to ask the question.

Many, however, will not stop to ask it, as thinking they can answer it, without difficulty, for themselves. Many there are who would promptly and confidently answer it, according to their own habitual view of things, on their own principles, the principles of the world. The views, the principles, the aims of the world are very definite, are every where acknowledged, and are generally acted on. They afford an explanation of the conduct of others, wherever they be, ready at hand, and so sure to be true in the common run of cases, as to be probable and plausible in any particular one. When we would account for effects which we see, we of course refer them to causes which we know of. To fancy causes of which we know nothing is not to account for them at all. The world then naturally and necessarily judges of others by itself. Those who live the life of the world, and act from motives of the world, and live and act with those who do the like, as a matter of course ascribe the actions of others, however different they may be from their own, to one or other of the motives which weigh with themselves; for some motive or other they must assign, and they can imagine none but those of which they have experience.

We know how the world goes on, especially in this country; it is a laborious, energetic, indefatigable world. It takes up objects enthusiastically, and vigorously carries them through. Look into the world, as its course is faithfully traced day by day in those publications which are devoted to its service, and you will see at once the ends which stimulate it, and the views which govern it. You will read of great and persevering exertions, made for some temporal end, good or bad, but still temporal. Some temporal end it is, even if not a selfish one;—generally, indeed, such as station, consideration, power, competency, luxury, but sometimes the relief of the ills of human life or society, or ignorance, sickness, poverty, or vice—still some temporal end it is, which is the exciting and animating principle of those exertions. And so pleasurable, so fascinating is the excitement, which those temporal objects create, that it is often its own reward; insomuch that, forgetting the end for which they toil, men find a satisfaction in the toil itself, and are sufficiently repaid for their trouble by their trouble, in the struggle for success, and the rivalry of party, and the trial of their skill, and the demand upon their resources, in the vicissitudes and hazards, and ever new emergencies and successive requisitions of the contest which they carry on, though it never comes to an end.

Such is the way of the world; and therefore, I say, it is not unnatural, that, when it sees any persons whatever, any where begin to work with energy, and attempt to get others about them, and act in outward appearance like itself, though in a different direction and with a religious profession, it unhesitatingly imputes to them the motives which influence, or would influence its own children. Often by way of blame, but sometimes not as blaming, but as merely stating a plain fact which it thinks undeniable, it takes for granted that they are ambitious, or restless, or eager for distinction, or fond of power. It knows no better; and it is vexed and annoyed if, as time goes on, one thing or another is seen in the conduct of those whom it criticises, which is inconsistent with the assumption on which, in the first instance, it so summarily settled their position and anticipated their course. It took a general view of them, looked them through, as it thought, and from some one action of theirs

which came to their knowledge, assigned to them some particular motive as their actuating principle; but presently it finds it is obliged to shift its ground, to take up some new hypothesis, and explain to itself their character and their conduct over again. O my dear brethren, the world cannot help doing so, because it knows us not; it ever will be impatient with us for not being of the world, because it is the world; it is necessarily blind to the one motive which has influence with us, and tired out at length with hunting through its catalogues and note books for a description of us, it sits down in disgust, after its many conjectures, and flings us aside as inexplicable, or hates us as if mysterious and designing.

My brethren, we have secret views.—secret, that is, from men of this world; secret from politicians, secret from the slaves of mammon, secret from all ambitious, covetous, selfish, and voluptuous men. For religion itself, like its divine author and teacher, is, as I have said, an hidden thing from them; and, not knowing it, they cannot use it as a key to interpret the conduct of those who are influenced by it.

They do not know the ideas and motives which religion sets before the spiritually-illuminated mind. They do not enter into them or realize them, even when they are told them; and they do not believe that another can be influenced by them, even when he professes them. They cannot put themselves into the position of a man simply striving, in all he does, to please God. They are so narrow-minded, such is the meanness of their intellectual make, that when a Catholic professes this or that doctrine of the Church,—sin, judgment, heaven and hell, the blood of Christ, the merits of Saints, the power of Mary, or the Real Presence,—and says that these are the objects which inspire his thoughts and direct his actions through the day, they cannot take in that he is in earnest; for they think, forsooth, that these points ought to be and are his very difficulties, and that he gets over them by putting force on his reason, and thinks of them as little as he can, not dreaming that they exert an influence on his life. No wonder, then, that the sensual, and worldly-minded, and the unbelieving, are suspicious of those whom they cannot comprehend, and are so intricate and circuitous in their imputations, when they cannot bring themselves to accept an explanation which is straight before them. So it has been from the beginning; the Jews preferred to ascribe the conduct of our Lord and His forerunner to any motive but that of a desire to fulfil the word of God. They were, as He says, like children sitting in the market-place, which cry to their companions, saying, "We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have lamented to you, and you have not mourned." And then He goes on to account for it: "I thank Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it been pleasing in Thy sight."

Let the world have its way, let it say what it will about us, my brethren; but that does not hinder our saying what we think, and what the eternal God thinks and says, about the world. We have as good a right to have our judgment about the world, as the world to have its judgment about us; and we mean to exercise that right; for, while we know it judgeth us amiss, we have God's testimony that we judge it truly. While, then, it is eager in ascribing our earnestness to some motive or principle of its own, listen to me, while I show you, as it is not difficult to do, that it is our very fear and hatred of those motives and principles, and our compassion for the souls possessed by them, which makes us so busy and so troublesome, which prompts us to settle down in a district, so destitute of temporal recommendations, but so overrun with religious error and so populous in souls.

O my brethren, little does the world, engrossed, as it is, with things of time and sense, little does it understand what is the real state of the soul of man, how he stands in God's sight, what is his past history, and what his prospects for the future. The world forms its views of things for itself, and lives in them. It never stops to consider whether they are true; it does not come into its thought to seek for any external standard, or channel of information, by which their truth can be ascertained. It is content to take things for granted according to their first appearance; it does not stop to think of God; it lives for the day, and (in a perverse sense) "is not careful for the morrow." What it sees, tastes, handles, is enough for it; this is the limit of its knowledge and of its aspirations; what tells, what works well, is alone respectable; efficiency is the rule of duty, and success is the test of truth. It believes what it experiences, it disbelieves what it cannot demonstrate. And, in consequence, it teaches that a man has not much to do to be saved; that either he has commit-

ted no great sins, or that he has been pardoned for committing them; that he may securely trust in God's mercy for eternity; and that he must avoid anything like self-discipline and mortification, as affronting or derogatory to it. This is what the world teaches, by its many sects and philosophies, about our condition in this life; but what, on the other hand, does the Catholic Church teach concerning it?

She teaches that man was originally made in God's image, was God's adopted son, was God's friend, God's heir, heir of eternal glory, and, in foretaste of eternity, partaker in this life of great gifts and manifold graces; and she teaches, that now he is a fallen being. He is under the curse of original sin; he is deprived of the grace of God; he is a child of wrath; he cannot attain to heaven, and he is in imminent peril of sinking into hell. I do not say he is fated to perdition by some necessary law; he cannot perish without his own real will and deed, and God gives him, even in his natural state, a multitude of inspirations and helps to lead him on to faith and obedience. There is no one born of Adam but might be saved, as far as divine assistances are concerned; yet, looking at the power of temptation, the force of the passions, the strength of self-love and self-will, the sovereignty of pride and sloth, in every one of his children, who will be bold enough to assert of any particular soul, that it will be able to maintain itself in obedience, without an abundance, a profusion of grace, not to be expected, as bearing no proportion, I do not say simply to the claims, (for they are none) but to the strict needs of human nature? We may securely prophecy of every man born into the world, that, if he comes to years of understanding, he will, in spite of God's general assistances, fall into mortal sin and lose his soul. It is no light, no ordinary succour, by which man is taken out of his own hands and defended against himself. He requires an extraordinary remedy. Now what a thought is this! what a light does it cast upon man's present state! how different from the view which the world takes of it! how piercing, how overpowering in its influence on the hearts of those who admit it!

Contemplate, my brethren, more minutely the history of a soul born into the world, and then educated according to its principles, and the idea, which I am putting before you, will grow on you. The poor infant passes through his two, or three, or five years of innocence, blessed in that he cannot yet sin; but at length, (O woeful day!) he begins to realise the distinction between right and wrong. Alas! sooner or later, for the age varies, but sooner or later the awful day has come; he has the power, the great, the dreadful, the awful power of judging a thing to be wrong, and yet doing it. He has a distinct view that he shall grievously offend his Maker and his Judge by doing this or that; and, while he is really able to keep from it, he is at liberty to choose it, and to commit it. He has the dreadful power of committing a mortal sin. Young as he is, he has as true an apprehension of it, and can give as real a consent, as did the evil spirit, when he fell. The day is come, and who shall say whether it will have closed, whether it will have run out many hours, before he will have exercised that power, and have perpetrated, in fact what he ought not to do, what he need not do, what he can do!—Who is there whom we ever knew, of whom we can assert that, had he remained in a state of nature, he would have used the grace given him,—that if he be in a state of nature, he has used the grace given him—in such a way as to escape the guilt and penalty of offending Almighty God? No, my brethren, a large town like this is a fearful sight. We walk the streets, and what numbers are there of those who meet us who have never been baptized at all! And the remainder, what is it made up of, but for the most part of those who, though baptized, have sinned against the grace given them, and even from early youth have thrown themselves out of that fold in which alone is salvation! Reason and sin have gone together from the first. Poor child! he looks the same to his parents; or they do not know what has been going on in him; or perhaps, did they know it, they would think very little of it, for they are in a state of mortal sin as well as he. They too, long before they knew each other, had sinned, and mortally too, and were never reconciled to God; so they lived for years, unmindful of their state. At length they married; it was a day of joy to them, but not to the Angels; they might be in high life or in low estate, they might be prosperous or not in their temporal course, but their union was not blessed by God. They gave birth to a child; he was not condemned to hell on his birth, but he had the omens of evil upon him, it seemed that he would go the way of all flesh; and now the time is come; the presage is justified; the forbidden fruit has been eaten; sin has been devoured with a pleased appetite; the gates of hell have yawned upon him, silently and without his knowing it;

he has no eyes to see its flames, but its inhabitants are gazing upon him; his place in it is fixed beyond dispute;—unless his Maker interfere in some extraordinary way, he is doomed.

Yet his intellect does not stay its growth, because he is the slave of sin. It opens: time passes; he learns perhaps various things; he may have good abilities, and be taught to cultivate them. He may have engaging manners; anyhow he is light-hearted and merry, as boys are. He is gradually educated for the world; he forms his own judgments, chooses his principles, and is moulded to a certain character. That character may be more, it may be less amiable; it may have much or little of natural virtue: it matters not: the mischief is within; it is done, and it spreads. The devil is unloosed and abroad in him. For a while, he used some sort of prayers, but he has left them off; they were but a form, and he had no heart for it;—why should he continue them? and what was the use of them? and what the obligation? So he has reasoned; and he has acted upon his reasoning, and ceased to pray. Perhaps this was his first sin, that original mortal sin, which threw him out of grace,—a disbelief in the power of prayer. As a child, he refused to pray, and argued that he was too old to pray, and that his parents did not pray. He gave prayer up, and in came the devil, and took possession of him, and made himself at home, and revelled in his heart.

Poor child! Every day adds fresh and fresh mortal sins to his account; the pleadings of grace have less and less effect upon him; he breathes the breath of evil, and day by day becomes more fatally corrupted. He has cast off the thought of God, and sets up self in His place. He has rejected the traditions of religion which float about him, and has chosen instead the more congenial traditions of the world, to be the guide of his life. He is confident in his own views, and does not suspect that evil is before him and in his path. He learns to scoff at serious men and serious things, catches at any story circulated against them, and speaks positively when he has no means of judging or knowing. The less he believes of revealed doctrine, the wiser he thinks himself to be. Or, if his natural temper keeps him from becoming hard-hearted, still from easiness and from imitation he joins in mockery of holy persons and holy things, as far as they come across him. He is sharp and ready and humorous, and employs these talents in the cause of Satan. He has a secret antipathy to religious truths and religious doings, a disgust which he is scarcely aware of, and could not explain if he were. So it was with Cain, the eldest born of Adam, who went to murder his brother, because his works were just. So was it with those poor boys at Bethel, who mocked the great prophet Eliseus, crying out, Go up, thou bald head! Anything serves the purposes of a scoff and taunt to the natural man, when irritated by the sight of religion.

O my brethren, I might go on to mention those other more loathsome and more hidden wickednesses which germinate and propagate within him, as time proceeds, and life opens on him. Alas! who shall sound the depths of that evil whose wages is death? O what a dreadful sight to look on is this fallen world, specious and fair outside, plausible in its professions, ashamed of its own sins, and hiding them, yet a mass of corruption under the surface! Ashamed of its sins, yet not confessing to itself that they are sins, but defending them if conscience upbraids, and perhaps boldly saying, or at least implying, that, if an impulse is right in itself, it must be right in an individual, nay, that self-gratification is its own warrant, and that temptation is the voice of God. Why should I attempt to analyze the intermingling influences, or to describe the combined power, of pride and concupiscence,—concupiscence exploring a way to evil, and pride fortifying the road,—till the first elementary truths of revelation are looked upon as mere nursery tales? No, I have intended nothing more than to put wretched nature upon its course, as I may call it, and there to leave it, my brethren, to your reflections, to that individual comment which each of you may be able to put on this poor delineation, realizing in your own mind and your own conscience what no words can duly set forth.

His temporal course proceeds: the boy has become a man; he has taken up a profession or a trade; he has fair success in it; he marries, as his father did before him. He plays his part in the scene of mortal life; his connexions extend as he gets older; whether in a higher or a lower sphere of society he has his reputation and his influence;—the reputation and the influence of, we will say, a sensible, prudent, and shrewd man. His children grow up around him; middle age is over,—his sin declines in the heavens. In the balance and by the measure of the world, he is come to an honorable and venerable old age; he has been a child of the world, and the