

In making use of this language, Mr Brownson—should he ever read these remarks—will not imagine that we have adopted the tone which he deprecates in our contemporary. When we speak of Mr Brownson's abilities, we speak of the *gifts of another to him*, remarkable for their number, to be sure—but, oh, how remarkable for the deep, deep responsibility which attaches to their exercise.

Referring to the article on himself, of which we spoke above, this truly Catholic writer says :

“ The article is written with ability, but is quite too eulogistic, and speaks of ourselves in terms quite beyond our deserts. But it is not of this we wish to speak. Most men are willing to swallow all the praise they can get. Yet Catholic writers, who may be presumed to believe and to know that the greatest enemies to our progress towards Christian perfection are pride and vain glory, ought to use some measure in their praise of a poor sinner, who probably at best finds it no easy task to practise the humility his religion demands.”

What a beautiful and feeling appeal to the *christian* principle of his panegrist ?

Alluding to his state of mind, about the time, when we first introduced him to our readers, Mr. B. says :

“ We had never seen and conversed with an intelligent Catholic on the subject of religion the value of one hour in our whole life, and of course could have known very little of what Catholicity really is. We guessed at its leading doctrines from our knowledge of the Protestant doctrines opposed to them ; and though we often guessed aright, we still oftener blundered. Nevertheless, we had formed to ourselves an ideal Catholicism, demanded by our philosophy and sustained by it ; and this ideal Catholicism we imagined was substantially what the Catholic Church believes, or really intends by her articles of faith. So we concluded, about as sagely as in other cases, that we were a Catholic, and had discovered a philosophy which would legitimate the Catholic Church, and give a scientific basis to all her doctrines.”

Whether this opinion be or be not founded on Truth, he says, he cares little, now, at all events that it led, not, ‘ necessarily,’ to Catholicism, he is convinced. Read his view at present :

“ We lay aside, utterly renounce, all our pretensions to a philosophy of our own ; and content ourselves in this matter, as well as in others, to walk in old paths, instead of striking out new ones. We set no value on what we have done, and request our friends to set no value on it. Our life begins with our birth into the Catholic Church. We say this, because we wish no one to be led astray by any of our former writings, all of which, prior to last Octo-

ber, unless it be the criticisms on Kant, some political essays, and the articles in our present Review on Social Reform and the Anglican Church, we would gladly cancel if we could. We have written and published much during the last twenty years ; but a small duodecimo volume would contain all that we would not blot, published prior to last October.”

How beautiful is the self-abasement—how dignified the humility expressed in the following sentences ! Few can read without a tear, the strong though subdued contrition of a majestic mind repentant of a mind which can estimate what the laughter of the vain ‘ is worth and—what it costs :

“ The truths of revelation must be taken simply, on plain, positive evidence ; they are not attained to by human wisdom alone. After twenty years and more of wandering in search of a new and better way to the truth, we have been forced to come back, to sit in all humility and docility at the feet of our blessed Saviour, and learn in the old way, as our fathers did before the experiments of Luther and Calvin. We become a fool that we may become wise, consent to know nothing that we may know all. We have found no new way, we have only found the old way. But this old way, beaten by millions of travellers for these eighteen hundred years, is sufficient for us. It is plain, straightforward, and easy ; and we do not feel equal to the windings, obscurities and asperities of a new and unbeaten path. Bold, energetic, young men, strong minds, full of spirit, untamed by experience, buoyant, confident in themselves, may laugh at us, and say we have grown weary and faint-hearted ; but they will not move us. We have been of their number, and laughed as they laugh, as heartily, and as proudly, and we can afford to be laughed at. Alas ! we know what their laughter is worth, and—what it costs. We have said all they can say. We have eaten our own words. May they live long enough to eat theirs, and to become ashamed of their mockery, as we are of ours.”

We shall not forget Mr Brownson.

LITERATURE.

From the Catholic Herald.

THE SISTER OF LAZARUS.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

“ The master is come and calleth for thee.”—John xi. 28.

A sister hung sad o'er the grave of the lov'd,
And tears of affliction stream'd fast from her eyes,
And she bow'd 'neath the rod of the Chastener, and prov'd
That those blessings fly first which most fondly we prize