

one must needs smile at the idea of a giant condescending to a pigmy.

She says "The Pope might as well have fallen in with the procession to Brun's statue as easily as to the Queen's Jubilee."

She taunts the ruler of Catholic Christendom with inconsistency in "having sent one of his chief officers to congratulate the Queen on her fifty years of reign."

Sending congratulations to Victoria is one thing; taking part in a procession, in memory of the old and hickie Henry, for instance, is another.

As some Catholics put it recently: "Suppose a lawless element in Washington should erect a statue to the traitor Benedict Arnold, and thirty thousand in line, march past the White House."

Is it probable that the president would enjoy such a demonstration—a direct insult to him and to all loyal citizens?

It is safe to say that he would take a run over to Lakewood instead of prostrating himself upon the carpet, to gash his teeth and rend his beard because Arnold escaped to England before he could lay hands on him, or because the distinction of helping Andrew off with his traitorous boots was denied him.

Then Miss Dodge worries because Catholic Christendom takes the Holy Father literally when he tells them of his being a prisoner, when there has "not only a palace but a series of palaces," comprising, according to Lady Murray's actual count, 15,000 rooms, while 1,600 persons are required to keep up the style of the Vatican, etc.

"It is dishonest," she says, "to call him a prisoner. Devout persons in remote corners of the Catholic world to-day are cherishing a wisp of straw as a part of the hard bed to which the Holy Father is reduced."

Must royalty sleep upon feathers if it really prefers straw for reasons occult to an unfortunated person?

Only recently Leo XIII., the Visible Head of the Roman Catholic Church, and Queen Victoria, Visible Head of the Church of England, celebrated an anniversary memorable to each. I submit a few words upon these two occasions which appeared in the secular press from the pen of Mary E. Blake, an intelligent Catholic writer:

"Her Majesty has doubtless a perfect legal right to bury her treasures where she pleases. She may even have the moral right to roll them up in lavender, and beneath them, with the rest of her temporal possessions, to the direct descendants of her angry and vindictive ancestors and supercilious lackeys to keep them from the eyes of the world. But how poor and paltry the action looks when compared with that of the anointed ruler who shared with her the glory of fifty years of service!"

"To the Pope of Rome also came jubilee and thanksgiving. His people over the earth laid before him gifts and rendered him homage. The wealth and skill of the world were strained to the uttermost to do him reverence. What use does he make of it all? Does he, like Victoria, greedily fill the marble halls of the Vatican with the splendor which is so suitably to the duty of power, rest with him—some clearer consideration of the divine right of kings to show humanity the royal virtues of kindness, generosity, of unselfishness? The daily press has already given us the answer.

"The Pope gave to the churches of Rome whatever treasures were fitted to add beauty to the service of God, to the museum whatever could train to delight and perfection the artistic sense of his people; and to the charitable institutions throughout Italy the millions of money which the millions of his people had provided for him."

Miss Dodge affirms that "the Roman world is learning to love very well without a Pope it never sees."

Statistics prove that the American Catholic world has flourished remarkably also, and it never sees the Pope.

If Miss Dodge will not consult Catholic writers, past or present, Galvez and Ranke, though opponents of the Church, could enlighten her upon the Papacy, which subject she has studied as an historic fact at least.

But these subtle questions are more intelligently treated by those writers who have purchased knowledge by the coin of experience. An eminent ecclesiastic in a Catholic periodical of recent issue says: "The Pope is the head of an immense and living organization, necessary just as much as military organization for the preservation of civil society. Spiritual rule does not mean the government of souls in the abstract, or hovering about like angels; but it means a rule of men with bodies and senses, and every kind of human interest in matters which, it is true, relate directly but not exclusively to their souls."

It was the introduction of the interviews of the deceitful Pole with the Holy Father which gave me something of a shock. If Miss Dodge had friends at court, she certainly had not a friend at the papal court. She encountered some deserters and got such information as might have been expected from such a tainted source. That venal element of the aristocracy is not peculiar to Italy, however, as recent developments have shown. She allows readers of the unpleasing Polish episode to infer that she approved rather than condemned the sentiments of the Pole, else why was it introduced?

A courteous and refined host was not harmed by the ungrateful flings of a vulgar visitor who sadly needed a whetstone for the sharpening of his wit. And now we come to her meeting with the young monk of Chateaux. "He was a brawny six footer, broad shouldered—a great, plaided ox of a creature," etc., etc.

We have heard all sorts of adjectives, complimentary or otherwise—largely otherwise—based upon the monks who sat visitors with unflinching kindness and hospitality; but, if I may be permitted a little classic pun, I think Miss Dodge has given us the best adjective thus far.

With Miss Dodge is a nameless nymph whom the ox regarded with "no hostility," she says—"a nymph whose youth, straightforwardness, directness, earnest and intelligent vivacity" seemed to awaken a passing interest even in the ox, on whose head there was not a single bump of thought; not a ray of reflection in his large, dark eyes; not a line of introspection in his healthy, handsome face."

It is the misfortune of that class of tourists who have the fatal gift of heaven—a sensitive soul—and who are therefore more keenly alive to defects than to positive merits, to return to their native soil emotionally withered.

If a monk be fat and healthy-looking, he eats too much. If diaphanously inclined, he's one of those idiots who starves himself doing penance for his sins. The nymph asks him a leading question: "How do you occupy yourselves all day long?"

"We lead a *vie contemplative*,"

Whereat Miss Dodge indulges in much gentle railing of this sort: "Bless his heart! So does a cow!"

Then her imagination becomes a divining-rod. The monk knows nothing—nothing whatever—about the historic ground upon which they stand, beyond a few dates.

Miss Dodge knows it all, and forthwith gives us a specimen of ineffectual erudition from the guide-book, very florid, very amusing; and "the great, plaided ox of a creature" stands by and hears it all for the first time. Ah, my American tourist! do not for one instant dream that the young monk was not, in his turn, noting your absence of certain desirable bumps—your absence of lines denoting introspection of the right sort.

Is there anything ridiculous about a life of contemplation?

Does Miss Dodge know the meaning of *la vie contemplative*? I think not. Here is a beautiful definition given by Cardinal Manning: "Meditation is the patient thought of wisdom musing upon divine things." Prayer and action are so akin that their double action need never interfere the one with the other.

The venerable scholar above quoted lives *la vie contemplative*. This fact did not prevent him from going forth among the turbulent multitudes in London, recently, and saying gently, "Peace," and it was still.

That brave young martyr who is this very hour on her way to devote her life to the lepers of Molokai lived also *la vie contemplative*, nor will she cease to do so, no matter how arduous her duties there.

Temperance gives us an exquisite poem of St. Simon Stylites, that "sign bewitch the meadow and the cloud," as he beautifully describes him; and, while we linger over its beauty, someone smites the gracious silence with a refined criticism upon the uncleanness of the Saint.

There must always be someone to give weight to smoke, to ridicule the incidental at the expense of the substantial. Old Ben Johnson was more respectful, had more reverence in his nature.

"I never read," he exclaims, "of a hermit, but, in imagination, I kiss his feet; nor of a monastery, but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."

I had just been reading the noble utterances of a cultivated traveller who made monasteries and monks the objects of twenty years' close studies—the Count de Montalembert, whose "Monks of the West" is such a delight and a mine of information. To come down to the things of Miss Dodge in her undignified treatment of the same subjects was like hearing a beginner upon a melodeon after emerging from a majestic cathedral at whose noble organ sat a master.

How vastly different is her style from Chateaubriand or Mrs. Jameson in writing of religious institutions! I have known instances where the flowers of Miss Dodge's wit were whiter and more abundant.

By very rare there were thoughts of wisdom in the mind of the "great, plaided ox of a creature" undreamed of in her worldly philology.

"Far better, in its place, the lowliest bird should sing aright to Him the lowliest King. Than that a seraph, strayed, should take the word And sing His glory wrong."

The eminent scholars whose giant intellects were the only lights in the darkness of ages; whose thoughts were the glorious torches that lighted souls through the dark and winding corridors of centuries; who have bequeathed to us a matchless, luminous literature, all lived *la vie contemplative*. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, de Meistre, as well, and still more modest writers of to-day who are "adding honor to ancestral honors"—have they not lived a life of meditation?

Rather than read St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, the great St. Bernard, St. Teresa, St. Thomas Aquinas, and countless other illustrious authors, Miss Dodge and many more from whom we look for better things, prefer to consult writers whose intellects have scarcely taken the first step in the career of knowledge, yet fancy they already know everything: "pretending to know all things, except the needful—I know not." (St. Bernard's reproof to Abelard.)

The writings of those master minds who wrote for the glory of God and not for human praise!

"Knowledge ordained to live (although the fate Of much that went before it was to die). As he called me, I called him as he wait Till the next drift comes by."

In her paper earlier mentioned, upon "Catholicism and the Public Schools," there were some excellent and memorable things. I quote one:

"It would be better if Protestants would learn the meaning, the use and the weight of words, because it is in the line of right thinking and true culture."

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MARY HOWITT.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HER NOT FOUND IN HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY—HOW SHE LIVED AND DIED AS A CATHOLIC.

Not long ago in the *Catholic Review* we gave an extended notice of Mary Howitt's autobiography, and found fault with the meagreness of its account of her conversion. Mr. James Britten, a well known Englishman, in a short article lately gave an account which will satisfy Catholic interest, and which we condense for the benefit of our readers.

In 1872 the heirs of a Catholic convert, Orwick, the notable painter, were desirous that Mary Howitt's daughter Margaret should become his biographer. They gave to her all his private papers, among which were numerous letters on disputed points of doctrine and Church history. Miss Howitt not only read these, but every accessible book to which they referred as well. In the end she became a Catholic in the year 1880.

Her mother assisted her occasionally, acquired a taste for Catholic literature, and read Faber's "All for Jesus." The chapter on Intercessory Prayer struck her with astonishment and filled her with delight. From that moment she devoted herself to the reading of Catholic works of devotion, but could not bring herself to accept the Catholic faith, fearing that such a step would be disrespectful to the memory of her husband, now dead a few years. She had a desire to receive baptism, and thought it might be received anywhere. Therefore she visited the Prince Bishop of Exeter during one of her periodical visits to Exeter, and asked him to give her baptism. She was informed of the necessary conditions and went away astonished and grieved. To receive she must become a Catholic.

A dream—a vision—or what seemed to her a supernatural warning—left her no room for doubt, and led to her entrance into the Church. One night in her sleep she seemed to hear distinctly something through the room the words: "Come and is come, and thou art not saved." They roused her from sleep, and made a deep impression upon her. While still under the influence of the vision a Dominican monk named Father De Robiano paid her a visit. She disliked Dominicans because of their connection with the Inquisition. But the sight of her visitor removed all prejudices. When he entered the room, said she, "a tall grand man in the beautiful white robe of his Order, I looked up, and such a strange feeling came over me—it might have been the figure of our Lord." Father De Robiano received her into the Church in May, 1882.

A Catholic friend says of her: "After she became a Catholic she used to speak of herself as a baby in the faith, learning day by day fresh truths and discovering new beauties in the faith she had adopted. Her whole countenance would become suffused with the peace and joy she had found in the one true fold, and she used to yearn after the souls she loved, who were still outside it. The Penny Catechism was her constant companion, and she would have liked everyone she knew to possess a copy of it. There was nothing she enjoyed more than to converse with fellow Catholics on the great truths of her religion. Every day she seemed to become more strengthened in the faith and to realize in a striking degree the communion of saints, more especially the presence and communion of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to whose protection, guidance and intercession she would attribute the daily events of her life."

A Protestant friend said: "While regretting the particular direction that her piety was taken, I could not but feel that it was a step upward in the spiritual life. She was being delivered from the cold region of Unitarianism, and entering a more genial and more spiritual, and finding a true peace in the Catholic faith."

To this friend Mary Howitt wrote: "I thank you and bless you for the liberality of your faith, which allows you to give me credit for some good reason for settling in my old age at last, after having tried for half a century to find peace in almost every other shade of religious opinion, in what I must believe is the true faith, come down from the teaching of our dear and Blessed Lord Himself."

We are all indebted to Mr. Bailen for this clear and convincing account of Mary Howitt's faith.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

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