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EDITOR'S ADDRESS.



OW it happens, we know not; but, beyond all question, Englishmen are eminently fond of precedents. Satisfy them that this, that, or the other thing has been done before, and with all submission, they follow in the trodden track; while, in a new matter, they will pertinaciously abstain from fifty good actions rather than "establish a precedent," as the saying goes. Now, happily for us, custom is in favor of explanatory addresses on first appearances. Let this be clearly established, and without fear of being charged with egotism, we may at once proceed to speak of ourselves, our intentions, and our prospects.

Introductions, and, in cases of emergency, self-introductions are the only *open-sesame* in ordinary society. In the drama also—the pre-eminently national drama—we have Punch very judiciously asking a certain personage: "*Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going to?*" While in nautical affairs, every new vessel must be provided with its proper credentials and declaratory papers. Now, to what may the appearance of a new journal be so justly likened as to the launching of a ship? It is in fact, the launching of a new vessel on the Sea of Letters. And in the one case, as in the other, the law of custom not unreason-

ably demands that the new craft shall at once hoist her colors; shall state what service she belongs to, her name, and the nature of her cargo; say whence she is, and whither bound; give the name of her captain and any other particulars that may tend to satisfy the public as to her character, capacity, and object.

In our own case, therefore, it is but due to this time-honored custom, to the Catholic public, and to ourselves, that we should state plainly, at this our outset, who and what we are, what are our purposes and projects, and the mission which we feel ourselves called upon to accomplish.

The CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE is published by the Members of the Liverpool Catholic Institute. They have long wished to possess a medium of intercommunication, and this is an attempt to establish one. They felt this want, because they form a numerous body, and have many occupations, studies, pursuits, and amusements in common; while beyond an occasional or chance meeting in the Hall, the Library, or the Garden of the Institute, they have hitherto enjoyed no means of exchanging an idea, or of so much as giving notice of an intended lecture or debate. The difficulty was of constant recurrence; it beset them at every step. At last, as a means of encountering it, the Members of the Institute inaugurated a magazine; but, alas! it was of the most meagre pretensions. THE ORATORIAN appeared monthly; like the manuscripts of old, it was laboriously copied by hand, and its single impression could enjoy no more extended circulation than that secured by its lying a month on the Library table for the inspection of the curious. Like the philosophical toy constructed to roll up an inclined plane, it constantly reacted against itself; for the multiplication of labor in producing copy deterred its scribes from using more than a tithe of the matter, that lay ready for insertion. And so THE ORATORIAN collapsed—*mole ruit sua*.

But it was felt that the want of an organ did not affect the Institute only; it was evident that the Catholic public of Liverpool required a representative in the press as well. Here we have a body, confessedly numerous, intelligent, affluent, and energetic. They support a score of Churches; they require the ministrations of about fifty priests; they have a College, an Institute, a splendid array of Poor Schools, several Convents, many Young Men's Societies, Guilds, and Friendly Associations; they require organization within, to protect their interests against aggression from without; and yet they have never an exponent of their views, no champion of their sacred rights, not a voice to raise in behalf of their poor; nay, not so much as a single journal in which they are sure of having even a Catholic advertisement inserted.

There is much to be said on the general question of periodical literature, and whether it ought at once to address itself to the level of its readers, or whether it should rather strive to elevate the classes to a higher level of its own; but in this introductory address, our limits as well as good taste forefend us from entering on this question; we reserve to ourselves the right of returning to it on a future occasion. But, we conceive, that the circumstances of the Liverpool Catholics, as above stated, loudly call for something to be done in the way of establishing an organ.

Thus then stood the case. Here was the Catholic Institute of Liverpool, with its Oratorian services, Confraternities, its Company of St. Philip; its three priests; its body of twelve professors; its High school, Middle school, and Night school; its weekly Lectures, its Reading Room, News Room, and Library; its Literary Society; its Philomathic Society; its two Bands; its Gymnasium; and above all its serried phalanx of young men, who make its halls their pleasure, their home, and their safeguard; and could not these, with the faithful and true Catholics of Liverpool to back them, hope for some success in attempting to found a solitary, unpretending journal? Full of confidence, they have determined to make the trial; and the present number of THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE is the first step in the work. Of course, if our little periodical is to last, we must look for support beyond our own immediate circle, and we trust we shall succeed in providing such a table of contents each month, as may render us deserving of public countenance and patronage. Lancashire possesses many Guilds and Young Men's Societies, and among these we hope to find friends and sup-

porters. We can scarcely aspire to do much for Catholicity, but what little we can do, shall be cheerfully and cordially done—

“Smallest help if rightly given,
Will make the impulse stronger.”

As to our principles, this epitomizes all; Religion first; Literature next. In Religion we are purely, unhesitatingly, and essentially Roman Catholic, and (this to prevent misconceptions) *ultramontane* in the broadest sense of the word; and therefore, they who consider such *views* as *illiberal*, had better throw us aside in disgust at once. As to Literature, we shall do what we can to instruct, please, and improve. We have secured the services of many able writers; but, as one of our proposed objects is, to bring out and develop the talent of the young men connected with the Institute, it is only to be expected that we shall have our shortcomings; and if we fail occasionally to reach a certain standard, we trust this explanation will be kindly borne in mind. Still we shall constantly endeavor to make our columns worthy of perusal by young and old.

Each number will contain *two Leading Articles*; one on general literature; the other, addressed more particularly to young men and their peculiar circumstances. *Reviews* of new and standard books will form a most important feature of our pages. In no way can a correct taste be formed, errors combated, theories propounded, or doctrines defended more agreeably to the reader, or less ostentatiously on the part of the writer, than while criticising literary productions. And with simple truth we can affirm, that in this department we have been so happy as to secure the valuable aid of some, whose education, age, experience, and refined taste render their judgment in the highest degree valuable and reliable. A constant eye will be kept on Catholic and general literature, and every publication of mark shall appear at our tribunal, and shall there be “well and truly tried.” Newspaper criticisms are often notoriously considered as a joke by sub-editors and the hangers-on of the press, and not unfrequently, works are severely handled of which the Reviewer has seen no more than the title-page or the index. Like the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, “it may be sport to them,” but it is not so to their readers. The public in general distrust their own judgment as to books, and look to their paper or their review for a real appreciation of them. If a book be praised by a reviewer, they buy it; if condemned, they pass it over. And since this is the case, the opinions of these wilfully blind

guides are sometimes mischievous, generally useless, and always unworthy of trust. We purpose to "reform this altogether." Our critiques must be necessarily brief, but we believe it will be generally found, that a correct estimate of the calibre of each book will be drawn from our remarks. *Fiction* will find a place in our pages; for the imagination wants feeding as well as the reasoning faculties. But romantic maidens will do well not to look for the namby-pamby within our green wrapper, and sentimental young men are at once respectfully informed that we have *not* made arrangements for the publication of a series of tales of thrilling horror.

Poetry shall have a niche, but they must be such numbers as "Gods, men, and the columns permit." Moore calls poets, a "sensitive race," while Horace (the Tom Moore of the Augustan era) more mercilessly dubs them the "*genus irritabile vatum*." But, be they *sensitive* or be they *irritable*, we pray their kind forbearance, and we warn them, that our waste-paper basket yawns wide as Avernus, while our shears (Hogers's) are as inexorable as those of Clotho.

Reports will be given of the weekly Lectures delivered in our Institute. One Lecture will be generally inserted at length, as we this time give Rev. Canon Onkeley's; while a fair summary of the others will appear; so that those who cannot attend personally, may participate in the advantages provided so kindly by the Principals of the Institute.

Any letters bearing upon Religion, Letters, Young Men's Societies, Science, &c., shall appear either substantially or at length. The progress of Religion shall be chronicled in the shape of a monthly digest of Catholic intelligence. Occasional papers on various subjects connected with Music, the Arts, the Sciences, and the Belles Lettres in general will appear. We have also arranged for a series of papers on Modern English History; that is to say, the events of the last fifty years—the latter part of which is too recent to have found its way into the pages of recognised histories, and yet too remote for the memory of the young, among whom as a class we shall strive to enrol a cohort of regular readers and supporters.

With regard to the size, price, appearance, type, and general aspect of our Magazine, nothing needs to be said, as the present number speaks for itself. There are always difficulties in originating a work of this sort; and we would beg our kind friends to grant us an indulgent inspection of our few first numbers, during which, we shall endeavor to merit

general support; for of course without these, our own unaided efforts would necessarily fail; while a moderate degree of countenance from without would urge us on in our career, lighten our labor, and reward our efforts to please.

ON POLITENESS.



HE subject of Politeness is both a curious and important one. There are indeed abundance of rules about it, but a view or theory of it is not commonly met with in writers on this topic. To gain clear notions of a thing, it is generally of great use to observe the origin and derivation of the word which expresses it, a method we shall adopt in the present case. The word politeness then is derived from the Latin word *polio*, to polish. It signifies the demeanour of a *polished* person. Now "polished" is a metaphorical term, and is applied to things connected with the mind, such as gesture and manners, though originally it means the smoothness and equality of a surface from which all roughness has been removed, till the finger can glide pleasantly over it, without meeting with the slightest resistance to disturb the evenness of the touch. Instances of it, as one knows, are supplied by metals, by glass, by wood, by marble, and other materials, which either possess by nature or may receive by man's art, the quality that has been described.

Another point may be particularly noticed in the original signification of this word, and that is, that it applies only to the *exterior* of objects. Break the marble or the gnarled root of the oak which has received so elaborate a finish, and you discern that the interior is all rough and hard. It is true there are substances, such as glass and other crystalline objects, which, whether divided evenly or broken, exhibit in the surface of each particle you produce smoothness equal, or nearly so, to what existed in the whole. But the idea of "polish" or "smoothness" applies, nevertheless, only to the surface. Hence, also, the idea of "politeness" applies only to exterior, and if a man conforms to certain rules of demeanour, of external conduct, we call him a polite man, from whatever internal principle that demeanour proceeds. We will show this by some examples.

In Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* we read the following anecdotes :—

"Of his (Julius Cæsar's) indifference with respect to diet, we have the following remarkable proof: happening to sup with Valerius Leo, a friend of his, at Milan, sweet ointment had been poured upon the asparagus instead of oil. Cæsar ate of it, notwithstanding, and afterwards rebuked his friends for having expressed their dislike of it. 'It was enough,' he said, 'to forbear eating, if it was disagreeable to you. He who finds fault with any rusticity is himself a rustic.' One day, as he was upon an excursion, a violent storm forced him to seek shelter in a poor man's hut, where there was only one room, and that scarcely big enough for a man to sleep in. Turning, therefore, to his friends, he said, 'Honors for the great and comforts for the infirm:' and immediately gave up the room to the officers, while he himself and the rest of the company slept under a shed at the door."—Langhorne's *Plutarch*, by Wrangham, vol. v, p. 310.

In that old romance, the *Life and Death of King Arthur*, which gives the most complete picture extant of the manners of chivalry, upon which the modern idea of "gentlemanliness" is founded, we find a character called Sir Beaumains, who, on some occasion, is entrusted with the care of escorting a lady through some perilous roads. The lady amuses herself with heaping all sorts of insults on her knightly guide, calls him names, and racks her invention to say things likely to put him in a rage. However, all the lady says is received by the knight with the most perfect calmness and gentleness. After a long time, when she is thoroughly convinced she cannot provoke him so far as to forget the courtesy a knight ought to show, she exclaims: "forgive me, Sir Knight, I am sure that such courtesy as yours never came but of noble blood and chivalrous courage."

Turning from the field of paganism and chivalry to that of Catholicity, we have only to open any saint's life for splendid examples of the politeness we would contrast with that of the world. The life of St. Francis de Sales, in particular, abounds with cases in point. Take the following: St. Francis de Sales' great friend and biographer, Bishop Camus, one day remonstrated with him for allowing a great deal of his time to be taken up with hearing the stories of people of a very moderate rank in life, who used to come and consult him about their family affairs. "The little matters you speak of," replied the saint, (we quote the anecdote from memory,) "are great to them. Why, then, should I not hear what they have to say, if I can be of any use to them?"

Now, of these three examples of politeness, all, we think, agree as to the exterior. If we

merely remarked that an individual Cæsar, of whom we knew nothing else, patiently partook of ill-dressed food, or slept under a shed to allow his friend in delicate health the use of the apartment; or, that another, like Sir Beaumains quietly put up with a great deal of provocation and impertinence; or that a third, like St. Francis de Sales, obligingly listened to tedious conversations, we should say that they all alike showed *politeness*, one not more than another as regards the world, because politeness has to do with external manners, and consists in acting in such a way as to put people at their ease, to avoid anything that may in the least degree jar with their feelings, any little roughness or unevenness, that, like jags or inequalities on a surface, interfere with smoothness and polish.

But the principles from which these three instances of politeness proceeded, are as wide as the poles assunder. We see from Cæsar's own observations, that he acted as he did, not so much from an idea of what was due to others, as what was due to himself. It was for "rustics" to complain of "rusticity." He was too elevated, in his own opinion, above the rest of mankind, to notice the deficiencies of their conduct or manners. And even where he gives up the cottage to his friend, he still, whilst conceding to him the privilege of weakness, reserves to himself the superior dignity, not so much of yielding, as of despising the indulgence he waives in his favour. "Honours for the great." Cæsar is great, he therefore can dispense with what inferior minds cannot do without.

So too, Sir Beaumains, in courteously passing over the impertinence of the lady, did so, not so much from consideration for her feelings, as from a regard of what conduct befitted himself, being either a man of noble descent, or desirous of acting as men of noble descent might be expected to do.

But St. Francis de Sales, in enduring the tiresome conversation of the worthy people who sought his advice, did not think of himself, or what was due to himself, but thought only of them and of the good he could do to them. "These little matters were great to them." He dismissed himself entirely from consideration, and thought only of his neighbour. His politeness, whilst externally the same with that of the others, arose from a totally different source, and was as distinct from them as the sufferings the miser goes through in order to save his money, are from the mortifications of the saint.

The idea most prominent, with reference to politeness, in the mind of the pagans, of the ancient Greeks and Romans would seem to have been that of freedom, as contrasted with slavery; the appellation both of them gave to what we would call a gentleman being derived from a word signifying "free." And we find continual allusions in the classics to the mean, vulgar, and insolent bearing of slaves as affording a caricature of the conduct gentlemen ought to avoid. But it is evident, whilst this notion of freedom might impart a kind of dignity to the manners, it would as often result in a demeanour the reverse of polite, a pride and haughtiness that would by no means exhibit a due regard to the feelings of others or put them at their ease with you.

In like manner, the derivation of the word "gentleman," helps us to the notions current as to politeness among the knights of old, and which we have already hinted at. The word is derived from *gentilis homo*, in French *gentil homme*, and means simply in its original acceptation "a man of family." It is evident that if this were made the principle of politeness, it would frequently so far fail of putting those with whom you converse perfectly at their ease, that they might often be hurt by the assumption of superiority, which a man could not but show who regulated all his demeanour by a notion of what manners were suitable to a person of noble descent. We are not denying that the manners of a "gentleman" having been greatly colored by the higher ideas of Christianity, are far superior to the pagan politeness we have described; nor again that, taking the word in its popular sense everybody ought "to behave like a gentleman." We are only contrasting the chivalrous idea of politeness with that of the Christian.

The Christian and Catholic idea of politeness springs from a double source—the conviction of your own unworthiness, and the reverence due to others, as the creatures of God and images of Christ.

A celebrated English writer has said that, the great principles of all politeness, and upon which all the rules of society and etiquette depend is—*never to give the preference to yourself*. A moment's reflection shows what a great deal of truth there is in this. Whoever interrupts another whilst speaking, whoever talks too long, whoever uses any gesture disagreeable to others in any way, gives the preference to himself, and shows that he does not think them of importance enough for him to sacrifice any trifling indulgence to avoid giving

them a trifling annoyance. You may see the same principle exemplified in a Catholic procession. The humblest in rank come first. The acolytes lead the way, then come the sub-deacons, then the deacons, and the priest, though highest in rank, closes the procession, not giving the preference to himself. Whereas, as any one knows, in society, it is the person highest in rank who leaves the room first, and the rest in order of their rank. One of the rules in a Roman triumph affords a singular illustration of the difference between Catholic and pagan principles of politeness. The victorious general "gave a magnificent entertainment in the capitol to his friends and the chief men of the city. The consuls were invited, but were afterwards desired not to come, *that there might be no one at the feast superior to the triumphant general*."—Adam's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 327, ed. Boyd.

What we have stated as the two-fold source of Christian politeness will invariably secure the observance of the principle, "never to give the preference to oneself," which nothing else could. For, whoever keeps before him the belief that he is utterly unworthy, and that others, as creatures of God, are perhaps resplendent now, or will be resplendent hereafter, with graces far beyond his own, will certainly always treat them with the utmost consideration, and will never put himself forward, or do anything which, however remotely, might show that he thinks more of himself than he does of others.

Lectures.—Amusements.

[AUTUMN SESSION.]

NOTHING is more desirable than that Catholics should know each other personally—should have mutual feelings of kindness, and should be brought into frequent contact with each other. But, in addition to this, our younger members require relaxation and amusement after prolonged hours of labour; while the up-grown want relief from the "cares of life," against which a Great Master has warned us. These considerations combined have weighed with the Rev. J. Nugent, the indefatigable President of the Institute, to provide, during the winter months of each year, a series of intellectual amusements in the shape of Lectures, Concerts, and such like; and during the last five years many an agreeable evening have the Catholics of Liverpool enjoyed at these interesting reunions. As the long nights are upon us again, their recurrence has called for the opening of another session,

and, accordingly, arrangements have been made for a series of instructive amusements on the Monday Evenings during the Autumn and Winter Quarters. These will consist of Lectures, Concerts, Dramatic Readings, Debates, Scenic Representations, &c. An unbroken series of lectures might have been provided; but it was wisely judged, that variety would be more pleasing, and, at the same time, would serve the same purposes of usefulness.

The Session opened on Monday Evening, August 27; on which occasion the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley delivered an elaborate and eloquent lecture on "The last ten years of the Church in England." Through his courtesy, we have it in our own power, to give this valuable disquisition in full, and we are assured, that its tone, arguments, and style, will alike please and edify our readers.

THE TEN LAST YEARS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The last ten years of the Catholic Church in England will form an important era in her future history. At no time, indeed, since she was despoiled of her ancient and appropriate splendor, as the teacher and guardian of the truth in this land, have her sacred annals been without their features of surpassing interest; for that which is the most glorious spectacle to the angels should be likewise the most attractive object to the "men of good-will," the sight of a Church trampled under foot of her enemies, but, through evil, as through good report, in patience, and in obscurity, maintaining her tranquil and unflinching witness for God and His Truth. And such has been at every period of her adversity the unchanging characteristic of our Lord's "little flock" in this portion of His fold. There has never been the time since the calamitous changes of the sixteenth century, when the light of missionary zeal, or the power of self-denying heroism have been wanting to the Church in England. But the even tenor of the missionary's, the student's, or the novice's career presents but little on which the historian or the biographer can expatiate with effect. Our time of fierce persecution has its record in Bishop Challoner's admirable Lives of our martyr-missionaries, and the political fortunes of the Catholic community in England may be collected from the literature of the time. But it would seem as if the materials of a history, properly so called, of the English Church, were only of late beginning to disclose themselves. It is especially within the last ten years, that the Church has here put forth external and tangible signs of her vital activity; that she has displayed the visible fruits of her

long novitiate; that she has made herself felt and hated in this nation, as an engine of power, and an instrument of social influence which it has been the policy of statesmen of the one class to crush, and of the other to cajole. To review briefly the causes, and to analyze the character of this fact, as well as to ascertain the duties which the actual state of the Church in England appear to impose upon us her loyal subjects and loving children, shall be the object of the following essay.

In estimating the obvious revival of Catholic life which the last ten years have witnessed, the impartial historian of the Church in England will not fail to observe this significant and most encouraging fact, that this vital growth has been purely and *exclusively of a religious character*. Of its actual extent and importance he may take a more sanguine, or a more desponding view; he may dwell, according to the difference of his disposition, upon its features of promise, or upon its points of deficiency; but of one thing he can hardly doubt, that be it greater or less, deeper or more superficial, fuller of hope, or more suggestive of anxiety, at any rate the amelioration has been brought about in remarkable independence of worldly agencies, and bears upon its front the fewest possible traces of a merely secular character. The victory of Catholic Emancipation had been gained, (whether for good or evil,) at a considerably earlier period; and Catholics, released from the burden of a contest, which, whatever the importance of its proposed object, was in its conduct and progress, not a little perilous to their distinctive principles, were left free to prosecute their proper objects with simplicity of intention. Any one who compares the public expressions of Catholic feeling which were called forth by the popular outcry on the introduction of the Hierarchy in 1850, with the discussions on what was called "The Catholic Question" about a quarter of a century before, will be struck, if I mistake not, with the far higher and more religious tone of the latter of these two demonstrations. On both occasions there was the same kind of inducement to pare down the great religious and moral verities of the Church to the level of Protestant apprehension. I am far from saying that, even in the latter instance, this temptation was always successfully resisted. But I remember feeling, that, on the whole, the difference was perceptibly in favor of the latter, as compared with the former line of defence. It is impossible not to believe that the improvement was due to that correct

estimate of our character and privileges, which had gradually and unconsciously, but surely and effectually, grown up in the interval.

Without disparagement of the moral and religious excellence which has always prevailed in the English Catholic community, whether lay or clerical, you will, I think, agree with me, that its tendency (as a body) till within the last few years, was towards a depreciation of its own corporate character and ecclesiastical position. The very phrase "Catholic body" accurately as it expresses the actual state of our community in one point of view overlooks the fact, that this community, how limited soever in numbers, how unimportant soever in social position and influence, is the national expression of the Universal Church, the sole inheritor of Gospel Truth, the one representative of apostolic power, the divinely constituted channel of sacramental grace, and the divinely authenticated deliverer and interpreter of the Moral Law of God in this our country. When this view of our prerogative is not habitually kept before the mind, incorporated into our thoughts, and implied in our customary modes of speech, the consequence must of necessity be, that the less instructed portion of our own community will grow into the belief, that English Catholicism is but one (though the best) of many forms of religion existing in this country; and thus Protestants who are ever on the watch for our inadvertent admissions, will not un-naturally interpret our mistaken humility as a virtual cession of their claims of ecclesiastical ascendancy, which our theologians assert, and which our martyrs have vindicated for the Catholic Church. I am not insensible to the value, or at least to the urgency, of the motives which prompt even zealous and intelligent Catholics to waive the assertion of their full claims in arduous times or before unsympathizing auditories. I am no advocate of indiscreet zeal or ostentatious pretensions, yet I think, my friends, you will feel, as I do, that modes of expression which wrap up the prerogatives of our Holy Faith in mere conciliatory and extenuating phrases are apt to familiarise our people to a dangerous extent, with notions of the character and office of the Church, which, however unhappily true in this unfortunate country, are never for an instant to be acquiesced in, as descriptive of her normal condition and rightful place.

It is obvious that the two main correctives of this great mistake are to be found in the habit of regarding the English Catholic community 1st, as the lineal descendant of the

ancient Church of England, and 2ndly, as the sister of the continental churches, and the daughter of the apostolic see. The first of these relations separates her completely and for ever from those sects of later growth and human origin, whether enthroned by the favour of the world in the seat of national establishments, or left to struggle on in unendowed obscurity, which cover the face of this land, symbolizing the liberty of human opinion where exempt from the sovereignty of Revealed Truth. And here we cannot but recognize the especial advantage which the Catholic community of England has derived from comprehending within its limits the members of so many ancient families, who are the visible links of the connexion between it and the Church of former days. It was doubtless in the way of that providential government which converts the very weaknesses of men into occasions of strength to the Church, that the very pride of ancestry has been made in this country to minister to the exaltation of Truth; and the blood-red cross, or the meek fleur-de-lis which adorn the escutcheon of many an ancient house, whether Catholic or Protestant, have told their tale with a force outweighing argument of the oneness of our English Catholics of this day with those who fought in ancient times under the banner of the Crucified, or the invocation of His Virgin Mother. And it was no doubt a like instance of providential care, that, in parts of England (as, if I mistake not, in this or the adjoining county) sacred spots are shown, in which the true worship of God has been continued without intermission, even through the shock which desolated the rest of this land.

In the parochial churches, and above all, in the magnificent cathedrals, every principal city of England has its standing witness against the religion by which Catholicism has been supplanted. The most prejudiced have been forced to feel that the glorious minsters of York or Durham were formed for other uses than those to which they are actually desecrated. The spacious sanctuary and the long-drawn aisle which find their only true correlatives in the august Sacrifice or the devout procession, are now regarded by the artful politician as mere national monuments, or examples of waste, or obstacles to improvement. But the Catholic can point to them at once as tokens and as protests;—as tokens of the antiquity of his holy Faith; as protests against the infidel spirit of the age, which, while it could brook the expenditure of millions on the

pagoda-palace of Brighton, can mourn over the outlay which gives back His own to the King of kings. It cannot, I think, be questioned that, in enumerating the different causes which in our own time have contributed to juster ideas of our religion, we must assign a certain place to the revived taste for ecclesiastical architecture. I am no advocate of expensive churches in our actual circumstances. But there can be no doubt that the study of ecclesiastical art in those unapproachable models, the ancient cathedrals and churches of England, has helped, with other and more powerful causes to foster an interest in the religion which is their only proper counterpart.

Yet more important towards a truer estimate of our privileges, has been that increased sympathy with the continental churches, and those restored and active relations with Rome which have sprung up to so remarkable an extent during the few last years. It is but an accident of the Church, that she has her dwelling-place in this or that country; but, that she is actually of many countries, and by claim and constitution of all, this belongs to her essence as the true Bride of our Lord. Accordingly, though certain ideas of her nationality may, in the particular instance of England, have been overruled towards a truer and juster view of her character, yet these ideas would have tended to replace one false notion by another, had they not met with a providential counteraction in an increased sense of sympathy with the churches of other nations, and of dependence upon Rome as the common centre of all. And this advantage has very remarkably come about during the years which are now under review. The first of these (as I may call them) denationalizing causes has been found in the increased intercourse with the continent which began with the peace of 1815, and has rapidly increased with the ever increasing facilities of locomotion. We are every day losing more and more our insular peculiarities; and, along with the rest, I hope, that our religious antipathies and exclusiveness are departing also. It would be easy to show in how many ways this active intercourse with the Continent is helping to disabuse the minds even of our Protestant neighbors of their ancient and hereditary prejudices. They have learned by actual experience what their forefathers knew but from books and hearsay; that the Catholic is the religion of France, of Italy, of Austria, and of the Peninsula; and that even in those parts of Germany where it shares the ground as among ourselves, with

the Protestant heresy, it is not, as here, contemned and insulted, but, on the contrary, uninjured and respected. They have learned much more. They have proved that in these countries, say what politicians may, the Catholic religion has a hold upon the affections of the people, which the English establishment with all its wealth and political and social influence vainly attempts to acquire. This is at any rate a palpable fact; and the old thread-bare theories of popular delusion and priestly domination are not sufficient in the judgment, even of sensible men in the world, to explain it. Let the inquirer look at France, for example. There we behold a country where every man may be a Protestant for anything which the world says to the contrary; nor can any one pretend with the slightest plausibility that the French people are unintelligent or uneducated. Yet in France it is the people themselves who are daily outgrowing, by the force of their improved intelligence, the follies of infidelity and atheism. The Church of France is advancing with rapid strides to an ascendancy of power, not purchased by compromise, or fortified by penal enactments, but willingly accorded to her by the voice of the most enlightened and accomplished of European nations. Or it may be that our inquirers had read or dreamed of lazy monks and unhappy ladies immured in convents against their will; and one of his earliest encounters after crossing the channel is with the Sister of Charity on her mission to the Crimea; cheerfulness in her department, and benevolence in her eye; creating wherever she sees moves, an atmosphere around her, of joyful sympathy and reverential respect. Or he visits perchance the school of some Catholic brotherhood, and there again is this much calumniated religion, the enemy of light, of education, and of social progress, aiding by its energetic presence, and sanctifying with its gracious benediction, the cultivation of the intellect and the diffusion of knowledge. Or perhaps he is fortunate enough to be directed to an obscure quarter of the gayest of European capitals where a lady of ducal rank, once the admired and courted of the highest circles of society, having exchanged in the bloom of youth, the gay attire of the world for the meek habit of religion, has for some quarter of a century devoted herself in company with her sisterhood to the training of children from the cradle to the adult school, interrupting her chosen work but once, and that was, when, in a revolutionary tumult, she saved, at the immi-

ment risk of her own life, that of a fellow-creature who was about to fall a victim to the will of an infuriated populace.* Or our traveller goes to Rome, where, if anywhere, he looks to find the raw material of Popery, and, of course, in the Pope himself, the concentrated essence of its abominations, and the visible impersonation of its horrors; but in place of that hideous figure, with eyes of flame flashing from beneath the triple crown, which symbolises John Bull's ideal of the "Man of Sin," he sees a meek old man, though "every inch a king," of gracious look and patriarchal mien, whose hand is never upraised but in prayer and benediction; whose smile, so diffused, yet so personal, is shared by all, as if it were the property of each. Such have been the contributions of the steam-boat and the rail-road. But to Catholics, there is little in all this which was new; yet even to them the improved intercourse with the Continent has been productive of many benefits. It has enlarged their ideas, amplified their experience, renewed their vigor by the influences of example and comparison, and given them that innocent pride, so to speak, in their Church, which is but another form of gratitude, and a chief motive to personal humility. So true is it, that even those great social improvements which are often undertaken in a worldly spirit, and in subservience to worldly ends, are, in fact, tending to no effect more surely than to the exaltation of the Church and the better understanding of her character. And thus too, the Church is brought into tune (as I may say) with the spirit of the age, which is really helping on her work, while seeming to thwart it. Poor deluded sons of earth! Statesmen, legislators, men of trade and commerce, your clever inventions, your great discoveries, your politic manœuvres—all are doing our work. Your acts do more to aid our cause than your words to injure it. The ship which speeds your cargoes to the friendly port, conveys our missionaries to the land of the savage, or our religious to the bedside of the sufferer. The wires of the telegraph, which circulate throughout Europe, with the velocity of light the tidings of a victory or the words of a sovereign, also bear through the realms of the Church the announcement of Mary's accomplished glories.†

* The Crèche, or Child's Training Institution at Paris.

† The Definition of the Immaculate Conception was known by a telegraphic despatch, at Paris, within a short time of its utterance.

The iron road, which speeds the delegates of empires to the seat of a congress, bears a theologian to a conference, or a councillor to a synod.

But, to these causes of our Catholic progress, which are independent of the Church, and often in their intention, at least, opposed to her, we must add others in which she has borne a conspicuous part. You will readily anticipate, that among these I shall assign the the very foremost place to the influence of Cardinal Wiseman. Highly as the services of that eminent person are estimated even at present, it will remain for the future historian to trace their real influence, and dwell on their actual amount. That one so singularly qualified by the versatility of his genius and the variety of gifts, to blend into harmonious and effective union, the national with the Catholic elements of strength, which he found ready to his hand, should have been raised up in our times, permitted to labor in our country, and preserved to consolidate our Church; this is surely a signal token of the Divine Mercy towards us, and a remarkable instance of that wisdom which has, in all ages of the Church, found the proper instrument for the needful work. Whether or not I am correct in imagining that the defect under which our Catholicism has labored, (and in a measure, still labors), is that of a certain pusillanimity—the quality of character which the great moral philosopher of heathen antiquity defines as that of men who, "being worthy of great things, undervalue their claims,"* of this, my brethren, you must be far better judges than I, whose acquaintance with the subject is of so much more recent origin. But I take upon myself with unhesitating confidence to say, that if there be one aim more apparent than another, in the writings, the discourses, and the acts of Cardinal Wiseman, it is that of *deepening the English Catholic mind in the spirit of* (what I may call) *true ecclesiastical magnanimity*, or, in other words, that due appreciation of our claims which is the main-spring of all vigorous action. Consider, if facts do not bear me out. What was the object of the Moorfields Lectures, by which the Cardinal, then but a young man, was first made known to the literary world in Catholic England, but to impress upon his hearers the greatness of the Catholic Church?—of his Roman Lectures on the Holy Week, but to

* "The little-minded man is one, who, albeit worthy of great things, defrauds himself of his due."—Aristotle, Ethics, B. iv, c. 3.

illustrate her power of giving effect to the great mystery of the Gospel?—of his articles in the *Dublin Review*, but to dispel the pretensions of that usurper which a profligate monarch set up on the throne of the ancient and legitimate Church of England; or, to contrast with the meagreness of the ritual and the poverty of the devotional resources of the imported religion, the majesty of Catholic worship, the richness and copiousness of Catholic devotions? Or what, again, has been the purport of every public act of his eventful episcopate, and especially of that which has been its most characteristic act, the introduction of the Hierarchy, but to invest the Church in England with attributes of a settled polity, and to make her, as far as possible, in outside appearance, what she had ever been in reality, the lineal descendant of the Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury, linked together with the great Churches of the continent by the assimilation of rank and privilege, and with the Apostolic See, by deriving from it the form of her constitution, as she had first owed to the same source the tradition of her Faith.

Shall I be forgiven if I allude, in immediate connexion with the last topic, to the conversions from Protestantism, which date from about the period I have fixed as the beginning of our new era? I shall advert to them simply as a fact in history. If, as I have supposed, a new and less elevating tradition were indeed growing up in the English Catholic community in the place of that which it derived from antiquity and preserved through the Reformation; a tradition founded rather upon its actual state of depression than its hereditary glories—the accession of new subjects attracted to the Church solely by her imperial claims, in happy inexperience of her accidental drawbacks in this country, investing her in their imaginations with her true, in the place of any apparent and temporary, attributes, with chivalrous affection rushing towards her as the realization of their fondest dreams, and the living counterpart of their most glowing and exalted theories, may surely have been another providential method of invigorating our languid and almost sapless Vine. There is, again, another point of view in which I am prone to regard the conversions as an evidence (to such as need evidence) of the Church's vitality. What a trial have these conversions been of her strength, what a tax upon her elasticity! Imagine—if only you can imagine anything so preposterous—

imagine, I say, some sect among those which swarm around us suddenly receiving within its fragile boundaries some hundreds of educated men, gathered from many places, and differing in every conceivable point of comparison—the young, with their impetuosities; the middle-aged, with their crotchets; the elderly, with their failing capacities of enthusiasm and powers of accommodation to new circumstances; add to this complication of difficulties such further obstacles as must have been created by differences of education, profession, local association and the like, and what, think you, would have been the result? I will tell you. It would have been like casting a bomb-shell into a powder magazine! The whole air would have been filled with the fragments of the dissevered mass. The whole neighborhood strewn with the *débris* of the exploded fabric. The sect would have been shivered to atoms, and the ground covered with the victims of the experiment. See, on the contrary, the calm majesty with which the Catholic Church has comported herself under this great emergency. That which was her Lord's desire, has been her assured privilege. She has gathered her new children beneath her wing as the hen gathers the brood of a stranger parent, and made them her own. Nor has she merely received them; with plastic hand she has formed them (where they would be formed) upon her own model. She has tamed their stubborn wills, concentrated their erring affections, harmonized, united, and directed their various dispositions and their diversified gifts. Can I soon or easily forget the vague anticipations of disquietude which filled my own breast, when this very time ten years I stood on the verge of the Catholic Church, and it looked rather like some yawning chasm, with its features dim and ill-defined, than like a landscape full of beauty and promise. The passage towards it seemed rather like the sudden leap from a precipice into an abyss, than the gradual descent from a mountain to a cheerful valley. How different the reality! What words have I to express the forbearance, the sympathy, and the generous confidence which I have found in the place of the strangeness and the dreariness which, in my blindness, I anticipated.

From the causes, I pass on to the character, of the great Catholic revival. And I repeat, that its character has been religious, not secular or political. This is apparent whithersoever we go. Evils and defects are everywhere; but

they, at any rate, are not greater than they were ten years ago, and everywhere are there means of improvement and the tokens of promise. I come to Liverpool. I see not, but I doubt not, the mass of wickedness with which the Church has here as elsewhere to contend. The priests would tell me, I am sure, of the utter disproportion between the work to be done and the means of doing it; of the people needing instruction to the schools where they are to receive it; of the souls to be saved to the priests who are to save them; and so on in each department of spiritual necessity and spiritual provision. Still, everywhere, as far as I can see, there is the fact, and yet, more the spirit of improvement. Everywhere are new churches, and where new churches are, there are always new congregations, new schools, in short, new centres of spiritual power. Here, as in other places, the religious orders are co-operating in friendly union with the secular priesthood, and the ancient and more modern religious orders with one another. St. Benedict is helping you with his thirteen centuries of spiritual warfare and his corresponding accumulations of merits; St. Ignatius keeps kindling the unquenchable fire of his chivalrous zeal among you; St. Alphonsus is realizing the missionary life of our Holy Redeemer in the midst of an unbelieving age; St. Philip is renewing his labors of love at your very doors. These, my friends, are encouraging signs, and what is more, they are the pledges, as well as the evidences, of God's love.

On the other hand, we cannot fail to remark, that, not only has the Church received no help from the world during the period in question, but that every attempt which has been made to obtain political concessions in her favor has been followed by disappointment. In spite of Catholic Emancipation, which was expected to do so much for us, all our principal grievances remain unredressed. If anything at all has been wrested from unwilling governments, it has been secured by means of private negotiation, and not by public remonstrance. Still, our crying evils are unmitigated. Prisons, hospitals, work-houses, army, and navy, are still, as they have ever been, centres of persecution, schools of proselytism, in which the vaunted religious liberty of our age and nation is monopolized on the side of a dominant and aggressive establishment. In short, Protestantism has still the keys of influence in its hands. The utmost we have been able to effect, and this but imperfectly, has been to

ward off new encroachments, as in the defeat of the measures for the violation of conventual seclusion; and, if reports speak truly, we are indebted for our success here far more to the accident of the French alliance than to the justice of our cause or the influence of our supporters. When the Legislature has moved at all in our regard, it has been in the way of persecution, as in the instance of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act.

Though it is no part of my object to give a political turn to the present lecture, I am obliged to refer to these facts in support of my argument. That they are true in the main, all parties will be disposed to admit, and none, I apprehend, more readily than those who sincerely believe that, in withstanding the advances of our religion, they are doing God service. But my object in making a passing allusion to these circumstances is two-fold:—1st, to show you how much we have been able to effect without, or rather in spite of, human agencies; and, 2ndly, how insignificant has been the real effect of the measures which have been devised against us. That our progress has been of a religious kind, and due either to directly religious causes, or to the providential over-ruling of mere social improvements, I have already endeavored to show you. A word or two, now, upon the effect of political efforts directed towards our depression. These have been chiefly two; the Titles' Act, and the Derby Proclamation. Now, we cannot fail to observe, that both of these measures affect us only in matters of a purely external kind. I do not, of course, mean that the use of ecclesiastical titles is such, for manifold and serious inconvenience would have arisen, had our bishops been precluded from using, or receiving their proper designations in official instruments. But, such not being the purpose of the act, even according to the comments of its own framers, it has put no material restriction upon the exercise of episcopal liberty. With respect, again, to the proclamation, which merely revived certain dormant clauses of an existing act; it has produced even less visible effect upon the public manifestations of the Church than the prohibition of Titles. It has rendered inconsistent with the law, or rather with the actual application of the law, those exterior displays of religion, which many of our own friends had already regarded as inconsistent with a sound policy; though it is still a question, (which great legal authorities have solved in our favor), whether even its literal con-

struction (and assuredly in the case of a penal enactment, we have no concern with any construction except the literal) precludes more than the use of ecclesiastical *vestments* in out-of-door processions.

But the actual condition of the Church appears to me yet more surprising, when, to the political measures directed against her, we add the many conflicts of a more internal kind, through which the mercy of God has carried her safe during the last ten years. It is difficult to speak by comparison, when, in fact, the Church in England may be said to be as yet in the very infancy of her militant life. But, positively speaking, the waves of adversity seem to have broken over her in singularly rapid succession during the period we are reviewing. Her most illustrious champions, in what seemed to them the direct discharge of duty, have been subjected during that interval, to the annoyance of protracted legal proceedings, though with what result, in the establishment of claims, or the vindication of character; in what other result indeed, than the pecuniary benefit of the lawyers engaged; it seems difficult to pronounce. In the train of these now celebrated suits, and on the tide of the popular demonstration of 1850, have followed other and more ignoble processes, which again we have outlived. What on the whole has been the result? Acts of parliament, proclamations, prosecutions, what have they effected? I will tell you. They have stopped a procession in Tipperary, silenced a bell at Clapham, and, O most marvellous achievement of all! they have compelled the good Passionist Fathers, much against their will, to dress like gentlemen.

Such, briefly, has been the history of the Catholic Church in England, during the last ten years, and such, to speak generally, is its actual position. And now, my friends, bear with me if I conclude with a brief sketch of the duties which appear to me to devolve upon us, and especially upon you, the laity of the middle and higher classes, who form the chief strength of our body; to whose intelligent devotion and active zeal we have so many occasions to appeal in the exercise of our Christian ministry, and so rarely appeal in vain. It is, I am sure, unnecessary for me to add, that nothing is further from my intention than to set myself up as your teacher. In much that I am about to offer to your kind consideration, I feel assured that you will instinctively and at once agree, and when you may see good reason to differ, I know that I shall receive your indul-

gence which is the utmost that I have any right to expect at your hands.

If then, my friends, you have gone along with me in feeling that the danger of our former state of depression consisted chiefly in its tendency to debase and contract our views of our own ecclesiastical footing in this country, you will readily admit that, at all events, we have reason to be constantly on our guard against this liability. It is of the utmost importance that we should not merely acknowledge, but live and act in the conviction of our being Catholics, not merely "Roman Catholics," (if by that prefix it be intended to express not our prerogative but our distinction from others claiming the name,) the members of Christ's true Body which alone represents Him, not by pre-eminence, but by exclusive right, in the midst of the heretical societies which deny our claims and usurp our privileges. To realize this truth is our peculiar duty, as it is also our peculiar difficulty. Our happier brethren of other nations have no temptation to forget it. It is impressed upon them by every object which surrounds them, and incorporated with all their customary modes of thought and speech. They judge things according to the true standard, and call them by their right names. They know of no Church but the Catholic; of no clergy but her priests and ministers; of no Truth but that which was once revealed, and has been preserved inviolate in the custody of the Church. The churches of the land are theirs; the chapels or rather "temples" are with the heretics. They know not of "dissent," a word which implies a right of judgment on matters of revealed Truth. They know but of "heresy", which expresses the act of the perverted will. How different, alas! with us. The wealth and political influence, the current language and popular ideas are here all on the side of error. Error has usurped the chairs of learning, the pulpits of religion, the schools of education, the empire of periodical literature, and public speaking. She is domineering in her claims, and vociferous in her denunciations; and although every step by which the Catholic Church has advanced during the the last ten years has been a step in the right direction, yet it is still true in the main, that, although faith is on the side of the Church, sight is enlisted in the cause of heresy and error.

It seems to me, under such circumstances, of great practical importance that we should habituate ourselves to the true view of our position and, (as far as it can be done without

unnecessary offence) that we should call things by their right names. We must never concede in argument that religious Truth can possibly overstep the boundaries assigned to it by God, or that the characteristic privileges of the Church can be shared by those, who, whether by fault or misfortune, are external to her pale. Let us rely upon it that to exalt our holy Mother in the presence of the world; to tell out her glories among those who depreciate her; to meditate on the greatness of her privileges and the multitude of her consolations, is the truest wisdom, the truest charity, and let me add, the best of all roads to humility. For who is less likely to think too highly of himself than he who habitually looks up to the Church as the one and only adequate object on earth of his deference, his confidence, and his loyalty?

But you will ask me whether the habit of appreciating the greatness of the Church be not adverse to that tenderness in dealing with those who are external to it, which is peculiarly the duty of Catholics in an heretical country? I answer; by no means. We shall have but poorly mastered the spirit of our holy religion, if aught of arrogance, self-sufficiency, or harshness should come to be the result of joyfully meditating upon our privileges as members of the true and only Church. The circumstances of those around us must ever suggest to the thoughtful Catholic the utmost forbearance, both of judgment and of behaviour in all his dealings with them. Who knows but we, had we been placed in their situation, had, with equal blindness, united far greater sin? The favors of God are assuredly pledges of hope and confidence to such as receive them. But are they not also motives to fear? If they be on the one hand tokens of predestination, are they not, on the other, aggravations of responsibility? So that, anything like personal vaunting, anything like haughty exclusiveness, anything like the spirit of condescension in dealing with our brethren of the separation, seems to me so utterly at variance with true Catholic charity, that I am almost ashamed of even supposing it necessary, my Christian hearers, to guard you against it.

Of course, this is not saying that I recommend free and indiscriminate intercourse with Protestants, or that, in any intercourse which necessity or charity may require us to maintain with them, we are ever for an instant to forget the *vital differences which separate us*. It seems to me that there ought always to be a "*reason*" for our associating with Protestants

at all. Necessity and charity are comprehensive words; and, I am apt to think, that within their wide limits they include every case of legitimate exception to the rule which makes our brethren, who are of the family of the Faith, the first and chief objects of our sympathy and regard. It is hard to conceive anything which dulls the edge of Catholic zeal and spoils the freshness of Catholic piety more than to associate habitually or unreservedly with those who have nothing in common with us upon subjects of eternal interest.

If there be one subject on which a convert to the Church has more claim to speak than another, it is upon the means by which Catholics are most likely to win strangers to the Faith. And, I speak from experience, when I say, that the very last mode of gaining upon Protestants is to slur over the distinctive features of our own religion. Depend upon it, my friends, that the only Protestants of good opinion is worth having, will respect us just in proportion as they see us true to our principles. When the Oxford inquirers were making up their minds on the great question of joining the Church, their greatest drawback was found in *the language, and the public acts of Catholics*. They had formed their notions of the Catholic Religion upon the authorized teaching of the Church and the Lives of the Saints, and the sorest scandal of all was, to find mere political Catholics, whether in this or other countries, ready to disown their relationship with the Saints, and lowering the characteristic doctrines of their religion to the debased views of an age and a nation, distinguished by nothing so much as by its hatred of the supernatural.

And, therefore, I am apt to think, that we Catholics should be very cautious how we enter into controversy with Protestants. I may have been unfortunate, certainly; but I have never yet happened to know of a convert made simply by controversy. I have seen the hopeful, promising inquirer estranged by it, and I have seen the truth compromised in it; but, a conversion, at least, a lasting and genuine one, simply due to controversy, this I have never seen. It is not controversy which wins souls, but *positive teaching, and consistent example*. The best way to gain Protestants, is to begin by edifying our own people.

And this brings me at last to what would appear our great duty at the present time; to labor, each in his own sphere, and according to his own vocation, for the edification of our brethren. This work will differ in the clergy

and the laity. It is only a select portion of the latter class who, in aid of their clergy, will have to labor actively in this cause. The great majority must instruct their brethren by their examples, not in more direct ways. It is, my brethren, by carrying into the world the lessons of the Church and of the school, that you will best promote the extension of your holy and beloved Faith. One bad Catholic does more mischief to the Church than volumes of controversy can counteract. In your Oratorian Institute, and in such like Catholic associations, I see the great hope of that extensive social amelioration at which, as she rises in the scale of national importance, the Church must aim. These are the days pre-eminently not of *show*, but of *work*. To lavish our scanty means upon the exterior of religion, instead of seeking to strengthen it from within; to build fine Churches, when with the cost of them, we might edify the living body of Christ; to enter on the hopeless task of rivalling Protestants in their own department, that of exterior magnificence and display, instead of extending and perfecting that in which our own great strength lies, the conversion and building up of souls to eternity, is a course of proceeding for which insanity seems to me a much better name than imprudence.* It is not thus, my friends, that you will seek to tell upon the world. Through your Institute, the Church will, as I trust, strike her roots deep and wide into the social system of this place. Each one of you, in such measure as you follow out its spirit and intentions, will become a separate centre of influence, diffusing around you the light of moral refinement, intellectual cultivation, and above all, christian zeal and fortitude. You will not marvel that the Church should encounter adversity, for it is her element. Your confidence will not fail you if scandals befall her, *for it is necessary*, says our Lord, *that they should come*. Where her enemies read tokens of failure and the auguries of dissolution, you will discern only her occasion for the interposition of the power guaranteed in her behalf. The storms which terrify the timid and distract the weak, will but bind you more closely to your home of consolation and the rock of shelter.

"E'en as the child, whom scaring winds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;
So, the rough whirlwind and the torrent's roar
But bind us to our ONE TRUE HOME the more."

* See an excellent article in the *Weekly Register*, of August 11th, headed "Men or Stones?"

THE CHURCH VIEWED FROM WITHOUT.

This, the second weekly Lecture was delivered on September 3, by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A. His well-known eloquence and heartiness drew together an immense audience, and repeated and protracted rounds of applause testified to the delight imparted by his glowing periods.

The Rev. Lecturer thanked the President for having invited him to lecture in Liverpool; a city in which he knew he had many friends, and where he hoped he had not a single enemy. But, at the same time, he felt the difficulty of his position in having to fill that chair after the most able lecturers who had preceded him; but he looked for the indulgence and courtesy of his auditors in consideration of this being his first appearance in a new character. He also felt that it was a difficult duty to guide young minds, and to instruct them how to achieve real greatness, by serving Truth and God. This had influenced him in selecting his subject; for, though he was not about to treat it in a strictly theological manner, yet, since every thought of ours, every word and action ought to tend to advance the glory of God; so, he would endeavor to show how, indirectly—at work, during the hours of study, in our mutual intercourse, in our bearings towards society, and in our recreations, we might become Missionaries of our Holy Faith.

Having had experience (having once been an alien to the Church) he had a right to call attention to the aspect presented by the Church to those outside her. He was not going to speak of the Doctrines of the Church nor of her great distinguishing marks; but merely of what she was in the world, and what was her influence in society and on minds coming in contact with her. He meant to mention three marks attaching to her; three marks, not vindicating her divine origin, but still of obvious occurrence to the inquirer. First, in the Church, there was the very fact of *her existence*. That was a most important thing, not to be got over nor ignored. He remembered that during his residence in Rome, preparations were once made for a visit from the King of Prussia. Of course he was not a Catholic monarch, but nevertheless preparations were made for giving him a right royal reception. Of all the people in the world, the Roman people are the simplest and the most childlike; realising more than any others the precept of Christ commanding us to become as little children. On the occasion he was alluding to, an old Roman—a perfect type of a Roman, thoroughly

taught in his religion, but in nothing else—asked about the religion of the Prussian King: "What religion is he? Is he a Christian?" "O, yes; but he does not believe in the Popé." "*Ma che!*" (a universal expression of surprise in Italy, equivalent to "*Impossible!*") "*Ma che!* well, never mind; he'll see the Pope to-day, and then he *must* believe in him!" That he exists is something; but not all: we ought to show his right to be the head of the Church. But still, his very existence at all is a great fact, and that he has subjects in every part of the globe; in empires, under the absolute sway of a single ruler, and in republics, where the feeling is, that all men are equal. And all recognise him as the Father and King of all the subjects of our Blessed Lord. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," and that which is in possession of the mind has the first claim, and must hold its place until dispossessed by a stronger. This then is something, that the Church exists everywhere, and has existed everywhere since her foundation. No one can question or ignore her existence. To prove her right to headship is a different matter; but the first portion of the argument is, her existence: and from this it follows that she is either divine altogether or a gigantic impostor. Her existence forces this enquiry to be solved; and the question must be answered. It might be compared to a magnificent river in a landscape; its silvery windings give a beauty and a tone to the whole scene; and it lends not only picturesqueness, but fertility; so that it is not simply beautiful, but it creates and is the cause of all the beauty that meets the eye. So with the Church; it is the object that everywhere meets the eye in the great landscape of the world. It is a candle; but its light is not hidden under a bushel. It is a city; but it stands on a hill. There is the light, whether men use it or not. The city stands on the hill; men may not travel to it; nay, they may attack and besiege it; but, there it is. In every class of society, there is the Church, inviting, terrifying, subduing, but always influencing. It cannot be shaken off. There it is, whether they will or not. Before, behind, in books, in conversation, everywhere is the Church. Let us imagine a man without the Church, working as if she did not exist. Let it be the historian, whose business it is, to chronicle, to investigate, to distinguish, to weigh probabilities, and so to write, that the student may gather those lessons which the historian ought to teach. Such is his business; let him proceed to it with the fairest

intentions; the first thing that meets him, is the Church; the second thing that meets him, is the Church; the last thing that meets him, is the Church. Whatever he wishes to chronicle, describe, sift, in all is the Church, teaching and governing all. Pass from the historian to the philosopher; he has to speculate on facts recorded; to discuss principles, and to put them so that the world shall see them as he sees them. But the philosopher, with all his theories, must take things as he finds them; he cannot change facts; and as it was with the historian, so it is with the philosopher. At every step he meets the Church; and into every problem he investigates, the Church enters largely. So with the statesman; his business is to make laws, advance civilization, &c.; and when he comes to do his work, he always meets the Catholic Church. He may wish to avoid, to ignore, to destroy it; but he cannot get rid of it. In spite of everything, arms, bribes, insults, still there it is. When he "comes down to the House with his Bill," and his well prepared measures, that country which is the most Catholic is still "his greatest difficulty." Every statesman may say the same. So with the lawyer, he finds the same. The English statute law which he believes to be the very perfection of human wisdom, is the result of Catholic hearts, swords, and arms. Our boasted Common Law is the very code established by that great Catholic monarch, Alfred the Great, and perfected by a Catholic royal saint. And the never to be forgotten Magna Charta was exacted by a Catholic prelate, leading on the Catholic barons of England in the name of religion. Neither can the warrior ignore the Church. Who is the patron of arms? Saint George, the patron of Christian chivalry throughout the world. What grander or more sublime than the Thundering Legion: what nobler than the Crusades. In peace also, in the arts and sciences, what are they without the Church? In architecture, see what religion has inspired in such buildings as Saint Peter's, at Rome, and our own Cathedrals, lovely even in their ruins. In painting has not religion furnished the loftiest subjects? So much so, that in the Great Exhibition of Dublin, where there was the finest Gallery of Paintings, that ever was collected in modern times; there were so many madonnas, saints, martyrs, and Catholic subjects of every sort, that visitors exclaimed in horror; "Why, it's a popish Mass-house; this is a conspiracy, an aggression, they force Religion on us; we thought popery was dead,

and were watching her tomb. Behold! the stone is rolled back, and she lives!" Look at the traveller also; his case is the same. In France, in Italy, on the Mississippi, on the Amazon, still, the Church. "What are those beads, those cords, those bells, those candles?" All these are because the church is at work. He hears the guns thundering from Sant' Angelo; all the bells of the city are firing salutes at day-break; he cannot sleep; the city is in a commotion. He starts from his restless pillow; "What is the matter? Is some king arrived in the city?" "No; it's only the birthday of an apostle!" On one occasion the Lecturer was walking on Monte Pincio; the whole city of Rome had turned out in holiday costume; again there were thundering salvos of artillery; a diapason of joy pealed from all the steeples of the city; bands were playing; the urchins in the street were discharging pop-guns; anything to make a noise. "What is the matter" asked a Protestant clergyman, with a white cravat of the first magnitude: "What ever is up? Is it an outbreak of the secret societies? Or has Charles Albert marched into the city?" "Oh no; it is merely the *Gloria in excelsis* of Holy Saturday." Thus does the existence of the Church force itself upon every one without exception, and all are obliged in spite of themselves to say; "I have seen the Church; I can swear to its existence."

The second mark the Church exhibits to those outside her, is not merely her existence, but a sort of *magnetic attraction*, by which she arrests the attention. Men do not complain of the Methodists, the Mahometans, the Chinese; they laugh and are liberal till they come to us. This is the second thing; we exist and are an ugly fact. All try to explain how the Church gets her attraction: "I want to explain it away, but God hasn't given me the power." In society in general, (and to each man, *society in general* means a small circle in which he is known,) Popery is the subject of conversation at fifteen dinner parties out of twenty. The Lecturer did not remember that in his former experience he was troubled by the Methodists, except by one pertinacious, leather-lunged and shining light, that would persist in singing hymns under his window; Mahometanism had never crossed him, except in a shilling Life of the Prophet, which he once bought at a railway station. In society, in travelling, the Church of England is never mentioned except by a Puseyite or an odd man here and there. But popery is spoken of everywhere. Not a novel, not a girl, not a boy just about to

begin his travels, but talks about the Church, knows all its doctrines and all its practices. They are all full of it, but they cannot get rid of it. Not only does the Church exist and attract; but a sort of mystery enshrouds and protects it. See how a priest is stared at as he walks through the town. What a commotion if he enter an omnibus. In the Lecturer's own village, the whole population turns out if he walk down the street. They stare after him with distended eyes and suspended breathing; they note his gait and his motions with awe, while perhaps his object in going down town is only to ask *Biddy Murphy how she is*. A short time ago, his patron was good enough to build a new cottage for him; and when it was complete, according to the good old English custom he had a "house-warming." His friends were chiefly Priests, of course; a few of whom were brought down by the train; but before desert was over, flaming placards were posted on all the walls of the place, announcing a Bible Meeting. Thus there is a something in Catholicity that frightens them. We are weak, without arms, and without influence; we are engaged entirely with the future world; but God casts his mantle about us, and his presence terrifies and awes them.

But besides these influences, she possesses a wonderful power of influencing the minds, and charming the hearts of great men. This might be proved within the Church, by recording the great men formed and guided by her; but he was dealing now with those outside her. He needed only to mention such names as Brownson, Hurter, Newman. No minds more philosophical than these anywhere existed. But though they were now with us, what made them so? Why, the power of the Church to engage, to attract to warm the heart; to attract those to whom God has given greatness. There have been such converts as these in all ages. But this influence is not perceptible in those only who join, but in others who have never come within the pale: take such names as Johnson, Chalmers, and Byron. They never submitted to the Church; but they have all left written records of how the Church always affected them. The case of the last of these is particularly melancholy; he was deeply struck with the beauty of the Church and frequently uttered this feeling in the warmest expressions.

And why do men persecute the Church? Because they must do it, or the Church will advance and beat them down. They know the Church will attract all, unless they excite

malice and persecution against her. We ought therefore, to rejoice, because we know we are of those who have been persecuted from the beginning, and that we have to bear the cross.

In conclusion, he argued that these facts imposed a certain mission upon all who were brought into contact with the outer world, especially upon young men. For everywhere, whether in recreation, home, office, exchange, field, senate, or bar—these facts he had dwelt upon might be developed; not with bigotry, but openly and honestly. Let young men, therefore, perform the duty faithfully of pressing home these points. Here was the work cut out for them: this was their mission; let them do it heartily and with fidelity. They could not preach and administer the sacraments; but still it was in their power to do a very great deal in keeping the light of the Faith clear and brilliant, by preparing the oil and the lamp.

On Monday, September 10th, the third lecture of the Session was delivered by R. Ornsby, M.A., Esq., Lecturer in the University of Dublin. The learned gentleman was engaged to deliver a series of three lectures on Self-improvement; a subject to which he was well qualified to do justice, as is clear from the masterly papers on kindred subjects, which have appeared in the *Catholic University Gazette*, and owe their origin to his pen. This lecture was the first of the three, and treated of "*The Art of Self-Improvement, its definition, objects, and instruments.*" The subject of the lecture was rather uninviting to the general public; and we were, therefore, prepared for a less dense audience than at the preceding lectures. Still the Hall was well filled, without being crowded; and the strong feature of interest was, to see such large numbers of young men present. Parasols and corduroys were at a discount; while broad-cloth and note-books were very brisk. We were glad to observe some theatrical celebrities present also; showing that we are known, and resorted to, by those not strictly of our own number. The second and third Lectures of the series were delivered respectively on Wednesday, September 12th, and Monday, 17th. The former treated "*The Art of Self-Improvement developed as a system of Rules;*" and the latter considered "*The Art of Self-Improvement, with reference to Scholastic and University Education.*" The lectures can scarcely be analyzed beyond their title; for they were so methodically put together, and one part was so dovetailed with another, that a skeleton would be the whole

lecture, and an outline would comprise almost every word spoken. We will endeavor, however, in our next impression to give the spirit of Mr. Ornsby's remarks. In general, it may be said of them, that there was no verbiage or oratorical display; they were quiet, solid, didactic, and most useful conversations, and full of hints, observations, distinctions, definitions, and cautions, all of the last importance to young men. At the conclusion of each lecture, the hymn "Saint Philip's Statue," was joyously sung to the heart-stirring air, "The harp that once thro' Tara's Hall."

Deur Dequir!

"The darkest time of night is just before day-break."—*Old saying.*

Cease thy plaints, thou child of sorrow!

Heed not what to-day may bring;

Ere the dawn of coming morrow

Sorrow may have lost its sting.

Let the bolts of Heaven roll,

Deepening o'er the distant plain;

Let them roll from pole to pole—

They have come to go again.

From the fierce and angry north,

Round the frowning face of Heaven,

Storms may hurry blackening forth,

By tempestuous winter driven.

Rough may roar the rageful ocean

Through its rocks and caverns deep;

Soon 'twill flow in gentler motion,

Cradled in the arms of sleep.

Suns will rise and moons will wane

Like the glimmering taper's light;

Yet they come and shine again,

Rulers of the day and night.

Mark the blooming rose awhile,

How it turns to sickly hue,

Then assumes a cheerful smile,

Dressed in crystal drops of dew.

On the ivy-mantled wall

I have watched the insect lie,

Weaving its own funeral pall,

Ere it lay it down to die.

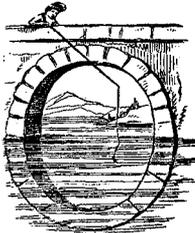
But when dreary winter's gloom
Melts before the beams of spring,
Then it bursts the silken tomb,
Sailing on the colored wing.

Thus, when o'er the human soul
Joyless hours of wintry woe,
And the waves of sorrow roll,
Know that they have come—to go.

Mourn not then, thou child of sorrow,
Heed not what to-day may bring ;
Ere the dawn of coming morrow
Sorrow shall have lost its sting.

T. A.

The Conscript of Monte-Porzio.



LD Monte Catone had been stripped by the autumnal blasts till there was scarcely a leaf left on the acres of oaks and chestnuts that clung to his flanks. Their bare branches struggled, like sinewy athletes, against the southwestern blast, fresh from the headlands of Terracina, that rolled in billows of sound, hoarsely and drearily up its gorges and ravines. Another torrent had dashed through those mountain gullies once—a torrent of fire. For time was, (in the days of the *ichthyosauri* perhaps) when Monte Catone was a volcano; and a mantle of hardened lava, brittle and cindery, is the only apology for soil that covers his sides. Fogs and clouds girdled as well as capped Monte Catone; and, what with the rushing winds, and the driving rain, and the rolling mists, it was a dismal looking night for the shepherds out on Tusculum and Rocca di Papa.

But there were worse doings than the storm in Monte-Porzio. A *vieux moustache*, with a company of dragoons at his heels, had galloped into the Piazza in front of the parish church: they dismounted, and proceeded, without leave asked, to billet themselves in the single *osteria* of the town. The country people had heard of such things, but their eyes had never beheld them. Monte-Porzio is fifteen miles from Rome, among the Alban hills; and one adventurous spirit had actually travelled all that distance away, to dispose of his vintage in the Roman market. Startling were the tidings he

had brought back to his native hamlet. To an awe-stricken circle of listeners, he related how the French armies had conquered the redoubtable soldiery of Rome; the Capitoline Guard had given in; the Civic Guard was disbanded, and had retired to the obscurity and safety of their counters and scales; the Swiss Guard were prisoners to a man; while, worse than all, the Noble Guard had sought safety in flight; for unholy hands had been laid on the Sovereign Pontiff, and Pius the Seventh was a prisoner at *Fontainebleau*. There was actually a new King of Italy, and the Monte-Porzians, so long and so honorably known for their loyalty to the Holy See, were now the subjects of a foreign usurper. But something heavier than this remained behind; something that touched themselves more nearly. It was rumored that the French style of Conscription was to be adopted in the Romagna, for the purpose of raising an Italian army. An Italian army of those days was not organized, in the hope that all the desperadoes and dregs of society would array themselves against religion and order for the sake of foreign *scudi* and *macaroni*; but because it was felt, that, could a legion of the sturdy sons of the Church be organized and tutored to execute their military tactics as a duty, a more trusty and unflinching body of warriors could nowhere be found. And so the news brought by the good vintner was only too true; but it was all so strange that the Monte-Porzians could scarcely bring themselves to believe a word of it; and they fortified themselves in their unbelief, by telling one another of the scantiness of their population, and the seclusion of their village. For Monte-Porzio was almost hidden, like an eagle's nest, in the fastnesses of the Alban Hills. The French Serjeant has business with the Syndic or Mayor; so while the landlord of the *osteria* is conducting him to the mayorial residence, we'll pause in our story for a moment, briefly to describe Monte-Porzio, and the country about it.

We will take our stand in front of Mon' Dragone, a palace of the Farnese family; it stands just below our hamlet, and from its time-worn terrace, all the country round Monte-Porzio is visible. Far away to the north, Mount Soracte raises his precipitate and snow-clad summit. Midway between Soracte and the observer, the five hundred domes and steeples of Rome vivify the Campagna, like an oasis in the desert. Directly beneath the eye, herds are grazing where once Lake Regillus was crimsoned with Roman and Alban gore, and where the great Twin Brothers fought

so bravely for the seven-hilled city. Tivoli lies to the right, with its hundred associations of the Sibyl's Grotto, the crystal fount of Bandusia, the *preceps Anio*, and Horace's Sabine farm; nearer than which, the ruins of the once flourishing town of Colonna tell how vengeance visited him that raised his hand against the Successor of the Fisherman. In the same direction, but far, far away in the dim Apennines, lies Palestrina, towards Subiaco, where the mendicant Saint begged his well-earned way to heaven. Behind, Tusculum's heights intervene between the observer and the site of the Latian Jupiter; Tusculum, whither Cicero's philosophical conversations convoked the most polished and most learned sons of Rome. Those spires to the left rise from the churches of Frascati; and the azure haze in the distance, is the wave of the blue Mediterranean, washing the salt-mines of Ostia. One more feature in the landscape, and we are done: that white building is the Camaldolese convent, from which Gregory XVI, of blessed memory, issued to steer the barque of Peter. It is overshadowed by a gigantic cross, reared on the summit of Monte Catone, by the students of the venerable English College, whose country house is the most striking feature of Monte-Porzio.

The village itself is soon described. It stands on a cone-shaped hillock; it is unwall'd, (in this differing from most of the Italian towns of its class) because, should it ever come to be assaulted, the precipitous ascent to it on all sides would be a very proper protection for it; as Vauban and Tottleben will tell you. It enjoys a very pretty parish church, served by three good and zealous priests. In its main street, is one of those objects, so beautiful and so common in Catholic lands, an out-of-doors altar, surmounted by a sweet picture of the Blessed Virgin, which is known in Italy as *The Madonna of Gennazano*, or the *Madre di Buon' Consiglio*. It is remarkable for a peculiarly sweet expression of filial and maternal love thrown into the countenances of Mother and Child. Seven hundred souls, men, women, and children, call Monte-Porzio their home. They are chiefly poor; a few rent vineyards and oliveyards, and many serve them as laborers; while a considerable number tend their herds of swine, which they send out to feed on the acorns in the woods of Monte-Catone; and some are shepherds on the hills. These are helped in looking after their flocks by a large and shaggy species of sheep-dog; gaunt and hungry looking; more like wolves

than dogs. Nor does the comparison end with their looks. Should a shepherd perceive two of them "putting their heads together," or advancing stealthily towards himself, he would hesitate very little about interposing an ounce of lead as an *impedimentum dirimens* to their ulterior progress. The Monte-Porzians are generally poor.

However, all this is not to the point. While we have been gossiping about landscapes, and spires, and mountains, the moustached-Sergeant (by the bye, like some other people we could mention, he is not by any means so savage as he seems) has been talking with the Syndic. He has produced a large parchment, adorned with a large seal, from his *sabretache*, which advises all whom it may concern, that Joseph, King of Italy, hereby authorises his trusty Jean-Baptiste Boncoeur to enrol as conscripts by ballot one from every hundred of his aforesaid Majesty's subjects in the townships of Monte-Porzio and Frascati, to serve as private soldiers in his Majesty's Italian army, during a period of ten years, at the daily pay of five sous, per man, imperial French moneys. Peppe Bianchi, the bandy-legged town crier, takes his trumpet at the Syndic's command, proceeds to the Palazzo Torlonia, and makes proclamation to the aforesaid effect. Dismay seizes on the Monte-Porzians at the announcement; but on no breast does it inflict a deeper pang, than on that of Pietruccio Galvani, a stout young cooper, whose adze and mallet are the sole sources of subsistence to a poor, bed-ridden and widowed mother, and a helpless sister, afflicted with the falling sickness. For Pietruccio feels a kind of presentiment, that out of the hundred male adults of Monte Porzio, he is the one destined to wear red trousers and a long blue coat.

It is next day. The Syndic has donned his gold-laced cocked hat and stained scarlet cloak to lend unwilling solemnity to the event; Peppe Bianchi stands at his left hand, his dinged trumpet suspended by a crimson cord from his right shoulder. Poor Peppe! he's in a very low key as well as his trumpet, and his legs look more curvilinear than ever. Sergeant Boncoeur has marshalled the eligible men of Monte-Porzio, who stand before him in an attempted straight line, particularly offensive to the correct eye of the Old Guard. Pietruccio is there; but somehow his eye seems brighter than it was last evening, when the rumor first fell on his ear; and his gait is more buoyant. How is it? Why, Pietruccio is very devout to our Blessed Lady, and many

an hour does he spend before the *Madonna of Gennazzano*; and before her altar the dim shadow of Pietruccio may often be discerned kneeling in prayer, long after every village sound has been hushed, save the "crick, crick" of the *grilli* on the vines, and every village light has been extinguished, save the pale fitful sparkling of the fire flies, flitting about in the cane plantations. Last evening, Pietruccio had thrown himself at Mary's feet, begging her intervention to protect him from the dreaded conscription; not for his own sake, but for them to whom his presence was more than food and raiment. He had reminded his *Mother of Good Counsel*, that none had ever appealed to her in vain; and in the simplicity of faith, he had promised her, that should she save him from what he dreaded, he would, as a grateful return, sing her Litany before her altar every evening, till death should seal his lips and bid the daughters of music be silent. He had a trust that his prayer would be granted; so hope supplanted despair in his bosom. We will not delay over the lot-casting. After the first balloting, ninety of the hundred retired, free; and ten remained standing in line. The doomed man was among the ten; so was Pietruccio Galvani; but his hopeful heart never failed him. Santi, the *Vignorolo*, remained; and so did Croce, a naturalized Greek, of whom some ugly stories were in circulation, connected with the Greek troubles earlier in the century. But I think these must have been Russian fabrications; for at this time, Croce was the most harmless fellow alive. He was one of the *ne'er-do-wells* found in every community, who are their own worst enemies, and ready to do anybody a good turn but themselves. The others were chiefly day-laborers; but the smartest man of the ten, was Pietruccio, the cooper. Alas! Pietruccio, your square, broad shoulders have raised an approving smile on so much of Serjeant Bonceur's features as a wide-spread eruption of hair will allow us to take cognizance of! Alas for the bed-ridden mother and the epileptic sister! The laborers have got off with harmless numbers; Croce has drawn *seven*, and falls back emancipated; number *eight* comes to the lot of Santi; while the fatal *number ten* is drawn from the box by thy true and honest right-hand, Pietruccio.

If his brave heart gave way now, it was only for a moment; but even during that moment, he never felt despondency or alarm. For he knew that if Mary had failed to grant his prayer, it was rather through some demerit

in himself, than through want of kindness in her. It seemed hard; but he knew it was all for the best, and that his conscription was after all but a blessing in disguise; and he felt that Heaven would provide some friend for his now helpless charges. So when Serjeant Bonceur pinned a tri-colored cockade into his peaked hat, he put on as cheerful a look as he could, and spoke some hearty words to a commiserating crowd of dames and damsels, who raised a lugubrious moan at the sight. For Pietruccio was as likely a young fellow as any in Monte-Porzio, and a general favorite.

His poor old mother was dreadfully cut up about it, but he brought in a sure supporter of his arguments, when he soothed her with the comforts of religion. And then came Sor Giuseppe, the kind parish priest, who bade her be of good cheer; that she had always been a good mother and a good christian; that her children were models of what Catholic children should be; that everybody pitied her; and that he would see that she wanted for nothing during Pietruccio's absence. His words were calm and assuring, and very soon the bereaved household joined him in uttering a hearty act of resignation to God's blessed dispensations.

When evening came, a peaked hat, with a tri-colored cockade in it, lay before the altar of *Our Lady of Good Counsel*; and when the shades of night shrouded the little hamlet, dimmer and dimmer still, like a dissolving view, grew the figure of the kneeling Pietruccio, till his fine, manly countenance was only just discernible by the flickering beams of the *Madonna's* ever-burning lamp. Now it happened, as he knelt and prayed, that the party at the *osteria* had broken up, and who should come swaggering along the street, humming a Romanic *canzone*, but our careless friend Croce. Passing *Our Lady's* Altar, he pays the customary reverence by rudely doffing his hat. He catches a glimpse of Pietruccio,—hesitates—stops,—beats his forehead madly, and calls himself a *brigand* and a *facchino*. "*Via qui—Come here, Pietruccio,*" says he, suddenly, "look at me, *porco benedetto* that I am! How could I think of allowing this? that you, such a useful, good, fine fellow, with so many to love you and care for you, and so many to depend upon you, should be taken to the wars, with nobody left to look after your poor old mother? Why, such a thing shouldn't be endured for a moment. Here am I, with never a friend or

relation on earth; I, Croce. I'm the man to go a-soldiering of course. If I get shot, nobody's the worse; and if I get back again when it's all over, why my pension of twenty *scudi* a-year will be a fortune to me. Then there's Our Lady's Altar besides; who can dress it and trim it like you? I'm the man; come to the Serjeant." You may depend upon it, Pietruccio followed him with a light heart. He attempted to offer some honest remonstrances; but Croce was inexorable. And the end of it was, that Serjeant Boncœur, hearing all the circumstances of the case, found out suddenly that, after all, Pietruccio being the only son of a widowed mother was, by law, ineligible as a conscript, and that he was free by the very fact. The Old Guard was pleased with the soldierly bearing of Croce, who still persisted in making himself the voluntary scape-goat of the village. The Serjeant formally accepted him as a conscript, removed the cockade from Pietruccio's hat, and with his own fingers fastened it on to that of Croce.

* * * * *

The Italian army was soon disbanded, for, shortly after this, the Napoleonic bubble burst; but it was ten years before Croce again turned up in Monte-Porzio. His vision of the pension had long ago faded into thin air; but by that time Pietruccio's mother and sister were laid side by side in the *Campo Santo* of the village. So Croce became Pietruccio's adopted brother; and from the brother adopting him, he learnt more regular and industrious habits. The two rent a small vineyard between them, and the fruit of their joint labor has always been sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, and from some other doors besides.

Forty years have come and gone since the visit of Serjeant Boncœur and his clashing troop of dragoons to Monte-Porzio; forty years ago Croce assumed the cockade. But during the forty years, Pietruccio has faithfully guarded his promise made at the village shrine; never a night but he has sung the Litany of the Blessed Virgin before the altar of *Our Lady of Good Counsel*. He sang it in 1815; he sings it in 1855. In the green spring-tide and the scorching summer; in autumn, when the grape and the olive's returning crops spread plenty and joy through the land; and

"In the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the loud howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;"

just as the Ave Maria is tolling from tower and steeple, you may see Pietruccio lighting

up the candles at his Patroness's Shrine; his tinkling bell summons the villagers to their doors, and his Litany forms an unfailling part of the night prayers of many a household.

Reader, should you ever visit Monte-Porzio, go out at the Ave Maria to the *Cross of the English*, that looks over Camaldoli; sit alone on its colossal base that was piled up by hands which have since ministered holily at many an English altar, and amongst others at those of Birmingham, Liverpool, and London; let it be on the eve of SS. Peter and Paul; turn your eyes towards the North. You may have witnessed the pageantry of military or of civic processions, and the gaudy glare of theatrical spectacles; music may have charmed you in concert or even in cathedral; but your senses were never enthralled as they will be, when your eyes shall behold the magic illumination of St. Peter's dome in the distance; and when, on your ears shall fall, the wild strains of Pietruccio's Litany to *Our Lady of Good Counsel*, as they sweep in eddying cadence up the gorges and ravines of Monte Catone.

Reviews.

Questions of the Soul. By J. T. HECKER. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1855. pp. 294.

The preface to this work opens with that hackneyed Shakesperian quotation, "The age is out of joint," but our author instead of being inclined to add, with the perturbed Prince of Denmark:—

"Accursed spite!

"That ever I was born to set it right!"

seems to think it a most fortunate thing that his lot has been cast among Yankees, in the middle of this nineteenth century, were it only for the chance he has of benefiting, by his book, such of them as are not too deeply immersed in dollars, smoke, gin-sling, and cocktail, to give him a hearing.

And we think him right. He has taken them on the right tack; and if they will only lay down their intolerable self-conceit and fairly read his production, it may be the beginning of a better era than has dawned upon them since, as Cobbett said of them, "their Adam and Eve came out of Newgate," and, with the help of cant and Puritanism for nurses, issued in the motley and extraordinary people lumped together under the aggregate name of Jonathan.

His first question of the soul is, "Has man a destiny?" and he of course answers it in

the affirmative. Man is not created, like the brute, merely to eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, sleep when digestion has done its work, propagate his kind, and then be dissolved into dust and there an end. Neither is he made, as so many deem, for the purpose of making money, building and furnishing houses, "going-a-head," buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, providing for his family, and then taking leave of them with a doubtful sigh and a still more doubtful prayer;—though, as our author charitably remarks, "Not always does doubt spring from deficiency: in earnest hearts it is but another form of faith and prayer;"—or rather, as he might perhaps have said more correctly, it marks the place where in such hearts, if true to themselves, faith is to succeed it, and prayer to issue in thanksgiving for the boon; thanksgiving that the wanderer has at length found a resting-place, and is convinced that, in the glowing words of our author,

"Man has a destiny; and to corrupt, enfeeble, or abandon those instincts, faculties, and activities, which God has given whereby to reach it, this is the soul's suicide: this, and this alone, is sin."

After shortly adverting to the poor efforts of German transcendentalists, and their English and American sympathisers and imitators, to tell man what his destiny is, Mr. Hecker grandly bursts forth with

"Nature is less than man. She cannot meet the inmost wants of the soul; tho' in her bosom dwell truth, peace, and love."

And indeed, of what use to man is this hidden peace of nature as long as he seeks satisfaction in whatever is most contrary to it? of what use her truth, since she cannot speak, and since man must be her interpreter? of what use her love, while man's pursuits are essentially selfish, and practically ignore that common brotherhood which the largely outspread board of nature silently promulgates?

Cease, then, says Nature, to interrogate me as to your destiny and your dignity: I was made for you, and you are made for God; or, in our author's words,

"The head, the heart, the hand of man proclaim that the end of man is to know, to love, to live for God! This is God's own destiny. Man's, therefore, is God-like. For God created man in his own likeness. p. 31."

Here is enunciated, in another form, what our Lord so simply but so profoundly taught, when he intimated that the "destiny of the good and laborious servant would be to enter into the joy of his Lord. God's joy will be ours if we will now fit ourselves for it.

This is practically disbelieved by every bad man, and theoretically by all formal heretics, and schismatics, and rebels against Church authority. Sometimes they have the candor to confess their disbelief. We read a book published by an Anglican parson some years ago, in which he coolly says, in effect, that the idea of eternal beatitude, arising from the contemplation and enjoyment of God, has no rational foundation; that there is, and can be, no such thing; that in the words of our author a little further on, (p. 32,) it "is all poetry, rhapsody, and smoke." And this lets us into the secret of the Reformation, with its cutting down of services and hours, its *comfortable* habits and times of devotion, its making a crime of that poverty which Christ has pronounced blessed, its hatred of monasteries and convents, virginity, mortification, and everything peculiarly Catholic. Certainly these things are all perfectly useless and absurd on the hypothesis of modern religionists; viz.:—that any higher life than human intellect, and science, and art can compass, is a dream, and that the only true function of heaven is that of a great spiritual police-court, the thought of which is to keep men from such grossness as would defeat those very ends which an elaborate and refined selfishness has in view.

Happily, however, as Mr. Hecker goes on to say,—

"There is a class of souls that cannot satisfy their nature with the common modes of life. The longing after the infinite predominates in these souls; and all other ties must be sacrificed, if need be, to its growth and full developement. p. 37."

Verily, some of the questions of the soul, when it happens to be of this order, may well startle some of our easy-going Catholics on *this* side of the Atlantic.

"Can he who amasses wealth be a faithful follower of Him who had nowhere to lay his head, who blessed the poor and cursed the rich, and taught his disciples not to take thought of the morrow, for such was the manner of heathens? Can he who gains wealth by the industry of his fellows be a sincere believer in Him who made it a mark of discipleship to love one's neighbour as one's self? Is that loving one's neighbour as one's self, when men make of their fellow-men servants, drudges, and slaves, and consider them unfit to sit with them at their tables or mingle with them in their drawing-rooms? pp. 39-40."

Mr. Hecker next gives a cursory view of several of the attempts made by Jews, heathens, and Protestants, to escape from "the corruption of that concupiscence which is in the world;" showing what failures they have been, and thus preparing his readers to find, in the Catholic Church, the only principles

for the security of such schemes. He specially tells of the Essenes, but appears not to know that many modern scholars deem those to have been neither more nor less than the early Christians, mistakenly identified, as a community, with certain recluses in the time of the Maccabees. Lastly, we are told, p. 55, that "there is a large class of persons in the United States who look for and seek a more spiritual life;" a fact which the author attributes partly to the fact that competence is more easily acquired than in any other land," and so people's energies are not expended on the continued attempt to "keep the wolf from the door;" and partly to the deep forests, vast prairies, unexplored regions, and uncultivated lands," scenes a St. Bernard and a St. Stephen Harding would have selected for the location of their severely and romantically retired communities.

Detailed accounts, which we have not space to follow, are next given, of several of these Yankee efforts, all of course ending in smoke. Some of the points are amusing.

"We were of all creeds and opinions," says a narrator of the attempt on Brook Farm—no other, indeed, than the novelist, Hawthorne—"and generally tolerant of all, on every imaginable subject. Our bond was not affirmative, but negative. We had found one thing or another to quarrel with, and were agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity."

These words would serve for a description of the state of things at the time, and in the hearts of the leaders of the "Reformation."

In another attempt, made at "Fruitlands," about forty miles from Boston, we trace the usual Manichæan character of that asceticism which is not controlled by the Church.

"Neither flesh, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk pollute our tables nor corrupt our bodies. Neither tea, coffee, molasses, nor rice tempt us beyond the bounds of indigenous productions. We rise at early dawn, commence the day with singing, succeeded by a music-lesson, and then a chaste repast. *Abstain, in preference to doing*, is the great aim, &c. pp. 81-82."

Few and simple are the words in which the author despatches "Fruitlands."

"Winter, stern, cold, inhospitable winter, approached. Fruitlands disappeared with the knot of its devoted and spiritually-minded enthusiasts, and Eden once more re-entered the domain of the history of the past. p. 82."

Verily, when we read these things, we are almost inclined to acquiesce in the remark of a Jesuit, that rural retirement for active religious communities was a snare of the devil, by which he took them off from the great work of converting souls.

Next comes the Anglican attempt of "The Brotherhood of the Holy Cross." But instead of wasting more time over these various specimens of *playing at monkery*, we would pass on to pages 110, &c., where our author thus lays down the idea of the real and true Church as first presented to men in the life of its divine founder.

"Jesus Christ," he says, "to be the way, the truth, and the life, to all generations, must be present to them, not in a dead book, or in any indefinite and abstract manner, but as their Teacher, Guide, Helper, Father, Friend, Brother. He must meet all the wants of man's heart, and satisfy all the wants of man's intellect. * * * If Christ is to be to us a Saviour, we must find him here, now, and where we are. * * * To recommend prayer and reading the Bible to one who feels the need of a personal guide, is to proclaim our insufficiency and incapacity. To tell him to open his heart, and communicate its life to one like himself, is to desecrate his heart and profane the sanctuary of the soul."

Many of our readers will recollect that Dr. Cumming, the presbyterian parson, published, some years ago, a sermon he had preached before the Queen; thinking, no doubt, what was "sauce" for royalty might *a fortiori* serve its subjects. In this sermon he said there were three religions; the religion of nature, the religion of the priest, and the religion of the Divine Saviour. Without stopping to ask whether this was not something very like saying the Divine Saviour was no priest, we wish to remark that Mr. Hecker's object is to show that the Catholic priesthood is precisely and exclusively what carries on our Lord's work to all generations, and but for which He might as well not have appeared on earth at all. And this he has most satisfactorily proved.

"The fact," says he, "of sin is before the sinner's eyes: the fact of pardon must be equally sensible and evident, to give repose to the sinner's conscience, and consolation to his heart. Christ personally spoke pardon to the sinner: he gave to the priests of his Church the same power, and promised to ratify the exercise of it in heaven. Protestantism, in repudiating this, fails to represent Christ, and is utterly inadequate to meet the wants of the human heart. The first step, in order to be a Protestant, is to believe one's sins are pardoned, without any rational basis for it. pp. 141-42."

"Granting, therefore, that faith is the only means of communion with God,—in the Protestant religion no one can have communion with God, because no one, on a Protestant basis, can make an act of faith. p. 144."

And accordingly, he might have added, the term, *making an Act of Faith* is not found in the Protestant vocabulary. Such, however, is the blindness of Protestants, that they do not insist, as their only condition of salvation, on

what is possible, but make the conditions impossible, and then are daring enough to virtually charge on our Lord an inconsistency akin to their own. What else is their alleging, as is often the case, the impossibility of voluntary poverty? to do which they must ignore the fact that He who gave such poverty His blessing was its greatest example, because, "being rich He became poor for our sakes." But let us hear Mr. Hecker on this "voluntary poverty."

"As He approached death He became more and more enamoured of poverty. His garments were stript from His body and he was nailed to the cross, poverty growing bold in the affection of her spouse. Even after death they did not loose their embrace; for His winding sheet was a gift, and the tomb in which he was buried was a stranger's. Let us now imagine that some earnest and sincere-minded youth should fall on these passages, and believe, and determine to follow his divine Master. He wends his way to the teachers of the gospel. What will be his reception? One of pity for his simplicity, or surprise at such extravagant folly in this enlightened nineteenth century. pp. 154-55."

He next supposes, in a similar strain, that "some young man or maiden," having read the sublime things in Scripture about virginity,

"Should earnestly desire to be holy both in body and spirit, and in imitation of Jesus Christ, and in accordance with His counsels, should consecrate their virginity to God. What has Protestantism to say to that? Instantly you would hear a tirade from the mouths of its ministers against this queen of Christian virtues. 'Shocking! cruel! criminal! contrary to nature! destructive to the human race and society!'" p. 158.

"*O felix mundi exitium!*" says St. Augustine, in words the mere quotation of which is thought sufficient to refute them; but the Saint had ever before his eyes that awful day when his Master is to come and judge the world by fire; and surely, with such a prospect in sight, he might be allowed to think the gradual extinction of the human race by celibacy a much happier doom.

In this and in some other points the Protestant standard of perfect virtue has fallen below the heathen one. So true is it that from him that hath not shall be taken even what he seemeth to have.

We are sorry we have not space for some of the author's remarks upon "Authority" and "Rome." The sooner men see that in religion these are inseparable, the better for them. What is the child's first guide in religion? His mother's teaching. As he grows up, however, he finds that his schoolfellow's mother teaches *her* darling something directly opposite. How is he to know which is right? Only by seeking and finding a *universal* mother who

cannot teach *wrong*. And if Rome be not this mother, we should like to know what is?

We have past over without notice, for want of room, much that is truly interesting, and beautiful, and convincing; but we hope the specimens of this work we have given will induce our readers to peruse it, and (what is more important,) recommend it to those of their acquaintance who are in need of such a book. It is specially adapted to such young men as have "hidden longings" for guidance, and meantime are in danger of injury from those soul-murdering books which issue from the intellectual looms of Germany, our own country, and the United States, and which captivate the weak intellect of youth when it is not fortified against them by the powerful and only sufficient antidote of Catholic teaching and example.

The Boy's Ceremonial. By FRIAR CROWTHER, Priest of the Eremitic Order of St. Augustine. RICHARDSON and SON, London.

That this little volume is conformable to the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and to the custom of the City of Rome, we have no sort of doubt, since it bears the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of Liverpool. But we cannot bring ourselves to feel that the way in which it is done, is quite conformable to good taste. It seems to us, that the encomiums bestowed on boys and their ministrations, are so enunciated, as to encourage them to vanity in themselves, rather than to decorous behaviour about the altar. Besides, if the changes recommended in the minor matters of the ritual, where boys are concerned, are desirable (which is very questionable, since the Church graciously permits modifications in her ceremonial in countries where long usage has sanctioned them) at least, the innovation ought not to spring from little acolythes refusing point blank to do this or that at the bidding of the Priest. In what sort of spirit is the following extract?

"If in practising these injunctions you are met by any remarks or strange looks from those who ought to know better, ask them to translate for you the 3rd of the '*Ritus servandus in Celebratione Missæ*!'"

Were this feeling carried out, we should have rather a precocious race of young servers. In fact, the whole tone of the book is too levelling; which induces many expressions not quite *ad unguem*. Take an example or two.

"Some folks twist half round * * * others sprawl out their right leg."

The cloth which dries the consecrated fingers is styled a "dirty little towel." "Don't

stick your arms out:" "Keep kneeling:" and so on. For a gentleman so particular about titles, we were startled to find him calling *Baldeschi, Mr. Baldeschi.* It will be *Mr. Michelangelo* or *Mr. Tertullian* next. The Rev. author makes an appendix on purpose to quarrel with us for our now familiar style of addressing our beloved clergy. He objects entirely to our speaking of "Father This" or "Father That," unless we be talking to a Monk, Jesuit, or Friar. It will be some time, we think, before Father (Friar) Crowther persuades our good brethren in Ireland to talk of "Mr." Blake or "Mr." Molloy, instead of "Father Thomas" or "Father John;" which to us seems infinitely more endearing. Briefly, the utility of this book is impeded by its style of execution, which we conceive would prevent some from putting it into the hands of boys. The publishers' part of the work is well done, as the book is well and cheaply brought out.

The Spirit and Scope of Education. From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. STAFF, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology, &c. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE.

The subject of education in this country has of late years engrossed the attention of our most distinguished men. Schemes of every hue and form have been set on foot to educate and upraise the masses. Bill after bill has been brought into parliament to facilitate and promote education. The Churches of England and Scotland each produced its panacea, and were followed in turn by the Lancashire School Association, Mr. Fox, the member for Oldham, being the principal advocate of a purely secular system. To find a perfect system of education, the world has been ransacked; but so far in vain, every known system for teaching the masses having been attended with unsatisfactory results. For whilst we see the Church Establishment boldly proclaiming, that the "Word" shall be put into the hands of every child without note or comment; on the other hand, we have the leaders of the purely secular movement, as loudly announcing that religion and education shall not have a resting-place under the same roof. And yet, forsooth, Churchman and Secularist claims the admiration of their respective partisans each as being the greatest benefactor of the rising generation and their race. To the Christian who knows the effect

which the frequent reception of the Sacraments has upon youth, it is consoling to see the look of innocence and purity which stamps itself in the countenances of even the poorest of the poor of our Catholic children.

"The profanation of education, (we quote our author) the banishment and neglect of religion, the foolish attempt to raise and ennoble fallen man by the sole instrumentality of his fellow-man, is the greatest bane of modern times. Without religion there is not such a thing as true love of one's self or of our neighbour; not such a thing as firm and enduring attachment to King and country; not such a thing as a sincere union of heart and hand for the common weal."

To the Catholic it is a saddening sight to see thousands of children turned loose upon the world to drift hither and thither as the bearing tide may please, and acting in every sense as if this world were their ultimate end.

"Wherefore does man exist? and what is his ultimate end? (asks the author of the *Spirit and Scope of Education*) Does he reach in safety the goal of his existence all is gained; does he miss it, all is lost for him, and for ever. To educate a child is to *rescue* the rising man from *perdition* entailed upon him by Adam's fall, and to render him capable of attaining his true end in this world and in the next. As a citizen of this world, he has to fit himself for the sphere of action in which Providence intends him to move; and as a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven with his hopes in eternity he has to produce fruits which will last for ever."

Such are the principles laid down by our author; and by a process of the keenest and most logical order he proceeds to show in what manner the ultimate end of man is to be obtained. It may be truly said he exhausts the subject in every detail; and we cordially recommend the perusal of this work to every Catholic interested in the great question of the age, education.

The Supremacy of St. Peter and his Successors, the Roman Pontiffs; being the substance of Lectures delivered by the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE. pp. 175.

The work is almost done in these old fields of controversy; and the only marvel is, that after this and such-like unanswerable works in polemics have appeared in continuous succession during the last fifty years, those separated should still continue to erect their men of straw. Our rev. author here demolishes one of this class in an indisputable manner, sustaining his thesis in a style, where neither logic, spirit, nor chivalrous, gentle bearing are ever wanting. The student will find here an ample treasury of authorities.

Peter the Hermit: A Lay of the Holy Wars, and other Poems. By H. B. M. H. HUGHES, Student of the College of SS. Peter and Paul, Prior Park, Bath. Second Edition. Bath: LAMPARD, pp. 107.

This is just the kind of book we have been some time wanting to see. We have had Macaulay's Lays of Pagan Rome, and Aytoun's celebrations of the Cavaliers. And now comes a servant of God determined to show the world that the Crusaders can inspire as spirit-stirring tones as either. "The Angel of Death," too, is a fine series; and we only regret that the book has reached us too late for a review instead of a notice. We can assure such of our readers, however, as have a spare half-crown about them, that they cannot well spend it to better purpose, in the literary market, than by encouraging this young and ardent writer in that path of poesy which he has chosen, and in which he is evidently calculated to excel. We wish him *God speed* with all our hearts; and are thankful to see a book likely to be acceptable to our youth for its literary merits, and in which, at the same time, there is nothing questionable as regards either faith or purity.

A Panegyric on St. Patrick. By the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE.

The Church of Ireland. By the Rev. J. S. M'CORRY. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE.

These are two discourses delivered in successive years on "St. Patrick's Day." They suit the occasion; they are patriotic, eloquent, and teaching that necessary moral lesson of profiting by the great and good example of Ireland's Holy Apostle.

The True Religion; What it is. By the Rev. P. MACLACHLIN. Edinburgh: MARSH AND BEATTIE. pp. 250.

A series of controversial lectures, which originally appeared in the *Glasgow Free Press*. They are in reply to some strictures by R. W. Kennard, Esq., on a foregoing lecture by our author. Such is the parentage of the work before us; and to it we owe a masterly, temperate, and elaborate argument. The work is well brought out by the publishers, whose numerous publications are fast wiping out the title of "Silent Sister," which until lately belonged to our Church over the border.

The Use of Books; two Lectures delivered to the Cork Young Men's Society by J. G. MACARTHY, President. Cork: J. O'BRIEN. pp. 47.

We received these lectures, courteously sent by the author, with much pleasure. On the occasion of Mr. Ornsby's third lecture in our Institute, the chair was taken by the Rev. J. J. Murphy, of Cork, from whom fell some pleasing remarks respecting the kindly feelings of the Cork Society towards ourselves, which we are sure every member of our body cordially reciprocated. Nothing could conduce to mutual edification and pleasure more than a direct intercourse between such Societies, as that of the Young Men at Cork and our own; to promote which, we will do all that lies in our power. Space is not at our disposal at this late date to make any remarks on these good lectures; we will only say that we have read them over studiously ourselves, and have put them into the hands of some of our members. We ourselves read them with great profit, and the others have spoken of them with approbation. There is much vivacity and nerve in the style. The number of sources from which matter is drawn bespeaks extensive reading, as the elaboration of the subject shows that it has been much thought over.

Williamite and Jacobite Wars in Ireland, Parts I. and II.; by ROBERT CANE, M.D. Dublin: W. M. HENNESSY.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon, but but for want of a "sacred bard" their fame died out. In Dr. Cane these disastrous wars in Ireland have found a valuable chronicler, and if their events do not now become universally known, it will not be for want of extensive investigation, perfect impartiality, a pleasing style, beautiful typography, and reasonable price. The style reminds us of Prescott's Mexico and Irving's Granada, which all the world knows will force a man to read whether he will or not. The title alone puzzles us. Is the epithet *Williamite* placed before *Jacobite* as a tribute to *might* taking the place of *right*? Probably in the spirit of the old couplet:

"Treason doth never prosper: What is the reason?
Why, when it does, none dare call it treason."

Occasional Prayers for Men of the World and for Men of Business; compiled and paraphrased from the Holy Scriptures. London: BURNS and LAMBERT. pp. 64.

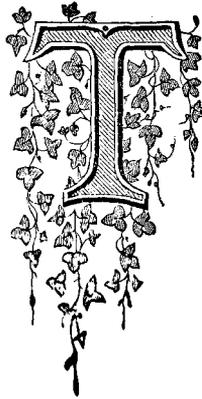
This is a beautiful little Manual of Prayers, and eminently in accordance with the spirit of the Church and the wants of the age. The Church is most pliable, except in doctrines; hence, in a busy work-a-day country like England, it is quite according to the Church's practice to devise something to meet the case. The prayers are short, and the book portable, so that it may be used at any spare moment. The general divisions are: prayers for the morning, for the evening, in affliction, of joy and gratitude. The Scriptural parts are harmoniously dovetailed with the original portions. In the prayer for *Faith in the Church*, the author applies the 86th Psalm (*Her foundations are on the holy mountains*;) to the Church; we like Segner's application of it to our Blessed Mother much better. We have seen some prayer books bound in limp canvas, which we should prefer in the present instance, for a week's wear and tear in the pocket would utterly annihilate the paper wrapper which unfolds this manual at present.

MEDAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—Mr. G. White, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, has favoured us with a sight of one of these beautiful medals. It was struck in Belgium, and its perfect execution does great credit to Philip of Liège, its author. Its form is the *vesica piscis*. The subject is taken from the Office of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception: the Blessed Virgin, holding a lily, crushing the serpent's head; above her is a star—*nova stella Jacob*. The legend, "*Maria sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis*." The reverse displays a striking likeness of our Holy Father, with the date of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. We do not remember another instance in Numismatics of a commemorative medal being struck in the oblong form, which has been, we think, peculiar to seals; but perhaps the immediate connection of the subject with our Lady, of whose purity the *almond* or *vesica piscis* is emblematic, would justify this departure from antecedents. On the whole, no more proper souvenir of the glorious Eighth of December could find its way into the bureau of the Catholic.

A Legend of St. German.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—THE STORM.



HE ship was swift, the breeze
was fair,
The sky was azure blue;
The laughing waters sparkled
round,
With the ruby's lustrous hue.
And joyous was the shout that
burst
From that fair vessel's side,
As Britain's chalky cliffs, at
length,
Shone forth in all their pride.
For though the waves were
tumbling now,
Like dolphins at their play,
And scarce the breeze availed
to crest
The billow tops with spray.

Full well they knew, that vessel's crew,—
That scarce an hour before,
Those waves were grey—with the driving spray,
And loud was the storm-wind's roar.

The mid-day sky had shrouded been
With darksome pall of night,—
Save when the lightnings flashed across
With blue, unearthly light.

The pealing thunder roared and crashed,
As if the heavens would fall,
And earth be rent,—and nothingness
Again would swallow all.

The seamen trembled and grew pale,
With more than wanted fear,
As louder than the warring winds
Strange voices sounded near.

And shrieks of demon merriment,
Loud echoing round the mast;
For those whom none may look upon
Were riding on the blast.

But all unmoved St. German stood
Upon the reeling deck;
Though storm and demons raged around,
Right little did he reck.

He knew that such could never make
That little barque their prey,—
Since He in Whom he put his trust,
Was mightier far than they.

He took a little water
In the hollow of his hand,
And blessed it in the name of Him
Who made both sea and land;

He signed it with the blessed cross,
And o'er it breathed a prayer;
Then raising high his holy arm,
He cast it in the air.

Wild cries and fearful shrieks of woe
Were borne upon the blast,
When, from his hand, the holy man
Those blessed waters cast.

And Hell's proud warriors confessed,
With howlings loud and long,
How, with His weakest instruments,
God can confound the strong.

And when those holy dew-drops fell
Upon the troubled sea,
The waves sank down, the darkness fled,
The sunbeams darted free.

And with its soft and odorou breath,
To bear them on the main,
A fair, warm breeze came sighing from
The orange groves of Spain.

Fair Britain's chalky headlands soon
Came pleasantly in view,
Stretching, like giant swimmers,
On the waters calm and blue.

Full many a boat was on the bay
That little barque to meet;
And joyous Britons lined the shore,
Their coming guests to greet.

So many a voice did welcome them,
And many a willing hand
Aided the weary mariners
To draw their bark to land.

Who wishes to abolish the festivals of the Catholic Church? Not the poor man, whom they console; not the holy man, whom they nourish; not the meekly learned men, whose labor they assist; not the artist or poet, to whom they supply such sweet and glorious visions. But the christian pastors are called upon to suppress the festivals, to gratify a few insolent and gloomy pedants, who, in the pride of their political or literary fame, mistake genius for superstition, and faith for insanity. Remorseless task-masters, who impose worse than Herculean labors upon the sons and daughters of the poor!—*Digby*.

The torch of criticism should enlighten, not burn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are sorry to be under the necessity, through want of space, of holding over till some future time the following letters and communications:—

J. P., on the Institute Literature Society.

Magus, on the Italian Pronunciation of Latin.

Studens, on the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception.

J. Dalton, on Catholic Periodical Literature.

Athos.—Call at the Institute.

SKETCH OF DR. NEWMAN.

[The following pen-and-ink portrait of Dr. Newman, as sketched by the well-known German traveller, Kohl, will no doubt interest many. It was written some years ago, when as yet the subject of it did not belong to us. Time, the great thaumaturgus, has wrought many changes since then; and amongst the rest, we have enjoyed the happiness of seeing him, thus graphically described, brought into the one fold, which his learning has illustrated, his piety has adorned, and his sufferings for the Faith have edified.]

The sermon which I heard from Mr. Newman, was upon the subject which forms the main theme of his whole theory. The text was taken from Isaiah, "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills." In the course of his sermon, he urged that this edifice of the church was not the work of man, but was of God's own foundation; and that not only the building itself was built of God, but that also its watchmen, overseers, and wardens, the Christian priesthood, had received their office and their authority from God himself. Mr. Newman, as he appeared in the pulpit, struck me as a lean meagre-looking man, with a stern, motionless, and inexpressive countenance, which had nothing either attractive or repulsive in it. His eyes were small and without fire, as far as I could judge through the elegant spectacles which he wore. The sharp lines on his face appeared to me to denote a clever man, and the thin cheek and wrinkled skin marked out the learned and laborious student. His hair was combed quite smooth, and its straight lines ran parallel with the straight lines of his features, which looked as if he had combed them as well as his hair. I repeat once again, that I was assured Mr. Newman bore an ex-

cellent character. And if I make these remarks upon his features, it is not because I had a preconceived dislike to the man, whom I never saw but this once in the pulpit, but because we all, in some degree, carry the appearance and outward form of our principles, without being conscious of it, and consequently such remarks contribute as well to the characteristics of a thing, as a criticism of the thing itself. In his whole appearance lay a certain repose, I might say a rest and a holiness, which was, in the highest degree, peculiar, and it appears to belong to all pious men of his party. He spoke very calmly, or rather without any pretence to emotion. His arms were generally hidden under the border of the pulpit, his spectacles almost always riveted to his papers; without betraying any outward fire, without deep emotion, without enthusiasm, without employing the ornaments and convincing powers of eloquence, he read off his discourse upon the kingdom which the Lord had established on the hills and on the tops of the mountains. I can scarcely express the singular impression which was made upon me by hearing Mr. Newman utter, with the greatest apparent indifference, the most remarkable phrases, as for instance:—"The vast Catholic body of the church of Christ throughout all the world is broken into many fragments by the power of the devil." There occurred also other and stronger phrases, which he enunciated with a repose, and, at the same time, a decidedness, which struck me as quite peculiar from their contrast of matter and manner. "Newman," said one of his friends to me, "avoids carefully all eloquence, all inflammatory declamation, all overflowing enthusiasm, and is anxious, that the clearness of the matter, and the necessity of his conclusions, should enlighten and strike every one who hears him." But I fancy that he is calm, less from design and self-command than by nature, and such a repose being as it is not without severity and passion, strikes one as very unnatural in a matter of such importance and grandeur, as that which the Puseyites profess to put forward. Inward conviction, and the being perfectly possessed by an idea, leads, of itself, to enthusiasm, as when the fire of the Holy Spirit descended on the apostles, and made them glow with action, and speak miraculously in a hundred tongues. This want of enthusiasm, which marks the head of the Puseyite party, does not tell well for their cause, which they have built only on authorities, and knotty expositions and arguments.

CONCERT AT THE INSTITUTE.

On Monday last, September 24, a Miscellaneous Concert took the place of the usual weekly lecture at the Institute. The selection of music was pleasing, though unpretending. The character of the performance divided itself into two distinct classes, one being of the very highest order of art, and the other—not so. The whole was conducted by Mr. D. C. Browne, who presided during the evening at the piano. Mr Baetens's *morceaux* on the violin strengthened his claim to rank among the first violinists of the day. There was a roundness of tone, a neatness of manipulation, and a distinctness and softness of expression, that could not be surpassed. Mr. H. Croft sang several pieces during the evening in a very brilliant manner. He seems to excel in pathos; his *Bloom is on the Rye* was one of the sweetest things we ever heard. Mr. Edwards was very brilliant on the French Horn. Mr. R. Campbell was exquisitely grotesque in *Alonzo the Brave*; rather diffident perhaps, but modesty enhances merit. Some portions of the performances we will not mention more particularly, than to say, that however clever they were, they were in rather questionable taste. To provoke laughter is not always a verdict of merit, for we have a critical canon, of high authority, that tells us of some exhibitions, which, though they may please the many, "make the judicious grieve," and that the applause of one of these outweighs that of a multitude of the others. The harmonized pieces were correct. The proceeds of the concert go towards the purchase of a piano for the Institute.

THOUGHTS.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the fallen industrious. Much might be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

Good kind of men, without religion, make me tremble with their perilous virtue, like rope-dancers without their balance-pole.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY,

"Exultavit ut gigas ad currendam viam."—Ps. xviii.

WE are desired to notice a Society lately established at Hull for the conversion of those who are not Catholics. It is named "*The Society in Honor of the Twelve Apostles*." It consists of laymen, presided over by a chaplain, who are to aid the over-taxed energies of our too few priests in the work of evangelization, by means of prayer, edification, and mutual instruction. Controversy is to be avoided except in necessary cases. "The Society may consist of any number of circles, each circle to consist of twelve members, whose object it will be, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Twelve Apostles, to recover and bring into the Fold twelve lost sheep every year. A small manual contains the devotional exercises.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL, LIVERPOOL.—A general meeting of this society was held at the Catholic Institute, on Sept. 9th, on the occasion of G. Blounte, Esq., the President General of the Society in England, visiting Liverpool. There was a large attendance of the several Conferences. The President-General, having been introduced to the members by the Rev. J. Nugent, the Society's Chaplain, detailed some very interesting facts as to the progress of the society throughout the Catholic world. And after offering some very valuable suggestions for the better working of the society in England, he called on the members to renew their zeal in their work of charity, and by increased unity of action, to endeavor to multiply their numbers and efficiency.

ON SEPTEMBER 13th, a lecture was delivered to the Young Men's Society of St. Mary's, Liverpool, by C. Clements, Esq., a member of the Institute Philomathic Society, on *the Gunpowder Plot*. The lecturer, in a very able manner, showed the injustice and folly of attaching to the Catholic Church, and after a lapse of two centuries, the odium arising from the actions of a few individual miscreants engaged in the plot. An audience of about six hundred were present, and received the lecture with much applause.

ON August 22nd, a new Chapel, under the title of St. Mary, and schools (by Hansom) were opened at Chippenham, (diocese of Clifton) by the Rev. R. Ward, of Frome.

A CONVENT of the Sisters of Mercy has been established at Clifford, (Beverley) by the Rev. E. L. Clifford.

AT DALKEITH, a new gothic Church, Our Lady of La Salette, (Goldie, archit.) was opened on the — of August, by the Right Rev. Dr. Smith.

ON September 8th, the new Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields, London, (G. Blount, archit.) was opened by Cardinal Wiseman, assisted by several French and English bishops.

ON September 10th, the foundations of a new Church and schools were laid at Nantwich, (Shrewsbury) by the Rev. H. Alcock, of Crewe. We understand that one of our townsmen has contributed munificently to this good work.

ON September 16th, an Oratory, adjoining the residence of Joseph Gillow, Esq., of Preston, (Liverpool) was solemnly opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss.

ON September 19th, the beautiful Church of St. Laurence, at Greenock, was solemnly consecrated and opened by the Right Rev. Dr. Smith.

ON September 16th, at Clifton, the new Bishop of Plymouth, the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, was consecrated by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, assisted by the Bishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Newport. Dr. Manning preached in the evening.

ON September 22nd, at St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Liverpool, the Order of Priesthood was conferred on the Rev. J. O'Reilly, late of the University of Louvaine, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Liverpool.

THE REV. Messrs. Maher and Riordan, the latter of Cork, are about to proceed as Chaplains to the Crimea.

MR. BULMER, the church artist, in describing the decorations of Salford Cathedral, begins a letter to the *Weekly Register* with these words: "This church (or, as the catholics call it, cathedral,) is cruciform," &c. We object to this style of thing altogether, and are very sorry to find Mr. Bulmer arraying himself with Protestants and Dissenters in treating us in this exceptional sort of manner. We really must go on as if there were no Protestants in the world. This custom of looking at things Catholic from the Protestant point of view is most intolerable and pernicious.

LITERARY ITEMS.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the three Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Cathedrals, held for a charitable purpose, has lately taken place. This festival has been got up on a scale of greater magnitude as regards the number of professional musicians engaged, and the high standing of the principal performers, than any which has preceded it. Relying upon the facilities afforded by the railways for visitors from the adjoining and distant counties, the Committee spared no cost, while the Conductor (Mr. Townshend Smith) spared no labor, to render the festival worthy in every respect of its noble object. In the selection of pieces, the taste of the musical scholar and the appreciation of that part of the public which judges by its likings only, were alike consulted; and the result has been a brilliant success.

In aiming at their charitable object, the committees of these festivals have incidentally done the district a service, the extent of which could not at first have been foreseen. By these triennial meetings, they have kept alive the careful study of sacred music, at once the noblest of all music, and the sublimest of all sciences, amongst the musicians themselves; and they have created and nurtured a musical taste amongst the inhabitants of the district. As an added pleasure, music is the purest that could have been presented to them; but it has a higher value. It is a potent educator of mankind, refining the taste, accustoming the perceptions to discover the beautiful, delighting the imagination with ceaseless variety, working only upon the nobler feelings, and approving itself to the soundest judgment, by the clearness of its principles and the nice adaptation of means and end.

Looking at the subject in a merely artistic point of view, the Festivals have been of great value. But for them, English sacred music would hardly have been known even by name to the reading public, while such a class as the present non-professional musical public would not have existed.

As the most ancient of existing festivals, that of the three Choirs stands foremost in the list of civilising agencies: in some respects, however, we regret to find that it stands alone. It is at the present moment, the only Festival where English music forms the main item. At other festivals it would seem that nothing home produced is accounted good enough.

We are glad to find that Mr. G. Townshend Smith, organist of the Cathedral, has struck the true mean, neither excluding nor accepting foreign music or novelties of the day simply as such, but drawing mainly from the great storehouse of English and other classical music. In this respect the example deserves general imitation, while the decision has received the approval of all unprejudiced persons. The selection of music was this time emphatically a good one—good in variety, in intrinsic merit and in appropriateness; and the success of its execution has been triumphant.

DR. BARTH, the African explorer, after spending five years in his journey to and from Timbuctoo, has arrived in safety and health, at Tripoli.

THE last letter written by the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., was to her Majesty, informing her, that, acting as her father's executor, he held a sum of money, which he was about to place to her credit.

A Working Engineer of Montreal, named Ross, claims to have discovered a new motive power which will waft a ship across the Atlantic Ocean in three days.

THE *Siccle* mentions a project for bringing out a new journal (*L'Alliance Industrielle*) to appear simultaneously in French and English. It is intended to be the organ of the commercial interests of the two nations.

B. PISTRUCCI, the great coin engraver during the reigns of George III. and George IV., died on September 16th, at Englefield-green, in his seventy-third year.

A PENSION of twenty pounds (!) per annum has been conferred by the Queen on Miss Brown, the blind poetess.

THE thirty-fifth exhibition of works of art at Manchester contains four hundred and seventy-seven oil paintings, one hundred and fifty water-color drawings, and twenty-two pieces of sculpture.

THE Director of the French Imperial Museums has purchased at Laon an altar-cross of the twelfth century, which once belonged to the Sisters of St. Francis of Sales, at a cost of five thousand francs. It is to be placed in the Louvre.

Mr. C. DICKENS is engaged on a new serial work, the first number of which is to be issued in November. We shall hail, with much pleasure, the autumnal re-appearance of the well-known town green leaves.

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS AT THE INSTITUTE FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

- October 1.—A Waverley Reading, with explanatory remarks, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq., (late Dean of Moray and Ross.)
- October 8.—The Influence of the Church on Men and Manners, by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A.
- October 15.—The first lecture of a Series on Mental Philosophy, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.
- October 22.—Musical Entertainment, by the Students and Members of the Institute.
- October 29.—The Souls and Instincts of Animals, by the Rev. J. Worthy, of Euxton.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

** A copious and swelling stream of poetical contributions has set in, and the supply promises to be continuous. We think a general reply to our poetic friends will be the most expeditious plan. We, therefore, beg to announce, that any style of composition would be more acceptable to us than verse, from those who do us the favor of sending us contributions. From the papers already in hand, we shall be glad to select, from time to time, such as suit our taste. The remainder must be consigned to the trunk-maker—that bourne from which no waste-paper returns.

J. W.—If our correspondent will consult the Ordo for 1831, he will find that there were then five chapels and eight priests in Liverpool. At present, excluding the five convents, there are thirteen public churches and chapels, and forty-four priests. In addition to these, we must take into account the suburban churches, in order to arrive at an estimate of the places of worship kept up by the Catholics of Liverpool.

A *Sunday-school Teacher, Preston*.—Protestantism can lay no claim to the establishment of Sunday Schools. They were first founded by St. Charles Borromeo of Milan. We have to inform our correspondent, that there are several Sunday Schools in Rome, known by the name of *Adunanze*, where apprentices and poor children engaged during the week in labor are assembled on Sundays and festivals, under the direction of zealous priests, who, after the holy Mass, conduct these youths to a garden or vineyard without the city. Here innocent amusements are provided for them, and in the evening they retire to an oratory for prayer and sacred hymns, and they generally have a short sermon addressed to them before they separate.

— & —, *Edinburgh*.—Your suggestion relative to *The Oratorian* reached us too late.

E. J. C., a member of the Day-school.—Your lines reached us too late to be used in our present number. We will consider what is to be done about them next month.

The Dublin Young Men's Society.—We thank you for your good wishes, and are glad to have gained your kind word. We shall be happy to hear from you again.—Make Post-office orders payable to Evan Travis, 57, Scotland-road, Liverpool.

C. N. V. H., Islington.—We are obliged for the kind interest you take in our Magazine. We have not yet heard from the Stratford Popular Club; but hope to do so. We shall be glad of any communications you may be kind enough to send. We think you will approve of the arrangements we have made in London, on the subject you allude to.

J. O'C., Limerick.—We send according to order. At present our staff consists entirely of volunteers, we have no paid contributors.

☞ We are unable, either through want of space, want of books of reference, or want of time, to reply to several questions asked. Where we can assist our readers, we shall be glad to do so; but they must bear in mind that our engagements are manifold, our time limited, and our knowledge circumscribed. In fact, we are an *Amateur*, rather than a *Professional*, Editor; and we do not intend, as is the case with one periodical we could mention, to keep a paid scribe to manufacture replies to imaginary questions put by phantom querists.

Obituary.

On Tuesday, July 31st, GEORGE MOORE, aged 13, Scholar of the Catholic Institute. He was a very edifying boy, particularly zealous in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. R. I. P.

On Sunday, September 16th, at Holywell, whither he had gone, in the hope that restored health would enable him to pursue his studies for the priesthood, ALFRED HURST, aged 14, late Scholar of the Catholic Institute. On the Wednesday following, a *Missa de Requiem* was sung for the repose of his soul, by his school-fellows. R. I. P.