

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.

The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

FABER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, a native of England, was born June 28, 1815, and died September 26, 1863. He was educated at Oxford, and became a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1845 he was converted to the Catholic faith, and after his ordination to the priesthood in 1847, he entered the Oratorian Congregation. Both before and after his conversion, Father Faber was an author held in high esteem among critics of reputation. His poems, which were for the most part written before that event, comprise "The Cherwell Water Lily and Other Poems," 1840; "The Styrian Lake and Other Poems," 1842; "Sir Lancelot, a Poem," 1844; "The Rosary and Other Poems," 1845; and a volume of "Catholic Hymns," some of which, for the most part distorted and modified, have passed into the service of all religious denominations. Father Faber is best known, however, as the writer of a series of devotional works, which have had an unparalleled popularity. They comprise "All for Jesus," 1854; "Growth in Holiness," 1855; "The Blessed Sacrament," 1856; "The Creator and the Creature," 1857; "The Foot of the Cross," 1858; and "Spiritual Conferences," 1859. He was the author also of an "Essay on Beatification and Canonization," 1843. At his death he was the superior of the Oratory at Brompton.

III.

35. THE WORLD.

IF a pagan were to take up a New Testament by chance, he would certainly be puzzled by what is said there about the world. He might even fancy that there was some inconsistency in it. On the one hand, with what yearning love and tenderness is it spoken of! "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son."—"God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world might be saved by Him." Our very hearts leap within us for joy when we hear Jesus call Himself *Salvator mundi*, *Lux mundi*—the Saviour of the world, the Light of the world. O blessed Jesus! why is Thy curse upon that world of Thine deep in proportion to the depth of Thy love for it? Why on the eve of Thy death except it from Thy prayer? Why art Thou so tender and so kind to sinners, so hopeful to the end of their conversion,

while, as for the world, Thou dost treat it as Thy desperate enemy, as though there was a fatality upon it which compelled it to hate Thee and Thine?

2. The Apostles take up the anathemas¹ of Jesus. St. James says to us, "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of this world becometh an enemy of God." The Apostle of Love is the most solemn in his warnings: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the concupiscence² of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." St. Paul is not less energetic. He looks upon the world as under the power of the evil one, for he speaks of "walking according to the course of the world, according to the prince of the power of the air." He considers that the very purpose for which Christ died was "to deliver us from this present wicked world."

3. Can anything be more evident than that it is a first principle of Christianity that the world is thoroughly and utterly bad? Yet how careful is the same Apostle, St. Paul, to remind the Christians that they still have duties in and for this world. He modifies one of his rules³ expressly, because if they followed it literally, it would be tantamount⁴ to quitting the world. He legislates for the behavior of Christians at a banquet given by a heathen, taking it for granted that Christians were to mix with the great world. Evidently he who wished us to be dead and crucified to the world did not intend us to cease to be gentlemen, or to set the laws of society at defiance.

4. Christian dogma⁵ presents the same twofold view of the world and our relations to it. The history of the Church has been a life-long struggle with Manicheism⁶ in every possible

¹ A *nāth'e ma*, a formal curse.

² *Cōn cū' pis cence*, unlawful desire.

³ 1 Cor., ch. 5, v. 27.

⁴ *Tān'ta mount*, equal.

⁵ *Dōg'ma*, positive settled rule in matters of religion.

⁶ *Man i che'ism*, the heretical

doctrines of Manes, a Persian philosopher, who taught that there are two supreme principles, one of which is the author of all good, and the other the author of all evil. He pretended that all material things proceeded from the latter source, and that even the legitimate

shape. She has ever hated the doctrine that matter is intrinsically¹ bad. Deep as is the corruption of original sin, she has anathematized the Lutheran doctrine, that the soul has become substantially evil through the fall. She consecrates human joys, and respects all the legitimate affections of the human heart. She teaches that marriage has been erected into a sacrament. She burns incense before the body of a Christian even when the soul has departed from it. Nothing was ever so un-Puritanical as the Church. She abhors the gloom of a Presbyterian Sabbath. Her holidays are days of universal brightness. No joy is excessive if it be not profligate; no beauty comes amiss to her, provided it be chaste. She gives her blessing upon all that is lovely. The walls of her churches glow with the colors of the Italian painter, and Spanish maidens dance before the Blessed Sacrament.

5. Yet, with all this largeness of heart, this det'estation of unnatural gloom, the ritual of the Church seems to imply that a blight and a curse have passed upon creation. The very blessing she gives to our dwelling-places and our fields, and to the choicest fruits of the earth, assumes the appearance of an exorcism.² She will not use the oil, and the balsam, and the salt, nor the precious gums for incense, nor even the pure, bright water, till the Cross has signed and purified them; as though the breath of the evil one had passed over all creation, and the whole earth required redemption. It is a principle of Christianity that the world is bad, and that worldliness is sinful. Riches are spoken of as a positive misfortune, while purple, fine linen, and feasting every day are the high-road to everlasting fire.

6. It is evident that Christianity has a most peculiar view of the world. It looks upon it neither with the jaundiced³ eye of the Puritan nor with the licentious⁴ gaze of the pagan. Volumes might be written upon it, but for our purpose it will

satisfaction of the needs of the body was in its nature sinful. St. Augustine was for some time preceding his conversion ensnared by these pernicious doctrines, against which St. Paul has registered an emphatic condemnation in his first

Epistle to Timothy.

¹ In trin'si cal ly, in its nature.

² Ex'or cism, prayers for casting out evil spirits.

³ Jaun'diced, prejudiced.

⁴ Li cén' tious, unrestrained by law or morality.

be sufficient to say that earthly goods of whatever kind—riches, pleasure, honor—are not looked upon as evil in themselves, but as tending to produce in the mind a certain positive wickedness called worldliness. This worldliness is only not a sin because it is rather a state than an act, or, if you will, it is a name for an attitude of the mind toward God which is sinful.

7. Christianity has not so much introduced a new system of morals as altered the whole point of view in which men looked upon life and earthly goods. It holds, as a first principle, that God is to be loved above all things, in such a sense that, if a creature appreciatively¹ loves any created thing more than God, he commits a mortal sin. Of course this, like every other mortal sin, requires at least the possibility of advertence.² For this reason, in a nature so carried away by its emotions as ours, it is conceivable that at a given time the soul might be so fixed on a lawful object of affection, that it should love it more than God, and yet be unconscious of its want of charity.

8. This one principle changes our whole mode of viewing the earth and all that belongs to it. It transposes the Christian's standpoint from this world to the next. Wealth, pleasure, power, honor, assume a totally different aspect when it is unlawful to pursue them for their own sake without reference to God. Let us clearly master this idea.³ We will suppose a merchant entirely engrossed in the acquisition of riches. No one will say that to amass wealth is in any way sinful. It has never come before him to do anything dishonest in order to increase his property, and he has never formed any intention of doing so. Nevertheless, if his heart is so fixed on gain that his affection for it is greater than the amount of his love for God, even though he has formed explicitly³ no design of acting dishonestly, he falls at once out of a state of grace.

9. Let him but elicit⁴ from his will an act by which he virtually appreciates riches more than God, that act of preferring a creature to God, if accompanied with sufficient advertence, is enough of itself to constitute a mortal sin. God sees his heart,

¹ Ap prē'ci a tive ly (shí a), in preference.

² Ad ver'tence, deliberate attention; a direction of the mind.

³ Ex plíc'it ly, clearly; in express terms.

⁴ E lic'it, to draw out.

and if, through the overwhelming pursuit of gain, the amount of its love for Himself is overbalanced by the amount of its love for riches, that man, when adequately conscious of his state, is in mortal sin, and if he died, would be lost forever. The first commandment is as binding as the seventh, and a man who does not love God above all things is as guilty as the actual swindler or the thief.

10. The case is precisely the same with all earthly goods whatever; science, literary fame, advancement in life, pleasure, ease, beauty, success of all kinds, whether by the charms of the body or of the mind—all these are of the earth earthly; and if any one of them is appreciated by us not only to the exclusion of God, but more than God, we are positively committing sin. The Christian's heart must be in paradise, not here below. He must be prepared by God's grace to give up anything on earth rather than sacrifice his hopes of heaven. This is not a counsel of perfection, but an indispensable duty. His final end must be to see God in the invisible world, not anything in the world of sight.

11. If any one had stated this doctrine to a heathen, he would have been treated as a madman. A pagan would have perfectly understood that he must not injure his fellow-men, that he must not pursue pleasure to such an extent as to harm his body or to stain his mind; but he would have stared at you as a portent¹ if you had announced to him that he must lay a restraint upon himself, because it is a duty for a man to reserve his affections for anything beyond the grave. If you would be great, fix your heart on some earthly object—power, science, country; but if only it be high and honorable, then pursue it with the full swing of all your powers of body and soul: such would be heathen ethics¹ at their very best.

12. The very idea of its being wrong to love the world would never enter into their minds. The word was not in their vocabulary, nor the idea in their intellect. It is an exclusively Christian principle, because the Bible alone has expressly taught it to be a duty to love God above all things, and a sin to love anything more than God.

DALGAIRNS.

¹ Ethics, a particular system of principles and rules concerning duty, whether true or false.

JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS, a native of the Island of Guernsey, graduated at Oxford in 1839, and shortly after attached himself to what was known as the Puseyite party, becoming an associate of Dr. Newman's in the writing and publishing of the "Lives of the English Saints." In 1845 he was received into the Catholic Church, and in the next year was ordained to the priesthood in France. He entered the Congregation of the Oratory, and resided at its Brompton house, where he died, at the age of 67, in April, 1876. He is the author of a very valuable and admirably written work, "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," and of one on "Holy Communion."

IV.

36. THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE world believes in the world's ends as the greatest of goods; it wishes society to be governed simply and entirely for the sake of this world. Provided it could gain one little islet in the ocean, one foot upon the coast, if it could cheapen tea by sixpence a pound, or make its flag respected among the Esquimaux or Otahēitans at the cost of a hundred lives and a hundred souls, it would think it a very good bargain. What does it know of hell? It disbelieves it; it spits upon, it abominates, it curses its very name and notion. Next, as to the devil, it does not believe in him either. We next come to the flesh, and it is "free to confess" that it does not think there is any great harm in following the instincts of that nature which, perhaps it goes on to say, God has given.

2. How could it be otherwise? Who ever heard of the world fighting against the flesh and the devil? Well, then, what is its notion of evil? Evil, to the world, is whatever is an offence to me, whatever obscures my majesty, whatever disturbs my peace. Order, tranquillity, popular contentment, plenty, prosperity, advance in arts and sciences, literature, refinement, splendor—this is my millennium, my ideal; I acknowledge no whole, no individuality, but my own; the units which compose me are but parts of me; they have no perfection in themselves; no end but in me; in my glory is their bliss, and in the hidings of my countenance they come to nought.

3. Such is the philosophy and practice of the world. Now the Church looks and moves in a simply opposite direction. It contemplates, not the whole, but the parts; not a nation, but the men who form it; not society in the first place, but in the

second place, and in the first place individuals; it looks beyond the outward act, on and into the thought, the motive, the intention, and the will; it looks beyond the world, and detects and moves against the *dēvil*, who is sitting in ambush behind it. It has, then, a foe in view, nay, it has a battlefield, to which the world is blind; its proper battlefield is the heart of the individual, and its true foe is Satan.

4. Do not think I am declaiming in the air, or translating the pages of some old worm-eaten homily;¹ I bear my own testimony to what has been brought home to me most closely and vividly, as a matter of fact, since I have been a Catholic, namely, that that mighty, world-wide Church, like her Divine Author, regards, consults, labors for the individual soul; she looks at the souls for whom Christ died, and who are made over to her; and her one object, for which every thing is sacrificed—appearances, reputation, worldly triumph—is to acquit herself well of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring forward the elect to salvation, and to make them as many as she can: to take offences out of their path, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to teach them, to feed them, to protect them, and to perfect them.

5. She overlooks every thing in comparison of the immortal soul. Good and evil to her are not lights and shades passing over the surface of society, but living powers, springing from the depths of the heart. Actions, in her sight, are not mere outward deeds and words, committed by hand or tongue, and manifested in effects over a range of influence wider or narrower, as the case may be; but they are the thoughts, the desires, the purposes of the solitary, responsible spirit. She knows nothing of space or time, except as secondary to will; she knows no evil but sin, and sin is a something personal, conscious, voluntary. She knows no good but grace, and grace again is something personal, private, special, lodged in the soul of the individual. She has one and one only aim—to purify the heart; she recollects who it is who has turned our thoughts from the external crime to the inward imagination; who said that “unless our justice abounded more than that of Scribes

¹ *Hōm'i ly*, a sermon; a serious discourse.

and Pharisees,¹ we should not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

6. This, then, is the point I insist upon. . . . The Church aims, not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate,² viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.

7. Such is the Church, O ye men of the world, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be; and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way, and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags or in fine linen; whether with awkward or with refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects or with the grace of accomplishments. Not that, in fact, she is not the source of numberless temporal and moral blessings to you also; the history of ages testifies it; but she makes no promises; she is sent to seek the lost: that is her first object, and she will fulfil it, whatever comes of it.

Abridged from REV. DR. NEWMAN.

¹ Scribes and Phār'i sees, sects as extortioners and hypocrites.

² *In' com mēn' su rate*, not adequate; not admitting of a common measure; too absolutely unlike to be compared with each other; insufficient; unequal.

V.

37. THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

2. The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!
3. Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by—
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shalt no longer flow.
4. What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—

Yet mourn I not thy parted swā,
Thou dim, discrowned king of dāy:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

5. Go, let oblivion's¹ curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants² bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.
6. Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!
7. This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,

¹ *Oblivion*, cessation of remembrance; forgetfulness.

² *Pageant* (pāj'ant), a fleeting show; a spectacle for the entertainment of a distinguished personage, or the public; an exhibition.

Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

8. Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL

SECTION IX.

I.

38. THE DOWER.

Characters: SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner, and LORD LOVELL.

OVERREACH. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lovell. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well woodèd, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dōtage on him I know they will be.)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.

All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the post