

Fra Angelico with a gaze that reminded me of Leigh Hunt's fine remark, "A good picture is a window. Through it we look beyond it—far down long vistas of thought." His friends scolded him for this exclusiveness; they did not know that we see many things only through blindness to many things.

The love of literature was in Manning as strong as the love of art, while to many it seemed to restrict itself within as narrow limits in one sense, but wide in another. His intellect was a sternly consistent one; and therefore whatever was opposed, not in form only, but in spirit also, to his strongest convictions or to his deepest sympathies found in him no acceptance. The lesser merits seemed to him only to wage war on the greater. On the other hand in what he admired he found more to admire than ordinary admirers find in their wider range. In the case of pagan writers he could make large allowance for the mode in which the subjects they created must have presented themselves from the pagan point of view. He did not believe that religion required that every book should be didactic; but, again, he could not forgive those who, in Christian ages and Christian lands, wrote in a strain such as the nobler writers of pagan days would have regarded as a sin, not only against decorum but against letters. Among our later poets I think that the two whom he admired most were Alfred Tennyson and Henry Taylor. Of my father's "Mary Tudor" he wrote thus, several years after its publication:—"It is work of a mind high, large and good: conception and continuity and intellectual purpose throughout. As to beauty, it is less the beauty of the eye and ear—though there is much of that also—than of the ideal and the spiritual world. And in this its beauty is very great. This is the result of one hasty reading; but I shall not only read it again, but I feel that I have one more book that I can read again and again, as I can 'The Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury.' Perhaps my feeling may be tinged by sympathy and the *Idola Ecclesiastica*. But Gladstone's is not; and we agree in considering 'Mary Tudor' the finest drama since Shakespeare's time. It is to me one more evidence of the injustice or the incapacity of readers and critics that it should be unknown."

No one can read Manning's numerous volumes, especially those of his later years, without perceiving from the style alone—which, as an Anglican bishop, Dr. Charles Harris, once remarked to me, had "edges as keen as the edges of a knife,"—that style must have been with him a careful study. To that study I heard him allude only once, and then in terms very characteristic: "In my youth, and when beginning to write, I took great pains with my style. I am ashamed of this it was unworthy." Walter Savage Landor would not have approved that opinion. He took greater pains himself and might have replied: "Your humility tramples on the pride of Plato with a greater pride." Or he might have answered: "You are wrong. Bacon, when he published his great work, prefixed to it the words: 'These were the thoughts of Francis Bacon, of which that posterity should become possessed he deemed to be their advantage. High thoughts are a trust for the benefit of others, whose attention, in the absence of a befitting garb for them, they do not adequately challenge.'"

Landor was proud not only of his style, but of the pains which he took with it. "That one," he said, "should be only in part concealed; light touches of the chisel should remain on the marble." Newman also wrote with extraordinary care, but his only care was to be plain.

I do not think that beautiful scenery contributed much to the enjoyment either of Manning or Newman; and both of them, I feel sure, would have agreed with Sir Henry Taylor in preferring the wide plains and rich valleys of Italy, bordered by majestic mountains with graceful outlines—mountains that knew how to keep their distance—to the Alpine peaks and precipices. I took him once to Monk Coniston, the exquisite abode of Mr. and Mrs. Garth Marshall, and one of the loveliest regions in England's lake country. But he seemed to look on its mountains, and those about Windermere, as he looked on their poet, Wordsworth—that is, with respect, entire approval, and a reasonably warm regard, rather than with enthusiasm. These scenes he most enjoyed were those in which he could most effectually labour for his fellow-men, and especially for their moral interests. In such labours he was indefatigable; nay, they seemed rather to sustain his strength than exhaust it. He had a wonderful gift for administration, systematising all his duties, never being in a hurry; finding out the aptitudes of those about him and using them to the best advantage. When he had toiled all day, to preach in the evening was a rest to him; it meant simply thinking aloud, often an easier thing than thinking in silence.

He was as much a spiritual utilitarian as if he had been a Jesuit. When a gentleman of great magnificence once promised to build a cathedral for him at the cost of £300,000, I can imagine his replying, carelessly, "All right"; but he raised, after arduous efforts, £20,000 to provide Catholic schools in place of secular schools for the children of his diocese.

Manning was not an enthusiastic man, and it was not from imaginative excitements that his religious happiness was drawn. Neither did it come to him chiefly because submission to authentic authority had led him out of the "strife of tongues"; for he was neither an indolent nor a nervous man. Soon after he became a Catholic I heard that one of his old Anglican friends had written to him asking what he had found in Catholicism more than he had previously possessed; and that he had answered: "Rest and security," or some words to the same effect. That answer was sharply commented upon. I wrote to him, asking whether he had used those words. His reply was that his words were "Certainty and reality." In another letter he said: "I had expected to find in the Church the inextinguishable candle of faith; but I have found in it no less the home of love." So it remained. Religion was the root of that peace which belonged to more than the last forty years of his life.

It was not all who made the same friendly estimate of Cardinal Manning as was made by Julius Hare, his brother archdeacon in their Anglican diocese, at a clerical meeting held soon after Man-

ning's submission to Rome: "Alas! we shall hear that Divine eloquence no more at our meetings." Not long after that submission I remember hearing three successive reports about him circulated among parties who had a quick ear for whatever illustrated what was called "the deterioration of converts." The first was that he had been seen walking in the Corso at Rome with a hunting-whip in his hand, and in a shooting-jacket opprobrious with large horn buttons; the second was that he had taken an Italian farm; and the third was that he had already manifested such a spirit of insubordination that the Pope had been obliged to send him to prison. In his later life, rumour, which had come in as a lion, went out as a lamb, and limited itself to assertions that his "liberal" opinions in politics had only been assumed as the best way of playing a Catholic game in England. This assumption was a mistake. His political opinions were more "liberal" than mine had ever been; for I had ever clung to those convictions which I had learned in my youth from Edmund Burke. But, such as they were, he had expressed them no less in his Anglican than in his Catholic days—opposed in that respect to Newman and Pusey. He might, perhaps have echoed an expression attributed to Lacordaire on his death-bed: "I die a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal." All prejudices against him, as against Cardinal Newman, had died away many years before his death. Manning had, I believe, no resentments. Certainly he never confounded the men with the doctrine; and, therefore, while uncompromising as regards the doctrine, he was never uncharitable to the individual. No one was more zealously a believer in what is sometimes called "invincible ignorance," but ought to be called "involuntary ignorance," of certain great truths; but he might have also remarked that in our spiritual as in our material heritage, poverty need be no more a sin than wealth is, provided that it is honestly come by. Such a comment upon the poet's "honest doubt" would seem to mean no more than that God alone knows the heart. I remember Manning's saying to me, "We must always remember that no man is lost whom Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Love can save." He had sympathy with those to whom he appeared very severe. Thus, writing in 1890 of the Salvation Army, he said:—"If General Booth can gather under human influence and guidance those whom all other agencies for good have not yet reached, who shall forbid him?" He was for friendly co-operation where it was practicable; and once he remarked: "It was the Quakers who had originated the Anti-slavery Society." The charge against him that he was a cold-hearted man certainly was not sanctioned by his known love for children, and his exclamation on one occasion, "A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on this earth."

The most remarkable characteristic of Cardinal Manning's intellect appeared to me to be its pellucid clearness—a clearness by most men attained through effort, but his naturally and inevitably. It was apparently the result of an intensely keen logical faculty; but one not exercised in the common syllogistic form, but after a more transcendental fashion. It is this unconscious form of logic which enables a man to arrange as if by intuition the whole subject-matter of his thought as it flows a height, and thus to form a right judgment upon it. Another characteristic of his intellect was its unusual combination of this scientific faculty with imagination.

WESTPORT.

WEDDING BELLS.

St. CANICE'S Church was crowded about 9 o'clock this morning (says the *Westport Times*) the occasion being the marriage of Mr. J. P. O'Gorman, of the Telegraph Office, to Miss Kate McMahon, only daughter of our respected townsfolk Mr. and Mrs. Michael McMahon. Yesterday the bridegroom's colleagues in the Post Office took the opportunity of acknowledging the happy event by presenting him with a handsome silver teapot, suitably engraved. Mr. Sheath, Chief Postmaster, who acted as spokesman, alluded to Mr. O'Gorman's good qualities, and conveyed the customary good wishes. Mr. O'Gorman suitably replied.

The large attendance in the church this morning testified to the general esteem in which both bride and bridegroom are held, and was a tribute of respect to their relatives. The ceremony was conducted by the Very Rev. Father Wallace, and the bridal group formed a pretty picture in the interior of the sacred edifice.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a dress of cream satin trimmed with chiffon; court train, the usual orange blossoms, and tulle veil. She carried a handsome bouquet, and wore a curb bangle and dress ring, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids were Miss O'Brien (cousin of the bride), in cream nun's veiling trimmed with buttercup ribbons, and cream hat, also trimmed with large buttercup ribbons; Miss O'Malley of Boston, in cream silk lustre trimmed with chiffon, picture hat with ostrich plume; Miss Annie O'Gorman (sister of the bridegroom), cream silk dress trimmed with lace and broadened ribbon, cream hat with roses and ribbons. The bridesmaids all carried bouquets of rosebuds and mignonette, and wore pretty gold wishbone brooches set in pearls, the gift of the bridegroom.

Mr. McCracken acted as best man. Members of the choir rendered an appropriate hymn during the service, and as the party left the church Miss Pam played the Wedding March.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McMahon entertained a large party of guests, and the happy couple left by the Corinna this morning *en route* for Christchurch, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride's travelling dress was of Trilby tulle, trimmed with silk; cream hat with unmounted roses and tips. The wedding presents were extensive both in number and value, and included several cheques.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. O'Gorman, and trust that their future will be a full measure of felicity.