

Florence," he added, as with averted head she gazed abstractedly out on the scene beyond the "range," "but do believe me, my betrothed one, William of Orange is not so vilely bad, James Stuart not so impeccable as you consider them to be."

"I beg you, sir, not to offend my ears by your pleadings for this Dutch usurper," said Florence. "In my eyes it is rank heresy to pollute the name of the lawful King of England by mentioning it with that of his traitorous and usurping nephew. Oh, Reginald," she added, in a tone of mingled softness and sorrow, "you know not how I grieve that you should have bound yourself to the service of this man. You remind me of our betrothal, sanctioned years since by my departed mother. Do you think that those to whom I owe all I possess, those in whose service my kinsfolk have fought and died, and for whom I, too, would peril my own life—can you, for one moment, think that I could ever hope to win their consent to our union?"

The last words were spoken in a tone of inexpressible sadness. St. John replied:

"We do not need the consent of the ex-king or his consort to our nuptials, my Florence. William and Mary will prove to us friends equally as dear, and will grace our bridal with their presence. Your uncle, too, will not frown upon our union, for by the end of the week he will be admitted to the favour of an audience with the king on affairs connected with the State."

For one moment Florence was silent; the tear of human tenderness, the tribute to the weakness of woman's nature, which a moment since had trembled in her eye, was proudly dashed aside, and she exclaimed:

"Reginald, are you playing with the fears of my woman's heart, or are you speaking in earnest? My uncle, timid as he is, is still true to the Stuart cause, though he has persistently held aloof from mixing in any political cabal. Surely your errand here has not been to lead him from his allegiance. Have you spoken the truth, Reginald?"

"I have spoken the simple truth, and am rejoiced that the good baronet yielded, because I regarded the idea of his adhesion to William's government as an incentive to induce my beloved Florence to cast away her prejudices?"

"You are bold as well as insolent," said Florence, bitterly. "Do you think this is a seemly way to win my consent to our union? You do not know me, I think; but understand, that yonder sun is as likely to fall from the heavens as I to unite my fate with that of so devoted an adherent of the Dutch king. No, not a word more," she added, wrenching her hand from his grasp, "my heart may break at witnessing the mistaken prejudices, harbored under the name of loyalty, of those I love; but never shall it forswear, whatever be its struggles, its allegiance to the Stuarts."

## CARDINAL MANNING.

### "AN ARCHBISHOP OF THE IRISH."

*Non Angli Sed Angeli.*—"They are not Angles but angels," said a famous young monk of Rome, so many centuries ago that the story is now lost in the twilight of fable. We all have heard the story, and there are many of us who have seen beautiful pictures immortalizing the scene—the slave market of semi-pagan Rome, the slave driver and his fair-haired, blue-eyed victims, and the pitying young monk, resolving on what he would do when God called him to a higher position.

The years passed and saw the young monk into the chair of Peter, with power to send and call. With a mission from him, the monk Augustine brought to Canterbury the good message which was to make the Angles angels.

The centuries have followed the years and the Monk-Pope, wearing the crown of monastic holiness as well as the Papal mitre, has passed to history as a canonized saint. His name—great even among the Papal Gregories and they were all famous and mighty men—has been jointly given with that of St. Andrew to a famous old church on the Coelian hill. Now, after long centuries, over which we cannot linger, there returns to Rome from within the shadow of that Canterbury, which Gregory's Augustine made famous and holy, an English prelate who, henceforth, will, by the highest title, make the old church of St. Gregory his special care. A despatch brings the intelligence from Rome, that there, as elsewhere, it has been universally felt, that the most appropriate of all the cardinalial titles for the new Cardinal Manning, of Westminster, will be that of SS. Andrew and Gregory, once the property of St. Gregory the Great, and the spot from which St. Augustine, of Canterbury, and his companions went out to evangelize Britain. Of all the strange events of these eventful centuries there are few stranger than this, and fewer still more suggestive of a historical retrospect of the vicissitudes of the old Church of Rome and its eternal supremacy, amid them all, over the gates of hell. It is not yet five half decades since the Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord, Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, now one of the "kings of the Universal Church," "a member of the Papal body," a bulwark and shield of the Tower of David, was not merely not a Catholic but was an enemy of the faith and a leader among the direct foes of that Roman Church whose message sent from the Coelian hill, was at one time the faith of an island which claimed for itself the glory of being the "dowry of Mary." The conversion of Saul the persecutor and reviler, into Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles has almost its parallel in the transformation of the Archdeacon of Chichester in the English Church into the humble priest of the Oblates of St. Charles in the Mother Church of Rome, in whose service he was to reach the highest rewards for the very highest labors. Yet the day is within the memory of men when he declared that "it would seem to be the will of heaven that the Roman Pontificate may never again be set up in this church and realm." He is to-day laboring to accomplish the will of heaven which

he knows now is very different from what he thought then, as he himself said the other day in the English College of Rome. There comes to him an honor indeed, and he rejoices that as it comes, it comes in the hour of peril and adversity and not in the hours of triumph. He is put forward to lead a forlorn hope in the sight of the world, but it is a hope which has the promise of victory.

His own account of the earliest stage of his conversion is this: "I was at Rome, visiting the museums, the ruins, the churches, following the ceremonies like all my compatriots, studying the city in all its aspects. I never had even the shadow of a doubt of the truth of the Protestant faith, of which I was a minister; never even the most distant thoughts that I could change from that religion. Nothing that I had seen had made the slightest impression in that direction, and I was as far from Catholicity as when quitting England.

One morning I entered the church of St. Louis, of the French. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in one of the altars, probably for a novena. Nothing could be more simple, some candles were lit, the clergy were in simple choir habits kneeling upon the ground, there were a few of the faithful in the nave. There was a great distance from this to the Pontifical offices of St. Peter's but it was God's moment. I felt in the bottom of my heart a mysterious commotion, half light, half attraction, and for the first time in my life it seemed to me that, perhaps here was the truth, and that there would be nothing impossible, in my one day becoming a Catholic. It was not yet conversion, it was I repeat the first appeal of God, as yet, from very far off. I have not been unfaithful; I have prayed; I have sought; I have studied with all the ardor, and all the sincerity of which I was capable, light every day increased and grace at last crowned the work."

Never was there a conversion to Rome which presented to the convert greater temporal disadvantages. There is probably no temporal position so attractive to the scholar and the ecclesiastic as that which Archdeacon Manning held within his control. He was a dignitary of a great body called a Church, he had wealth, influence, position. He had genius, friends and reputation. The loss of all these was assured by his adhesion to the doctrines of the despised and hated Church of Rome, but as he wrote in the paragraph we have quoted "he was not unfaithful" to his graces. Henry Edward Manning is the son of a London merchant who was of sufficient social and commercial importance to have reached a seat in the English Legislature.

He was born in 1808 at Totterage, in Herefordshire. At a suitable age he was sent to the famous public school of Harrow, whence he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1830 with distinguished honors. Among his contemporaries was William Ewart Gladstone, who graduated the year following with even higher scholastic honors. But Manning in the debating hall, in the University field sports, in the hundred ways in which the youth of England are so nobly educated in colleges which were the creation of Catholic times, stood forth even more eminent than he was in the mere lecture room or examination hall. He had also among his intimate friends William Palmer, who also subsequently became a Catholic. After graduation the future cardinal became a fellow of Merton College, and took "orders" in the Anglican Establishment. On leaving the University, he married Caroline, fourth daughter of the late Rev. John Sargent, rector of Wool-Lavington, Sussex, and sister of Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, who in the first instance became Bishop of Oxford, before his translation to the See of Winchester. Both ladies have been for many years deceased, and their distinguished partners widowers. Mrs. Manning died *puerperio primo*, leaving no surviving issue. She had three sisters, of whom two became Catholics. Upon the death of his father-in-law he was presented to the living of Wool-Lavington, with Grafham, in Sussex, by his friend and brother-in-law, the proprietor of the estate, to whom it descended, upon the demise of the Rev. Mr. Sargent. It was during his residence at Lavington he preached and published a series of sermons which to this day are in repute in the English Church. The village church is a small structure in the early English style, and capable of holding about 300 persons. The seats are open and of unpolished oak; there is an oak pulpit on the north side of the channel arch, to which the attention of visitors is directed as the one in which Archdeacon Manning preached the sermons to which we have alluded. There is an oak lectern or reading desk beneath the pulpit. Some of the stone carving of the pillars is very beautiful, representing the ferns of the district, and a baptismal font of Petworth marble is near the entrance. Oak stalls are placed in the choir, the floor of which is laid with encaustic tiles.

In 1840 Dr. Otte made him archdeacon of the Protestant diocese of Chichester. An archdeaconry in the Catholic hierarchical system, which the Anglicans imitate, if they do not inherit, is an exceedingly responsible position. He is the "eye of the bishop," *oculus episcopi* his substitute and delegate in most important duties. Archdeacon Manning made his position as little of a sinecure as the chains of Anglicanism and the establishment would permit. In preaching, in advising and in visiting the poor, he was doing a good which seems to have deserved, as it afterwards obtained, the gift of faith. In 1841 the learned archdeacon was preacher to the University of Oxford, and continued in that office for two years. His reputation and influence naturally increased as he became more and more known to the world, and his talents, always of the highest order, were duly appreciated by the learned who attended his sermons. In 1844 Archdeacon Manning was elected preacher at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, but owing to his exceedingly conservative principles, another clergyman, of more liberal opinions, was soon selected to replace him. From 1824 to 1860 Dr. Manning published four volumes of sermons, which were all of them remarkable for their beauty and elevation of style. A short time afterwards he issued an important treatise on the Unity of the Church, which he dedicated to his friend, Mr. W. E. Gladstone. His sermons preached at Oxford were first collected in one volume in 1844. Few men have enjoyed a greater amount of public affection and veneration than Dr. Manning, and this popular regard manifested itself even