

less page as when they were set down in the full fervor of his zeal by the hand of the writer. Like Dante, he was fond of homely terms and simple illustrations, as in speaking of St. John outliving his generation and experiencing the "dreariness of being solitary," he wrote:—

"Of him were demanded by his gracious Lord as pledge of his faith, all his eye loved and his heart held converse with. He was as a man moving his goods into a far country, who at intervals and by portions sends them before him, till his present abode is well-nigh unfurnished."

Those who love the stately cadences of "The Second Spring" instance it as an example of Newman at his best as a prose poet. It was the first flowering of that new and less restrained eloquence which came to him on his submission to the Catholic Church. In this sermon the future Cardinal drew a picture of the "Second Spring" that had come to England in the revival of Catholicism, in language whose charm and vigor, elasticity and limpid grace has few, if any, equals in English literature.

In the following excerpt from one of his essays, written shortly after his entrance into the Church, Newman's own logic "becomes poetical" as he writes of the Church's ritual:

"What are her ordinances and practices but the regulated expression of keen, or deep, or turbid feeling, and thus a 'cleansing,' as Aristotle would word it, of the sick soul? She is the poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad, and control the wayward—wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that delicate and gentle feelings which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence, or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry; every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood, or aspiration of youth. Such poets as are born under her shadow, she takes into her service, she sets them to write hymns, or to compose chants, or to embellish shrines, or to determine ceremonies, or to marshal processions: nay, she can even make schoolmen of them, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical."

Newman she set to writing hymns and composing chants, and many of his loveliest lines are addressed to Our Lady, to whom he ever had the tenderest devotion. Many of his hymns are very widely sung, including the one to his beloved patron, St. Philip Neri, beginning "This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness," and it is interesting to note that there are as many as forty musical settings to his "Lead, Kindly Light," which has always been more popular with our separated brethren than among Catholics, though as a poem it is rhythmically sweet and appealing.

However, when all is said, it must be admitted that Newman did not feel "the curse of destinate verse," and with all his vivid imagination he was no teller of tales. As far as conventional diction was concerned his verse was quite in line with that of the eighteenth century poets, and he had nothing in common with the new romanticists who sought the appeal of strange, curious, and obsolete words. Neither had he sympathy or patience with the slipshod colloquialisms of a later day. The poetry of the Scriptures was his, and of the jasper streets, and of the sweeping, invisible sea of eternity, and this he gave to his readers in imperishable lines set forever in the pure gold of perfect prose.

Newman loved words and he loved the truth; and with these two as a *motif* he set himself to weave a tapestry, simple in design yet rich with a beauty that holds the glow and charm of medieval art. With what a master hand has he combined the colors, vivid, sombre, bright, subdued, giving us sheen of silver, opal fire, paucity of purple, rainbow tints—soft and as enchanting as the dawn. There is no profligality, but all is right and well ordered, all is grandly conceived and carried out. Dignity it breathes, this tapestry, and holiness, and sweetness, and peace. And woven in and out and dominating the whole are the golden threads of faith, that faith that led him on "to a perfect end, and to peace at the last."

Ireland is the only country in Europe where to utter a word of the native language in a law court is an offence punishable with imprisonment.

Every parent should implant into the heart of his children a love for the Faith and a high ideal of its value, that through life they may look upon the very idea of losing it as the greatest of perils. They should instil it into their minds that loyalty to the constituted authorities, above all to the Vicar of Christ, is one of the greatest of guarantees of Faith.

THE ARROWS OF DESIRE

(By G. K. CHESTERTON, in the *New Witness*.)

I have recently given myself a present of a toy bow and arrows; and started happily to lose all my arrows in the trees and the tops of houses, in a way that brings back all the paradise of boyhood. But in the course of losing them I have learnt something of the sort that I did not learn in boyhood; I have been interested to notice a certain quality in the very nature even of such amateur archery. A quality belongs to the bow, which belongs to a number of things our fathers used in that best period of civilisation when it was not too civilised. Its shortest description is a sense of liberty, its more exact definition is a power of indefinite mastery and manipulation of degree. That is, one can not only do a thing, but do it more or less, down to the finest shade of indifference. I have noticed the same thing about another of the older and more natural implements; a quill pen, which is both lighter and more flexible than a steel pen. We have all heard that things of the West are reversed in the East, so that the Japanese can write with a paint brush, as Europeans can draw with a pen. But writing with a quill suggests something of the freedom of writing with a paint brush. And the quill comes from the same sort of flying wild-fowl, the types of freedom, from which come the feathers of the arrows. You can launch an arrow lightly or heavily; you can send it so that it seems to go like a thunderbolt or so as to alight, by comparison, like a falling leaf. At least you can do it with a boy's bow; and in the former case I can feel as if I were the Angel of Death; and in the latter enact the more congenial character of the God of Love. You cannot do this with fire-arms; which are after all modern machines, and therefore have something in them that goes beyond the purpose of man their maker. You cannot fire off a cannon, at a wealthy neighbor walking down the street, so that the cannon-ball alights on the tip of his nose and bounds harmlessly away. You can do something like this with a toy arrow; and it is my intention to try. For instance, I do not believe in political assassination; and I am sorry it has broken out again in Ireland. If Lord French had been killed, I should have felt bound in some sense to respect him, as a soldier who had died doing what he thought his duty. And Lord French has played the fool far too much lately to deserve to die like that. But I might have tickled him up with my toy arrows, to the universal satisfaction of the Commonwealth. I do not want Mr. Lloyd George to be shot; but I should like him shot a little. And you cannot shoot a man a little with a rifle or a revolver. You can, as the phrase goes, wing him; if one can even metaphorically conceive a politician as clad with wings. But that is only a local hurt, not a lesser hurt; it does not give the pistol the fine levity of the pea-shooter. I want the Prime Minister not really murdered, but rather murdered. And the nearest approach to that could be managed with a toy bow and arrows.

In short, the gun, as compared with the bow, may very well be taken as a type of what may be called German civilisation. It even bears a certain resemblance to German strategy. For the point is that when the cannon-ball has left the cannon, and is once on its way towards the Prime Minister, I have no more control over the cannon-ball; it will travel to the full extent of a fixed mechanical range, not specially fitted to the individual case. I cannot pat the Prime Minister with the cannon-ball, or strike him with the cannon-ball, or merely give him a good hard knock with the cannon-ball. I cannot change my mind at the last moment and let it swerve in its course to take in Mr. Montagu and Sir Auckland Geddes. Perfection in this purpose can only be obtained by some weapon even simpler than the bow; the sword or even the stick. But just as the gun would launch the missile, so the German strategic school launched the whole military assault. It went like clockwork; and it could not mend itself any more than clockwork. Opposed to it was that other spirit, at once more subtle and more simple, which watches and waits for opportunity, which modifies itself for the occasion and is not ashamed of changing its mind. A machine cannot change its mind; because it has no mind to change. What Joffro meant by nibbling the Germans is very much what I mean by tickling the Prime Minister. For those to whom civilisation does not mean merely complexity, that is clockwork, the very highest civilisation always consists in a certain artistic mastery of degree, a power over proportion, vested in personality. In less pedantic words, the highest flower of the highest civilisation is liberty. By our contention, the fruit of which that is the flower is property.