

makes, in stark reality, no melodramatic glamour appeal to the beholder, whatever it may do on the stage. It is a disgusting, sometimes a ludicrous, sight, but always one unrelievedly ugly. And the victim himself knows that it is so and that all attempts at keeping up appearances have gone for good. One is up against ultimate reality—but there in that reality one finds beside, within, oneself, One who freely, voluntarily, “had given His body to the strikers and his cheeks to them that plucked them, who did not turn away his face from them that rebuked him and spat upon him” (*Is.* 50, 6)—“despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief: there was no beauty in him, nor comeliness and no sightliness that we should be desirous of him. He was offered, because it was his own will, he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins and by his bruises we are healed.” (*Is.* 53, 3-7). By the gift of freewill, which is the very root and being of our personality, we too, if “reckoned no better than sheep marked down for slaughter”, may freely elect to suffer with him, for him, who loved us first, solidarizing ourselves with him in his agonies, because our own love would not be satisfied with anything less. And what room is there in this for resentment, for self-centred protest and vengeance? “In all this, through him who has granted us his love, we are conquerors”. So far from “affliction or distress or persecution or hunger or nakedness or peril or the sword” separating us from the love of Christ, they only serve to unite us to Him in a manner never even guessed before, when we realize that “neither death nor life, neither what is present nor what is to come, no force whatever, can separate us from the love of God, which comes to us in Christ Jesus our Lord.” (*Rom.* 9, 37-39).

Quis separabit?

H. C. E. ZACHARIAS.

A SCHOOLBOY'S REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

I AM only too conscious of the impertinence of this heading: What value could such memories have? And how far are they trustworthy? Yet they are my memories, and though some sixty years have elapsed, they remain as fresh in my mind as though they had happened but yesterday.

When I was just over four years old my mother took me to a dairy kept by a Mr. Godwin, who had been Newman's butler in Ireland. He put me on his knee and said: “Do you know Jack Smallman?” I did, for Smallman—whom I had always thought of as *Mister* Smallman—was a carpenter who fascinated me by

working with saws and chisels, which I longed to handle. "Well," said Godwin, "I was Dr. Newman's butler and the lad Smallman was the 'buttons.'" I saw my mother smiling at this; she was probably wondering what I was making of the term 'buttons'.

"Young Smallman," continued the old man, "was sometimes impertinent. So one day I put him over my knee and smacked him well!" I gasped at the bare idea of smacking the man of chisels and saws. But the old man continued: "What do you think that lad said when I had done my duty by him? He said to me: 'You must feel very exhausted after that, Mr. Godwin. Let me draw you a glass of beer.'"

A few years later, it must have been in 1878 or 1879, a man leaning on the gate, which in those days separated the school premises from the part of the cloister by which people came to church, astonished me by saying: "Say, I reckon if I hang on this gate long enough I might see 'Nooman' pass this way?" I was very doubtful, for I had never seen the future Cardinal there. My visitor proceeded to tell me he had come all the way from the States to see "the great man". Only then did it dawn on me in some dim way that Dr. Newman was "a great man". But that conveyed nothing to my boyish mind.

Shortly after, my form master, dear old Alleguen, vulgarly known as 'Hex'—as old Oratory boys will recall—owing to an ill-founded notion that he had been in the Metropolitan police, set me to write out ten times the tenth exercise in Smith's *Latin Principia*. How well I remember it: *Juno amat pavonem. Pavo amat Junonem, &c., &c.* The summer exams came then, and Newman took all the *vivas*, an awe-inspiring ordeal. He put me on: "Little Pope, translate Exercise 10". I looked at it—"Why, Juno again!" Of course I knew it by heart and rattled it off. "Little man," he said, "you will go a very long way!" And I thought: "Old man, if you only knew how I came to be so well up in it!"

Then came his elevation to the Cardinalate. I fear it meant little to me, save that Cosmo Gordon Lennox and I were his train-bearers and sat at his feet in red cassocks and white cottas thinking no small beer of ourselves. When the time for singing the Gospel came, dear old Father Austin Mills—one of Faber's earliest companions at Cotton, where he was, I believe, Brother Wilfrid of the Ascension—came with the Gospel Book to ask the Cardinal's blessing. But Father Austin was very lame with sciatica and also very short-sighted. He poked the book into a huge branched candlestick, which of course refused to budge. Thinking it was one of the servers, Father Austin exclaimed: "Go away, boy,"

and pushed harder. Over went the candlestick with a mighty crash. Lennox and I jumped up and looked at the Cardinal, but he sat, imperturbable, never even smiling.

With boyish insolence some of us used to maintain that the mutton was bad and we used to bury it under the potatoes. One day we were told that the Cardinal would see us in the Fathers' recreation-room, a formidable-looking room where the *vivas* were held. We—some ten of us—stood in a row before him, trembling. Slowly his eyes ranged over us again and again, and then: "Little boys who think they are gentlemen, but are not, do not bury the mutton," and with that he walked out, and we crept out! In future we put the mutton where it was meant to go.

A year or two passed, and I had acquired, from my old friend Godwin, a young jackdaw. Crossing the playground during school hours one day I saw a sight which many would have loved to witness. The Cardinal and Father William Neville were talking to the jackdaw, and Newman was saying "Jack"—I am afraid we wretched boys always spoke of the Cardinal himself as "Jack"—"Jack, get on my finger". But Jack had his beady eye on the Cardinal's lovely ring and made a jab at it, hitting, however, the finger, and not the ring. It was a nasty jab as I knew from many such the bird inflicted on myself. I didn't hear his Eminence say anything.

Every year we acted a Latin play and Newman came to the final rehearsals. These were productive of some amusing scenes. One night the charlady, old mother Bell, was sweeping out the room with vast energy and noise during a rehearsal. One of the audience said, "Mrs. Bell, could you make a little less noise? His Eminence can hardly hear what the actors are saying". Back came the disrespectful retort: "Then let his Eminence come and sweep the room himself!"

Another night one of the actors quoted a line, "Ut abstergérem vulnera". Newman groaned and said: "Say 'abstergérem' boy, say 'abstergérem'." One of the masters, a recent convert, could not restrain himself, and throwing himself at the Cardinal's feet, exclaimed: "Oh! Your Eminence, it IS 'abstergérem'". The Cardinal smiled and said: "I knew that all the time". This was unfortunate for the Headmaster, who himself was not too sound on the subject of Latin quantities, had followed up the Cardinal's demand for 'abstergérem' by saying: "'Abstergérem' boy; the quantities in this school are disgraceful!"

It was not often that the Cardinal made a slip like the above. But I remember his remarking that some proposed measure would

do very well "as a stopshift", and when one standing by suggested that perhaps he meant "a make-gap" he merely smiled.

Before I finally left school his Eminence once more took the class I adored. We had, I confess, been behaving very badly and had led our classical master a dance, owing to his incapacity for keeping order. But it came as a shock to read a notice to the effect the Cardinal himself would take our class that morning. We stood there well aware that we were for it. The Headmaster sat looking unutterable things; our much badgered form master tugged at his beard and glared at us as though saying: "Now you barbarians you are going to get it!" The venerable figure, now bowed with age, sat back, almost lying on his shoulder-blades, scanned our faces as we shivered, while wondering whether it would be feasible to plead illness and so escape.

Then, to the relief of everybody else, he picked on unhappy me! I caught the eye of the form master, who looked quite pleased as though thinking that I would make a mess of things and get some of my deserts. That year we were reading Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, and Newman put me on at that immortal passage where Oedipus grieves over the crime he has unconsciously committed. I am sure I could not translate it now. But at that time I was old enough to have some vague appreciation of its pathos. Moreover, I was lucky enough, as years before over Smith Exercise Ten, to know that particular bit. But I shook in my shoes as I stood up.

The traditional method was to read two lines of the Greek, and then the master would tell one to translate. I read two lines, but the deity before me said nothing. I read two more. Nothing happened, though I did venture on a pause and a suggestive cough with my eyes glued to my book. Two more lines and then more till I had finished the speech. Then I looked up, and what I saw made me more terrified than before. For the tears were running down the old man's cheeks, and in a choking voice he said: "I think we have had enough"; and the three walked out leaving us gasping. "What have I done?" I asked my next-door neighbour. "I don't know," he said, "but you have saved our bacon!" As we came out I heard the exasperated form master saying to the Head: "It was all that Pope. He's the worst of the lot. But his voice is just breaking and he put on the pathetic stop and charmed his Eminence's heart!" I certainly put on no 'pathetic stop'; if there was a tremor in my voice it was only due to sheer funk. No, I fancy that the glorious Greek and the inimitable pathos of the whole, brought back to Newman memories of days long past and associations which proved overwhelming.

During the last months of his life it was my privilege, at that time little esteemed, to serve Father Neville's Mass in the Cardinal's room. How clearly I can picture it as I write. The shrunken figure crouched over his priedieu, the very pictures on the walls, in particular a memorial card to one, Robert Coffin, of whom I am ashamed to say I then knew nothing. One day as I was putting things away and passed the venerable old man making his thanksgiving, he put out a shaking hand and gave me a medal. I would have liked him to say a word, but did not dare ask him.

Then came the end. Those who witnessed the scenes in the church, those who saw Bishop Clifford break down in his sermon and weep unashamedly, those who stood amazed at the crowds who lined the eight mile route to Rednall, where John Henry Newman was laid to rest in the same grave with the beloved Ambrose St. John, those whose memories carried them back to the 'forties' and 'fifties', to the struggles at Oxford and at Littlemore, and the immortal sermon at Oscott on *The Second Spring*, must have felt that the wheel had at length come full circle and that one of England's greatest sons had passed—as he himself expressed it *ex umbris et imaginibus* to the light of Eternal Glory and—though of less account—to his true place in the estimation of his fellowmen.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

A NEWMAN POSTSCRIPT.

It is not generally known that Cardinal Newman was, in 1870, invited to take part in the Revised Version of the New Testament. A letter from the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (Dr. Ellicott) to Newman is as follows:—

2 Portland Place, W.
28 May 1870.

My dear Sir,

I am requested by the Chairman and Committee to forward to you the enclosed and to express to you the very sincere hope that you may feel able to join us.

Very faithfully yours,

C.J. Glouc. & Bristol.

(Note—The "enclosed" consisted of (i) Resolutions and Rules adopted at the first meeting of the Committee appointed for the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testaments by the Convocation of Canterbury. Newman appears among "Scholars and Divines invited to join the New Testament Com-pany". No name occurs in *both* the Old Testament and the New