



ENCOURAGEMENT

FROM

ST. MONICA SODALITY

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Dear Members of the St. Monica Sodality,

St. Monica's son wrote many books and letters, read by millions over the past 1600 years. Both saints and sinners have quoted his words. By studying Augustine's writings many have converted / returned to the One True Faith, the Catholic Church.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890), an influential Church of England vicar, was so moved by reading the saint's words, that he stated, ". . . the words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before. . . ." Like St. Augustine, the grace of God lead Newman to a spiritual exploration of the very depths and nature of Christianity. He came to the Catholic Church, after a 12-year struggle, through the grace of God.

After his conversion and ordination he spent the rest of his life teaching and preaching. Included in this newsletter are examples of his meditations, devotions, poetry, essays, and sermons.

Newman also was a novelist. *Loss and Gain*, his first novel, tells the story of a young man's search for faith in Victorian Oxford. The author's belief that students form their deepest convictions from their discussions with one another and not from teachers. wrestles with various theories of why intelligent young men are either content to stay with their inherited faith or are moved to seek another faith. This novel exemplifies Newman's belief that God leads each person of good will at an individual, unforced, respectful pace from his or her inherited religion toward an ever closer union with Himself.

"Outward acts, done on principle, create inward habits. . . . separate acts of obedience to the will of God, good works . . . are of service to us, as gradually severing us from this world of sense, and impressing our hearts with a heavenly character," he wrote, in a sermon called "Holiness Necessary for Future

Blessedness." His growing conviction was that life in this world is best understood as preparation for life in eternity.

The Dream of Gerontius is a poetical story written by Cardinal Newman in 1865 about the journey of a pious man's soul from his deathbed to his judgment before God and settling into Purgatory. It ranks next to Dante's *Divine Comedy* in expressing the Catholic view of the passage to eternity. It was set to music as an oratorio (Opus 38) by Edward Elgar in 1900, dedicated to AMDG (*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*) and was first performed at the Birmingham Festival.

Pope Benedict XVI will preside at the beatification ceremony of Cardinal John Henry Newman in Cofton Park, Birmingham, England, September 19, 2010.

Like other saints, Newman told his parishioners to pray to and imitate St. Monica. On her feast day he instructed his parishioners on her virtues. His words are on the insert enclosed in this newsletter. I would encourage you to read the writings of Cardinal Newman as he is very much like Monica's son.

Father C. Frank Phillips, C.R.
Pastor, St. John Cantius Church,
International Director, St. Monica Sodality

PLEASE NOTE

The St. Monica Sodality has grown in the past 14 years to a membership of about 4,000. Printing and postage expenses have grown also. The Sodality is now able to send the *Encouragement* newsletter by e-mail (in pdf format). This will cut expenses. If you prefer to receive *Encouragement* by e-mail, please send your e-mail address when you paying yearly dues (if you are able), or when you contact us for any other reason. We will continue to mail newsletters to those who prefer this method. Thank you for your cooperation.

Additionally, the St. Monica Sodality would appreciate any donations, as this will enable us to keep membership dues low for those on a fixed income. May God bless you.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

by Cardinal Newman

Young John Newman was traveling in Italy when he fell ill. He experienced a time of great emotional and spiritual discouragement. Finally he got passage on a boat home, but they were slowed by a thick fog and nearby cliffs. Trapped in the fog, Newman wrote *The Pillar of the Cloud (Lead Kindly Light)*:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

A MEDITATION

By Cardinal Newman

God has created me to do Him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another.

I have my mission. I many never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next. I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection between persons. He has not created me for naught. I shall do good; I shall do His work. I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth, in my own place, while not intending it—if I do but keep His Commandments.

Therefore, I will trust Him, whatever, wherever I am. I can never be thrown away. If in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him. If I am in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. He does nothing in vain. He knows what He is about. He may take away my friends. He may throw me among strangers. He may make me feel desolate, make my spirit sink, hide my future from me—still He knows what He is about.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again.

HELP, LORD, THE SOULS WHICH THOU HAST MADE

by Cardinal Newman

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.
Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.
O, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain.
O, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
O, by their very helplessness,
O, by Thy own great Name.
Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

PRAYER IN ALL THINGS

By Cardinal Newman

May God support us all the day long, till the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done—then in His mercy—may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last. Amen.

PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH

By Cardinal Newman

Oh, my Lord and Savior, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling; and let my sweet Mother, Mary, breathe on me, and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints smile upon me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love. Amen.

ST. AUGUSTINE

By John Cardinal Newman

Let me speak of another celebrated conquest of God's grace, in an after age, and you will see how it pleases Him to make a Confessor, a Saint, a Doctor of His Church, out of sin and heresy both together. It was not enough that the Father of the Western Schools, the author of a thousand works, the triumphant controversialist, the especial champion of grace, should have been once a poor slave of the flesh, but he was the victim of a perverted intellect also. He who, of all others, was to extol the grace of God, was left more than others to experience the helplessness of nature.

The great St. Augustine (I am not speaking of the holy missionary of the same name, who came to England and converted our pagan forefathers, and became the first Archbishop of Canterbury, but of the great African Bishop, two centuries before him)—Augustine, I say, (was not) in earnest about his soul, not asking himself the question, how was sin to be washed away, but rather being desirous, while youth and strength lasted, to enjoy the flesh and the world, ambitious and sensual, judged of truth and falsehood by his private judgment and his private fancy. (He despised the Catholic Church because it spoke so much of faith and subjection; thought to make his own reason the measure of all things; and accordingly joined a far-spread sect, which affected to be philosophical and enlightened, to take large views of things, and to correct the vulgar: that is, the Catholic notions of God and Christ, of sin, and of the way to heaven.

In this sect of his he remained for some years; yet what he was taught there did not satisfy him. It pleased him for a time, and then he found he had been eating for food what had no nourishment in it. He became hungry and thirsty after something more substantial, he knew not what. He despised himself for being a slave to the flesh, and he found his religion did not help him to overcome it. Thus he understood that he had not gained the truth, and he cried out, "Oh, who will tell me where to seek it, and who will bring me into it?"

Why did he not join the Catholic Church at once? I have told you why: he saw that truth was nowhere else, but he was not sure it was there. He thought there was something mean, narrow, irrational, in her system of doctrine. He lacked the gift of faith. Then a great conflict began within him—the conflict of nature with grace; of nature and her children; the flesh and false reason, against conscience; and the pleadings of the Divine Spirit, leading him to better



John Cardinal Newman

things. Though he was still in a state of perdition, yet God was visiting him, and giving him the first fruits of those influences which were, in the event, to bring him out of it.

Time went on; and looking at him, as his Guardian Angel might look at him, you would have said that, in spite of much perverseness, and many a successful struggle against his Almighty Adversary, in spite of his still being, as before, in a state of wrath, nevertheless grace was making way in his soul. He was advancing towards the Church. He did not know it himself, he could not recognize it himself; but an eager interest in him, and then a joy, was springing up in heaven among the Angels of God.

At last he came within the range of a great Saint¹ in a foreign country; and, though he pretended not to acknowledge him, his attention was arrested by him, and he could not help coming to sacred places to look at him again and again. He began to watch him and speculate about him, and wondered with himself whether he was happy. He found himself frequently in Church, listening to the holy preacher, and he once asked his advice how to find what he was seeking.

And now a final conflict came on him with the flesh: it was hard, very hard, to part with the indulgences of years, it was hard to part and never to meet again. Oh, sin was so sweet, how could he bid it farewell? How could he tear himself away from its embrace, and betake himself to that lonely and dreary way which led heavenwards? But God's grace was sweeter far, and it convinced him while it won him; it convinced his reason, and prevailed—and he who without it would have lived and died a child of Satan, became, under its wonder-working power, an oracle of sanctity and truth.

¹St. Ambrose (*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*)

DO YOU HAVE A LAPSI IN YOUR FAMILY?

Lapsi is a Latin word used to refer to persons who have lapsed from the practice of the Catholic Faith. (*Lapsi* is a collective plural. Singular is *lapsus* for a male and *lapsa* for a female.) If you do, here is what we suggest: Send their names to: St. Monica Sodality, 825 N Carpenter St, Chicago, IL 60642-5405.

PRAY WHILE YOU DRIVE — USING ST. MONICA CDs

A 50-minute professional CD of the St. Monica Novena Prayers and music is available for \$12.00 each, plus \$2.00 for postage. The “Seraphim Vocal Ensemble” provides the inspirational hymns. Order a CD to play in your car when you’re stuck in traffic— increase your prayer life—decrease tension. Order from St Monica Sodality, 825 N. Carpenter St, Chicago, IL 60642-5405.

SODALITY MEMBERSHIP

Saint Monica Sodality members meet every Wednesday evening at 7:00 pm at St. John Cantius Church, Chicago. Novena prayers and Rosary are followed by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

On the feast of St. Monica, May 4th, (in the Traditional calendar), please renew your membership by sending \$20.00 (outside U.S.—\$30.00 U.S. funds) along with any change of address information, e-mail address, or letters of gratitude to St. Monica. New members are accepted at any time and prayer booklets, petition forms, medals, and rule booklets are available from: Saint Monica Sodality, 825 North Carpenter Street, Chicago, IL 60642-5405. Phone: 312-243-7373 - Fax 312-243-4545. E-mail: stmonica@cantius.org
Website: www.cantius.org.

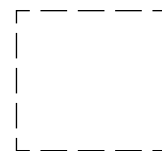
PAST ISSUES of *Encouragement*, and more information about the St. Monica Sodality, are available on the website, www.cantius.org under Organizations, St. Monica Sodality.

JULY 2010

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IN MY DISTRESS
I CRIED UNTO THE
LORD

St. Monica, pray for us.

A SERMON BY JOHN CARDINAL NEWMAN
(Feast of St. Monica—Sunday after Ascension, 1856.
Preached in the University Church, Dublin.)

INTELLECT, THE INSTRUMENT OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING

“And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother: and she was a widow.” Luke vii. 12.

This day we celebrate one of the most remarkable feasts in the calendar. We commemorate a Saint who gained the heavenly crown by prayers indeed and tears, by sleepless nights and weary wanderings, but not in the administration of any high office in the Church, not in the fulfilment of some great resolution or special counsel; not as a preacher, teacher, evangelist, reformer, or champion of the faith; not as Bishop of the flock, or temporal governor; not by eloquence, by wisdom, or by controversial success; not in the way of any other saint whom we invoke in the circle of the year; but as a mother, seeking and gaining by her penances the conversion of her son. It was for no ordinary son that she prayed, and it was no ordinary supplication by which she gained him. When a holy man saw its vehemence, ere it was successful, he said to her, “Go in peace; the son of such prayers cannot perish.” The prediction was fulfilled beyond its letter; not only was that young man converted, but after his conversion he became a saint; not only a saint, but a doctor also, and “instructed many unto justice.” St. Augustine was the son for whom she prayed; and if he has been a luminary for all ages of the Church since, many thanks do we owe to his mother, St. Monica, who having borne him in the flesh, travailed for him in the spirit.

The Church, in her choice of a gospel for this feast, has likened St. Monica to the desolate widow whom our Lord met at the gate of the city, as she was going forth to bury the corpse of her only son. He saw her, and said, “Weep not;” and He touched the bier, and the dead arose. St. Monica asked and obtained a more noble miracle. Many a mother who is anxious for her son’s bodily welfare neglects his soul. So did not the Saint of today; her son might be accomplished, eloquent, able, and distinguished. All this was nothing to her while he was dead in God’s sight, while he was the slave of sin, while he was the prey of heresy. She desired his true life. She wearied heaven with prayer, and wore out herself with praying. She did not at once prevail. He left his home; he was carried forward by his four bearers: ignorance, pride, appetite, and ambition. He was carried out into a foreign land, he crossed over from Africa to Italy. She followed him, she followed the corpse—the chief, the only mourner. She went where he went, from city to city. It was

nothing to her to leave her dear home and her native soil; she had no country below; her sole rest, her sole repose, her *Nunc dimittis*, was his new birth. So while she still walked forth in her deep anguish and isolation, and her silent prayer, she was at length rewarded by the long-coveted miracle. Grace melted the proud heart, and purified the corrupt breast of Augustine, and restored and comforted his mother. Hence, in today’s Collect, the Almighty Giver is especially addressed as “*Mœrentium consolator et in Te sperantium salus*”: the consoler of those that mourn, and the health of those who hope in Thee.

Thus Monica, as the widow in the gospel, becomes an image of Holy Church, who is ever lamenting over her lost children, and by her importunate prayers, ever recovering them from the grave of sin. To Monica, as the Church’s representative, may be addressed those words of the Prophet: “Put off, O Jerusalem, the garments of thy mourning and affliction; arise, and look about towards the East, and behold thy children; for they went out from thee on foot, led by the enemies; but the Lord will bring them to thee exalted with honour, as children of the kingdom.”

This, I say, is not a history of past time merely, but of every age. Generation passes after generation, and there is on the one side the same doleful, dreary wandering, the same feverish unrest, the same fleeting enjoyments, the same abiding and hopeless misery; and on the other, the same anxiously beating heart of impotent affection. Age goes after age, and still Augustine rushes forth again and again, with his young ambition, and his intellectual energy, and his turbulent appetites—educated, yet untaught; with powers strengthened, sharpened, refined by exercise, but unenlightened and untrained. (He) goes forth into the world, ardent, self-willed, reckless, headstrong, inexperienced, to fall into the hands of those who seek his life, and to become the victim of heresy and sin. Still, again and again does hapless Monica weep; weeping for that dear child who grew up with her from the womb, and of whom she is now robbed; of whom she has lost sight; wandering with him in his wanderings, following his steps in her imagination, cherishing his image in her heart, keeping his name upon her lips, and feeling withal, that, as a woman, she is unable to cope with the violence and the artifices of the world. Still again and again does Holy Church take her part and her place, with a heart as tender and more strong, with an arm, and an eye, and an intellect more powerful than hers, with an influence more than human, more sagacious than the world, and more religious than home, to restrain and reclaim those whom passion, or example, or sophistry is hurrying forward to destruction.

My Brethren, there is something happy in the circumstance, that the first Sunday of our academic worship should fall on the feast of St. Monica.

Is not this one chief aspect of a University, and an aspect which it especially bears in this sacred place, to supply that which that memorable Saint so much (desired), and for which she attempted to compensate by her prayers? Is it not one part of our especial office to receive those from the hands of father and mother, whom father and mother can keep no longer? Thus, while professing all sciences, and speaking by the mouths of philosophers and sages, a University delights in the well-known appellation of "Alma Mater." She is a mother who, after the pattern of that greatest and most heavenly of mothers, is, on the one hand, "Mater Amabilis," and "Causa nostræ lætitiæ," and on the other, "Sedes Sapientiæ" also. She is a mother, living, not in the seclusion of the family, and in the garden's shade, but in the wide world, in the populous and busy town. (She claims) like our great Mother, the meek and tender Mary, "to praise her own self, and to glory, and to open her mouth," because she alone has "compassed the circuit of Heaven, and penetrated into the bottom of the deep, and walked upon the waves of the sea". In every department of human learning, (she) is able to confute and put right those who would set knowledge against itself, and would make truth contradict truth, and would persuade the world that, to be religious you must be ignorant, and to be intellectual you must be unbelieving.

My meaning will be clearer if I revert to the nature and condition of the human mind. The human mind, as you know, may be regarded from two principal points of view: as intellectual and as moral. As intellectual, it apprehends truth; as moral, it apprehends duty. The perfection of the intellect is called ability and talent; the perfection of our moral nature is virtue. It is our great misfortune here, and our trial, that, as things are found in the world, the two are separated, and independent of each other; that, where power of intellect is, there need not be virtue; and that where right, and goodness, and moral greatness are, there need not be talent. It was not so in the beginning; not that our nature is essentially different from what it was when first created; but that the Creator, upon its creation, raised it above itself by a supernatural grace, which blended together all its faculties, and made them conspire into one whole, and act in common towards one end; so that, had the race continued in that blessed state of privilege, there never would have been distance, rivalry, hostility between one faculty and another.

It is otherwise now, so much the worse for us. The grace is gone; the soul cannot hold together; it falls to pieces; its elements strive with each other. When a kingdom has long been in a state of tumult, sedition, or rebellion, certain portions break off from the whole and from the central government, and set up for themselves. So is it with the soul of man. So is it, I say, with the

soul, long ago—that a number of small kingdoms, independent of each other and at war with each other, have arisen in it, such and so many as to reduce the original sovereignty to a circuit of territory and to an influence not more considerable than they have themselves. And all these small dominions in the soul, are, of course, one by one, incomplete and defective. (They are) strong in some points, weak in others, because not any one of them is the whole, sufficient for itself, but only one part of the whole, which, on the contrary, is made up of all the faculties of the soul together. Hence you find in one man, or one set of men, the reign, the acknowledged reign of passion or appetite; among others, the avowed reign of brute strength and material resources; among others, the reign of intellect; and among others (and would that they were many!) the more excellent reign of virtue.

Such is the state of things, as it shows to us, when we cast our eyes abroad into the world; and every one, when he comes to years of discretion, and begins to think, has all these separate powers warring in his own breast—appetite, passion, secular ambition, intellect, and conscience—trying severally to get possession of him. When he looks out of himself, he sees them all severally embodied on a grand scale, in large establishments and centres, outside of him, one here and another there, in aid of that importunate canvass, which each of them is carrying on within him. Thus, at least for a time, he is in a state of internal strife, confusion, and uncertainty; first attracted this way, then that, not knowing how to choose, though sooner or later choose he must. Rather, he must choose soon, and cannot choose late, for he cannot help thinking, speaking, and acting; and to think, speak, and act is to choose.

This is a very serious state of things. What makes it worse is that these various faculties and powers of the human mind have so long been separated from each other, so long cultivated and developed each by itself, that it comes to be taken for granted that they cannot be united. It is commonly thought, because some men follow duty, others pleasure, others glory, and others intellect, that therefore one of these things excludes the other; that duty cannot be pleasant, that virtue cannot be intellectual, that goodness cannot be great, that conscientiousness cannot be heroic. The fact is often so, that there is a separation, though I deny its necessity. I grant that, from the disorder and confusion into which the human mind has fallen, too often good men are not attractive, and bad men are. Too often cleverness, or wit, or taste, or richness of fancy, or keenness of intellect, or depth, or knowledge, or pleasantness and agreeableness, is on the side of error and not on the side of virtue. Excellence, as things are, does lie in more directions than one, and it is

ever easier to excel in one thing than in two. If then, a man has more talent, there is the chance that he will have less goodness; if he is careful about his religious duties, there is the chance he is behind-hand in general knowledge. In matter of fact, in particular cases, persons may be found, correct and virtuous, who are heavy, narrow-minded, and unintellectual; and again, unprincipled men, who are brilliant and amusing. And thus you see, how that particular temptation comes about, of which I speak, when boyhood is past, and youth is opening—not only is the soul plagued and tormented by the thousand temptations which rise up within it, but it is exposed moreover to the sophistry of the Evil One, whispering that duty and religion are very right indeed, admirable, supernatural—who doubts it?—but that, somehow or other, religious people are commonly either very dull or very tiresome: nay, that religion itself, after all, is more suitable to women and children, who live at home, than to men.

○ my Brethren, do you not confess to the truth of much of what I have been saying? Is it not so, that, when your mind began to open, in proportion as it opened, it was by that very opening made rebellious against what you knew to be duty? In matter of fact, was not your intellect in league with disobedience? Instead of uniting knowledge and religion, as you might have done, did you not set one against the other? For instance, was it not one of the first voluntary exercises of your mind, to indulge a wrong curiosity?—a curiosity which you confessed to yourselves to be wrong, which went against your conscience, while you indulged it. You desired to know a number of things which it could do you no good to know. This is how boys begin. As soon as their mind begins to stir, it looks the wrong way, and runs upon what is evil. This is their first wrong step; and their next use of their intellect is to put what is evil into words. This is their second wrong step. They form images, and entertain thoughts which should be away, and they stamp them upon themselves and others by expressing them. And next, the bad turn which they do to others, others retaliate on them. One wrong speech provokes another; and thus there grows up among them from boyhood that miserable tone of conversation—hinting and suggesting evil; jesting, bantering on the subject of sin, supplying fuel for the inflammable imagination—which lasts through life. It is wherever the world is, it is the very breath of the world, which the world cannot do without, which the world “speaks out of the abundance of its heart,” and which you may prophesy will prevail in every ordinary assemblage of men, as soon as they are at their ease and begin to talk freely—(it is) a sort of vocal worship of the Evil One, to which the Evil One listens with special satisfaction, because he looks on it as the preparation for worse sin; for from bad thoughts and bad words proceed bad deeds.

Bad company creates a distaste for good. Hence it happens that, when a youth has gone the length I have been supposing, he is repelled from that very distaste, from those places and scenes which would do him good. He begins to lose the delight he once had in going home. By little and little he loses his enjoyment in the pleasant countenances, and untroubled smiles, and gentle ways, of that family circle which is so dear to him still. At first he says to himself that he is not worthy of them, and therefore keeps away; but at length the routine of home is tiresome to him. He has aspirations and ambitions which home does not satisfy. He wants more than home can give. His curiosity now takes a new turn; he listens to views and discussions which are inconsistent with the sanctity of religious faith. At first he has no temptation to adopt them; only he wishes to know what is “said.” As time goes on, however, living with companions who have no fixed principle, and who, if they do not oppose, at least do not take for granted, any the most elementary truths; or worse, hearing or reading what is directly against religion, at length, without being conscious of it, he admits a sceptical influence upon his mind. He does not know it, he does not recognize it, but there it is; and, before he recognizes it, it leads him to a fretful, impatient way of speaking of the persons, conduct, words, and measures of religious men or of men in authority. This is the way in which he relieves his mind of the burden which is growing heavier and heavier every day. And so he goes on, approximating more and more closely to sceptics and infidels, and feeling more and more congeniality with their modes of thinking, till some day suddenly, from some accident, the fact breaks upon him, and he sees clearly that he is an unbeliever himself.

He can no longer conceal from himself that he does not believe, and a sharp anguish darts through him, and for a time he is made miserable. Next, he laments indeed that former undoubting faith, which he has lost, but as some pleasant dream—a dream, though a pleasant one, from which he has been awakened, but which, however pleasant, he forsooth, cannot help being a dream. And his next stage is to experience a great expansion and elevation of mind; for his field of view is swept clear of all that filled it from childhood, and now he may build up for himself anything he pleases instead. So he begins to form his own ideas of things, and these please and satisfy him for a time. Then he gets used to them, and tires of them, and he takes up others; and now he has begun that everlasting round of seeking and never finding. At length, after various trials, he gives up the search altogether, and decides that nothing can be known, (that) there is no such thing as truth, and that if anything is to be professed, the creed he started from is as good as any other, and has more claims—however, that really nothing

is true, nothing is certain. If he be of a more ardent temperament, or, like Augustine, the object of God's special mercy, then he cannot give up the inquiry, though he has no chance of solving it, and he roams about, "walking through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none." Meanwhile poor Monica sees the change in its effects, though she does not estimate it in itself, or know exactly what it is, or how it came about. Even though it be told her, she can not enter into it, or understand how one so dear to her can be subjected to it. But a dreadful change there is, and she perceives it too clearly; a dreadful change for him and for her; a wall of separation has grown up between them. She cannot throw it down again; but she can turn to her God, and weep and pray.

Now, observe, the strength of this delusion lies in there being a sort of truth in it. Young men feel a consciousness of certain faculties within them which demand exercise; aspirations which must have an object, for which they do not commonly find exercise or object in religious circles. This want is no excuse for them if they think, say, or do anything against faith or morals: but still it is the occasion of their sinning. It is the fact, they are not only moral, they are intellectual beings; but, ever since the fall of man, religion is here, and philosophy is there; each has its own centres of influence, separate from the other; intellectual men desire something in the homes of religion, and religious men desire something in the schools of science.

Here, then, I conceive, is the object of the Holy See and the Catholic Church in setting up Universities. It is to reunite things which were in the beginning joined together by God, and have been put asunder by man. Some persons will say that I am thinking of confining, distorting, and stunting the growth of the intellect by ecclesiastical supervision. I have no such thought. Nor have I any thought of a compromise, as if religion must give up something, and science something. I wish the intellect to range with the utmost freedom, and religion to enjoy an equal freedom; but what I am stipulating for is, that they should be found in one and the same place, and exemplified in the same persons. I want to destroy that diversity of centres, which puts everything into confusion by creating a contrariety of influences. I wish the same spots and the same individuals to be at once oracles of philosophy and shrines of devotion. It will not satisfy me, what satisfies so many, to have two independent systems, intellectual and religious, going at once side by side, by a sort of division of labour, and only accidentally brought together. It will not satisfy me if religion is here, and science there, and young men converse with science all day, and lodge with religion in the evening. It is not touching the evil, to which these remarks have been directed, if

young men eat and drink and sleep in one place, and think in another: I want the same roof to contain both the intellectual and moral discipline. Devotion is not a sort of finish given to the sciences; nor is science a sort of feather in the cap, if I may so express myself, an ornament and set-off to devotion. I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual.

This is no matter of terms, nor of subtle distinctions. Sanctity has its influence; intellect has its influence; the influence of sanctity is the greater on the long run; the influence of intellect is greater at the moment. Therefore, in the case of the young, whose education lasts a few years, where the intellect is, there is the influence. Their literary, their scientific teachers, really have the forming of them. Let both influences act freely, and then, as a general rule, no system of mere religious guardianship which neglects the Reason, will in matter of fact succeed against the School. Youths need a masculine religion, if it is to carry captive their restless imaginations, and their wild intellects, as well as to touch their susceptible hearts.

Look down then upon us from Heaven, O blessed Monica, for we are engaged in supplying that very want which called for thy prayers, and gained for thee thy crown. Thou who didst obtain thy son's conversion by the merit of thy intercession, continue that intercession for us, that we may be blest, as human instruments, in the use of those human means by which ordinarily the Holy Cross is raised aloft, and religion commands the world. Gain for us, first, that we may intensely feel that God's grace is all in all, and that we are nothing; next, that, for His greater glory, and for the honour of Holy Church, and for the good of man, we may be "zealous for all the better gifts," and may excel in intellect as we excel in virtue.

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"With Christians, a poetical view of things is a duty. We are bid to color all things with hues of faith, to see a divine meaning in every event."

Cardinal John Henry Newman