

The preceding discussion has made clear that Newman's educational philosophy expresses his grand vision of a vast inter-related and integrated universe of knowledge that itself is grounded upon his conception of the existential universe; that this grand vision informs and underpins the marvellously constructed argument of *The Idea of a University*; and that only within the context of this grand vision are his arguments for liberal education, for theology as a branch of learning, for the reconciliation of the sciences and the arts, fully comprehensible. It is further hoped that the discussion has suggested that, as contrasted with the prevailing atomistic tendencies of so much contemporary educational thought, Newman's philosophy is genuinely radical in proposing that intellectual order will be restored only by the prior restoration of an integral, ordered view of the universe.

NOTES

1. All references to Newman in this study are to the standard editions of his collected works published by Longmans, Green & Co. in 40 volumes (1874-1921). Within the text, the following shortened references have been used: *The Idea of a University* (*The Idea*), *Oxford University Sermons* (*OUS*), *Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects* (*DA*), *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* (*Apologia*), *Essays Critical and Historical*, Volume I (*ECH*, I), and *A Grammar of Assent* (*A Grammar*).
2. Francis Bacon, as quoted in A. Dwight Culler, *The Imperial Intellect* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1955), p. 173.
3. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as quoted in Culler, p. 177.
4. Wilfrid Ward, *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, Volumes I and II (Longmans, Green, 1912). Shortened references in the text are Ward, I, and Ward, II.

PASTORAL

Stanley Cooperman

Your fingers may stroll with mine
 on that fair surface, the meadow
 whose name we share;
 silk may grow like cultivated lawn
 sweet as the moon we wrap in glass
 (when lovers dance on each other's crust
 pouring roses from their eyes
 as though each blossom were a meteor-stone
 immortal as arithmetic)

But certain hollowness, or fluid
thickening in time,
draws the roots of secret hair
down to a level of lava-blood
erupting beneath the skin:
a boiling we can hear
rapid and delicate, yet
heavy-footed as the stars

the sound of small birds drowning
or mice eaten by green owls.

COLD WIND

John Thompson

In this country
the wind kills
with swift birds
like bronze javelins.

They say don't
mistake its images,
learn the beat of its cold wing,
the strain of its sinews
gathering on the haft.

And then they tell
of those who got the music
into their marrow:
the old men who outdid its terror,
beating their tongues like oak leaves
against its fierce metal.

men with the straight eye
insomniac,

the stubborn song
fast in the bone.