

though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees . . . . A deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady." In 1843, Newman made a formal retraction of all the hard and uncharitable things he had ever said against the Church of Rome. On Oct. 8th, 1845, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Mozley, to announce what the world had long expected:

My Dear Jemima:—I must tell you what will pain you greatly, but I will make it as short as you would wish me to do.

This night Father Dominic, the Passionist, sleeps here. He does not know of my intention, but I shall ask him to receive me into what I believe to be the One Fold of the Redeemer.

This will not go till all is over.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Fancy loves to linger over a day so memorable as that 9th of October. In reality it was an autumn day colder than usual for that time of the year—one of those dreary, dismal days, full of sad reflections, when no one ventures out but those who must, and a great depression of spirits hangs over those who remain within. We are told that the rain came down in torrents and the wind howled with all its equinoctial fury. The "monastery" of Littlemore wore its usual appearance. Those who approached its doors however, were told that there would be no entrance for a day or two, as Mr. Newman "wished to remain quiet." The vil-