

their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Not happily modified ; in the original, it is, as it should be, the "face" that is beheld, whereas in the modification the "faces" are made to do the beholding.

This putting of sentences to the rack may seem a barbarous revival in literary criticism of the question, so called, that odious judicial process now happily obsolete in the civilized world. Let us have no more of it. Meanwhile it may stand as final inexpugnable proof of the diamond quality in Newman's work that it successfully survives analysis destructive to those mere exterior accidents of beauty in form upon which literary reputation attaching to many another writer so greatly depends. Full expression of my judgment respecting Newman as a writer demands that I say one thing more of his defect in matter of form, namely, that this defect extends, with him, from the structure of the particular sentence, also to the structure of the sermon, the treatise, the book. An organizing, constructive mind was not his.

As to rhythm, that of course is a matter of ear, but Newman seems to me wanting at this point. He has, perhaps purposely, avoided the sonorous swell, the elaborate balance, of the periodic sentence. There is undoubtedly now, among the best writers, a strong set of tendency in taste against anything approaching the declamatory in rhetoric. This set of tendency in taste Newman has felt ; his example, in fact, has probably contributed much to create it. The tendency I speak of is partly a good tendency ; but, unchecked, it produces formless and nerveless composition. Now, in literature, matter is indeed more than form ; but then valuable matter is worthy of admirable form, while also wise attention to form reacts to produce more valuable matter. An essential element of admirable form in writing consists in commending your style by rhythm to the ear ; and I submit that to write, "has risen up *simultaneously* in many places very *mysteriously*," to make, "It is not the same as it," stand for a sentence complete in itself, in short, to express one's self in Newman's style, is to concede far less than is desirable to the natural demand of readers for what is agreeable in *sound*.

I now proceed to do what I can toward confuting myself, on this last point of denial to Newman, by quoting the exquisitely pathetic and tender, the deliciously musical, sentences with which he brings his *Apologia* to its close:—

"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast day ; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, and HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER ? who have been so faithful to me ; who have been so sensitive of my needs ;