

man felt keenly that he was virtually challenged to prove his honesty before the world, and with much pain, we doubt not, to his sensitive and retiring nature, he steps forth from the cloister and, we fully believe, in as conscientious a spirit as St. Paul or as Socrates gives us his "*Apologia pro Vita sua*." The castigation his opponent receives is not excessive either in the number of the stripes or their severity, considering how wantonly Mr. Kingsley had assailed him, and his most unclerical violation of those principles of fair play which alone prevent the so called 'liberty of the press' from becoming an abuse and a tyranny. Should his chastisement induce the socialist divine, the popular novelist and the professor of Modern History at Cambridge to be more charitable and less hasty in his interpretation of other people it will have been of service to him *morally*; should it lead him to a careful study of Logic, a science excluded from the curriculum of his University, it will have proved as good to him *mentally*. For ourselves also,—for all, indeed, who are thinking for themselves, and endeavouring to think aright, amid the perplexing controversies of the time, Dr. Newman's "*Apologia*" may be of vast service in both these senses. It is a representative book, and its author is, as we shall more and more perceive as we contemplate him, a representative man. But let his own words explain the motives of his thus laying bare his inward history to the world: "He," (Mr. Kingsley,) he says, "had a positive idea to illuminate his whole matter, and to stamp it with a form and to quicken it with an interpretation. He called me a *liar*.—a simple, a broad, an intelligible, to the English public a plausible arraignment." Again: "Yes, I said to myself, his very question is about my *meaning*: 'What does Dr. Newman mean?' It pointed in the very same direction as that into which my musings had turned me already. He asks what I *mean*: not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence, by which I write, and argue, and act. He asks about my Mind and its Beliefs and its Sentiments; and he shall be answered,—not for his own sake, but for mine, for the sake of the Religion which I profess, and of the Priesthood in which I am unworthily included, and of my friends and of my foes, and of that general public which consists of neither one nor the other, but of well-wishers, lovers of fairplay, sceptical cross-questioners, interested inquirers, curious lookers-on, and simple strangers, unconcerned yet not careless about the issue. . . . I recognized what I had to do, though I shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the tone key to my whole life; I must show what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom he extinguished which gibbers instead of me. . . . I will draw out, as far as may be, the history of my mind. I will state the point at which I began, in what external suggestion or accident each opinion had its rise, how far and how they were developed from within, how they grew, were modified, were combined, were in collision with each other, and were changed, again, how I conducted myself towards them, and how, and how far, and for how long a time, I thought I could hold them consistently with the ecclesiastical engagements which I had made and with the position which I filled."

A review of Dr. Newman's "*Apologia*" has no greater share in the purpose of the present Essay, than a criticism of the controversy between its author and Mr. Kingsley. The book has indeed been reviewed by every journal of any literary standing and the result has been favourable in every instance, we believe, both to the moral honesty and the logical power of Oxford's gifted and lamented son. Our purpose is rather to shew, from a survey of Dr. Newman's life and writings,