

as I have indicated. The excellences of it, however great and however numerous, must, in any fairly balanced and comprehensive estimate of its quality, be offset with the shortcomings and offences, *considered as characteristic*, that I have here inadequately exemplified. These shortcomings and offences are happily quite consistent with the high merits that I began the present criticism by attributing to Newman's style; but they are, in my opinion, far from consistent with the idea that Newman is the best prose writer in the English language, or that he is the best prose writer of his time, or even that he is to be ranked at all among the great classic authors of our literature. He has, in fact, produced nothing whatever likely to survive, in general fame, the vivid interest which his own fascinating and puissant living personality possessed the secret of exciting among his fellows; nothing, unless we except one or two of his pieces in verse, —by eminence his famous "Lead, Kindly Light," of which it would be aside from the principal purpose of the present paper to speak.

I should feel sorry to have made the impression—the impression would be exceedingly false—that, in pronouncing Newman's prose style *characteristically* lacking in felicity of diction, of phrase, and of structure, I mean either to charge upon him an *invariable* habit of difficulty and awkwardness in expressing himself, or to deny to him occasional, even consummately happy, terms of expression. What I do mean is that infelicity is so *frequent* as justly to be called *characteristic*. It may incidentally serve to show that saying this is not censoriousness in me, if I now recall that brief passage about the "Angels," already for a different purpose remarked upon, and examine it a little carefully for its form of expression. My object is simply to let it appear how, even in the choicer specimens of his workmanship, the character of infelicity in Newman as a writer is likely to be found. Newman says: "There are Spiritual Intelligences *which* move these wonderful and vast portions of the natural world *which* seem to be inanimate." Capital letters, observe, to emphasize the *personality* of the "Spiritual Intelligences," and yet the relative pronoun "*which*" employed in referring to them; and this notwithstanding the fact that "*which*" was to follow almost immediately in a different reference. "Those wonderful and vast portions of the natural world"—how entirely non-felicitious an expression! "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments." That plural predicate after the singular individualized subject—"every breath of air *is* the *skirts* of their garments"! Then the alternative predicate, wherein "the skirts of their garments" becomes "the *waving* of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven." "Whose faces see God in heaven" is a turn of expression apparently modified from the saying of Jesus concerning "little ones": "In heaven