

gestures, speech, and expressive countenances of our friends around us enable us to hold intercourse with them, so, in the motions of universal Nature, in the interchange of day and night, summer and winter, wind and storm, fulfilling His word, we are reminded of the blessed and dutiful Angels. . . . Thus, whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy Beings, the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. *Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.*" (Italics my own.)

I quote the foregoing not as an example of fine imaginative writing, though it is often quoted and admired for such, and not as an example of well-ordered and rhythmical prose, though it is perhaps fairly enough characteristic of Newman's style at its best; but only by way of illustrating the trait of genuineness in the writer. Fanciful as, to the casual reader, the ideas expressed may seem to be, they are by no means the offspring of mere playful creative fancy on Newman's part. Newman soberly thought what he said. He was simply true to his own individual conception and conviction. In short, he was perfectly genuine. This is John Henry Newman. He was genuine here, as he is genuine everywhere.

So much for what is at once chief, and chiefly admirable, in Newman considered as a writer—his genuineness.

The second trait, as in the man, so in his literary work, to command our attention and our respect is his solemn earnestness. He not only means what he says, but he *says* what he means. And what he means, he means intensely. This character in him as a writer is branded an ineffaceable, an unescapable, legend all over his work; nay, it is inseparably waterlined—more, incorporate, in it.

Next, or perhaps simultaneous, and indistinguishably one in impression with both his genuineness and his earnestness, is Newman's quality of unworldliness. But this quality in him deserves a less negative name. Let us call it spiritual-mindedness. A man more worthy, seeming more worthy, of the praise implied in this attribute, I do not know in literature or in history. The detachment, to use that word in its somewhat esoteric religious meaning, the detachment of Newman's mind is really wonderful. It is almost excessive. At least it has the effect to remove him a little too far—for the most vital influence on men in general—from the sphere of ordinary human interests. The *Apologia* derived its exceptional charm for the great public from the fact of its constituting a kind of return, on the writer's part, to a world, the world of his fellow-men in general, long since forsaken, and, as it were, forgotten by him. It exhibited the Roman Catholic priest in the amiable light of a man and an Englishman, of a mortal with red blood in his veins, a man honorably desirous to be thought at least justly of, if not well of, by his fellows.

It was a persuasive, an irresistible, appeal on his own behalf, made