

tenderness and morality, touched with emotion, to supply God's place."

Some years ago one of the great English Reviews published a study of Newman, from which the following is here set down, from memory. It seems only fitting in this memorial of the hundredth anniversary of the beloved—the honoured witness to the nineteenth century's great achievements—to retain a true likeness of the man who so well, so largely, contributed to its glories, a word picture is so often truer than brush, colour, or pencil could portray. "Newman's was a wonderful face," says the loving admirer, "wide-spread, forehead ploughed deep with horizontal furrows, expressive of his care-worn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual, its aspect in the spiritual world; the pale cheek down which long lines of shadows slope, which years and curious thought and suffering give. The pathetic eye that speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man; and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of the mobile and reticent mouth, where humour, playfulness, and sympathy are instinctively blended with those severer moods that refuse and restrain. On the whole, it is a face full in the first place, of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next of that subtle and intimate knowledge of human limitations and weakness, which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless, indeed, it is guided amongst the stakes, and dykes, and pit-falls of the human battle-field by the direct Providence of God."

What is said of his face, all his devoted and constant readers will say of his style. It is not always manifest that *le style c'est l'homme*, but in the case of Newman and Arnold it is so. It would be delightful to continue this parallel study, to compare the sweetness of Newman that rests on humility with Arnold's condescending sweetness; Newman's wistful sweetness with the didactic sweetness of Arnold. Suffice it to say Newman yearns to reach your heart, Arnold seems careful only to throw light on your intellect. Newman's irony is only an earnest, indignant exposure of self-deception; Arnold's has been called "pleasurable scorn at the folly he is exposing."