

gation are making a collection for the purchase of a new surplice—not too soon, as the present vestment has suffered much in its 36 years wear.

There is some attempt being made also to obtain a melodeon, to help us the better to “praise God in His sanctuary.”

In the King’s County part of the mission, two acres of land have been granted as a site, upon which has been raised the frame of a small place of worship, to be completed as the poor worshippers are able. This is 15 miles from us.

So you see we endeavor “not to let the snow fall rest,” but to go “onward and upward,” as fast as God shall bless us with means and strength. To him be all the praise. Your loving brother in Christ,

THOMAS MISSIONARY.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

It is usually after passing to his rest and not during his lifetime, that the virtues and, in spite of the precept of charity ‘*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,’ the failings of a great man become the subject of vigorous analysis. When from shore to shore of old England and her dependencies the tidings travelled that the iron duke was dead, Waterloo seemed to come nearer to men’s memories, and thousands who had forgotten of late years that the old warrior lived, now thought of him as one of the *realities* of modern history. Every preacher mended his quill and invoked the predicated Muse, and every pulpit and every newspaper told forth his mighty works in decorous panegyric. The world of thought has its dissecting room as well as the hospital; and when we are told that Lord Byron’s brain weighed so much and Thackeray’s so much we have conveyed to us the material counterpart of what actually takes place in the mental ‘post mortem.’ Yes, the brains and the heart of genius must be weighed in the balances of posthumous Justice,—and how strange are sometimes the results! In one case, as with poor Keats, the world had prophesied that the poet’s brain would weigh scarcely a goose-quill or a nose-gay—but down the scales are borne and posterity reverses the contemporary estimate. In another, as with Robert Montgomery, stupendous was to be the weight of a brain big with ‘the omnipresence of the Deity,’ but Justice has neither wreath nor statue, the scales do not tremble,—*aura popularis* has a feathery lightness,—*fugiant vasto cethere nimbi!*

The great theologian whose name stands at the head of the present essay might have formed no exception to the general rule we have mentioned, but for the rash and unfounded assertion of that eminently bumptious writer Professor Kingsley, with which our readers are no doubt familiar. “Truth, for its own sake, has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute main force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.” Dr. Newman naturally and indignantly asks “where have I said this?” Mr. Kingsley refers him to a Sermon preached by him when Vicar of St. Mary’s, Oxford, and published in 1844. But the Sermon on analysis utterly fails to justify and sustain the serious charge of Dr. Newman’s antagonist. It is foreign to the purpose we have in hand to follow the subsequent correspondence or Mr. Kingsley’s reluctant and meagre apology. Suffice it that to this we are indebted for one of the most significant volumes that have issued from the press in the present troubled period of religious thought. The old