

alone—fitted to be the exponent. But it is not until the ferment going on within that Church at present has settled down, it is not until the "earnest" young Anglican clerics and laymen who can really do without dogma altogether (if any such there be) have finally dissociated themselves by avowed or tacit separation from those who only *think* they can do without dogma, that the real influence destined to be wielded by that masterly dialectician and most persuasive doctor who wrote the "Grammar of Assent," will be fully seen.

(From the Guardian.)

Cardinal Newman is dead, and we lose in him not only one of the very greatest masters of English style, not only a man of singular purity and beauty of character, not only an eminent example of personal sanctity, but the founder, we may almost say, of the Church of England as we see it. What the Church of England would have become without the Tractarian movement we can faintly guess, and of the Tractarian movement Newman was the living soul and the inspiring genius. Great as his services have been to the communion in which he died, they are as nothing by the side of those he rendered to the communion in which the most eventful years of his life were spent. All that was best in Tractarianism came from him—its reality, its depth, its low estimate of externals, its keen sense of the importance of religion to the individual soul. The conclusions to which it led him were different from those to which it led his most devoted followers, but the premises from which they started and the temper in which they worked were identical, and whatever solid success the High Church party have attained since Cardinal Newman's departure, has been due to their fidelity to his method and spirit. He will be mourned by many of the Roman Church, but their sorrow will be less than ours because they have not the same paramount reason to be grateful to him.

(From the Record.)

As a personage, probably no Englishman in the present century has excited more wide and lasting interest. There has always been a touch of mystery about his character, which to most people is in itself a charm. The mystery consists chiefly in a mixture of apparent contraries in his nature. Thus Newman's personal influence on men has always been extraordinary. On the other hand, his history shows how singularly open he has been to be swayed by others, often vastly his inferiors, one would have said, in every respect. Again, his matchless literary power has given to his words and thoughts an influence in modifying and moulding educated opinion in England, the extent of which has scarcely yet been recognized. Still Newman was not really a learned man. He never gave himself time to become so. He was teaching and preaching and editing the *Fathers* when, if that had been his lifework, he should have been quietly reading them. Dean Stanley's celebrated saying, "How different contemporary English Church history would have been if Newman had known German," is not less true than pungent. And so in many other aspects—e.g., his sweetness and his terrible power of sarcasm—Newman was full of contraries.

It has been again and again brought as a charge against the Church of England that she had no room for a man of such unique gifts as Newman, and that she drove him out. Cheap sneers of that sort are so easy to make and so trivial in significance that it is scarcely worth while to elaborate replies; but we cannot help thinking that a far more remarkable circumstance has been overlooked. Dr. Newman joined the Church of Rome at the age of forty-four, in the full maturity of his powers, in the possession of wide experience, and with absolutely nothing to quench activity. Even his mistakes he had slipped away from because they could be put to the account of the communion he had left. Yet what has Newman done for Rome or for mankind under the auspices of Rome? Absolutely nothing. What should have been a sort of new birth has been a collapse and an annihilation. If the Church of England could not keep Newman, assuredly the Church of Rome could not use him. Compare the abounding vitality and influence and enterprise of his Anglican days with the cloistered seclusion and inadequate tasks of Edgbaston. It is not our business to find a reason, but it would not be difficult. The secret of Newman's errors was his impatience of uncertainty, his craving for a basis of authority for his belief which he could not achieve by intellectual effort. He thought he found it in the dogmas of the Church. He wanted more faith, or rather he thought he showed faith in God by trusting in the Church. But for all that there was a depth of spirituality and a personal piety obvious in every word and deed. The Church of Rome has had such men within its fold before. It sometimes canonizes them when they are dead, but it never trusts them when they are alive. The work of Rome is not done by such men. A very different type is necessary to drive and to direct the machinery of the Vatican.

(From the Rock.)

The great fault of his life was that of an error of judgment, and no man suffered so deeply for his mistake as he did. His was not that type of mind that could yield a slavish obedience to the Romish system, so that though among them, it may be said with truth that he was never of them. The late Pope never liked him, and he got but little sympathy from that quarter. The present Pope has always recognized his merit, and he made him a Cardinal soon after he mounted the Papal throne, but as this honour was not conferred till 1879, he was nearly 80, which is a period in life when men do not much care about earthly honours.

Altogether it is difficult to think about the career of Newman without an inexpressible feeling of sadness. There was so much that was noble, pure, and good in his life, and he was so richly endowed with Nature's gifts, that one cannot but feel that his life might have been so different, and he might have done so much good to his countrymen. Had he been born in a less controversial age, his saintly life and simple character might have won many to that Saviour whom he loved so devoutly. As it was, he has done much to mislead his fellow-creatures, and to sow the seeds of religious strife that are likely to bear fruit for centuries. Yet one cannot but feel that his errors were those of the intellect rather than those of the heart.

(From the Athenæum.)

A great leader of men, an influential ecclesiastic, a man of saintly life, a spiritual force of great power, a master of English prose, has passed away this week with John Henry Newman. To modern England he has been as one of the dead from the night. Father Dominic, the Passionist, passed over his threshold at Littlemore, and he has himself written the biography of that dead self in one of the masterpieces of English literature. What Father Newman did in life and letters is of quite subordinate interest to the spiritual career of the Fellow of Oriel, who exercised so much influence on the Church of England and might have exercised more.

It seems almost a paradox to say of the author of forty volumes that his true sphere was in action, not thought or literature. Yet it is a paradox that contains more than the usual fraction of truth. He was born to lead men; the very modesty that caused him at times to deny this concealed his dissatisfaction even with the enormous mastery over men's souls and fates that he wielded for so many years. It was by personal intercourse that he sought to move the world, and did move it. The tenacity with which he clung to old friendships was significant of much. His old life was a sermon, the text of which might well be the title of his epoch-making discourse, "Personal Intercourse the Means of Propagating the Truth"—the sermon that really started the Tractarian movement, and not Keble's on National Apostasy.

(From the Tablet.)

To speak of the 40 volumes, large and small, in which his message to the world is contained, would be impossible now, if we are to do them justice. They range through all the forms of literature and touch upon innumerable questions. In the Catholic period of his life there seems added a deep warm colouring, and a power of a terrible imagery, as though the stern drawings of an Albert Durer had been suddenly quickened into Dantean life and caught the hues of Italian genius. Newman's Anglican writings are clear and cold; when he became a Catholic, it was like going into a southern atmosphere, all glow and sunshine; his nature expanded, his eloquence took fire, and the passionate energy that had been seeking for an object found it in preaching the visible kingdom of Christ. To the last he was a denizen rather of the ancient Church than the modern, though never a mere antiquarian; he was at home with the Basils and the Chrysostoms, and moved up and down the early centuries like one to whom they were a familiar inheritance. With later centuries, on the whole, he had little in common; mediæval or modern literature, except his native English, did not draw him their way. He was a finished Greek and Latin scholar; but though he read French and Italian, they hardly interested him; and Dean Stanley's well-known epigram marks him entirely a stranger to German. These limitations extend to something more than language. At no time did Cardinal Newman busy himself with the details, whether of critical problems in Bible literature, or of scientific problems, such as Darwin has raised, that bear on religion in general. Although, strange to say, he was the first English writer that uttered the word "development," anticipating Mr. H. Spencer no less than Darwin himself, he never entered publicly into the questions suggested thereby in the history of the race or the globe. In like manner he declined the invitation of the committee for revising the English New Testament, on the ground that he had not made the text of the sacred volume his special study. Nor, again, was he a scholastic theologian or versed in the technicalities

of the school. He stood, therefore, outside the contemporary and opposing movements which are represented, on the one side, by the revival of St. Thomas Aquinas, and, on the other, by the "worship of Goethe," and the tremendous influence of French and German culture. In short, he belongs as a classic much more to the early stage of thought in England during our century than to the later.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND CHARLES KINGSLEY.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—The reference in your paper of the 12th inst. to the controversy between the late Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley, induces me to forward to you a copy of a letter which Dr. Newman wrote to me a few days after Mr. Kingsley's death. It is but just to the memory of our great English Cardinal that his own views on that controversy should be known, and I may add that he had before, in conversation, expressed to me the same favourable opinion of his opponent with which he concludes his letter.

I am yours faithfully,

WILLIAM H. CORE.

Bramshill, Aug. 15.

The Oratory, Feb. 13, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him. As I said in the first pages of my "Apologia," it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger, but it did not. I have ever felt from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that if I simply denied it, this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently; but if I said something sharp, they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason why I felt it would not do to be tame and not to show indignation at Mr. Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course towards those who said I could not receive Vatican Decrees. I sent a sharp letter to the *Guardian*, and, of course, the *Guardian* called me names, but it believed me, and did not allow the offence of its correspondent to be repeated.

"As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him, when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my 'Apologia.' I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester Cathedral, and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me kindly, though, of course, with criticisms on me. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed, and, as it seemed to me, in his views generally, nearing the Catholic view of things. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.

"Most truly yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVA SCOTIA.

LUNenburg.—All the work of enlarging and repairing St. John's church, as contracted for, has been completed, and reflects the greatest credit upon the committee who superintended, and upon the contractor, Mr. C. Albert Smith. So harmonious is the whole, that no one would for a moment suppose that such a result could have been attained except by the carrying out of one original plan. There is no appearance of patching. The church now affords comfortable seating room for between eight hundred and nine hundred persons. The chancel is much improved in appearance by the new carpet that has quite recently been put down, the funds to purchase the same having been collected by two ladies of the congregation, Mrs. Alexander Anderson, and Miss Bertha Young. The thanks of all are due to these indefatigable workers. The new lamps will soon arrive, as also the two stained-glass windows that through the kindness of Mr. C. E. Kaulback are being thoroughly repaired at Toronto. The Sunday school is in a flourishing condition, and now possesses a very good library, some three hundred volumes having been recently placed upon the shelves. The Rev. Rupert Cochrane, D.D., son of the late Dr. Cochrane, for so many years the justly beloved rector of this parish, is with his wife and daughter visiting Lunenburg. The Rev. George Haslam, rector of the parish, accompanied by Mrs. Haslam, returned to town on Monday, the 11th inst. He had been