

which we thought we had done for ever, and the honourable name of Protestant, once our proudest distinction, has been made over to the Church of Scotland and the Dissenters.

Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number. The times I speak of are far distant; the actors and the stormy passions which bubbled round them are long dead and forgotten among new excitements. Newman, too, for many years had dropped silent, and disappeared from the world's eyes. He came out again in a conflict with a dear friend of mine, who, on my account partly (at least, in reviewing a book which I had written), provoked a contest with him, and *impar congressus Achilli* seemed to have been foiled. Charles Kingsley is gone from us. English readers know now what he was, and from me or from any one he needs no further panegyric. In that one instance he conducted his case unskilfully. He was wrong in his estimate of the character of his antagonist, whose integrity was as unblemished as his own. But the last word has still to be spoken on the essential question which was at issue between them.