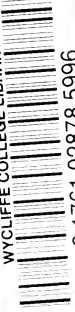


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LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL







G. T. Sprull

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE
OF
GEORGE TYRRELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II
LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL
FROM 1884 TO 1909

BY
M. D. PETRE

ILLUSTRATED

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT - - - -	1

CHAPTER II

MID-JESUIT LIFE AND WRITINGS - - - -	28
Section 1. Priesthood - - - -	30
„ 2. Thomism - - - -	40
„ 3. Early Writings - - - -	47
„ 4. “Nova et Vetera”—“Hard Sayings”—“Ex- ternal Religion” - - - -	62
„ 5. Misgivings - - - -	70
„ 6. “The Spiritual Exercises” - - - -	77

CHAPTER III

A LONG FRIENDSHIP - - - -	85
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

MEDIATING LIBERALISM - - - -	98
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

“A PERVERTED DEVOTION” - - - -	112
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI

	PAGE
RICHMOND - - - - -	131
Section 1. Presbytery and Surroundings	131
,, 2. Repressed Activity - - - - -	137

CHAPTER VII

THE JOINT-PASTORAL - - - - -	146
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII

LAST WORKS OF THE JESUIT PERIOD - - - - -	162
Section 1. "The Faith of the Millions" - - - - -	162
,, 2. "Oil and Wine" - - - - -	167
,, 3. "Religion as a Factor of Life"—"Lex Orandi" - - - - -	175
,, 4. "The Church and the Future" - - - - -	186
,, 5. <i>Month</i> Articles - - - - -	192
,, 6. "Letter to a Professor" - - - - -	193
,, 7. "The Rights and Limits of Theology" - - - - -	196
,, 8. "A Plea for Candour," and other Articles - - - - -	200
,, 9. "Lex Credendi" - - - - -	203

CHAPTER IX

THE BREAK WITH NEWMANISM - - - - -	207
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X

RUPTURE WITH THE SOCIETY - - - - -	224
Section 1. 1901-1904 - - - - -	225
,, 2. 1904 - - - - -	228
,, 3. 1905 - - - - -	236
,, 4. 1905-1906 - - - - -	239
,, 5. 1906 - - - - -	249

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER XI

	PAGE
INNER HISTORY OF THE PARTING - - -	256
Section 1. Before Dismissal - - -	256
„ 2. After Dismissal - - -	264

CHAPTER XII

HIS RELATIONS WITH THE JESUITS - - -	271
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII

MILITANT ACTION - - - - -	282
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV

SUSPENSION - - - - -	297
Section 1. Futile Negotiations - - -	297
„ 2. “A Much Abused Letter” - - -	307
„ 3. Storrington - - -	310
„ 4. “Through Scylla and Charybdis” - - -	315
„ 5. Last Negotiations for the <i>Celebret</i> - - -	322

CHAPTER XV

PIUS X. AND THE “PASCENDI” - - -	332
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI

EXCOMMUNICATION - - - - -	341
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII

MODERNISM - - - - -	346
Section 1. Watching the Movement - - -	346
„ 2. “Modernism” and “Modernists” - - -	351
„ 3. “Medievalism” - - -	360
„ 4. The “Remedies” of the “Pascendi” - - -	363

CHAPTER XVIII		
"THE CHURCH OF HIS BAPTISM" - - -	PAGE	366
CHAPTER XIX		
OLD CATHOLIC SYMPATHIES - - -		379
CHAPTER XX		
THE CHRISTOLOGICAL PROBLEM - - -		388
CHAPTER XXI		
THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE - - -		404
CHAPTER XXII		
THE END OF THE JOURNEY - - -		420
CHAPTER XXIII		
THE RESTING-PLACE - - -		436
CHAPTER XXIV		
CONCLUSION - - -		447
APPENDICES		
I. FIRST CENSOR ON "A PERVERTED DEVOTION" -		451
II. SECOND CENSOR ON "A PERVERTED DEVOTION" -		455
III. "LETTER TO THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS" -		458
IV. LETTER TO THE GENERAL, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1905 -		499
V. LETTER TO THE REV. FATHER RICHARD SYKES, PRO- VINCIAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1905 - - -		500

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
VI. LETTER TO THE GENERAL, JANUARY 24TH, 1906	- 501
VII. DIMISSORIAL LETTERS	- 502
VIII. LETTER TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FERRATA, APRIL 7TH, 1906	- 503
IX. LETTER TO CARDINAL FERRATA, MAY 4TH, 1906	- 504
X. OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION OF CARDINAL FERRATA TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES	- 504
XI. LETTER TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, JULY 20TH, 1906	- 505
INDEX TO VOLS. I. AND II.	- 507

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.

	PAGE
FATHER TYRRELL AT RICHMOND - - - <i>Frontispiece</i>	
ST. BEUNO'S, NORTH WALES - - - -	31
ST. MARY'S HALL, STONYHURST - - - -	43
RICHMOND MARKET-PLACE - - - -	133
CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY, RICHMOND - - - -	259
COTTAGE IN THE GARDEN OF MULBERRY HOUSE, STOR- RINGTON - - - - -	343
IVY HOUSE, CLAPHAM - - - - -	357
FATHER TYRRELL'S ROOM AT MULBERRY HOUSE - - - -	425
FATHER TYRRELL AT STORRINGTON, 1908 - - - <i>to face</i>	420
FATHER TYRRELL'S GRAVE - - - - -	445



LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL

CHAPTER I

CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT

BEFORE we take up the narrative which George Tyrrell too soon abandoned, it may be well to supplement the portrait which he gave us in the first volume by a further description of the man himself, as known to his friends, and as known also to his enemies or critics. Such description is chiefly authoritative as drawn from his own utterances, of which there are plenty available as frankly self-revealing as those of the autobiography. They may, indeed, possess even higher authority in the matter of portraiture than those of the former document, being instantaneous photographs and not records of the past.

From very opposite quarters a good deal of advice has been tendered to the compiler of this life by those chiefly interested in one or other aspect of the work and character of its subject. There are Catholics whose only desire is to justify him to their co-religionists, as there are anti-clericals for whom his chief importance lies in the use that can be made of his name and writings in their particular campaign; there are those who care only for his constructive, and those who care chiefly for his destructive work.

A "protective" biography would indeed be a strange contradiction as succeeding to the autobiography we

have before us, and with the first volume of this life to serve as a model, it has been the ambition of the compiler of the second that its subject should move through its pages just such as he was, with his strength and his weakness, his greatness and his littleness, his sweetness and his bitterness, his utter truthfulness and what he himself calls his "duplicity," his generosity and his ruthlessness, his tenderness and his hardness, his faith and his scepticism.

If the sum total be displeasing to a few his biographer may regret it, but I know that he would not.

I seem [he wrote on September 3rd, 1900, to one whom we will call throughout this volume V.] of late years to have got hard and cold, and I regret it exceedingly, for I had rather love, ever so hopelessly and thanklessly, than be loved by the whole world. The latter is valuable merely as a condition of the former, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

He then goes on to speak of people who had cared for him, but

on a total misunderstanding of me; loving me for what I was not, not loving me for what I am; it was as though a letter intended for someone else had been directed to me; I was not even flattered, rather irritated. . . . Also, there is a sort of affection which softens ordinary men by worship and attention, and makes them loom great in their own esteem.

Therefore, he goes on to say, until he is known, "with all his fearful limitations and weaknesses, he could never rest in affection as having a right to it."

And again to the same he says :

Who has known me long and not given me up as a hopeless tangle? I have not sought, but I have found many friends; but I have kept how many?

And, in another place, he speaks of

the only kind of love worth having; a love that may be pained, but not lessened, by the gradual revelation of what is worst in me. (November 3rd, 1900.)

In these letters there is a certain amount of self-analysis, provoked, evidently, by the personal criticisms and questions of his correspondent; whose letters, however, do not appear to be in existence. They are especially useful as bringing into relief what I believe to have been his dominating characteristic, in itself neither a virtue nor a vice, but a quality that accounts largely for the best and the worst that are to be found in him. This characteristic consisted in a strange and almost startling selflessness; not to be confused with what we ordinarily call unselfishness.

I hope [he writes to V., March 7th, 1901] you don't mistake psychological for moral selflessness. They are two different things and quite incompatible.

And, in his next letter :

I suppose by "moral selflessness" I mean that one has proper self-respect and self-love, whose object is one's own real moral worth laboriously won and soberly acknowledged; and yet this self is sacrificed and put aside without hesitation and struggle, but as a matter of course, in the interest of others. As long as there is a struggle, however victorious, there is self-denial, but not selflessness. Psychological selflessness is not a good term, but a useful one for the state of him who, seeing no foundation for proper self-respect and self-love, entertains neither sentiment and cherishes no sanguine illusions. It is an indifferent quality, a sort of knowledge such as the devils might possess, without a scrap of humility or love. (March 12th, 1901.)

In an earlier letter he wrote :

It seems to me that I have got into a chronic state of spiritual anæsthesia or dreaminess—the feeling I used to have when at the theatre in my boyish days—an eagerly interested witness of life, but with no part in it. (January 8th, 1901.)

And on April 3rd, 1901, he writes :

I am so far delighted with Récéjaes' book on mysticism. . . . He is with me in finding the divine and specifying element of our nature in disinterestedness; *i.e.* in our love of what does not concern us as separate units, but only as identified with the All

which lives in us ; in our desire for the *existence* of the good and the true and the fair—of the Kingdom of God, not as of something we want to have for ourselves but of something we want to exist, whether we exist or no to enjoy it. This is just what you find so inhuman in me or rather in my theory. Had I been Moses I don't think I should have felt not entering the Land of Promise one bit, so long as I knew that Israel would do so one day. I do not justify this, but I understand it ; just as I could understand a man committing a mortal sin rather than that one dear to him should do so.

This example of Moses, moving ever forward with his people towards the land that he himself was not to enter, recurs often ; not in the sense of heroic self-sacrifice, but in that same sense of indifference, and lack of private self-interest.

As far back as 1896 [he writes on January 19th, 1902] I wrote on the title-page of my breviary : "Thou shalt see from afar the land which the Lord God will give to the Children of Israel, but thou shalt not enter therein" . . . and from that conviction I have never swerved since long before that date. Still I am very satisfied with my destiny as a wheel in God's mill, and find sufficient reward in the interests of life, its ups and even its downs ; nor would I willingly purchase so dull a thing as personal safety at the sacrifice of such entertaining dangers. That I keep on the surface at all is hardly explicable, except through the subtle will-influence of those who try to buoy me up with their prayers and affection.

A kindred thought may be found in "Nova et Vetera," under the heading "Mid-Life."

This self-detachment was perhaps the chief source of that personal attractiveness, recognised by most of those who came into immediate contact with him ; but it was also the cause of trouble with his friends, in so far as it made him very uncalculating of the weight of his own words.

All my life [he once wrote to V.] I have been hurting people simply from not realising that they cared so much about me, or what I might say.

It also deprived him of one of the ordinary safeguards in times of difficulty; he did not, like most men, watch himself from outside, with a view to his own consistency and reputation. We have sometimes to discount the influence of anger in things that he said; we have not to discount the commoner influence of self-regard.

Indeed, in times of desolation and weariness, when the spiritual landscape was blotted out, his self-indifference became a danger of which he was aware. There was, at such times, a pathetic self-surrender to the guidance of friends, who, as he felt, cared more for his interests than he did himself. Thus he writes to one of them that a certain atmosphere would

develop the Voltaire in me unless I could count on your being accessible.

On the other hand, this same quality saved him from lapsing into that uncritical self-assurance which has often marred the noblest men, when they came to believe themselves all that their disciples thought them.

Enclosed saddens me [he writes in May, 1902, referring to some utterance of a religious leader], especially in the light of his mental breakdown in the end. He seems to have yielded himself to the belief in his own mission without any sort of criticism or self-distrust; without any fear of fanaticism or illusion. Of course, this self-belief is the secret of such success as he effected. But, dear me! how strange it seems! Perhaps if he had had moral difficulties and defects it might have awakened a wholesome self-criticism. To think oneself an instrument of God's designs—a privilege one shares with the devil*—is a reasonable reflection, if not very profitable; but to view oneself as a *special* instrument, as a sort of miraculous providence, seems to me the most dangerous sort of fanaticism, not to say pride. And yet half the saints have been full of it!

I am beginning, too, to dislike the very idea of "grace," as something "special"—as a bit of divine favouritism. . . . My

* Compare with these lines *Survivals of Grace* in "Nova et Vetera" and *Unwilling Belief* in "Oil and Wine."

moral sense bids me desire the minimum of grace allowed to the most abandoned sons of Adam. But obviously this whole conception of wanton favouritism has been foisted on God by men who fashioned him to their own notions of what an earthly father or ruler usually is.

And now I am out of breath with my blaspheming and will conclude. (To V.)

And again, to the same, December 12th, 1904 :

I should be sorry to think I was "great," for of late, considering how N. and N. and dozens of other great figures were literally created out of nothing, I have been sadly wondering if nearly all the heroes of human worship might not be in a like case ; and if to themselves, and before God, they were not, even as I, poor, timid, will-less moles, burrowing about aimlessly in the darkness of the earth ; shamed by the contrast between themselves and other heroes as mythical as themselves.

From the same fundamental characteristic sprang the ease with which he identified himself with the lives of others ; those others being sometimes quite fresh acquaintances. In the autobiography he has spoken of his "chameleon-like" temperament ; now a chameleon does actually change colour, it does not disguise itself, nor pose, nor wear the skin of another animal. In like manner Tyrrell took on the colour of his surroundings, accentuating the points he held in common with those around him, minimising the differences. In this way his works are a truer indication of his mind and abiding convictions than his conversation or his letters ; except those of the latter in which, as in some of those already quoted, he is obviously giving an account of himself.

Of course [he writes on one occasion to V.], N. speaks of "Tyrrell and I" ; and so do twenty people who have little in common with one another ; N. and N. and N. (naming other friends). It only means that when I agree with people I say so ; and when I don't, I hold my tongue unless something is to be gained by a wrangle. (March 16th, 1901.)

For the same reason he preferred *tête-à-tête* to general conversation ; thus he writes in a short-lived diary on November 27th, 1904 :

Called on N. and her sister. As usual, failed with two. As I speak to each, the subconsciousness of the other and her different standpoint, etc., balk and distract.

A result of this disposition was that friends or acquaintances who had not taken account of it ascribed undue importance to his expressions of agreement, and were sometimes disconcerted at contrary utterances which they met with afterwards. He had, in fact, as many ways of caring for his friends as there were friends to care for, and he gave himself so entirely to the one present as to seem almost identified with that one's views and interests. One could almost watch him while A. B. or C. D. became incarnate in him ; watch him and wait till G. T. once more surmounted the mixture and was himself again ; not by the total elimination of A. B. or C. D., but by their relegation to the place of subordinate and not dominant elements. For indeed, at such times he not only spoke as his friends would have him speak, but even felt as they would have him feel ; and this without any caution as to the use to which his words might be applied. Indeed, he was often guilty of a certain carelessness in his remarks, calculated to wound those to whom they might be repeated. Thus he wrote to a friend on one occasion :

I should earnestly exhort you not to heed quoted remarks, especially of mine. It is part of my natural duplicity constantly to praise and dispraise simply to elicit the opinion of my interlocutor ; and I am sure many do the same. If A. said to me, *e.g.*, that B. was inhuman, I should say to C. : " Don't you think that B. is just a trifle inhuman ? " simply to find if the impression were general or merely personal. (January 17th, 1901.)

The "duplicity" of which he accuses himself in this place merits some consideration. If a man accuse himself of any form of insincerity, and one meet such accusation with frank unbelief, is not this to grant it while denying it? While, on the other hand, confidence in a man's fundamental sincerity will lead us to believe him even when he charges himself with "duplicity." Father Tyrrell was not one of the men who would say of himself that "he never told a lie"; but the experience of life leads one to doubt whether the man "who has never told a lie" is always the most truthful man. Truth can be evaded in many ways without telling a lie; and I think it would be possible for a mind more truthful in the ordinary conventional sense to be struck by a depth of sincerity in the character of Tyrrell to which itself had not attained. We may indeed occasionally find him giving, on the same subject, a different impression to two friends; or slipping from one vantage-ground to another in the course of controversy; or disappointing one friend by some reckless remark to another; or grumbling at kindly meant endeavours; or generally escaping and eluding at critical moments, to the detriment of his own cause. And yet few men would be capable of the ruthless self-revelation evinced in the autobiography; and the course of his life will prove the same detachment in the facing of facts hostile to his most cherished positions.

Such sincerity may be described as a sense of reality, of things as they are. He was quickly conscious of *pose*, whether in persons or in systems. For as there is a pose in persons which is revealed, to the sincere vision, by the inconsistency of one sentiment with another, so there is a pose in systems, betrayed by the incompatibility of one idea with another. It was this sense of reality which drove him, as he told us, to

become good before he ventured to preach goodness ; it was the same sense which made him ruthlessly tear off the mask of pretence, even when he dreaded the disclosures that were to ensue.

Perfect sincerity is probably a superhuman characteristic ; and there is a colour and quality in each man's truthfulness, as in his virtue. Conventional sincerity is that with which we are for the most part satisfied ; and the untruthfulness of the majority of mankind, who speak as though things did not exist because they will not open their eyes and look at them, is readily condoned. Men are not usually blamed as insincere because they refuse to face their own illusions ; yet the sincerity that penetrates thus far is deeper than ordinary truthfulness. Such honesty, however, contains an almost inhuman element, as though a certain measure of semi-wilful blindness were a necessary preservative of our weakness, as it is certainly conducive to our social success. Truth, served within rather than without, is a hard and unrewarding task-mistress.

The sense of humour is a close ally of this fundamental sense of truth, and it was an insuppressible element of his temperament. It played over the most serious events of his life as irresistibly as over the lighter ones ; it was with him in joy and in sorrow, in rest and in work ; it flashed over his most strenuous efforts and flickered over his death-bed. He had, indeed, a fund of sheer merriment, but his was, in general, the humour of the tragic, and not of the cheerful temperament ; the humour that is associated with a sense of sin and sorrow, and that is not bestowed on the innocent and happy. God and His perfectly holy ones are without it ; faulty man is less faulty when he possesses it. It is associated with the

pathos of wrong-doing and short-coming, with the sad clear vision of those who gauge the puny efforts of man in comparison with the vast universe in which he moves.

After a meeting of the Synthetic Society,* to which he had been introduced by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, he writes to the latter, in 1899 :

I confess I enjoyed the last meeting very much, though I was trembling for my seriousness once or twice, owing to the haunting thought of the mirth there must be in heaven before the angels of God at the spectacle of a grave assembly of creatures discussing the existence of their Creator, and trying to make out a case for Him—not very successfully. But then there is no humour in heaven—doubtless because heaven is so largely the structure of theologians, a race void of all sense of the ridiculous. The Greek heaven rang with peals of celestial laughter ; but then it was the work of men's hands, a most human heaven with lust as well as laughter. This by the way. But Haldane's remarks and manner were fascinating in their seriousness. I should like to see an Hegelian at his prayers. A colloquy with the subject-object must be difficult to manage ; though a book of devotion to the angels, used here, chats freely with the "Thrones"—almost as difficult a feat, I should have thought.

In a letter to Miss Dora Williams, of December 31st, 1904, he writes :

In our sceptical, dilettante attitude in regard to learning and philosophy, the earnestness and unshaken faith of Fichte seem to belong to the days of anthropocentric vanity, when the divine dignity and destiny of man were unquestioned axioms ; and when we hear that he was horribly "ragged" by his pupils we cannot but suspect that he must have been lacking in that saving humour which prevents a man taking anything, least of all himself, too seriously ; and this not out of levity, but as the fruit of an outlook into those immensities in which our greatest philosophers seem less than chirping grasshoppers.

* This Society was founded in 1896 ; the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, Dr. Talbot (then Bishop of Rochester), Dr. Gore (then Bishop of Birmingham) and Mr. Wilfrid Ward, being its first promoters.

And to another he says :

I begin to develop a horror of "earnestness," as of a subtle hypocrisy and a lack of humour and proportion quite fatal to truth and right perspective. Yet one does not want frivolity ; rather one views earnestness as the extremest frivolity. To take little things seriously is frivolity ; and the world and life and man are *so* little.

And again to Miss Dora Williams :

As to the joke-aspect of life, I was only once briefly over the border, and I came back with two strange memories—one was that my judgment of myself in the *Ewigkeit* was just the inverse of what it is now and always was ; the other was that of looking at the world through a sort of chink or keyhole, and screaming with the inextinguishable laughter of the gods as one laughs at folks perplexed and bewildered by some practical joke to which one is privy. Yet one would not wish to believe that the all-pitiful could carry so painful a joke as life is so very far. It is the element of unfairness that makes practical joking somewhat justly discredited. To lift the roof off an ant-hive is a poor sort of humour that only very little boys, usually cowards and bullies, can appreciate. But it may well be that the limitations of the infinite involve situations that are as supremely grotesque as are the first rude steps in the accomplishment of some masterpiece of painting or sculpture. An embryo is an unintentional absurdity, but often very absurd. And I think that to the Immortals, who are face to face with the finished Ideal, mankind in the making ought to seem ludicrous as well as pitiable—a theme of both laughter and tears. That was my Apocalypse. (January 3rd, 1905.)

Such humour is of the kind that calls forth a smile, but not a laugh ; a humour tinged with sadness, like that of Swift, but saved from the bitterness of this latter by religion and self-discipline. Tyrrell's fun was not that mockery which is "the fume of little minds" ; the laughter of those who deride and belittle all but themselves. He had the tragic smile of one who sees his own smallness and the smallness of all humanity in the face of immensity.

Ridicule [he writes to Père Henri Bremond, March 25th, 1904] is God's fire for the burning of the stubble of humbug and solemn sham.

He was sportsmanlike in the use of his formidable weapon of satire, and regarded wanton sarcasm as one of the worst forms of cruelty. I remember, indeed, how strongly he once expressed himself in regard to a master who boasted his power of controlling boys by means of a biting tongue. Yet he was also ruthless in the exposure of pet self-delusions; and many a sharp quarrel occurred in the process of a friendship. He was also plentifully endowed with an almost maddening perversity; exercised, at times, to preserve his liberty from the encroachments of solicitous friends. To really quarrel and really be friends at the same moment is the gift of an Irishman and not of an Englishman. While he had no real taste for a bitter contest, he was a born fighter in the Celtic sense; fighting for the sheer love of it, and not to defend his pride or his possessions; ready to fight himself, or his own works, if it should prove convenient. Thus he threatened his publishers, on one occasion, that he would start a new series of works to "undermine the old ones and prove their worthlessness—no very difficult task!"

At the end of a day's illness he writes in a diary, which he kept for a month or two for the sake of an absent friend, the one to whom he sent the autobiography :

October 9th, 1904.—Dozed all day over "Esmond" and Wellhausen's "History of Israel"; managed office and visit. Felt horribly weak and much annoyed that nobody has asked how I am or if I want anything; knowing all the while that they are afraid of having their noses bitten off, as they certainly would be. This is an *impasse*. One doesn't want sympathy, but only the chance of spurning it.

And from the same journal, November 1st :

Good for nothing . . . revived later. All this from another effort at "obedience unto death." [He had been ordered to drink milk, for which he had a great repugnance.] "Milk for babes," says the

Apostle most wisely, "but meat for the strong." Someone sent me to-day a sort of yellow gunpowder called "Plasmon," which, thrown into the fire, blew up with a loud report—no doubt some emissary from Rome!

The fate of the plasmon was only funny; but in these moods of boyish mischief he sometimes threw more valuable offerings into the fire.

And yet his perversity and combativeness were joined with an intense hunger for love, and a desire to be at one with those amongst whom he lived; an almost tyrannical desire, leading to apparent contradictions.

In his spiritual life there was a characteristic which may be noted here, though it has perhaps been sufficiently manifested in the autobiography, and that was his realisation of the possibility of sin, a realisation by no means universal, even amongst spiritually minded persons.

He once wrote to a friend:

You remind me much of dear Father Hunter, who simply could not understand, could hardly believe that anyone could think a thing wrong and yet do it. His sense of sin was as dead as his ear for music. He did not possess the common liberty of right and wrong, but was the slave of his ethical judgments.

What he said of Father Hunter might be said of a far greater number than is supposed. Not that such persons always do right, but that their wrong-doing somehow lacks the fulness of a *sinful* action, while their regret, consistently, lacks the element of deep contrition characteristic of the converted sinner who is capable of becoming a saint. The ordinary soul is more conscious of its *misery* and *weakness* than of its *sinfulness*; and the lesson of increasing years brings rather a deepened sense of our wretchedness and helplessness than of our guilt. In fact, we some of

us do not feel ourselves quite big enough to be capable of downright sin.

Now it may be perplexing, but is it not true that we often find a richness and depth and pathos and humanity and meaning in the personality of one who has sinned, *or apprehended what sin is*, which is not to be found in those lacking the same sense? The innocent will sometimes, though rarely, possess this sense of sin;* the fallen and faulty may be quite without it.

That George Tyrrell firmly and actively recognised the possibility of deliberate wrong-doing, which is what we mean by sin, and that he realised such a capacity in himself, was a result at once of the entire unconventionality of his mind, and of that tragic or melancholy element which so largely qualified his character. He was good, not by custom, but by effort; his mind questioned, before obeying, the dicta of morality as of faith; he was, as he once said in a letter, "no bloodless Aloysius," but one who affronted the daily battle, and described his success, in his own ruthless fashion, as mere tight-rope balancing; never a day's rest; mind and body alike ever earthward. (To V., October 30th, 1900.)

On June 29th, 1902, he writes to the same:

As to my faith, I am not really unhappy at all. If I never was more confused as to "what is truth" I was never more deeply confident that it is something infinitely better than we dream. . . . I am content to be much in the dark; perhaps I prefer it, as God seems nearer. My real unhappiness is the *Widerspruch* between my life and my ideals; which is accentuated as the latter grow more clear and imperative. I am morally tired of the conflict, and seem to have lost all faith in myself. If I could live up to the best that I know, I should be absolutely happy.

Without pretending, in this chapter, to fill in all the lines of the portrait, there are two points that must

* There is a collect for the feast of St. Aloysius which commemorates one of these rare instances—"innocentem non secuti pœnitentem imitemur."

not be omitted, viz. : his peculiar sympathy for the animal world, and his love of Nature. He was not an animal lover in the manner of St. Francis ; he had too keen a sense of the bitterness of life, and the inevitable cruelty that prevails in the mutual relations of the brute-world, to accord with the gently loving spirit of Assisi. Indeed, he had an unmistakable sympathy with the naughtiness of animals, and a thieving dog would be furtively encouraged in his propensities, as his friends occasionally experienced. In some of his early articles he keenly derided the absurdity of Zoolatry, with its attempt to force on beasts the pleasures and privileges of man. Thus he describes in one of them the Zoophilist virtues of an imaginary race, who gloried in

the scrupulous cleanliness and comfort of the mange hospital ;

and in

the monkey orphanages, where some two hundred poor little creatures were being taught to use napkins at table, to perform their toilet in private ; in a word, to be unselfish and pure, and honest, and to love their neighbours much more than themselves.

In an article in the *Weekly Register*, September 16th, 1899, he reviews a little book, "L'Église et la Pitié envers les Animaux," with its quaint and inconsequent legends.

"Through the 'Zoophilist movement,'" he says, "we find a good cause made disreputable and ridiculous." The very tales chosen, of which he gives an irresistibly humorous selection, bring us up full tilt against the hard wall of natural law. Thus :

A hyena brings her blind cub to St. Macarius, and, having first politely knocked at the door with her head, enters and deposits it at his feet ; the Saint took it, spat upon its eyes and prayed ; and forthwith it saw. Next day the hyena presents the saint with a sheepskin rug to keep his feet warm, which he at first refuses—not, however, on the Zoophilist ground of the injury done to the sheep,

which manifestly exists only to provide mutton and sheepskin rugs—but by reason of the injustice to its owners. “Whence did you get this if you have not been eating some poor man’s sheep?” says the Saint; “I will not take it unless you swear that you will never wrong the poor any more by eating their sheep.” To this the hyena swore (“capite suo annuit ut quæ sancto assentiretur Macario”).

Of a pet dog who had been removed from Richmond he wrote to V. :

There is now a chance of the little quadruped coming back, as Father N. [rector of the mission where “Spy” now found himself] wants him to keep the three vows and all the rules of the Society.

Yet if he regarded animals as animals, and not as men, he also evinced an extraordinary sense of kinship and equality with them; they were his personal friends and even his personal enemies, and I have known him take offence with a favourite dog, and boycott it for a week, to the deep distress of the poor beast. This sense of kinship is shown in the following letter to V., May 30th, 1902 :

Had you seen my articles on Zoophilism in the *Month* and the *Contemporary* about Miss Frances Cobbe, you would not call me a Zoophilist without qualification. Both my religion as a Christian and my philosophy have, since then, gone far to justify my natural instincts in the matter. If God cares for the sparrows and the lilies it is because they are part of that same life which I live, whose several experiences will one day be the common possession of all; and I shall at last know what is going on behind “Jack’s” grave-looking eyes, and realise both the joys of rabbit-hunting and the terror of a hunted rabbit; and shall feel what sunshine and rain mean to the roses.

In some jottings, under the date February 10th, 1899, he writes :

It would be strange, but surely not inconceivable, to discover at the last that dogs were the superior race on earth after all—so abounding in sympathy, unresentfulness, humour, loyalty, fidelity—virtues Christians prate about while their dogs practise them. Also they have the wisdom of finding endless interest in the smallest

trifles—an art of life that we knew not till Wordsworth discovered it for us.

Of Jack, his one-time dog, he writes to V., June 29th, 1902 :

All last week I was depressed, frankly, over the loss of Jack, whom I loved very absurdly, but not so absurdly as to sacrifice his prospects to my pleasure. This sounds childish; but we are all childish, I particularly so.

And to a friend whose dog was dead :

Poor Chough! what does he think of the *Ewigkeit*? How hard to think of that boisterous affectionateness put out like a farthing dip!

And of another dog :

Poor Tim* is making for the *Ewigkeit* with dropsy. It was a lesson in "sad mortality" to identify the gasping little wretch, with pain-puzzled eyes, with the scampering joy of a few days ago. "Quid enim mali fecit!" (To V., September 3rd, 1905.)

It was against the follies of Zoolatry that his satire was directed, but a Zoophilist he was, from the days of childhood, when he cherished snails under the dining-room table, to the last days at Storrington, where he was the playfellow of sheep-dog, spaniel and Pomeranian in the garden of Mulberry House.

In his love of Nature there is the same note of self-identification; perhaps Wordsworth would best have interpreted his feelings. Thus (September 12th, 1905, to V.) :

Yesterday I was near Colesgarth in a glory of sun and shadow; and then by the beck in the plantation, where I watched a perch swishing his tail till I was almost a fish myself; and the thud of the hydraulic ram hard by lost all its suggestion of mechanism, and seemed like the heart of Nature throbbing rhythmically for ever—and then I thought of London and I said "Bonum est nos hic esse," etc.

* He belonged to a friend, Miss Sophy Lyall.

From Tintagel he writes, January 25th, 1906 :

We had two days of perfect calm and sunshine (bitterly cold) which was very lovely to the eye. Undoubtedly it is the calm sea that, combined with the sense of space, fills up the notion of eternity. The fussy waves belong to senseless maniac Time, and make the sea measurable ; they are a *fieri*, not a *factum esse*. Calm is what all came from and goes to. "Then shalt thou rest through us, even as now thou dost labour through us."

And from Damgan in Brittany, July 12th, 1906, he writes to the same :

A shabby little Irish village, a dingy cheap church. The beauty is in the interlocked arms of sea and barley fields ripe to the harvest, the mingling of lighthouses and windmills ; also in the archaic simplicity of manners that make one feel 3,000 years old, and look on the Church as a raw intruder who has extinguished the fires, and cast down the fetiches and altars that were the centres of now centreless mystic dances.

This preliminary chapter would not be complete without some account of the physical scourge to which he was continually subject ; a scourge that was lighter, indeed, of late years, but never wholly relaxed—his violent *migraine* headaches. The following are specimens, picked out at random from the Diary of 1904, to give some idea of what the struggle was during a good part of his life :

October 6th.—Storm all night and till about noon, but clear blue through rolling cloud masses. Sick. Two letters ; tried to read but gave up at about 11 p.m. Half alive ; tried to read and even to write a little. Finished the minor prophets (R. version) to-day. . . .

October 8th.—Nausea all day ; no Mass, no meals. Animation enough just for office and for Brand,* which I got through. . . .

October 9th.—Nausea still. *Heard* Mass at 8, tried breakfast in vain ; tried to write sermon after but had to give up. . . . Managed office and visit. . . . Went to dinner in despair from sheer starvation. . . .

* Ibsen.

October 10th.—Returning vitality, etc. . . .

October 11th.—Normal. . . .

October 17th.—Woke bilious, most unjustly . . . after 11 a.m. went to bed in despair. Rose 5.30 p.m. Read various letters. . . .

October 19th.—Rather feeble and squeamish.

I stop the quotations at that date, because it is the day when he likewise mentions, for the benefit of the friend to whom he sent the diary, that he has at last made up his mind to consult a doctor seriously in regard to these continual sick headaches.

Wrote to Waldy* [he says] for appointment, with full particulars of my so-called case, just to satisfy troublesome people who avow disbelief in all doctors with their lips, but deny their avowal *in actu exercito*.

Now I am myself strongly of the opinion that, had Father Tyrrell not taken advice about this time, he would not have lived long. The continual attacks of sickness were sapping his strength; besides which he had come to eschew one article of food after another, until he was almost starved. His attacks were of the kind that we used to call *bilious attacks*, a term that has, I believe, been repudiated by the profession; so that he once told me that, as the complaint from which he suffered did not exist, there was obviously no remedy for it!

I will give, in his own words, the account of his visit to Dr. Waldy:

October 21st.—An hour of catechising, weighing, testing, inspection with Waldy. *Verdict*—sound as a bell everywhere, even stomach and liver; but three stone under due weight; *migraine* and nerve-storm resulting from over-fatigue and under-nutrition. My laborious dietary, the result of forty years' experience, condemned both as to quantity and quality. I am to swill milk and stuff myself

* Dr. Waldy was a surgeon of considerable reputation, who, after practising in Richmond for some years, in partnership with Dr. Eyres, took a consulting practice in Darlington. Father Tyrrell was known to both these doctors.

with rice and vegetables; no tea, no alcohol, no 'baccy. My only solace is that I am encouraged in the vices of sugar and butter. The first effects will probably be an upset, but use will cure all. *Veggiamo!* Pills and powders thrown in as part of the Pow-wow-man's ritual. But I will obey, were it only to secure my right of complaining.

It may perhaps appear an unlikely trait in his character, but he was quite unusually conscientious in obeying to the letter medical prescriptions.

"What fool prescribed that stuff for you?" a doctor once said to me. [Thus he relates the incident to Miss Williams]. "You yourself, seven years ago," I was able to say triumphantly.

He attempted the new dietary in a most thorough manner, and if eventually he somewhat modified it, especially in regard to the drinking of pure milk, in which he had a difficulty he never quite overcame, he still changed his *régime* from that day forth, and was much the better in consequence. From eating of only a most limited number of dishes he adopted the practice of eating all that others ate; and found that he was at any rate less weakened, even if he were not cured. For the headaches continued, though with distinct improvement during the last years. I understood from his Jesuit friends that even at Richmond they were not more frequent, even if as frequent, as in his early Jesuit days; and his whole health seemed to improve as he got older. Yet it was always terrible to see him suffering under one of these attacks. He would retire to his room and remain entirely isolated for hours, unable to touch food of any kind. His friends, the Shelleys, have told me that they broke down this total seclusion, and that he no longer objected to their attending him when he was with them at Clapham.

One of the worst accounts he gives is in a letter to V. of September 18th, 1905, from Richmond:

Saturday was one of my worst days on record. I started to walk it off and walked it on instead. How I got back from Gales moor is a blank. To-day I am trembling, but sane.

On July 21st, 1906, he writes to the same :

I really do not know how my head holds out. It is a case of double personality—one always fatigued and the other inexhaustible.

I made a special point of enquiring of the two doctors who knew him in Richmond whether there was, at the time when he visited Dr. Waldy, any symptom of the disease of which he died. Both Dr. Waldy and Dr. Eyres are men laboriously conscientious in examination and diagnosis, who would detect the slightest symptoms, and rather suggest the worst than overlook any point of importance. The answer I received from Dr. Eyres, the personal friend of Father Tyrrell as well as his occasional physician, was that, at that time, there was no sign of Bright's disease, and it would have been noted had it been there. Of course, as he goes on to say, "the onset is often insidious, and terminal symptoms are often also the first ones. The headaches," he continues, confirming Father Tyrrell's own account, "were of the typical megrim type and due to over mental work," etc. His freedom from them on the rare occasions when he was not working proves this verdict.

Thus he wrote to V., February 6th, 1906, when staying with friends :

I am better for it and have not had a headache till this blessed day.

It would seem, therefore, that though his last disease was, as the doctors then said, of some years' standing, it was at any rate very latent and inchoate in those earlier days. The headaches, anyhow, were of such very old standing, that were they to be regarded as a

symptom of the disease, he would have had it, which is hardly possible, the best part of his life.

Now some of his former friends have been disposed to put down his later conduct, of which they disapproved, to the influence of Bright's disease. This would involve us in rather a labyrinth of perplexities. For if the disease was non-existent in the latter part of 1904, why had he already written "A Perverted Devotion," the first cause of scandal; or "The Church of the Future"? If, on the other hand, his headaches and generally depressed health were a sign that the disease was at work much earlier, though in a hidden and insidious form, then must we not date it back earlier still, and admit of a certain physical depression during most of his life, which would then, however, account for his conversion and his orthodoxy, as well as his excommunication and heterodoxy?

The fact is that this kind of argument is, I will not say two-edged, but many-edged, or all edges. If it means anything, it means that we all require a medical certificate of health and sanity before expecting the world to take seriously what we may have to say; and this is just the certificate that few of us could get, and those few, very probably, just the ones who happen to have nothing at all to say.

I am sure they think me a little mad [he wrote to V. after the Provincial's visit to Richmond in August, 1901]; and believe that with rest and quiet I shall return to my right mind. Bad and mad are the only two hypotheses that can explain a difference from their views. Of course we are all a little both, and it is easy to find evidence.

Yes, that is exactly the difficulty, we are all of us sometimes rather bad, and sometimes rather mad; we are all of us compounded of a soul, whose strength we cannot safely gauge, and a body whose weakness is only too evident. A raving lunatic is easily classified; so is

a monomaniac, or a confirmed victim of melancholia. And there are classical types of hysteria, neurasthenia, and other forms of nervous disease, the subjects of which cannot be counted amongst average members of society. There are also advanced stages of certain diseases, amongst which Bright's disease may be reckoned, in which the subject is obviously the prey of recurring, frequent and almost habitual illusions; such states are unmistakable to the professional eye, and even to anyone of ordinary intelligence who has lived with the sufferers. But the rest of us have, almost without exception, some point on which we depart from the line of perfect health; we are well, but not always, nor perhaps often, quite well; we are sane, but not so absolutely and unfailingly as never to have our hours, our days, and our moods of mental cloudiness or depression. The difference between the sane mind and the diseased mind, between the sane body and the diseased body, is a difference as to the normal, not as to the unvarying condition. Hysterical people are normally hysterical—healthy people may be sometimes so; the victim of some form of mania is normally hallucinated, the sound brain may be abnormally illuded. Furthermore, the diseased mind is only fitfully, if ever, aware of its condition, and when so aware, is comparatively in a state of health; the usually sane mind knows its own periods of failure, and can appeal, in its own case and before its own tribunal, "from Philip drunk to Philip sober."

In the case before us no one would dream of questioning Father Tyrrell's normal sanity; and yet some will still be inclined to think that the migraine headaches, allied with the latent seeds of a grave disease, were an exasperating and irritating element in his life. Undoubtedly they were so, and undoubtedly

all he had to endure told the more disastrously on him by reason of his nervous temperament and indifferent health. We can most reasonably explain passing fits of anger and bitterness as partly caused by extreme mental and physical tension; he was not fitted to bear as much nor to do as much as the ordinary man, while it was his destiny to bear more and to do more.

He worked swiftly, unceasingly, almost fiercely; some of his works were produced at break-neck speed, as though he were impelled by a power he could not resist. Unquestionably this method tended to produce periods of reaction, and eventually shortened his life. But as to concluding from this that his work is to be discounted, his teaching diluted, his indignation explained away, his changes of opinion excused, I would say that, in that case, every man who alters his direction or changes his mind, who becomes a Catholic after being an atheist, or a free-thinker after being a Christian, or a saint after being a sinner, or a sinner after being a saint, is to be regarded as acting from mental illusion or physical depression, unless he can be certified as free from the least symptom or incipient suspicion of any disease or mental trouble. Under these conditions, who among us shall be saved?

It is better to return to the old, sound opinion that, when we are not in hospitals or asylums, we are responsible for our actions; excuse there may be for wrong-doing, but justification none. Our physical weaknesses are, like other circumstances of our life, the material on which we have to work; it is harder for a nervous man to keep his temper than for a phlegmatic one, but, just for that reason, he may be the one who will keep it best.

Father Tyrrell was wholly aware of his miseries; if

he worked, as we have seen, even under the stress of the headaches (which he ought not to have done) it was with a view of surmounting them and not succumbing to their influence. Now and again he wrote short articles, and excellent ones, just to distract himself at such times, when he was not completely overwhelmed. For the rest, his life was such a continual struggle with temperamental difficulties that he was the last man in the world to overlook the influence of sickness.

You ask how my will functions when my liver is on strike [he writes to Miss Williams in September, 1904]. Well, I am no dualist, and hold with St. Paul that when one member suffers all the others suffer with it; and that, therefore, my will and reason make common cause with my digestion. To-day the cloud lifts, but as to yesterday, I could not accuse myself of a single act that could be accounted voluntary by a sane psychologist. The brute mechanism of habit carries one respectably through such days, if nothing unwonted occurs to tax one's dormant reason and will and prove them fast asleep. I can only hope that one may in some sense say: "Ego dormio sed cor meum vigilat"; that there is a deep self that never sleeps and never dies; and that he who sees that watchful heart and not merely the slumbering eyes, will judge us (as we should judge one another) by what we say and do when we are *at our best*, not when we are at our worst.

His petition is surely a reasonable one, whether as directed to God or man. We may look to find in his conversation and letters spasmodic utterances that are the result of strain and weakness; in this he was not unlike other men, but, by reason of his general indifference to self, was less cautious and guarded than the majority. In his sustained and persistent work, and in his deliberate utterances, we have the result of his mind and will in their normal condition; as much in his later as in his earlier life.

To conclude the study of a puzzling personality in his own words:

To Mr. Laurence Housman.

RICHMOND, June 30th, 1900.

MY DEAR "LAURENCE,"

Your letter deals with what is to me the most interesting of all subjects—myself; and though your analysis is grievously at fault in some points, it is sufficiently sagacious in others to merit consideration.

There is no egoism in my self-interest; for it is based on the fact that I have no other specimen of humanity submitted to my direct inspection; and only from my knowledge of this particular can I pass to the universal, and thence to rash judgments about my fellow particulars. I am for you a modified Housman: you for me a modified Tyrrell; and if we know so little of ourselves we must know far less of one another. Yet the desire to break through our eremitical cells and to get inside other souls is as irresistible as it is hopeless; though I cherish a vague hope that the corporal *commixtio*, which is the term of animal love ("duo in carne una"), may hint a spiritual inter-penetration of mind with mind and feeling with feeling to be realised in that merging of souls in God which the Catholic religion dreams about in her doctrine of the Communion of Saints and other adjacent and dependent mysteries. As to your analysis, I never claimed to be more than indifferent honest. As the nearest that man can come to wisdom is to realise his folly, so none is further removed from honesty than he who brags himself honest. I know I am but as a skein of silk that has been touzled by a kitten; still in that I freely admit it, and also do heartily dislike the state of tangle, I am, at least in aspiration, honest as any man of my experience can be. For surely the shorter the thread, the less its capacity for complication; and it is easy for these Yorkshire ploughboys to be simple and straight, but very difficult for a *fin de siècle* Jesuit with all my circumstances and antecedents. If in any sense I hunt with the hounds and run with the hare, it is certainly and frankly because I genuinely sympathise with both in the eager excitement of the chase and in the agonising terror of the victim. Not a minor but the major part of my composition has and always will have doubts; for the highest reason which yields to faith is the feeblest element in most lives, a still small voice rarely heard, more rarely obeyed. My lower rationalism, my imagination, my senses and passions are all singularly sympathetic with doubt and even denial. But I do not "fight down" my doubts, as I should in some cases advise others to do. Rather I go deliberately in search of every difficulty in that line lest I be haunted by the

thought that new revelations might rob me of my faith, or that those who deny have reasons for their denial that I have not *felt*. Hence I really do go through stages of spiritual depression and blankness to the extent of being pressed by the great fear ; but not of admitting it. This faith of mine is very different from the tranquil belief of those who have faith in the faith of others ; who are borne up easily by education, custom and example, and blandly attribute their firmness to their own free choice, forgetful of the corks and bladders under their armpits. That is impossible for me ; for there is no man or body of men on earth whose belief would have the least influence on mine ; and so whatever seeming buoyancy I have is due to my own continued and conscious exertion. You cannot then expect me to be as reposeful as N. N. in my faith. My whole life is a continual process of adjusting and re-adjusting ; for the very reason that I am too miserably honest to stick my head in the sand and be comfortable. Still I cannot but feel that the process has been one of growth and development and of a deeper rooting of faith, and I have ceased to anticipate a catastrophe, being too well accustomed to breakers ahead to be scared by them. I am not one bit afraid of my sentiments and emotions getting the better of me ; first, they are more than half worn out ; secondly, because my whole danger is from rationalism, and from an undue depreciation of the legitimate part played by sentiment in the choice of beliefs. There I think we are really contrary, and that I am your complement and you mine. I called you "Laurence" because I think of you once a day under that title when your patron's name occurs in the Canon of the Mass, and I make a slight inclination at the name, which means that he is to look after his namesake for that I am weary of him. Also because it is a musical name, pleasant to utter—as I might inadvertently call a lady of the name "Florence" not meaning to be tender. My nonchalance is on the whole very genuine. Death is awful to children, but nothing to the old ; and so I have seen too many spiritual catastrophes to be much interested in "one among so many" and I have failed too often in my interpretation of people to be much mortified by another failure. As to affection, I never know myself till some crisis reveals that the last are first and the first last. One of my strongest is for a dead person whom, when alive, I rather disliked, but who grows nicer on reflection.

Now put this all into your philosophical pipe and smoke it. If you ever want absolute solitude, paradisiacal scenery and bracing air, come to this deserted village in Swaledale, where I shall remain as long as I possibly can.

CHAPTER II

MID-JESUIT LIFE AND WRITINGS (1885-1900)

THE autobiography, dealing with the first part of George Tyrrell's life, ends with the year 1884, the date of his mother's death ; and in that first volume we also bade farewell to his immediate family and to all his earlier surroundings. Unfortunately we also, at the same time, had to take leave of all means of immediate and intimate information as to the detailed course of his life and development of his character for several years. Later on, in the nineties, we come again into immediate touch with him, for it was then he began to be known to the outer world ; but for more than ten years, intervening between his own account and this later date, I have but the meagrest sources of information. If he wrote letters of any importance during that time, I have not seen them, or they are not in existence ; it is in 1897, with one exception, that the letters at my disposal commence. So far as I know, there would not have been much correspondence, save with near relations, and perhaps occasionally with fellow-Jesuits.

Another source of information, a precious one had it been in existence, would have been his personal, spiritual notes and jottings. He told us, in his autobiography, how he had at last abandoned the habit, and he probably destroyed most of these records, though a few remain. He also kept, almost to the

end, what he called a "Journal," thoughts on all subjects, mostly spiritual, that occurred to him from day to day. It was not written for publication, though it often formed the basis of a future volume: *e.g.*, "Nova et Vetera," "Oil and Wine." Much of this unpublished "Journal" is still in existence, and will eventually see the light. Some of it may yet be scattered in different places, as he had the habit of giving away bits of work to friends, who might then make use of it as their own. But this "Journal" cannot serve as a biographical source. It must not be confounded with the "Diary," which he once kept for a month or two only, and sent to the recipient of the autobiography.

Then again, as to personal reminiscences during those years, I have been able to gather but a very few, for the reasons already mentioned.*

Yet, with all these deficits, I think we have enough to carry us over from the earlier to the later period; for we do not so much want to know what he did, as what he thought; and if one could certainly wish for fuller accounts of some of the leading events, yet this middle period receives a fair amount of light from what we know of him earlier and later. Besides which, some of his works, such as "Hard Sayings" and "Nova et Vetera," were in course of production during this period; and there are also the early, and the very early *Month* † articles, which have their significance even if he set them aside later. One or two other slight works will likewise be mentioned in their place; but everything that he wrote in connection with the "Spiritual Exercises" has a place of primary importance in this division of his life.

* See Introduction, Vol. I.

† A periodical edited by the Society of Jesus in England.

1.

PRIESTHOOD.

In 1885 George Tyrrell, having completed his course of scholastic philosophy at Stonyhurst, entered on the period of teaching which occupies a portion of the time consecrated to the "making" of a Jesuit. At his own suggestion, as I have heard, he returned, for this purpose, to the college of Malta and devoted himself to the elementary classes. Of those three years we possess no particulars whatsoever, and can only quote the following letter to V. of January 2nd, 1901 :

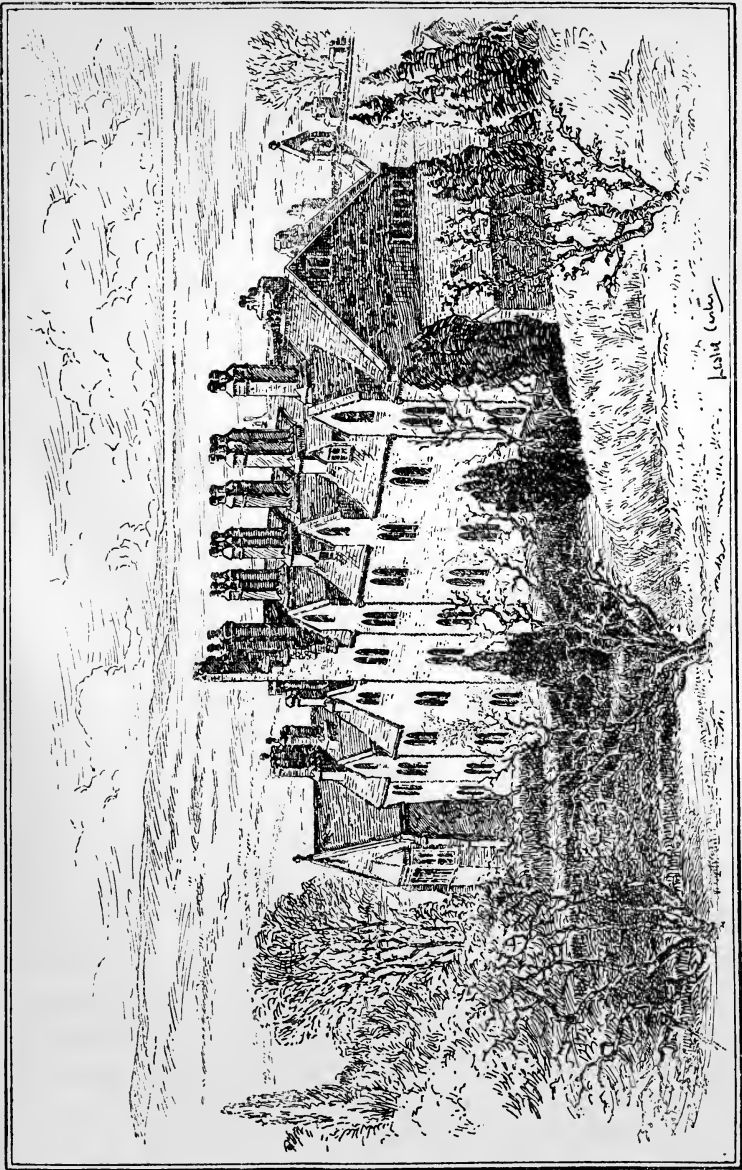
The companionship and care of children is of all educations the best and most humanising. My three years at Malta with such were, I am sure, the three purest and best years in some ways since I entered the hardening school of religious life ; and it is only because I fear a sudden over-softening of character that I should not like to return to that lot again just now. By long restraint one gets fearfully over-sensitive and over-responsive to such natural influences.

It was at Malta that he wrote his first article for the *Month*—"A Symposium on Immortality"—February, 1886, of which more will be said in its own place.

In 1888 we find him at St. Beuno's College, North Wales,* about to enter on the theological course which lasted, roughly speaking, four years. Three more articles for the *Month* were there produced, bearing the impress of the phase through which he was passing.

On the whole we may suppose those years to have been filled up, intellectually, by an ever closer study of St. Thomas ; socially, by intimate and affectionate companionship with many of his future friends—lifelong friends one or two of them, though not all, owing to the eventual break with all that past ; spiritually, by preparation for the priesthood and his future life as a Jesuit missionary or teacher.

* Near to St. Asaph's.



ST. BEUNO'S, NORTH WALES.

As to the personal associations of those years, I have gathered some notion of the group with which he came in contact from chance reminiscences in his own conversations, or from scattered remarks of his friends.

There was the rector, Father Sylvester Joseph Hunter,* a man whom he seemed always to regard with love and reverence, notwithstanding a keen appreciation of his limitations, and of whom he wrote certain lines already quoted. He had been Unitarian, lawyer and mathematician; and the lawyer element was ever prominent; on his death-bed he "*presumed* it was all right, he had received the sacraments."

The spiritual father was William Eyre; a man of delicate, refined and devout mind, who hated any kind of pious formality or humbug, who was, indeed, a bit of a scoffer in his own way, and probably thought a good many things he did not say. He would have been regarded as a "liberal" in the strictly moderate sense.

There was Father Bernard Tepe, of whom we have heard in the autobiography, Father James Jones, likewise mentioned in that place, and as much loved by many others as by Tyrrell himself.

The above-named were professors. Of his fellow-students, with whom he remained in more or less close after-relations, we may mention Edward Lawless, a dear and intimate friend to the very end; William Hudson, an Irishman, since dead, who had not a little in common with Tyrrell on the humorous and critical side; (Father) Charles Blount, for whom he ever expressed a very genuine sympathy and respect; (Father) Joseph Flynn, a lasting friend; (Father) Henry Farmer, future rector of Richmond, Yorkshire, and an intimate friend during his last years in the Society; (Father)

* Author of "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology."

Herbert Thurston, his close companion during the Farm Street period ; and (Father) William Roche, perhaps the best-loved of all his Jesuit friends.

It was his extraordinary capacity for friendship that often enabled him to find happiness in a situation that would otherwise have been irksome ; and not a few peaceful hours must have been spent in rambles over the purple hills of one of the loveliest spots in our land.

On September 20th, 1891, he was ordained priest by Bishop Knight of Shrewsbury.

The day of his first Mass is not recorded, nor was he the man of "first Masses," "first Communions," or first celebrations of any kind ; but what his Mass was to him no one who ever attended his altar could doubt, even though he would, characteristically, remark that "it always put him in a bad temper!" Swiftly, as he did all things, he accomplished this action, but with the swiftness that Newman describes in "Loss and Gain," the speed of concentration and not of hurry ; a distinction very appreciable to the habitual Mass-goer. The eventual loss of this chief office and central duty of the priestly life was, to him, irremediable.

We must remember that the desire to become a Catholic and the desire to become a priest had been, in his case, not two separate aims, but one ; and this by reason of that central characteristic, which made him so profoundly indifferent to his personal sanctification save as the necessary fitting of an instrument for the welfare of mankind. Now there is a priesthood whose value neither clerical nor anti-clerical can undermine or obscure ; this is the eternal priesthood of those whose destiny it is to be the servants of humanity in its search for the higher meaning of life. There are priests in the spiritual order and there are priests in the ecclesiastical order ; for those who believe in a

Church, as the great means whereby associated mankind seek the eternal ideals, the priesthood demands both these notes. It was in this twofold sense that Tyrrell was a priest; a link between the visible and invisible world, a minister of the Church whose mission it is to serve as the great social intermediary between God and mankind.

Of such priesthood the Mass is, in the mind of the Catholic, chief symbol and sacrament. If we may say that the priest offers Mass in order that the faithful may communicate, we cannot say that the faithful communicate in order that the priest may say Mass; he is for them, not they for him, and it was this service conception of the priesthood that appealed to the heart of Tyrrell.

For the Breviary he had a strong liking and devotion, and would have been one of those to rejoice in its recent revision.

For about a year after his ordination Father Tyrrell remained at St. Beuno's, making short visits from time to time to one or other of the Lancashire missions, chiefly to one of those in Preston. In October, 1892, he returned to Manresa House, Roehampton, the scene of his novitiate, for his "tertianship," a kind of supplementary spiritual novitiate, which is placed at the end of the period of studies and at the commencement of the active life. Thence he was sent in 1893, for a very short time, to the Jesuit mission-house at Oxford, with the idea, I was told, of giving him the opportunity of writing. He used to speak with distaste of the time he spent there. Shortly afterwards he went to the "Low House" mission in St. Helen's, Lancashire; and there he spent his solitary year of serious parochial and pastoral life.

Nothing could be much more different from the

peaceful surroundings of St. Beuno's, with its studious men and its mountain scenery, or Manresa with its pious novices and its silent undisturbed garden, than St. Helen's, with its busy, practical people, its chimneys, its tramcars, its slums, its comfortable but ugly dwellings, its chemical odours, its unceasing noise. No lack of intelligence amongst its people, and abundance of character and will-power; but everything marked by a taste for the useful rather than the beautiful, for deeds rather than words and thoughts, for reason rather than imagination. It was hardly the ideal post for a highly-strung and imaginative Irishman, with a specially fastidious sense of smell, a keen love of Nature, and a delicate appreciation of the importance of trifles and the value of words and manner.

Nor would the presbytery life have afforded a refuge from the too crudely practical external surroundings. In the hideous dwelling, beside the ruthlessly plain church, he would have found fellow-workers too tired to care, as a rule, for more than a newspaper or a chat in their moments of leisure. And the chat would often be on matters of merely local and topical interest, small parish events, humdrum daily tasks.

Yet I have heard, from one who knew him in those days, and, judging from later experience, I can most fully believe it, that he was never happier during the whole course of his Jesuit life than during that year from 1893 to 1894. It is true that his first and abiding aim was to work for those in the state of unbelief from which he himself had emerged, whereas, at St. Helen's, it was to the Catholic poor that he had chiefly to address himself. Eventually, therefore, he might have regretted this lack of opportunity; but for the time his mind and heart were satisfied.

Only those who have tasted for themselves can know

the absorbing interest of such work, directed, as it is, to the most immediate and fundamental facts of life, material or spiritual. Books can be read or written at another time, intellectual problems can be forgotten in the stress of active life, the poor and sick and tempted and suffering must be tended and comforted to-day and not to-morrow.

It was because he knew this so well that Father Tyrrell shrank from missionary work in later years, when another and a harder task lay inexorably before him. Work for the poor is imperative, and admits of no half-service.

“He never should have left St. Helen’s;” this was the recurring phrase that fell from the lips of his old friends, when I visited the place six months after his death. In a world of fleeting memories there is one that lasts when others fade, and that is the memory of one who has spoken to the heart and understood its cries. The poor at St. Helen’s were not slow—the poor never are slow—to recognise the true priest, the man of his people; he gave himself to them and they leaned on him, and learned what he was to those who needed him.

This was the kind of affection that enslaved him, and well he knew it; he lost his independence to the weak and not to the strong.

If I entered into your life [he wrote later, when he was avoiding such ties, to one who sought his guidance], and you became dependent on me, and clung to me for guidance and sympathy and support, I should melt like wax in the flame. And so in self-protection I take where I should give.

With some of his friends at St. Helen’s he corresponded until a year or so before the end, and only broke off relations when he had abandoned all hope of final reconciliation with ecclesiastical superiors. He

gave pain by this cessation of intercourse, and, as one said to me, "we wouldn't have troubled him"; they might agree with him, or disagree, it was enough that they had known him. But he was not sufficiently self-assured to realise how permanent was his hold on hearts that had once belonged to him, and he regarded himself, as he says in a letter to V., "as a dangerous man wandering forth he knows not whither."

"He never should have left St. Helen's!" The speech may sound foolish to those who think of him only as a leader in a great religious movement; it is not foolish to those conscious of the priceless work he might have done in this field of labour.

But the question is, could he have stayed? Would not certain incompatibilities between himself and the system have eventually made themselves felt as much in practical as in theoretical matters; as much at St. Helen's as at Farm Street? Would his fate not have been that of his friend Dolling, and of all those who quit the track of prescribed custom, and try to do good in a new way? Furthermore, was there not ever that other obstacle, of which one would fain not speak and yet must speak, namely, the jealousy of smaller men? What body or institution is free from this misery? and how quickly it comes in the way of one whose methods are more open to criticism by reason of their unConventionality! I know, from one who saw him in those days, and to whom he turned in moments of darkness, that his life, even then, was not without its storms; storms caused, in part, by such miseries. Another friend of his, a Jesuit, has told me that, had he remained permanently on the mission, his life would probably not have run a smooth course. So that those friends who would have been glad, for his sake and their own, had he spent himself to the end in obscure

missionary labours, may perhaps take comfort in the thought that there too the contradictions of his position would have made themselves felt, since there is no comfortable place, in any closely-knit system, for the "Brands" who war against the "spirit of compromise."

Years after, in 1901, when the Provincial, Father Reginald Colley, asked him to return to St. Helen's, he wrote to V. :

If you knew S.J. methods you would understand why I refused the missions. Twice already they have broken my life; they shall not do it a third time. There would be more jealousy and delation than ever on the mission, where every priest is jealous beyond belief of any influence exerted by his fellow-workers. You know yourself how carefully I have minimised my confessional work at Farm Street; yet even there mischief was made because the penitents of others came to me. Versions of what I was said to have said got round to authorities.

"The man went his way and told the Jews;" the reports of friends may be as dangerous as those of enemies.

Yet in any case it was much too late to return in 1901 to the work he had left with such grief in 1894.

Why not [he wrote to V., December 26th, 1900], as Cardinal Vaughan said to me, go on the missions of Lancashire and save souls? Now I was nearly two years at that kind of work, and found it a most humanising, comfortable existence; and I could by a sort of moral suicide, drop back into that state and, either in a college, or on the mission, make myself far more happy than I could ever possibly be were I to leave the S.J.

By "moral suicide" he, of course, means choosing the easier and more limited task in place of the harder and wider one; he had, by then, embarked on a stormier sea, and to return to the old work would have been to renounce the more dangerous venture. Had it been, on the contrary, a choice between the mission-

work of Lancashire and the ordinary lighter forms of work, there is no doubt as to what his answer would have been. "Oh! for Grigson's back yard!" he wrote to a St. Helen's friend from Farm Street; referring to a much loved purlieu and favourite haunt of his in the Low House parish. A back yard of St. Helen's, rather than a drawing-room of Mayfair; but not work on a Lancashire mission in the place of work for a class of humanity more soul-starved and neglected than any Catholic poor.

His chief occupations during that year consisted in the care of one or two guilds; the visiting and superintendence of one of the poorest districts; and, of course, the usual confessional work and preaching. His conferences to the Children of Mary have been loosely preserved in the two "Handful of Myrrh" series published by the Catholic Truth Society.* They are simple discourses enough, but they bear the impress of reality, and are without conventional padding, or what the French call *remplissage*; they have also that poetical charm which marks all his devotional works. To him the publication of these little works, coming as it did in the late and stormy part of his life, was half comic and half sad. In a copy I possess of 1902 he wrote the lines from "In Memoriam":

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise."

And in a later copy of 1906 these lines have been changed to others of his own, beginning thus:

* The first, "A Handful of Myrrh," was published in 1902; "Another Handful of Myrrh," in 1905. These conferences represent also some later ones, notably those given at the Visitation Convent of Harrow-on-the-Hill to the Nurses' Association.

“ If e'er I prayed, while yet a child,
 For ever in Thy Courts to dwell,
 The crumbling walls from round me fell,
 And left me shivering in the wild.”*

At St. Helen's he was amongst those undisturbed by “ the call of the wild,” and not through him would they have come in contact with those questions which were to be the interest and the torment of his later life.

2.

THOMISM (1894-1896).

In 1894, to his own deep sorrow, Father Tyrrell left St. Helen's to occupy a chair of philosophy at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. A friend of his told me that he made strong representations to his superiors before accepting the charge, and that it was some time before he recovered from the blow. Nor does it seem, on the whole, to have been a change to any great purpose, since he passed barely two years in his new office, and was then again uprooted; this time, in part, for reasons grounded in the old Thomistic and Suarezian controversy, which he has himself described.

“ I was turning the young men into Dominicans,” he remarked to a relation, at the time of this second removal. A Jesuit friend of his once told me that his influence over the young men became too powerful for the balance of authority, and I remember his once making a similar remark himself.

Such an objection was not necessarily unjust. The love between him and his pupils would be best described by one of themselves; and perhaps none of his later

* Under the title “ The Larger Faith ” the whole poem, of which this verse contains the first lines, appeared in the little volume “ Versions and Perversions,” published in 1909 by Messrs. Elkin and Matthews,

friends knew *to the full* one of the most irresistibly charming and beautiful sides of his character, that, namely, which he displayed to those in whose regard he accepted a position—scarcely of authority, the word does not suit him—but of guardianship and protection. Without the faintest suggestion of patronage he gave to those in his care a sense of being responsible for them; of being strong with their strength, and weak with their weakness; in short, he identified himself with his pupils and penitents, and reaped the corresponding love and reverence. The hard battles of later life, together with his own ambiguous position, made him avoid all such relationships; but his nature was starved by the privation, nor did he, I believe, ever lose the old feeling for one of those he had thus loved.

Up to the time of the professorship he had been, at least nominally, in a state of tutelage; with this post came a new responsibility, and he probably became bolder, intellectually, in the interests of others than he had been in his own. Now, at last, he could give full vent to his Thomistic tendencies. To him Aquinas was not only a great teacher of the past but a great hope for future light and freedom. Furthermore, his teaching was supported by the highest ecclesiastical authority, so that the cause of liberty and the cause of authority were joined.

But the old resistance was still at work: viz., the opposition of the traditional Jesuit school. Hence a kind of civil war, which has thus been described to me by one who possessed direct information:

The first year of G. T.'s teaching he had a dull class and did not make much impression in the house. The next year's set of pupils were bright and clever, and responded to the stimulus. The consequence was that they became most enthusiastic followers of their master, and formidable opponents of all his adversaries. It so happened that the other two professors differed from him on some

fundamental questions. They had consequently to suffer constant attacks from G. T.'s clever pupils, who were, of course, inspired in their onslaughts by their master. At the end of the second year G. T. had all the best minds among the young men enthusiastically loyal to him and to his ideas, and as strongly opposed to the theses of the other two professors. It was obvious that he or they must go. The line of least resistance was taken, and G. T. went.

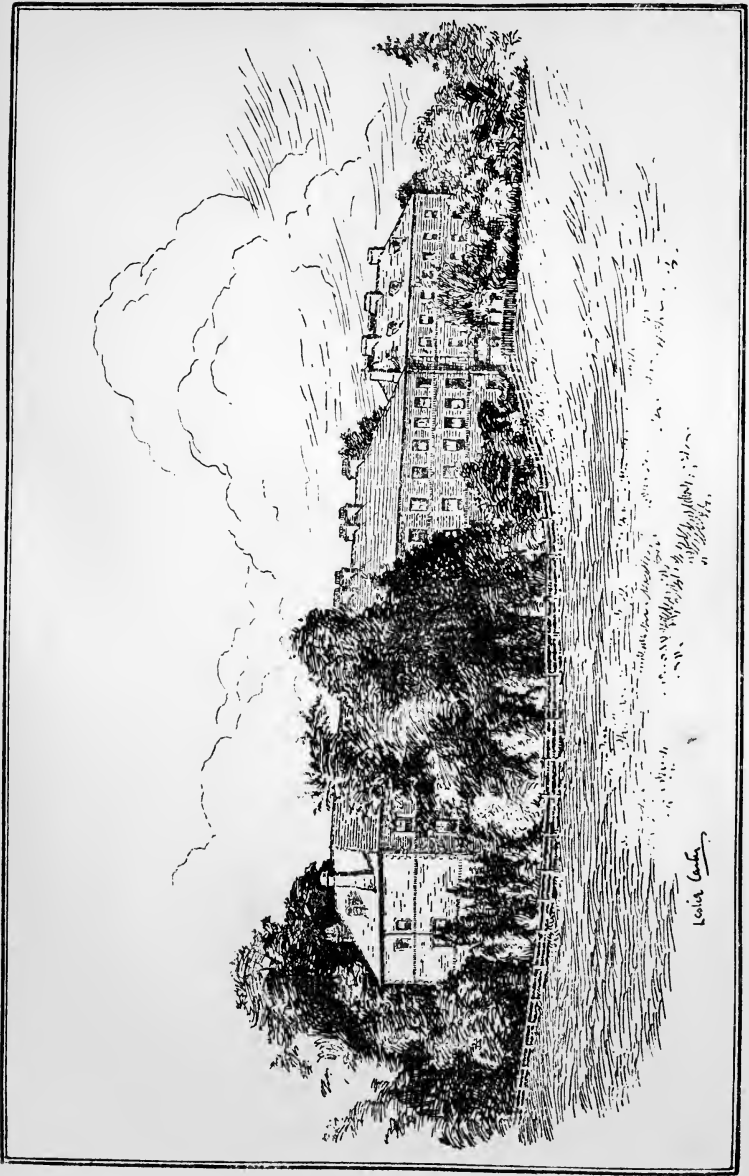
But before this issue had been reached Father Tyrrell had taken a step which did not contribute to his popularity in one section of the Society. The incident was not known to many, and I cannot remember whether he had already mentioned it to me when I acquired some vague knowledge of it from a chance conversation with the late Cardinal Vaughan. This latter, speaking of Father Tyrrell, not very sympathetically, said that Father Martin, then General of the Jesuits, had complained to him that Tyrrell "thought he knew more of St. Thomas than all the rest of the Society." (I quote the remark roughly, and not *verbatim*.) Father Martin, of course, spoke to Cardinal Vaughan some time after the event in question, which would indicate that feeling had not then died down.

What happened was that Father Tyrrell wrote directly to Cardinal Mazzella (a Jesuit), then the Pope's "Prefect of Studies" in Rome, and appealed to him for the confirmation of his own views.

Mazzella replied [I quote the words of one who gave me the facts after Father Tyrrell's death] that the Pope wished G. T.'s tendency to prevail in the Schools of Catholic Philosophy as being more in accordance with the true doctrine of St. Thomas. Mazzella declared that he had this from Leo XIII. himself.

It is curious to find Leo XIII. and Tyrrell opposed to the Society on this occasion, as Pius X. and the Society were opposed to Tyrrell in later days. I cannot say whether the documents be in existence or not.

On the death of Cardinal Mazzella an article appeared



ST. MARY'S HALL, STONYHURST.

Louis Gandy

in the *Weekly Register** of March 30th, 1900, which we may safely ascribe to the pen of Tyrrell. In it he says :

On being called to . . . the Roman College early in the pontificate of Leo XIII., though previously a Jesuit in theology, he threw himself into the neo-Thomistic movement which had just been inaugurated by the encyclical "*Æterni Patris*"—a movement undoubtedly distasteful to the anti-Dominican tradition of the Order of which he was a member, yet which had received the apparently cordial adhesion of its official representatives. From that time to this neo-Thomism has flourished at the Roman College and at other Jesuit seminaries within the ken of Rome ; but has taken no root in the body at large, which, of course, is deeply and inveterately attached to its domestic theologians. Practically speaking, it was to his active zeal in forwarding the Pontiff's wishes and trying to enlist the corporate influence of the Society in their behalf, that Cardinal Mazzella owed his elevation to the purple, and his unpopularity with all but a small clique of the Jesuit body ; nor was this unpopularity lessened by the use he made of his new position of vantage in the same cause, for he was commonly credited with being instrumental in bringing down a sharp Pontifical rebuke on the Society, couched in the form of a letter rebuking its cold and tardy obedience to the "*Æterni Patris*." On the other hand, his extraordinary influence with the Pontiff in matters theological seems to have been based entirely on the energetic fidelity of his devotion to the neo-Thomistic cause ; for in no sense could he be regarded as a man of wide education or deep originality in any intellectual department. Liberal and progressive as was the general intention of Leo XIII. in recalling scholastic theology back to its pure origin in St. Thomas, whose distinctive spirit was an elastic sympathy with contemporary culture—a spirit soon forgotten in a rabbinical zeal for conformity to the bare letter of his teaching—it cannot be denied that in many quarters the Pope's wishes were pushed in a narrow reactionary spirit, and that the "*Æterni Patris*" was often made to serve as a cloak for the most lamentable obscurantism. Hence, to those not intimate with the circumstances, the theological sympathies of Leo XIII. might seem strangely at variance with his broad-minded views on social and political matters—an anomaly for which the exponents and executors of his will are chiefly to be held answerable.

* A Catholic weekly paper of liberal tendencies, now extinct.

A good deal has been said in different places of the influence exercised by Newman on the opinions of Tyrrell. This is a point which will require fuller consideration by-and-by. But among the teachers to whom he owed his formation in religious philosophy or theology none ever exerted a greater, or more lasting, influence than Aquinas. A year or two after the events we have mentioned, when he was rapidly passing into a new atmosphere, he wrote a long letter to Baron Friedrich von Hügel on a work of M. Maurice Blondel, and thus referred to St. Thomas :

December 6th, 1897.

The fact is that Aquinas represents a far less developed theology than that of the later schoolmen, and by going back to him one escapes from many of the superstructures of his more narrow-minded successors, and thus gets liberty to unravel and reconstruct on more sympathetic lines. I would thus use the neo-scholastic movement to defeat the narrow spirit which animates many of its promoters. Aquinas was essentially liberal-minded and sympathetic; with a strong infusion of Platonism through Augustine and the Victorines; as unlike as possible in tone and temper to the scholastics. I cannot but think if he were studied, not as an authority, but critically and historically as a genius, such a study would be in itself an invaluable instrument of ecclesiastical education. If the movement could be deflected in this direction, it would be unto life and not unto death. This was what I fought for, for two years. In a word, I would study Aquinas as I would study Dante, in order that knowing the mind of another age we might know the mind of our own more intelligently. But, of course, such an idea met with little sympathy, and I only succeeded in creating a vague impression that in favouring the Pope's ultra-Thomism I was disloyal to the anti-Dominican traditions of the S.J. What could I do then but shrug my shoulders? For I suppose if the Dominicans knew what my Thomism meant, they would burn me at a slow fire. My feeling is that, under cover of Aquinas, much might have been quietly introduced and assimilated unconsciously, that will be opposed if presented in an alien and hostile garb.

On August 22nd, 1900, he wrote to his friend Père Henri Bremond :

I had a long letter from L. B., suggested by the Quinzaine, in which he claimed me for a true Thomist fallen among thieves; to which I replied at length, to the effect that St. Thomas was no Thomist, but somewhat of a thief himself; and therefore I might consider myself more Thomistic than the Thomists. . . . I believe in D. T. studied critically as *a* system; but not delivered dogmatically as *the* final system. So far I was always in sympathy with the pure Thomist as opposed to the pseudo-Thomists.

Later still, perhaps in 1907, I can recall a conversation at which a priest, an ardent follower of St. Thomas, and I myself were present.

"Could you find that in St. Thomas?" we asked him in regard to some bold proposition he had emitted. "Yes, I could," he replied promptly; and on another occasion: "I should not mind taking that vow," he said of the Dominican vow to be faithful to the teaching of Aquinas. To carry his history on this point to the end, it was in the last year of his life that he took possession of a "Summa"* belonging to me, and carried it to his room, with the remark that he had the best right to it.

In 1896 he was relieved of his charge and sent to Farm Street to join the staff of writers. He probably regretted his pupils as much as he had regretted his poor and his penitents, and he never really struck root again.

For a long time afterwards there were masses of his notes in existence, scattered here and there among his friends in the Society. Some of them may yet be in existence, but the history of the main portion is as follows:

On August 13th, 1901, he wrote to V. from Richmond:

I have just recovered all my errant MSS. in defence of scholasticism, that have been circulating at St. Beuno's since my student days. Now for a bonfire!

* Divi Thomæ Aquinatis "Summa Theologica."

V. seems to have interceded in their favour, for on the 18th of the same month he writes :

As to the MSS., I have not yet opened the parcel, and will not burn them until I have looked over them. I may return to older standpoints, but never in the same spirit. No doubt the writing did me good, and I could never have been satisfied if I had not pierced to the core of scholasticism and found out its inadequacies experimentally. And yet I am angry to think how, under the influence of authority, I perverted and strangled my mind trying to understand a system which those who imposed it did not themselves understand—and perhaps did not quite believe.

The manuscripts were not saved for long. Some time during the year 1901, when I chanced to be staying at Richmond, he showed me a pile of these writings, and then carried them away to their destruction, so far as I know.

3.

EARLY WRITINGS (1886-1897).

Although, up to the period we have reached, other occupations were the main and absorbing ones, Tyrrell's life as a writer had already begun, and the long string of articles in the *Month*, of which the last appeared in January, 1904, had opened with one written at Malta in 1886.

In concluding his introduction of March 17th, 1901, to the "Faith of the Millions," a collection almost entirely composed of these articles, he says :

In conclusion, the writer wishes it to be understood that this selection of articles published up to date is to be taken as a repudiation, for one reason or another, of those not selected—whether it be for faults of style, or for inaccuracies or obscurities in statement.

The excluded articles are to the number of seventeen; most of them earlier, but a few later in date, than the selected ones.* It would probably perplex many to

* The "Index of the Month"—Manresa Press, 1909—contains a complete list of all articles from 1864-1908

know why, having rejected so many, he admitted certain others, which bear the impress of his earlier rather than of his later phase of thought. Indeed, to those only acquainted with the Tyrrell of the "Much abused Letter" or "Medievalism," it would be a surprise to come on certain pages of the "Faith of the Millions," with their somewhat trenchant criticism and dogmatic assertiveness.

The reasons for this would probably be various, some of them deliberate, others accidental. Though, in a general manner, he intended to exclude the cruder, unformed productions, he was, in the first place, not greatly interested in the matter, being too full of new work and ideas to give much attention to his "two volumes of dry bones," as he calls them, and of which he says to Baron F. von Hügel, November 25th, 1900, "they seem to me very dull and lifeless, and I can barely re-read them without impatience." Secondly, he was not quite free in his selection, but had to admit writings of the earlier class to gain right of entry for those of later tendency. Thirdly, he wished to make of this collection a kind of summary of his work to that date, and therefore was not at much pains to exclude everything with which he was no longer in agreement. Fourthly, he was not unwilling to admit a few of the more savagely orthodox articles, which might serve to explain his previous position; thus he writes to V. on March 7th, 1901:

I expect the Articles book will come out after all. My chief desire for it is that it collects into one my "doctrine," and gives proof of how sober and moderate it has been all along, which proof may be useful to me later.

Yet, in spite of all these motives for a somewhat uneven selection, it might have been made with more consistency had it been possible to make it on chrono-

logical considerations alone; had it been possible to omit, that is to say, all the articles previous to a certain date. This would have been a simple solution, but not a satisfactory one; because the order of time is not, in this case, the order of development. The first article of the two volumes, "A more Excellent Way," which appeared under its original title of "A Change of Tactics," in February, 1896, is, as a whole, far more representative of the abiding mind of its author than "The Prospects of Reunion" or "Liberal Catholicism" of 1897 and 1898; while several of the rejected articles appeared between those dates. It seems therefore unavoidable to mention one or two of the republished essays in this account of the earlier writings, and of his trenchantly orthodox phase of thought and expression.

The first articles, whether in the *Month* or elsewhere, treat mainly of the following subjects: Biblical Criticism, Anglicanism, Materialism, Zoophilism, Socialism, Doctrinal Development. That he should have ventured on the first-named subject when he was ignorant of German, and had perhaps not even studied the foremost English works on the question, is significant of the isolation in which he lived from the world of modern science and thought. On the subject of Anglicanism he was better informed, yet here also he was probably lacking in that fulness of knowledge which justifies deliberate criticism—his autobiography, for instance, does not give us to suppose that he had read deeply in those great Anglican divines, whom he mentions somewhat cursorily in one of the articles. In regard to the subjects of Materialism or Agnosticism he had more knowledge and experience, but in such essays we nevertheless find a different tone from that which prevails in his later writings. The articles on

Zoophilism can best be appreciated by comparison with letters and subsequent writings ; while as to Socialism, he never afterwards made any definite assertion, save in so far as utopianism and optimism ever ranked with him as dreams of the young and the healthy. The articles on Development fall into the later subject of his relations to Newmanism.

There are remarks of his own, in the very articles before us, as also in letters, which throw some light on the interpretation of these early writings. Thus in the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1895, he says, in his answer to Miss Cobbe :

When I say "my own position" I mean that interpretation of the scholastic doctrine which I have been taught, and which I myself teach, not as obliged thereto, but as approving it freely.

He had, in fact, adopted a definite scheme of thought, and was deliberately endeavouring to make it serve the single purpose he had in view, the religionising of humanity.

Then again, he found himself in very strongly coloured surroundings, and his tendency would be to agree, as fully as possible, with his environment ; nor was there even lacking in him that taste for firm outline in thought and action which tends to rigour.

As he wrote to Père H. Bremond on August 4th, 1901 :

With me the consensus of my immediate *entourage* exerts very undue pressure ; and I need always to remind myself that in resisting that pressure I am in harmony with a far wider and more authoritative consensus. It would be so much easier and pleasanter to swim with the current and to take the S.J. at its own valuation ; indeed, I feel within myself a capacity of narrowness that few would credit me with.

Another factor, which must never be forgotten in estimating the writings of his Jesuit period, was that

he wrote under the shadow of the censor, sacrificing often the manner and form of utterance, and any comparatively unimportant details, to the saying of one or two things, for whose sake alone the article was written. What he chiefly wanted to say will often be what he says with least emphasis, while the commonplaces will be enounced with all due ceremony.

I can daily be grateful [he writes to V. in November, 1900] for things unpublished, and for the subtlety that the fear of censors has taught me.

And to Baron F. von Hügel, June 29th, 1898 :

One can say and do so much good, provided one does not shock the ear with unwonted sounds. Few care about the sense.

To Père Bremond he writes, June 2nd, 1902, referring to one of his friendly critics :

He hardly perhaps knows and allows for the difficulties under which I write, having to guard against the attacks, not merely of my opponents, but of those whom I am defending, and to fill old bottles with new wine.

We will allow, then, full play to all these motives and influences in studying the essays of the first period, yet even now we have not fully recognised their significance unless we acknowledge another fact, so evident to those who have passed through the same experience that its mention will almost seem to them superfluous. It must be plainly admitted that, in spite of his youthful agnosticism, partly, indeed, by reason of it, George Tyrrell passed through that phase of militant orthodoxy, during which a man will be as vigorous in the repression of his own mind as he is intolerant in his disputes with others.

As for controversial unfairness and bitterness [he wrote in "The Prospects of Reunion"], it may be questioned whether controversy can be anything but unfair and bitter.

On August 18th, 1901, he describes this stage of thought and feeling in a letter to V. :

As to Huysmans, I have not yet received Ste. Lydwine, but shall sit down to it presently. He has got a curious strain in common with Kegan Paul—a sort of intemperate reaction against his former gods, who after all had their good points. C. K. P. suppresses this side before me, and I think is one of my deepest sympathisers. Indeed it was he drew me forth from darkness to light in some sense ; being the first whose good opinion really encouraged me to believe that I had a chance of a hearing outside the narrow Catholic circle. But to others he simply rants against Modernism, and glories in what ought to be our shame. I once, for two or three years, had the fever in a mild form, so I can understand.

This is the stage of orthodoxy, rather than of faith, when, in its reaction from unbelief, the mind is so pathetically eager to claim no sort of privilege or immunity that it would strangle the demon of doubt even at the cost of strangling therewith that spirit of liberty and truth which is inseparable from the highest faith. Such a temper would indeed be disastrous did it continue, but, as a stage in the process of development, it is not without some gain ; indeed, it may be questioned whether any mind be truly free that has not known what it is to endure these partly self-imposed fetters. Although such a period may be qualified by a certain subconscious unreality, for which a man will later on reproach himself, as, in fact, Tyrrell himself did, saying in a letter to V. of April 3rd, 1902 :

I have been subconscious of dishonesty all along—of “special pleading” for a cause that neither asked nor liked my services ;

yet such unreality is perhaps as useful, for a time, as the strained and artificial movements of physical drill.

Every extreme, however, brings with it the penalty of reaction. He brought his ideal into scholasticism and then proceeded to find it there ; when he was forced, by contact with a world of wider thought, and

by his own unresting, truth-loving temperament, to face certain inadequacies in his system, the militant element of his orthodoxy found other scope and employment, as we shall see in its place.

Meanwhile, as one of his Jesuit friends told me, his writings met with somewhat varied appreciation in the Society to which he belonged; some were conscious of the greater things to come, others saw but little in these articles, save a tendency to "clever philosophical conceits and fancies."

The first article on the list is "A Symposium on Immortality," February, 1886, written during his second stay at Malta. Perhaps in some respects this one manifests a freer and more independent character than those which immediately follow. Indeed there are some pregnant sentences not unworthy of the later Tyrrell. Thus :

Had man been faithful to the ideal of his nature, though he might for generations have been ignorant of the heliocentric theory, yet the geocentric would never have been a dogma . . . and no doubt the discovery of the true theory . . . would have been recorded much earlier in our annals.

Again :

While we willingly admit a primitive revelation of the immortality of the soul, we deny that the universality of the belief argues such a revelation, or is a proof of itself, any more than it would prove the geocentric theory or its revelation. . . . Further, the universal profession of a belief is absolutely valueless unless, in the large majority of cases, the profession is based on sincere personal conviction, and is not merely formal or customary.

And he regards as inadequate an argument for immortality which

assumes as indubitable that man is, so to speak, the apex of the universe and is subservient to no higher created end; that the purpose answered by his premature extinction could not possibly be more important than that frustrated thereby.

As here, so in many of these early articles, one abiding characteristic of his outlook on life is to be noted—that sense of the tragic comicality of the world with its denizens; its littleness, contrasted with its fussy self-importance.

Putting aside “Cramming and other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia,” which was not signed, and of which there is nothing special to be noted, we might class in one category the four allegorical articles: “The Contents of a Pre-Adamite Skull,” September, 1889; “Among the Korahites,” May, 1891; “A Long Expected Visitor,” January, 1892; and “A Lesson from the Skies on Universal Benevolence,” November, 1892. All these bear marks of the influence of Swift, to whom he has often been compared; one or two of them are strikingly like certain stories of Mr. H. G. Wells; indeed, “Among the Korahites,” by a curious coincidence, contains the same fancy as appears in a short story by the latter, “The Country of the Blind.”

It is very likely that some of these fancies were inspired by dreams in sleep; his dreaming faculty being, even in later life when it usually becomes less vigorous, extraordinarily vivid. They are satirical and amusing, though the satire is of a kind he would have avoided later on.

In “The Contents of a Pre-Adamite Skull” we are introduced to a people that lives a highly intellectual and æsthetic life by the aid of a sensitive apparatus quite different from our own, and much more delicately perceptive. One mark of their higher refinement and greater fastidiousness is the relegation of food-taking to moments of privacy:

As the sense of *taste* is absent, there is no pleasure connected with the process of nutrition; indeed these people look upon this unfortunate necessity of our animal nature as somewhat degrading and shameful, and never make any allusion to it in polite society.

One is reminded of the Tyrrell of later years, who never quite got over the impression that eating was an ugly thing; he disliked the constant linking of social intercourse with feeding; "why," he asked, "do we want to see people putting food in the middle of their faces?" The "Pre-Adamite" shrank from all material coarseness, and lived according to the dictates of a spiritual and transcendental philosophy.

The "Korahites" stand lower than man as the "Pre-Adamites" stand higher; here the science of the learned combines with the dogmatism of the priests to condemn as a lunatic and blasphemer the man who brings into their blind world the gift of sight. For them:

This boundless solid was the great unknowable, out of whose substance all things were made, and in whose bosom all spaces existed by an eternal necessity. Finally, could anything be more ridiculous than this fiction of sight, a gift which no one could really and sincerely desire, since no one has had, or can have, any experience of it?

"A Long Expected Visitor" is an allegorical skit on "higher criticism"; which lay still below its author's horizon. "A Lesson from the Skies on Universal Benevolence" is a satire on altruism and Zoolatry. The Martians are not, like the Pre-Adamites, waiting for the revelation of Christianity, but have worked through to a condition of ultra-refinement, wherein moral faults have become diseases, and diseases moral faults; pity is the supreme virtue and altruism the highest law. After "some particularly blood-curdling murder" the relations of the deceased "will be among the first to go and sit with [the criminal] and console him in his great affliction," while:

It was a cheerful and refreshing sight to see the fortitude and thankfulness with which the better educated criminals bore their stripes. "Lay on, Doctor," said a poor victim of drunkenness to a sturdy warder who, with sympathetic tears and sobs, was administering a hundred lashes. "I know it is all for my good. I feel

morally strengthened by each stripe. Pray don't cry for me; or else I shall have to cry for you, and then you will have to cry for my crying, and where shall we stop?"

During his stay at Oxford he wrote two articles on "The Oxford School and Modern Religious Thought," which brought him first into communication with Mr. Wilfrid Ward; of whose then recent works* the above were an analysis and appreciation. In these articles we have also the first references to Newman which are to be found in his pages; references that are further elucidated by the letter he wrote on the same occasion to Mr. Ward. His effort, in this place, was to reconcile Newmanism with scholasticism:

That there is any very fundamental difference of principle [he says] between Newman and the ordinary run of Catholic apologists we are, ourselves, much inclined to deny. The contrary opinion, we venture to say, loses sight of the rather different meaning attached to the term "faith" by theologians and by ordinary English usage. Nor again is it fair to suppose that by conscience Newman or Ward understood anything different from the ordinary scholastic teaching, by which all intellectual first principles, including those of conscience, were regarded as a very special impress of the divinity on the soul.

He wrote the following letter to Mr. Ward on the subject of these articles:

ST. ALOYSIUS, OXFORD,
December 12th, 1893.

DEAR MR. WARD,

I was delighted to learn through Fr. Clarke that you were so satisfied with my review of your first volume. To have pleased you ever so little would go some way to repay the very great pleasure and profit I derived from my labour. I confess that as regards the reconciliation of Newman's theory of faith with current theological terminology, the wish is to a great extent father to the thought; but still on re-reading the "Grammar of Assent," in the light of my four years at St. Beuno's, I felt convinced that a

* "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement"; "William George Ward and the Catholic Revival."

deeper and more patient study would show a fundamental agreement. I was beginning my fourth re-reading when your books were put into my hands for review. I am most anxious that Newman should not be shelved by our theologians as a mere literary ornament. We are lamentably out of touch with English non-Catholic thought and expression, and I cannot but think that if Newman were studied and assimilated it would tend to unbarbarise us, and enable us to pour Catholic truth from the scholastic into the modern mould, without losing a drop in the transfer. Much of our want of sympathy with Newman is no doubt due to our training under foreign professors, naturally unversed in Anglican thought and terminology, and suspicious of a convert. I exemplified this in regard to the dictum: "faith is venture," which is usually ascribed to Newman in the sense of

"I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope";

than which nothing could be more unjust to his teaching. Such a blunder comes from assuming that "faith" in English can only be the *fides* of scholastics.

I am afraid you will not be so satisfied with my second article, which is already printed. Had I been in communication with you a day sooner, I should have submitted it to you for suggestions. I have attempted a summary of Dr. Ward's character, which proved to be very much beyond my power; but as the second attempt seemed as much a caricature as the first, I gave it up with an apology. I am also afraid that I have, for the sake of clearness, somewhat exaggerated his position as an Ultramontane, in order to bring out more sharply, by contrast, the true doctrine as I conceive it; and, if I mistake not, as you conceive it. The point of divergence is that which distinguishes the Pope's mind from the mind of the Church. Of course, Dr. Ward did not extend to the Pope's unofficial and private theological cogitation and utterance the prerogative of infallibility, but it seems to me that he invested much that was personal with an official character, so much, as to leave hardly anything private. I have not touched his philosophical controversies at all, though they were to me perhaps the most interesting and satisfactory. Still, the readers of the *Month* are not patient as a class with such disquisition, and I have already tried them enough. Your approval and sympathy has encouraged me very much to prosecute my analysis of the "Grammar of Assent."

The next article, "Witnesses to the Unseen—The Wish to Believe," is again an analytical study of a work by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

In "Who made the Sacraments?" he discusses, in regard to the question of the validity of Anglican Orders, an assertion of Abbé Duchesne as to the "*traditio instrumentorum*." We feel that his mind is not yet alive to the historical problem. He said of Ward and Newman in a previous article that

recognising, as they did, the fluctuating character of science and criticism, their aim was at a more lasting and wide-reaching utility, namely to make the preambles of faith in some sort independent of, and indifferent to these very fluctuations; to relieve the majority of believers from the mental disturbance inseparable from the erroneous impression that their faith is in continual jeopardy at the hands of scientists and critics. Hence a detailed encounter with German Criticism would have been beside the mark until the preliminary question had been settled.*

He was still under the impression that we could get hold of some primary theoretical and philosophical solution to free us from the necessity of dealing on historical ground with historical difficulties; we could wait and settle those at our own convenience; and it would be time enough to have our say when history had had its last say.

Fuller knowledge has taught us that to an historical difficulty only an historical answer can give satisfaction; that we cannot regard history as a part of and a proof of our faith, and then deal with historical difficulties *a priori*; faith, to be "independent of and indifferent to these fluctuations," must be more remote from the questions involved than it is represented to be in the scholastic handbooks. Hence I can imagine that, whatever the cogency of the philosophical argument employed in this article, he would have put it aside

* "The Oxford School and Modern Religious Thought," Dec., 1893

later on, as lacking in the recognition of a great field of research, whose results were bound to influence profoundly, not only our historical, but our philosophical apprehension of facts that fall within the domain of history as well as theology or philosophy.

There are two articles on Mr. Balfour's well-known work, "The Foundations of Belief," in April and May, 1895, and one on Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" in August of the same year; all three chiefly analyses of those works, and still distinguished by a prevalently scholastic note.

In September, 1895, we have an article on "Zoolatry," dealing with the attitude of Miss Frances Power Cobbe to this subject. Father Tyrrell writes in defence of his friend Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., who had been somewhat vehemently attacked by that lady; hence the acrimonious tone of the article.

Miss Cobbe replied to this article in the *Contemporary* of October, 1895, and Father Tyrrell answered her in the succeeding number of the same review, in a gentler style than he had employed in his *Month* article, though still with an acerbity of tone which he would have avoided in later years. His argument hinges on the question of *personality*—men are persons with corresponding duties and rights, animals are not persons and are consequently incapable of either. Hence, though we have duties *concerning* animals, we have none *towards* them; our duties are to God as to their Maker. This is, of course, the usual theological position; and the most enthusiastic Zoophilist need not be dissatisfied with it as a solution of the problem if it be honestly adopted; indeed, it might possibly lead further than some of them want to go. Later on he was too much convinced of the inadequacy of many of these scholastic categories to apply them with the same finality; and

even in this place there is a vein of mockery suggesting that he thought himself curiously ill-chosen for the dispute.

The next two articles are included in the collected series. Of these "An Apostle of Naturalism,"* October-November, 1895, is much more of the earlier than of the later spirit; while "A Change of Tactics"† is, on the contrary, one of the noblest presentments of his abiding ideal of the Catholic Church.

In November of the same year we have an article not republished, "The Ethics of Suppression in Biography"; and its exclusion is easily understood in the light of his later development. In it he strikes a blow for Cardinal Vaughan against Mr. Purcell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning; but he got a good deal out of tune with the "Ethics of Suppression" in later years, and would hardly have said, without qualification, that:

It is sometimes said that Catholics are afraid of history. They are afraid of historians, which is a very different thing. Facts and documents, evidences of all kinds, have no terror for us.

The next two articles, "Lippo the Man and the Artist," December, 1896, and "A Life of de Lamennais," January, 1897, are in the republished collection.

"Keeping up Appearances," February, 1897, figures among the list of his articles on the Index of the *Month*, but is signed with the pseudonym "Digamma." It is a derisive criticism of the New Year Pastoral of the Archbishop of York, and was among the rejected articles along with "Socialism and Catholicism," March, 1897, and "Round *versus* Russell" of April, 1897; this latter returns to the question of Anglican Orders, with insistence on the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist as a

* "Faith of the Millions," vol. ii.

† "Faith of the Millions," vol. i., under the title "A More Excellent Way."

cardinal point in the controversy. "The Prospects of Reunion," one of the essays admitted to republication, appeared in July, 1897, with something of the early and something of the later spirit. He suggests many grave objections to "corporate reunion"; he insists on what was, to him, the abiding distinction between Protestantism, in the strict sense, and Catholicity in the true sense, their attitude, namely, to "the conception of the Church as a supernatural society." He is, however, studying the merits of the Anglo-Catholic movement chiefly from the point of view of its Romeward tendency; and the more significant passages are rather cautiously enveloped.

We now come to the last of the articles not republished, that on "Ecclesiastical Development," October, 1897, important, chiefly, in the history of his relations to Newman.

In "Hard Sayings" we shall find further reflections of the early dogmatic mood, and to the end the scholastic training left permanent, nor by any means wholly unbeneficial, marks on his thought and mode of expression. But we shall not find elsewhere such clear proof and expression of the militantly orthodox phase through which he passed; a phase which later on, in his moods of melancholy, seemed to him a gigantic waste of time and force.

In an autobiographical fragment, of August, 1903, he refers to it thus :

I had a certain taint of the virus of the controversial and theological fever in my blood. Strange had it been otherwise in such an atmosphere. Yet I do not think that at any time the sectarian spirit got the better of the universal and Catholic spirit in me; or that I cared more for the Church than for the end to which she is but an instrument, namely, the spiritual welfare of mankind.

And in a letter to V. of December 8th, 1904, he says :

Just at present I am feeling the bars of my cage very intolerable, and seeing more clearly the steps by which I allowed myself to be trapped in the past, and how much fault there was in it all ; how much of a will to believe strangling the claims of perfect mental sincerity. The solace is that, like the alchemist's search for bottled moonshine, my search has discovered other and better things than I was in quest of.

4.

“NOVA ET VETERA”—“HARD SAYINGS”—“EXTERNAL RELIGION” (1897–1899).

“Nova et Vetera”—1897—was the first *book*; the first publication which brought its author into any prominence outside his own more immediate circle ; and to some it became at once, and remained to the end, the measure of the man and the true portrait of his mind. He was wont to speak of it in deprecating fashion of late years, yet many of those pages express a mood which never passed and can be classed with the best later, as well as the best earlier, work.

“Nova et Vetera” originated in domestic conferences given to lay-brothers of the Society ; and those same conferences probably originated, at least in great part, in the Journal or Note-book ever beside him, for an outlet to the creative faculty. It is a collection of spiritual musings ; of texts worked into harmony under the leadership of some one thought ; of problems stated rather than solved, but lightened and lessened by their very presentation.

The influence of this book can best be understood through a knowledge of the class of mind and soul to which it was primarily addressed. It was not written (or preached) mainly for the outside world ; but rather for Catholics, and for Catholics earnest in the spiritual life. Many such had been trained to accept as inevitable a certain systematised form of prayer, popularised

in the three-point meditation book ; while for spiritual reading they turned, not directly to the great saints and doctors, to Augustine, Bernard, Teresa, John of the Cross, but to modernised treatises drawn from the writings of saints, without their vigour and vitality. In these there was much formal repetition of axioms as to the repression of "natural" instincts and "natural" affections, addressed, often, to those whose tendency was to a dull form of selfishness rather than to any violent passion ; there was a general depreciation of all that was not directly religious in its bearing, carried to such a point that many pious persons would be firmly convinced that their morning meditation was of greater eternal importance than the making or ending of a war ; art, science, history, were regarded as, at best, tolerable, but of no serious importance.

For all this authority can be found in classic spiritual writers, to save such assertions from the discussion and criticism which they would otherwise deserve. But nothing improves by formal repetition ; and the asceticism of an Augustine, or of an Ignatius, set forth apart from the temperament and living experience of the same, becomes, indeed, a hard and thankless lesson to those whose lives have run on quite different lines.

This teaching, however, was no dead letter, but did press very positively on the consciences of many religious-minded people ; who, even if not quite convinced, feared to work their own way out of the perplexity and "find God their Lord in peace" ; they dreaded to lose all by rejecting anything. How much mute misery has been caused young souls by a ruthless interpretation of the "doctrine of indifference," as drawn from the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, will never perhaps be fully known.

This is not to say that there were no spiritual writers

who had come to the help of such souls, but at least there were not enough of them, and to many silent sufferers in convents, but not convents only, the informal meditations of "Nova et Vetera" came as a breath of fresh air into a close room.

Here was prayer without constraint or contortion ; here was the love of God enfolding, and not suppressing, the natural love of family and friends ; here was Nature walking hand in hand with Grace, and not labouring behind her, carrying her parcels. Here conventionality was made to blush, while a certain reckless and generous disregard of form proved, once more, its Gospel origin.

The keynote of the book is love and spontaneous love ; love of God, love of man, but this latter as the *sine qua non* of the former.

If love is life—as it certainly is—how much life does not the narrowness of our affection cut us off from ! What abundant fuel of happiness is lying waste all about us while we shiver with cold.*

And :

He who does not know what it is to love as a child, as a brother, as a parent, a husband, a master, a friend, how can he pretend to that love which contains all these loves eminently—the love of Him who is father, spouse, friend, brother, child, all in one.†

And, as against the levelling instinct of some ascetics :

It is only from an idea that fraternal love is wholly extrinsic that the unnatural and unworkable notion could have arisen that Christian perfection bids us regard all with strict equality of affection.‡

Then for the self-forgetfulness of true love :

Perhaps our best and purest acts are those we do most directly, most instinctively, with least self-consciousness and self-praise.

* "Dimensions of Charity."

† "From Nature to God."

‡ "St. John the Evangelist."

Whence comes this devil's doctrine which gives us a God of nature and a God of grace at enmity with one another?*

Or again :

Et viso illo præterivit. No doubt this good priest would have done something for the wounded man had he been in his district, but the interference would perhaps be keenly resented by the parish priest. The levite, not being in holy orders, would by no means trespass on the special preserves and privileges of the priesthood. But this outlandish Samaritan knows nothing about rights and privileges and jurisdiction and prescription, and on the mere title of common humanity thrusts himself into other people's concerns instead of minding his own business. *Vade et fac similiter.* †

On every other page we get a word for the poor ; the poor in any and every sense, physical, mental, spiritual :

Their title is their poverty ; misery, rags, disease, sores. The rich are there on sufferance, and so long only as they recognise that their wealth is begged and borrowed. No room for the Pharisee, the self-righteous ! Room for the publicans and harlots ! †

Hence the call to service—always to serve, never to command :

It is no man's vocation to be served ; and if we are served it is to free us, not for our own leisure, but for a fuller service of others. §

And to serve, and yet to fail, leaving the issue to God :

Dante's " *Commedia* " was the cry of a disappointed and banished man. Had his life been a success, according to his own ideas, should we ever have heard of him ? ||

The Church comes before us in a great ideal presentation, such as Dante long ago conceived :

We know when a flower is unfolded and full blown. Is it not evident that the conception of the Catholic Church, of Catholic

* "Natural Kindness." † "Other People's Business."
 † "The Bread of the Poor." § "Christ our Servant."
 || "Failure."

truth and Catholic holiness, is capable of yet greater expansion ; that it has not yet exhaled its sweetest fragrance, or donned its finest and brightest colours ; that the Apostolate of Peter and Paul is far from ended, that their words have not yet gone into all lands nor their voices reached to the end of the earth ?*

From time to time he will, with painful suddenness, strike a note of tragedy, almost pessimism ; hinting at the possibility of total failure, of utter shipwreck ; thus in "Survivals of Grace," where the fallen prophet broke into praise and blessing :

Yet he died in the ranks of God's enemies, fighting against Israel ; or he will not spare us the conception of wilful wrongdoing :

Were it not better to say openly : "I know the will of God, but I prefer my own," than to sin against truth as well as against goodness ?†

or as in "Mid-Life" :

One stands tottering on the ledge that divides the deepest faith and hope and love from the deepest agnosticism, pessimism, cynicism. Prior to this our inner life is but embryonic, formative and uterine. Now it is that we are brought to the birth ; either to begin to live, or to be strangled in the process ; either *à rivider le stelle*, or *à rovinare in basso loco*.

"Hard Sayings," published in 1898, is a collection of "conferences and meditations," written at "sundry times and in divers manners"; the scheme of their arrangement being, loosely, that of the "Spiritual Exercises." They are "Hard Sayings" because they are often not understood by those who repeat them most emphatically ; and because they are opposed, not only to the lower but also to the higher wisdom of the outside world. The first object of these pages is, then, to make Catholics "appropriate" that which

* "SS. Peter and Paul."

† "Sins against Light."

they often content themselves to hold by mere inheritance :

Indeed the soul will never be raised higher or further strengthened by any truth which it has once penetrated or comprehended, and which therefore retains for it no element of mystery or wonder, for it is only by straining to comprehend what exceeds its present grasp that it grows great.*

Next, he would persuade the outside world that the asceticism of the Church has indeed its adaptability to modern environment, its use and its message for the noblest of modern minds :

It is, then, the belief that a deeper and more comprehensive view of the Church's ethical and spiritual ideals; of her conception as to the capacities, the dignity and destiny of the human soul, of the hope that she inspires in the midst of so much that is otherwise disheartening, of the light which she sheds over the dark abyss of sin and temptation and sorrow—it is the belief that such a comprehensive view may in some cases serve far more effectually than any direct apologetic to win, to establish, or to confirm an abiding faith in her divine origin and operation, that must partly excuse or justify an otherwise reprehensible popularising of the “secrets of the King.” †

“Hard Sayings” has more formal unity than “Nova et Vetera,” but contains a conspicuous variety of level ; it is not so spontaneous and bears less of the personal impress than its predecessor. We get in it a fair proportion of thoughtless assertions, with careless condemnations of the doctrines and practices of the non-Catholic world ; hardnesses in judgment and expression, that are like patches of anæsthesia in a body that is gradually coming to life. See, for one instance, a passage in the chapter “A Great Mystery,” where he writes :

Such being the type, the ideal of Christian marriage, what shall we say of the reality as we see it around us in this de-Christianised

* P. x.

† Pp. xv-xvi.

country, where Catholics find it so hard, so impossible, to keep mind or heart free from the infectious pestilence of unbelief and moral consumption, etc.

To a just criticism of this passage from Baron F. von Hügel, he replies :

The part against Protestant standards of marriage was written some years ago, and may well disagree with the rest in tone. (January 8th, 1899.)

Along with this thoughtless dogmatism we have also a deliberate and thoughtful defence of positions which he may afterwards have abandoned. In parts belonging to this second category he was himself, even though it was himself in an earlier stage of development; in those of the former category he speaks rather from rote than from reasoned conviction.

Then again, there are treatises in which we find the poet and mystic of "Nova et Vetera" and "Oil and Wine"; though it would perhaps be difficult to find any passages reaching the highest levels to which these latter sometimes attain.

Yet, in this volume, as in some of the early articles, there is more than meets the eye.

To a friend, who had written and shown him an article on it, he thus replied :

I am afraid there is not much intelligent interest abroad in problems of asceticism and their ethical bearing, nor do 3 per cent. of the readers of "Hard Sayings" see the far-reaching principles which it quietly assumes as granted on all hands, but which would probably be hotly contested if stated as theses. I mean the book is much more destructive of widely received views about the spiritual life than the ordinary reader will ever divine, and yet because it keeps much to consecrated forms of expression its *virus* or *virtus* (as the case may be) will enter unperceived and work its effect long after by a process of unconscious cerebration. . . . My honest belief is that I am but counteracting a *virus* of Neoplatonism and Gnosticism which for centuries has been struggling to choke the good seed of Gospel asceticism, and whose hour is now come.

This was probably the first of George Tyrrell's publications that brought its writer the advantage of scholarly and yet friendly criticism; such criticism as is often epoch-making in the life of an author. That criticism came from Baron Friedrich von Hügel, of whom much more presently, with whom he had then been in relations of intercourse and correspondence for rather more than a year.

"External Religion" is a collection of addresses delivered in the Lent Term of 1899 to the Catholic undergraduates of Oxford. Baron von Hügel, at the end of a long and careful letter of criticism, says:

I think that in what strike me as its two main doctrines—the unconscious or variously obscure, but most real and, when favoured, powerful presence within us of an inward Christ pushing us upwards and outwards with a view to join hands with the outward Christ who is pressing inwards, these two as necessary conditions for the apprehensions of Faith and Love; and the illuminative character of action, which makes the Christianity of the individual soul continually to re-begin with an experiment, and re-conclude by an experience—that in these two main points it is entirely Blondel and Laberthonnierian, but, of course, with all the sound and sane Mystics generally. How nobly and rightly modern these doctrines are—modern only, after all, in the sense of being also ancient, for they are at bottom of and for all times, indestructible as Life and Love themselves. If I may criticise, etc.

In this work, which he himself rated higher than some of those which had attracted greater attention, we have, as it were *ex professo*, that conception of the Church which has flitted through the pages of the earlier works. This ideal Church is neither a majestic political force, nor a fair creation of the philosophic mind, pure and faultless, because remote from human weakness. The Church, for him, was a lowlier, and yet, in the best sense, holier creation, standing on the ground, at the level of the weakest, its doors wide open, its pavement soiled by the feet of the poor and

miserable; ready to learn, even while she taught, to serve while she commanded. In his mind she was there for mankind, and mankind was not there for her. *Sacramenta propter hominem* is a theological dictum; it might almost be the motto of this book. If the sacraments are for man, so is the Church for the world, and her ministers will best serve her end by exposing her, with her institutions and her hierarchy, to treatment nearly as rough as that which her divine Master had faced and undergone. She could be soiled indeed by self-seeking, but not by the roughest wanderings in search of her sheep.

Because she is alive in every part, the laity have their active part in her system; thus, in the last essay but one, "The Promise of Indefectibility," he first touches on a theme that is to occupy him so much later on, that of the mutual relations of the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens*. Meanwhile it is sufficiently apparent to him that the *Ecclesia Docens* must be, in her own interests, ever a pupil as well as an admonitress and teacher; patient under difficulties:

Willing to let the two irreconciled truths live quietly side by side in the mind, without forcing a premature reconciliation or casting out one or the other.*

5.

MISGIVINGS (1898-1900).

In his relations with the Society of Jesus Father Tyrrell had no definite trouble until the year 1900, but the inward questionings, which had been with him, except at short intervals, from the novitiate onwards, were becoming more acute and insistent.

* Pp. 120, 121.

The question was not as yet, at least chiefly, "Can the Church rise to the height of her mission towards humanity?" but rather, "Can the Society rise to the height of her mission towards the Church?"

There can be no greater mistake than to view him then, or indeed at any time, as a captive fretting within the cage and longing to break through the bars. His first desire was to justify the Society and not to free himself. He still hoped that the Order to which he belonged might play a great part in the intellectual resuscitation of the Church; a hope which such different men as Leibnitz and Lamennais have cherished in the pursuit of their respective ideals. Yet the horizon was dark, and his hopes were closely allied with his fears.

About this time he entered into correspondence with one whom he was not to meet for some years, but whose destiny was to be closely interwoven with his own. Père Henri Bremond, then of the Society of Jesus in France, was a man nearly, not quite, of his own age; of different, but remarkable, intellectual gifts; who had also entered the novitiate very young, indeed much younger than himself, in point of formation and character; who was now suffering, in the same way, from a sense of intellectual repression, though still more from external incongruities to which Father Tyrrell was comparatively indifferent. He had made a special study of English religious writers, particularly those of the Oxford movement, and had, as he still has, a quite rare appreciation and understanding of English thought and expression.

He had noticed Father Tyrrell's articles in the *Month*, and was the first to open a correspondence, of which, unfortunately, his own side is not in existence. To his

first letter Tyrrell replies on July 6th, 1898, from 114 Mount Street :

MY DEAR FATHER BREMOND,

Thank you very much for your kind and encouraging letter. I suppose we have neither of us any right to expect to find a majority in agreement with our hopes and aspirations after a wider spirit. Indeed, I feel it would be bad for me, and I should only move too fast and speak too hastily, were it not that I have to retard my pace so as to keep more or less in line with the very conservative body to which I belong. Irksome as the check has often been, yet I thankfully acknowledge it has saved me from spoiling good ideas by giving them crude and impetuous expression. All this, however, makes an exhibition of sympathy from one of ours all the more refreshing.

The next letter is dated October 2nd of the same year, from Wimbledon College. He concludes thus :

Why are you at Lyons? Have you fallen into the hands of the Philistines? If so, you have only to wait, the spirit is stronger than the letter, and will most surely assert itself even if not through us and in our time. Of course, the true aim should be to save all that is good in the old order, while admitting all that is good in the new. Rigid resistance on either side leads to schism and pseudo-reformations—the bottles burst and the wine is spilt. It is exactly the elasticity of the Spirit of S.P.N.* which is needed now to mediate between the old and new, and to interpret them one to another. As far as the S.J. is true to the spirit of elasticity which gave birth to her, she will be able for the work. It is a curious crisis in her history. N. N. and many others despair of us. I still cherish a hope that the stiffness of our limbs may be rheumatism and not old age—"not unto death, but that the glory of God may be revealed." But the Church, rather than any particular clique, has always been my *donna gentile*—my *Beatrice*; so that my peace does not depend on her handmaids.

Pray for me, dear Father,

Yours ever in Christ,

G. TYRRELL.

On September 20th, 1899, he writes a long letter from Stonyhurst in answer to one from his friend :

* "Sanctus Pater Noster" (St. Ignatius).

MY VERY DEAR FATHER, P.C.,

I have waited long before replying to your letter, wherein you betray what I might well have conjectured, namely, a state of mental perplexity altogether similar to my own. I am afraid that with your more ardent temperament this distress of mind is telling badly on your health; whereas I have in some sense ceased to *feel*—perhaps because the difficulties grew upon me more gradually, from my noviceship steadily onwards. The best thing I can do is, as far as possible, to describe my own attitude and *modus vivendi*, and perhaps if no other good comes to you from it, at least you will see that in some respects you are not alone. As for my faith, so far as it must necessarily be rooted in some kind of experience and not merely in propositions and principles accepted on hearsay, it rests upon the evidence of a Power in myself and in all men “making for righteousness” in spite of all our downward tendencies;—that is the basis of my Theism, which a cumulus of other reasons and experiences only supplements; that is the solid core about which they are all gathered. My Christianity is based on the concrete and intuitive recognition of the full manifestation of that said Power in the man Christ as known to us historically—so full, that I can trust Him and take Him as a teacher sent by God. Here again is the core round which all subsidiary arguments from miracles, etc., group themselves; and without which they go for nothing with me. I could hardly tell, though I know them, all the concrete impressions that make me feel that the Roman Church is the only authorised representative of Christ on earth; and that whatever truth is revealed is to be found in her general teaching like gold in the matrix. I confess that in the present crisis of transition from the old modes of thought to the new, while the process of “translation” is in *fieri*, there is much obscurity as to the Church’s real mind on many questions—the retrogressives and the progressives each desiring to cover their own views with the mantle of infallibility. I should think there has been no infallible utterance since ’70—and that a much milder one than we were taught to believe. When the “sloughing” season is over, the Church will settle down comfortably in her bright new skin. But will the Society have any part to play in the new order? That depends on the possibility of getting back in practice to the vital, flexible principles of Ignatius—the sixteenth-century Hecker. If, as the *Civiltà* says, our motto is (no longer A.M.D.G. but) *Frangar non flectar*, then break we shall and must; for this is to deny the first law of life. Personally I see no escape from *Frangar*. As Lamennais saw a century ago, the maintenance of our customs and traditions

absorbs all our interests and energies, and the end is forgotten in the means.* Our supreme legislature is a Congregation drawn from the provincial congregations, and these are filled with the oldest and most out-of-date men that can be chosen, men with no knowledge of, or sympathy with, what is good in the modern world. The change cannot, therefore, come from above; nor do I think it can come from below by the growth of a public opinion; for every measure is taken to resist this democratic force, and in any case, it is too slow a method to serve us in times that are changing so quickly. *Tempora mutantur et nos non immutamus cum illis.* What then is my position? As long as I *know* that I am in sympathy with S.P.N. I consider my position as an S.J. in no way dishonourable. That I am totally out of sympathy with all but a mere handful of the body is indeed a pain to me; but whose fault is it? As long as my conscience is not violated I am certainly bound to stand firm on what I believe to be the deck of a sinking ship, and I am bound to do my duty therein, though I know it is, in some way, a vain labour. We all have, early in life, to make a decision with the imperfect light then at our command—whether about marriage or our profession or other things, and life's sorrow, for most, consists in standing faithful to the consequences of our words and actions. Every man, when he looks back, says, "Had I known all I know now, I would have elected otherwise." Yes, but he would have elected what would have seemed equally a mistake on retrospect. We don't and can't know the future, and if we choose honestly and in good faith, then the choice (if irrevocable) even if materially a mistake, is God's permission and will, and my vocation. A man takes a wife "for better or for worse"—if it proves *for worse* he may not on that score divorce her. The Society is my wife, and though affection is impossible, yet duty is possible. Of course it is not quite so irrevocable as marriage, and conceivably an occasion might arise when conscience would require severance; but that is not yet in sight. Certainly I should never recommend anyone to enter the English Province as I know it. I should say without hesitation to him, "You are quite unsuited for the Society." I believe in many ways one can do good of a certain kind as a Jesuit which would else be impossible, and perhaps, in many cases, more good than one could do otherwise. Further, were secession otherwise advisable and possible, I should have to calculate for the

* The following sentence would have been in his mind: "Nous croyons que la domination à laquelle aspire la Compagnie de Jésus est celle du Catholicisme; mais elle veut que cette domination soit son œuvre presque exclusive" ("Affaires de Rome").

effect on numbers in and out of the Society who would be thereby upset and would fail wholly to understand the justifying reasons. But above all, I rest on what I first said, that, were S.P.N. in my position, he would feel all that I feel and yet would stay. The cross of uncongenial surroundings was one he valued so highly that his first thought, as you know, was to enter a relaxed order *ut plus pateretur*; that he might find there, in a concentrated form, what the world supplied only in a diluted form. It would be partly a misnomer to call the Society "relaxed," but that its spirit has changed, owing to pressure of circumstances and alteration of the times, is so evident that nothing but fanaticism could maintain the contrary. Now this is my attitude of mind and my *modus vivendi*; I do not proclaim it, but neither do I deny it, or try positively to disguise it; except when the "weaker brethren" might take needless hurt with no compensating good. I will go on quietly with my writing till I am told to stop, which may be sooner or later. I confess on the whole I have been dealt with very liberally; nor do I think the S.J. cares much about what one says so long as there is no attempt to proselytise. And this is very reasonable. A man should not wish to speak for the whole body; nor should he violate the rights of others to their own opinions and prejudices. Also, I think one happy result of repressive methods is the survival of the fittest. *Most* originality is better suppressed. This sounds dreadful; but I mean, numbers pretend to independence who haven't really got it, and they are the source of great harm; whereas the really strong man is irrepressible, and is taught wisdom and stimulated to greater energy by opposition, jealousy and the rest. Hence while the body of the S.J. consists of average modified minds, its fame and greatness are maintained by the few who are strong enough to resist its repressive influence. Certainly all the men who have made their mark in this province are just the men who *could not* be sat upon. I think this is a sound principle of sound progress. What will you think of all this?

Ever yours faithfully, etc.

On October 2nd, 1899, one of the letters concludes thus:

I look forward to your influence on the "Études" and cannot but think your being appointed a good sign of approaching dawn. Nor can I honestly complain of being suppressed; for indeed, being so openly what I am, it is remarkable that I should, for three incessant years, have been appointed to give our community retreats. Nor can I recollect any of my writings being stopped by censors. In all these things we have, I think, reason to hope that no man or

men can long resist the spirit of the day. God lets it be retarded that it may break out later with a greater impetus.

As to your kind thought of drawing attention to my work, I hardly know what to say ; and in fact the best thing I can do is to leave the matter to your own good taste and judgment ; confident that your kindness will spare me anything like distress or embarrassment. The only harm that might come would be from drawing down upon my books the microscopic criticism of those who would be least in sympathy with them. Here, I have escaped just because the few who are hostile to me have not deigned to read a line. If I get famous, I may end on the Index. I take for granted it is only a question of sooner or later. I hope you will always pray for me, for I am much tempted.

Ever yours affectionately, etc.

The last letter we need quote in this place is addressed to his friend on the eve of the latter pronouncing his last vows—a matter that had been already discussed between them. It is also written after his own troubles had taken a more definite and external shape :

FARM STREET,
January 31st, 1900.

CARISSIME,

Thank you most cordially for your kind sympathy ; I fully believe you are far more distressed for me than I am for myself. I have too long anticipated such a check not to receive it stoically. But I do not expect that any permanent harm will arise out of it since the article* is so carefully worded. . . . But my principal object in writing is to assure you that my thoughts and prayers will be with you on the 2nd of February. To offer you congratulations would, I think, be insincere and unmeaning under the circumstances ; except in the sense that a man may be congratulated who, from a sense of duty and principle, sacrifices himself in fulfilment of what he believes to be a binding engagement entered upon in good faith (*impulsus Tibi serviendi desiderio*), and not evidently invalidated by a substantial error. This is a frigid statement of what I nevertheless believe to be a far more heroic act in your case than in the case of those who still take the Society at its own valuation, and for whom profession is a crown and not a cross. *Memor sit (Dominus) omnis sacrificii tui, et holocaustum tuum pingue fuit.*

* "A Perverted Devotion."

6.

"THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES"* (1899-1900).

On January 11th, 1899, Father Tyrrell wrote to Père Henri Bremond :

You suggest a Tyrrellian comment on the "Spiritual Exercises." It has been my dream for years and is, in the rough, already accomplished. It always seemed to me the only possible way of slowly and quickly creating, not a new spirit, but the old spirit of the S.J. in those days when flexibility and accommodation were the secret of a greatness on whose name and shadow we are now subsisting. Yet I grow more and more fastidious, more reluctant to put out at once anything that might improve by keeping and pondering.

This was not the first reference to the subject, which had long occupied his mind.

On October 2nd, 1899, he wrote again to the same :

After long hesitation I have determined to try and get out a book on the "Spiritual Exercises." My scruple was lest, were it successful, it might blind people to the real temper of the concrete S.J. and serve to foster a mischievous illusion. Against this I see that, were it successful in resuscitating the broad liberal spirit of Ignatius, it would be like new wine poured into old bottles ; they would either have to stretch or break. I cannot but see that the spirit of the day has got through the chinks of the closest cloisters, and that even in the Society it is working rapidly in the younger men ; and it must be either *in resurrectionem* or *in ruinam*. Frankly, I think the Society is too old to stretch ; and if so, *Succidatur ; ad quid occupat terram ?* But if she has youth in her still she might, even as representing the conservative principle, play a great part in the proximate transformation of the Catholic Church.

Through all his anxiety in regard to the Society, Father Tyrrell still clung to his early belief in the broad, original spirit of her founder, and the high ascetical value of the "Spiritual Exercises" she had

* For non-Catholics it may be here said that the "Spiritual Exercises" are a standard spiritual work written by St. Ignatius Loyola, and regarded as a text-book in the Society of Jesus.

inherited from him. In this double belief he fortified himself during the last years in which he could call himself, *ex animo*, a Jesuit; and to this work on the "Exercises," which he planned and cherished with a love he never bestowed on any other (I give no proof, but speak with positive conviction), he would have wished to consecrate the best of his heart and his mind, and then, as he told a friend at the time, "it would be best to die."

He regarded St. Ignatius as a great innovator, and held that some of his much criticised rules (*e.g.*, "manifestation of conscience") had been instituted wholly in the interests of individual liberty, and as a substitute for mechanical rule. But under the formalising process this Ignatian system of flexible, spiritual government was being transformed into a closely knit and ultra-conservative organism, while the "Exercises" were becoming petrified by the prevailing lack of mysticism.

Eventually he came to think there was only one way to preserve the spirit of a founder from such petrification, and that was for his work to die with him. Thus to V., November, 1900 :

You suggest temporary religious life for individuals; I should propose the same for Orders. I should allow a Hecker to gather a band of fellow-spirits as long as he was alive to keep up the first fervour. After his death they should die out ruthlessly. All the misery comes from a mistaken loyalty to the letter of the founder's rule, which at last slays the spirit. Where more than with us? The most "liberalising" Order ever conceived has become the one block in the way of the Church's expansion.

In the course of the year 1899 he wrote a short preface to the "Life of St. Ignatius" by M. Henri Joly, in its English translation,* and he also put a

* Duckworth and Co. "The Saints" series.

preface and epilogue to the "Testament of St. Ignatius," translated by E. M. Rix.* In each of these the hero stands out in massive independence of his own prejudices and those of his time, and in corresponding remoteness from the later accretions to his system. In the preface to the "Testament" he compares Ignatius to the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," both of them men infected with the vices of their early education, both of them rising above contemporary prejudice by their earnestness in the pursuit of a lofty ideal.

In the epilogue to the "Testament" he writes :

Standing on the threshold of the modern world at one of those crises when the Christian idea seemed to have outgrown its earlier clothing beyond all hope of patching or piecing—when a narrow adherence to non-essentials of form and fashion was equivalently an attempt to pour new wine into already overstretched skins, Ignatius instinctively divined the source of the Church's danger to lie in the neglect of his favourite maxim, in the tyranny of habit over reason, in the exaltation of what had originally been means into ends, to the detriment of the very ends to which they had been directed.

The idea, then, of his work on the "Exercises" was to give to a new age that message of St. Ignatius which was suited to all ages. To this end he had accumulated literally masses of material, and a good deal of this had already been elaborated into some form at the time of the letters above quoted. But the year 1900 was a crucial one in his life. The article, "A Perverted Devotion," of which more presently, appeared in December, 1899; his own development was proceeding apace; his sphere of influence was widening; his first, and only abiding, aim, to work in the cause of religion against unbelief, was beginning to receive some fulfilment, when suddenly it seemed that all this promise was to be brought to nought, and his

* Sands and Co.

hands tied just as they were laying hold of his destined work.

I more than suspect that I am to be henceforth "muzzled," not only as to writing, but also as to preaching, retreat-giving, etc. (Thus to Père Bremond on June 19th, 1900.)

Now we can tell fairly well the process of reasoning that went on in his mind during these months, in which he had intended to complete this work, but found himself checked in every work. He thought to give the "Exercises" their true and original meaning, but here was he, a "suspect" in the eyes of his Order, and at least partially debarred from the ordinary opportunities of a Jesuit to spread the teaching of his Founder. From being a frequent giver of retreats it was becoming a question whether he would be allowed to give them at all; and he naturally said to himself, "If I am not fit to speak the message neither am I fit to write it"; and "if neither the 'Exercises' nor the Order are animated by the spirit I have ascribed to them, I am deceiving the world in representing both under a false aspect."

It was logical enough, even if it were the logic of a sore and angry man; and it led, unfortunately, to a practical conclusion, which logic sometimes fails to do. One day, early in 1900, the deed of destruction was done, and on September 24th, 1900, he writes to V.:

I destroyed an almost completed work on the "Exercises" some months ago and do not regret it. It would only have created a false idea of the teaching and principles of the existing S.J. which would be neither fair to the Order nor to the public.

The "almost finished" work was thus destroyed; and with it a bond was snapped. But the love in his heart died harder than the scheme in his head; and even now he could not quite abandon the cherished plan. A quantity of the rougher material still remained,

scattered, for the most part, amongst various friends to whom he had lent it ; with whom some of it may even yet remain for aught I know. Then in July, 1900, he gave his last retreat, which was delivered to an association of women amongst whom it was my lot to be present. One or two amongst them took notes during the discourses, and acting on hints that he might be willing to co-operate in such a work, these notes were gathered together and placed in my hands. It was hoped he would then put the last touches to the work ; and that though he might not be able to publish it under his own name, others might do so.

The attempt, however, was a failure, and he was dissatisfied with the result as submitted to him.

Thus he wrote from Richmond, on November 1st, 1900 :

I have been through the "Exercises" with red ink, and send them together with a list of criticisms and suggestions. I wish I had done all this earlier, and I should have been disabused of the sanguine belief that I could express myself well and clearly. I will speak frankly and arrogantly. Your note-takers illustrate perfectly the principle that the eye can only see what it brings with itself the power of seeing. On the whole, with inconsiderable exceptions, they have seized on just those things that every retreat-giver says, and on what was to my mind mere padding and banality ; while all that was distinctive, pointed and worth recording has been either missed, or misinterpreted into something colourless and commonplace. . . . That I corrected in some places so liberally was not that I thought the thing really redeemable to anything like literary excellence ; but partly in self-justification, partly because, in spite of my removal from such interests, the old fire would kindle now and then with the beauty of so grand a theme, and the thought of what could be made out of it if one were free and had a religious public worth writing for. Still even in its present uncouth form I think the MS. (if the form and wording were brushed up a little) might be usefully printed. . . . I suppose my thought and language are so correlated by much writing that I could never be satisfied with anyone's version of my discourses ; or with anything less than a full shorthand report. . . . I had a weak, relenting wish that

though I could never do the work myself it might have been done by others . . . for I have always regarded the "Exercises" as the finest fruit of Christian teaching and as of a very high "Apologetic" value for that reason; and had set it before me as the work in which all the others were to culminate. When I made my holocaust a few months ago of all but a few fragments of my first consecutive attempt to realise this idea, it was not merely because I had lost for ever all faith in and affection for the Society, but also because the effort fell so short of what I had hoped. If you don't mind I will collect and send you the *débris* and raw material from which I worked; and from that, together with the MS., it might be possible at some time for someone to piece the thing together on the lines suggested in the paper of criticisms, more or less in my own words.

Personally I hope I do not care a straw whether this is done or not; but if you or others wish the thing done *well* I will do everything short of direct authorship and responsibility. I could not, in my literary conscience, be a partner to its being done ill.

I have given this letter, with all its contradictions, because thus it will best set forth the divided state of his own mind; he wanted not to care, but he did care. His judgment of this first effort was slightly modified when he wrote, two days later:

Your labour is not all lost—for as now corrected the MS. is fairly satisfactory; but I have had such big ambitions in the matter that less than the best could never satisfy me.

One cannot but regret that the work was not, then and there, brought to a conclusion. He would have done it better at that moment than later on, when he looked, as across a chasm, to the spot where once he stood. Had he lived to complete the circle he might indeed have returned to it with the same earnestness and even greater fulness; but, as things turned out, he moved further and further from his original standpoint. The old materials came, in great part, into my hands, and were kept for some time along with the notes referred to. Along with portions of less value there were also some very costly fragments; what however remained most deeply impressed on my

mind was the prevailing evidence of devotion to the "Exercises" and their author. At every turn one came on the S.P.N. formula, and some reverent attempt to give the most spiritual signification to the words of the Founder.

Events thickened, and he became ever less disposed for the work. Yet one could not accept the idea of its entire destruction; at least something should be preserved to which he could set his seal. The little that was thus preserved is to be found in "The Soul's Orbit," written in 1903-1904, and published by Messrs. Longmans, in the latter year.

The first attempt at a literal rendering having proved a failure, an entirely different mode of procedure was here adopted. I took the materials and used them as my own; thus at times I was merely a compiler, at times a sort of commentator, at times an author. Sometimes whole passages were put down as they stood; more frequently they were interpreted from the rough MS.; or again, I would use this latter as suggestive of further ideas. Sometimes he would work upon this and I again upon that; until certain parts were of such mixed authorship that now, as the MSS. are destroyed, I can hardly myself clearly distinguish the twofold authorship. Yet one or two chapters he added which are all his own; as it might be almost said of one or two that they were hardly his at all. Roughly we may call him sole or chief author of Chapters I., II., III., IV., V., IX., XI., XIV.; and part-author of Chapters VI., VII., VIII., XIII.; with the remaining chapters he had comparatively little to do.

When the work was completed all the original MSS. were destroyed, according to his wish; so that "Hard Sayings" and "The Soul's Orbit" are all that remain of the great original scheme.

With that scheme perished, we will not say his love for the Society, which was perhaps never wholly extinguished; but his belief in its actual adaptability to the needs of the Church and the age. He had first thought to work through the Society for the Church, and through the Church for the world; he now definitely abandoned the first of these two aims. To his mind the Society had outlived her true purpose and original spirit. In another sense he might have repeated the words he wrote to Père Henri Bremond on June 13th, 1899 :

For us, in particular, the attitude of the *Civiltà* or even to some degree the *Month* or the *Études* is distressing—we being apt to give undue importance to interests simply because they are nearer and more personal; but I try to keep before me the *great-hearted indifference* of S.P.N., to whom the Society was nothing save so far as a means to the Church's end; and who asserted that a quarter of an hour would have reconciled him to its extinction did the Church's interest demand it.

CHAPTER III

A LONG FRIENDSHIP (1897-1909)

WE must go back a little and forward a good deal to speak of a friendship which was already in the making, and which was more than an incident in the life before us. Tyrrell's writings were beginning to attract a certain amount of general attention, and amongst others Baron Friedrich von Hügel had noted a rising light on the Catholic horizon, having been struck by certain articles in the *Month*, notably by passages in that on the "Prospects of Reunion," as well as by other writings.

On September 20th, 1897, he wrote from his home in Hampstead :

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

For some time already I have been wanting to give myself the pleasure of writing and thanking you most sincerely for all the furtherance and encouragement that I have so abundantly found in your "Nova et Vetera," of ideas and tendencies that have now for long been part and parcel of my life, its aims, and combats. I wanted also to find out whether you perhaps could and would come up here to luncheon some day, at one, and get a walk and talk with me afterwards?

The first meeting took place October 9th following, and was the prelude of a long and close companionship.

At an earlier or a later date this new friendship might have been less fruitful in its results, but during those years, occupied chiefly in study and writing, at Farm Street and Wimbledon College, a conflict was in

progress, and a crisis was near at hand. Yet such a crisis might conceivably be avoided. He was suffering, indeed, but not for the first time. He had already made vigorous efforts to follow the line of a *parti pris*, to enclose himself in a system, and to find in that system the final conditions of his activity. Might he not have succeeded once more in this endeavour? have quieted the restless spirit, and turned his eyes from the facts and considerations that were bound to alter his course?

We have seen that he was not incapable of thoughtful, and even of thoughtless, dogmatism; and if in "Nova et Vetera" we hear the cry of an imprisoned soul, in parts of "Hard Sayings," and in many of the *Month* articles, we have evidences of the severely orthodox temper.

No one can answer for what might have been, but it is at least certain, from all we have learned from himself, that he would have been only too glad to find irresistible confirmation of his actual position.

Hence every fresh occasion of contact with the world of religious thought, outside the restricted circle in which he found himself, was doubly significant at this stage of his development, and in his new friend he found one singularly fitted to lead him into those pastures for which he was unconsciously starving. That he found such a friend was, indeed, because he had half started on the same way; he might have found another guide, he might have found none at all, he might have turned back into places where he did not need one, but, having found this one, the history of their friendship is an important part of his life.

In Baron Friedrich von Hügel Tyrrell met one who, like himself, had won his faith in the sweat of his brow; a scholar in many fields of knowledge, but a

profound believer in the one Church; a mind that sought truth at any price, but appreciated the need of legitimate submission. In him, also, he found one who had done more than any man living to bring together the profoundest religious thinkers of the age. But, most of all, this was, perhaps, his first intimate acquaintance with a *scholar* in the true sense of the word, a man of finished general education, wide reading and vast knowledge on a considerable number of subjects. During his long seclusion in the Society Tyrrell had met learned men and able men, men of culture and men of science, but he had probably seen comparatively little of the all-round scholar, a type of its own, to which genius itself must often bow. To be in contact with such is in itself a discipline; a discipline in the regard for facts, a discipline in the regard for words, their import and value; a discipline in the ever-present remembrance of a wider whole, in which each field of thought and knowledge has its place, but not more than its place.

In this friend Father Tyrrell found the kind of critic he most needed; one who could appreciate his strength and correct his deficiencies; one who would not pass over such confident, but ungrounded assertions as will be made by the young writer who is not overlooked by men as strong as himself.

“I really have not thought the matter out,” Tyrrell answers to comments on certain passages in “Hard Sayings”; and, in regard to another point, it “was written some years ago, and may well disagree with the rest in tone.” Such criticism would induce a good deal more than the amendment of details; it would at once stimulate and chasten the whole process of thought and mode of expression. The majority of us are apt, all our lives, to say many things in virtue of custom

rather than conviction, old habits remain that are out of harmony with the growing life ; hard, stiff twigs and branches, bruising the young fruit and impeding its development. Sometimes the dead branches remain too long and kill the promise ; very often indeed it is only the hand of another that can pluck them off and free the growth.

Such a service Tyrrell's new friend was well capable of rendering him, and of rendering it with that reverence, or spiritual tact, which corresponds to the light, deft touch of the surgeon.

He, on the other hand, brought into the common treasure of their friendship his gifts of rapid perception, and clear, artistic expression, together with that vigorous, methodical power of exposition and that keen theological sense which had been developed by his scholastic training.

For the rest, to say much in a few inadequate words, both men had made religion the ruling interest, theoretical and practical, of their lives ; both believed in the hidden possibilities of the Catholic Church, her adaptability to new needs and new knowledge ; both knew the obstacles to that process of adaptation, and one of them, at least, that those obstacles did not consist solely in a pure and unworldly, though ignorant, love of the truth ; both had experienced the pain of loneliness and misunderstanding, and rejoiced to clasp a friendly hand, to speak out, not a cautiously worded fragment, but the very whole of what lay in their minds.

Thus Baron von Hügel, on June 18th, 1899, from Hampstead :

As to your letters, I can only say most sincerely that I am always most deeply grateful to God for the bracing, penetrating helpfulness of your life and ideas, writings and conversation ; and that I shall

always, please God, esteem any interview you may manage to procure for me as a very real advantage. . . . I, too, you must feel it sympathetically, am much and often, indeed constantly disciplined, as our all-good and all-wise Lover knows, by that isolation and interior loneliness which I notice is the marked lot and badge of all my close friends—men who have constantly to fall back upon God to make and keep them true lovers and helpers of their kind. And as to souls like those great, large-hearted lonely ones, such as N——, Blondel, Laberthonnière, Duchesne, Eucken, and one or two more abroad, I have so far found, amongst our now living English Catholics, but one—yourself. I have, indeed, a fair number of English Catholic scholar friends, and, amongst non-Catholics, I have also, on this side of the Channel, several good and much-cared-for friends ; but there is, amongst the Catholic Englishmen I now know, somehow no other one whom I feel and see to be one of those self-sending children of the dawn and of Christ's ampler day. May God keep and preserve you, ever more and more along this costing, but alone fully fruitful, line of light and life and love.

On November 20th of the same year, Tyrrell writes from Farm Street :

MY DEAR BARON,

I am disappointed not to be able to see you once more before you go. I thank you in anticipation for the books and also for the photograph, which I shall really value, especially on account of the very kind and affectionate intention with which you have given it. I cannot tell you, without seeming almost to be paying you *quid pro quo*, the strong developing influence your friendship has exerted upon my mind ; in how many cases it has determined me, at points of bifurcation, to choose this road rather than that, and all with the happy result of making my mind more of a Jerusalem, *i.e.* a city at unity with itself.

Later, when troubles are beginning, the Baron writes thus to his friend, March 4th, 1900 :

MY DEAR FATHER TYRRELL,

I feel more than usually sorry and guilty at having left your kindnesses so long unacknowledged ; for you have been in trouble, and a word of sympathy from one's friends—though it is no cure—is yet,—who has not himself experienced it ?—a very precious gift of God. But I know well that you will have felt sure how entire and constant my sympathy is with your work and ideal, with what

you have done (so quite astonishingly much) and with what you would do and still do (so much more again). I can say in all simple truth that since Newman's death there has been no English-speaking Catholic whose work appeals to me, and pierces, I think, to the very centre of questions, to a degree at all really comparable to yours. And *your* trouble has, hence, been most really *my* trouble also. Accustomed as I am, for now well-nigh thirty years, to find my friends and helpers having to scud before the gale, or to lie low and spend a good part of their life and strength in avoiding, parrying, or anticipating blows—I was still hoping that you might somehow, with the (temporary) loss of your Professorship of now some years ago, have paid your price, and that no further check would come. Still, considering everything, we have even now much cause for gratitude and unbroken trust and initiative—for, after all, it has only come now; and, even now, it is more trying than destructive. But there are pretty sure to be details about it all, known only to yourself and to persons immediately concerned, petty, easily embittering details, above which you will rise in magnanimous obliviousness, since, amongst other things, the splendid *nerve* and strong, mellow tone of your writings must not, and will not, suffer—too many souls require you and your writings for *that* to happen at all. And yet, among that really noble gallery of friends of mine, I have, at close quarters, been able to see, from week to week, sometimes from day to day, how difficult this non-diminution of confidence and productiveness is. Newman, Duchesne, Blondel—it would be untrue to say that any one of these did not, or does not, produce less or differently than they, otherwise, could and would have done. Loisy, in these respects, is amazing; and Laberthonnière very good.

Under the guidance of his friend Tyrrell quickly embarked on new courses of reading and study. Through the Baron, as also through Père H. Bremond, he made acquaintance with the "Philosophy of Action," as exposed in the works of M. Maurice Blondel and his creative interpreter, Père Laberthonnière. Thus to Baron von Hügel, December 6th, 1897 :

I have read several times Blondel's little brochure, and am much impressed with it, though I do not pretend to enter into all his ideas owing to my unclearness as to much of his meaning. Wherever I understand him I agree with him; especially *e.g.* in his

criticism of the insufficiency of current forms of apologetic; and also in his wider view of saving faith. It has driven me back to reconsider views of my own which I have always felt were censurable theologically as rash, but which would not always be rash.

He writes again, on December 31st, to thank for two more pamphlets, and says:

Thank you very much indeed for the pamphlets. Blondel I had already received from Father Bremond, and had read without much profit, for his style is most obscure, especially to me, whose language is scholastic though my thought is mystic. But "Le Dogmatisme moral"* was a great joy to me, as giving a clearer insight into the "Philosophy of Action," or rather the Philosophy of the heart and of concrete human nature. I felt at home there in nearly everything, and doubt not but I shall be able to fit it all into my own mind without any violent revolution. Still, I noticed several places where the idea might have been expressed in a way less likely to give offence to the Philistines—an evil to be avoided out of deference, not to their opinion, but to their power of making mischief.

Blondel, however, was not abandoned, and nearly three years later we have a long letter from Richmond, on the great work of that author, "L'Action":

September 7th, 1900.

MY DEAR BARON,

I brought "L'Action" up here with me to study it carefully and undistractedly, and I was only waiting till I had finished it to write to you. I began with the Quatrième Partie, and found it luminous, though not without mingled obscurity: then I started at the beginning, and was delighted with the stating of the question in Part I.; nearly reduced to despair by Part II., and the two first *étapes* of Part III. Then the light dawned, and, save for a few hitches here and there, I marched triumphantly to the very end. I found I had simply to translate it into explicit English as I went along. It has taken me three weeks, but surely it will repay thus to have opened the ground. I now see why the Baron de Retour accused me of being a reader of Blondel, for we seem, if I may say it without arrogance, to reach most identical conclusions independently, and from most opposite approaches—a fact which vouches for the "naturalness" of those conclusions far more than had we

* By Abbé L. Laberthonnière.

followed the same methods. To put it more truly he reaches by a methodical research what I stumble on by luck, or, at best, by instinct. Hence it is a great strength to me to discover that I have been unconsciously talking philosophy. I began by underlining what I liked or clipped; but I soon found that this would mean underlining whole pages together. I propose now translating the bits I like best, as well as the countless little *bene-dettoes* and apothegms, which would have amply repaid the perusal, even had one missed the general drift altogether. One cannot sufficiently regret that so epoch-making a book should be practically buried in the obscurity of its style—buried, that is, to those who stand most in need of it and are accustomed to that familiar terminology of the schools which has passed into every modern language. I steadily refuse to admit that anything that Blondel has said could not be said with transparent simplicity. It would be little use to translate “L’Action” into English, unless it were simply paraphrased. I was secretly deterred from reading it ere now by what I now see to have been a shallow critique of it in *Mind* by some impatient reviewer. What will happen will be that middlemen, like myself—literary jackals—will learn from him, and, translating his thought to the multitude, will get credit for it, and so enter into his labours when he is forgotten. If I were a free man I should dearly like to write a series of articles on this work, illustrated by copious extracts. But I must go over it and over it before even thinking of such a thing.

By Baron von Hügel Tyrrell was also first encouraged to enter on the great field of Scripture Criticism, in which, indeed, it was never his aim or his lot to become a specialist, but of which he became, more and more, an assiduous student; absorbing fully enough for the more enlightened prosecution of his own line of thought.

On June 29th, 1898, he wrote from Wimbledon:

And now I turn to your most interesting pamphlet on the Hexateuch, which has made me almost regret the resolve that I made some years ago to turn away from a question so far beyond my ability and leisure, in which I should only be at the mercy of others more expert than myself. At school I got a good grounding in Hebrew, of which I retain some dominant impressions, and could with little difficulty awake it into activity. But at St. Beuno’s I

realised that to do anything to forward Biblical studies I should have begun years before, and excluded every other pursuit. As studies are arranged in the curriculum of most ecclesiastical institutions, I don't think it is possible for priests to be to the fore in the Scripture question. Seven years go to scholasticism, which might all be fitted into two or three with gain.

But it was then, even more than now when translations multiply so fast, essential to the study of modern Biblical criticism, as of much else, to possess a good working knowledge of German. Such a need in his friend the Baron could not suffer to continue, and by quiet, persistent persuasion induced him to undertake the labour, which was then accomplished with wonderful celerity.

"I do wish you could read German," writes von Hügel, August 27th, 1900.

On September 30th, he tempts him with the, then, untranslated riches of Professor Rudolf Eucken :

N. N. is evidently getting deeply into, and getting ever so much out of, Eucken. How I wish you, too, could study him.

The bait is partly successful, for Tyrrell answers on November 12th :

N. N. feeds me like a little bird with choice worms and flies from Eucken, which I gulp down greedily, and wish I could feed myself.

The stimulus is quietly applied from time to time, and on September 22nd, 1901, Tyrrell writes :

I have actually *begun* German; but oh! what a language! Hebrew seems a simple task in comparison.

Later on, January 3rd, 1902 :

I am beginning to crawl about in the mazes of your mother-tongue. I have read a couple of volumes of the guileless Hauff; . . . and am now at Wernle's "Anfänge," etc., in order to pick up the technical style, which, unlike what obtains in other languages, seems far more difficult than the literary.

“Work, work at your German, *mind* and please,’ writes his friend, on July 10th following, and the same day Tyrrell is able to say :

The wheels of my German chariot revolve slowly ; still, for an eight-month child, I have done more than I expected.

The language thus acquired served him mostly for his profounder studies, but he read also a fair amount of its literature, and his versions of some of the poems of Heine were one of the last amusements of his life.

In the early stages of their companionship the influence of Baron von Hügel tended rather to forward than to retard the advance of his friend’s mind ; later on the positions were somewhat reversed, and we find him endeavouring to check the rapidity of one to whom quick movement was all too natural.

Thus, in a criticism of “Hard Sayings,” the Baron writes :

In your admirable advice to Idealists,* I should have liked on pp. 364, 365, something more active for all, than standing by helpless at the side of the Cross and praying. I say this, knowing well that prayer is the greatest help—it and example ; and how easily fussiness and even a sectarian spirit can creep into anything attempted over and above that. And yet,—is it not in part through such an ideal as the former, that they have got so sleepy and stony in Catholic countries? I find for myself, that everywhere, if one will but care, and look about, there are men and women, clerics and lay, who are, in the world of learning or of action, working and living for true bettering ; that I have but to join myself on to them, encourage and get encouragement, to find active work without presumption, I think, and that I can thus escape the impossible alternative of caring deeply and yet leaving it all to professionals. (December 31st, 1898.)

While, in answer to a criticism of one of the essays eventually incorporated in “Oil and Wine,” and another, Tyrrell writes on February 20th, 1901 :

* “Idealism—Its Use and Abuse.”

I must thank you for your most patient criticism of my Faith-essay, and of the Patmore problem. We are indeed in perfect agreement in our principles, only, as usual, you are ahead of me in respect to their consequences, and remind me that I have to hurry up. That is where the solitary thinker is at a disadvantage; he is apt to sit down and say: It is enough. Every time I meet you or hear from you I am poked on a little further; but, like a wheelbarrow, I am not susceptible of sustained impetus, but stick where I am dropped, and occupy myself in knitting the new thoughts into the old. In some ways it is better so.

Quite otherwise, in a delicately affectionate and sympathetic letter of December 4th, 1902, Baron von Hügel writes :

I am deeply conscious how that, in my own case, it has been the merciful condescension of God which has generally given me my spiritual and mental food so piecemeal, in such manageable and far-between fragments, which has also, by this, enabled me to keep and improve and, I hope and think, to strengthen my convictions (and their centre and life-giving power) as to Him, and our Lord, and His Church. But, of course, even so, there have been crises and trials, sometimes acute, and rarely altogether absent. . . . And also I determined to tell you—not, God knows, as measuring myself against you, even if you are in darkness, for it may be my turn next!—that, thank God, without having any popular, immediately clear answers ready, without, indeed, being free from the keen feeling of the difficulties of the position—I do feel that, at bottom and in the long run, all is well. I mean, that in the slow, intermittent, combined and mutually supplementary and corrective devotednesses and patient light-awaitings of us all, all will be found to have been occasioned by, and to have a place in, that ever deeper apprehension of the mystery of life and of love, and of the necessity for their continuous, painful deepening within our hearts, which Christianity has indefinitely increased and developed, just because it is life at its most fruitful and most self-conscious point.

To which Tyrrell answers, December 5th, 1902 :

MY VERY BEST OF FRIENDS,

I cannot thank you too much for this last mark of your affection. My letter of yesterday will show that your telepathy was not altogether at fault. . . . Still the temporary *bouleversement* of my ideas did not in any appreciable way affect my general faith

or hope or even good spirits. Indeed I am too accustomed to such crises of alternating night and day to doubt but that the sun will appear again, and that seeming loss of truth is the condition of fuller gain. We get our food in blocks and periodically like the lions in the Zoo, and not like babes in a continual stream from our mother's breast; and I am not sure that I don't sometimes long for a good tough block and rejoice when it comes. Now and then—now, for example—it is so tough and big that one's courage is for the moment baulked; but my letter will have shown you that I have flung myself upon it and am trying to assimilate it though it should cost me every tooth in my jaw.

And then, my dear kind friend, as to your "economising" with me for my own peace sake, I don't think you understand how absolutely and indeed culpably little I have ever cared about my own soul, my present or future peace, except as a condition of helpfulness to others. It is a natural affection that has been left out of my composition for some strong purpose. Like Moses, I would rather be damned with the mass of humanity than saved alone or even with a minority; and so I could not bear to think that there were faith, or moral difficulties pressing on others of which I knew nothing; and that I owed my stability to any sort of ignorance or half-view. All the vast help you have given me—and surely I have grown from a boy to a man since I knew you—has been in opening up my eyes to an ever fuller and deeper knowledge of the data of the great problem of life.

Later on these differences of mind and temperament became more marked, especially as Tyrrell gathered friends and followers from all sides and no longer belonged exclusively to the more defined group. It was his nature to rush into the fray regardless of his own person and appearance; to share the destiny of "Tommy Atkins" without any care for "respectability." To live down in the storm is to be, to some extent, storm-driven; this was what his friend saw, and from this danger he would have wished to save him.

Was there ever [wrote von Hügel, March 25th, 1908] a more sensitively swift and absolute mind than yours? I noticed this so strongly when you went head over heels, and rolling, as it were, over and over into my "Experience and Transcendence" paper, getting, as it were, through and out at the other side of it, by a

vivid, I think even over-vivid, apprehension and surpassing of it. And then with Bergson, the same thing, on a larger scale. Successive atmospheres simply suck you up for the time.

The Baron was not always successful in rescuing his friend from the dangers of which he took fuller count ; but their friendship was of the kind that can hold out through such differences. Nor was their fundamental relationship ever altered. To Father Tyrrell his friend was, up to the end, the first and the last to be consulted, and if his opinion was not always followed, it was never overlooked nor neglected.

The last visit to Storrington, except the sad one in July, 1909, took place in the previous May and in announcing it the Baron writes :

May 6th, 1909.

I was fifty-seven yesterday and am giving myself a set of newer geological books, a geological hammer and a set of geological type specimens. So expect to tramp about with me to gravel-pits and quarries, please.

The seal was set to their companionship at the death-bed of the younger man, while this latter paid his last tribute to the life-work of his friend in an article which coincided with his own death.*

* "The Mystical Element of Religion" (*Quarterly Review*, July, 1909).

CHAPTER IV

MEDIATING LIBERALISM (1897-1900)

IN a cluster of articles, mostly in the *Month*, dating from December, 1897, to September, 1899, we find a scattered but fairly complete representation of a passing stage in the history of Tyrrell's religious views. In November, 1899, appeared "The Relation of Theology to Devotion"—an article which he ever regarded as the keynote of his philosophy, and as the kernel of whatever original contribution he had made to religious thought; while in December, 1899, appeared "A Perverted Devotion," which marked the beginning of the stormy period. With these previous articles, therefore, the stage to which we refer may be said to have found expression and conclusion; though this is not to say that it in no way overlapped later, or underlapped earlier, stages.

It had been Father Tyrrell's task to review most of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's books in the pages of the *Month*, and the letter of 1893, already given, shows how early an epistolary acquaintance arose between them. Through Mr. Ward, Father Tyrrell was introduced to the Synthetic Society, in 1899, and it was about then also that their acquaintance developed into intimacy. Mr. Ward was a leading specialist in the study of Newman; Father Tyrrell was not a specialist, though

he held that he owed much to this great teacher ; but they also found themselves together in the many-coloured group of those who were watching the signs of the times, and asking how the bark was to be steered through the coming storms, and what part the different members of the crew were to play in the crisis.

At such a moment many are brought, by the force of circumstances, to a common point of departure, whose roads are to lie far asunder after the choice is made. This was certainly the case in regard to the little gathering of religious thinkers at that period, who were indiscriminately classed together by the ignorant as " Liberal Catholics," but whose future divergencies were already so strongly marked as to leave little excuse for so loose a description.

Amongst that group Mr. Ward was a chief exponent of the views that may be described as " mediating liberalism," and with those views Tyrrell for a time associated himself. It was a qualified association, and still more was it a temporary one ; yet it was a phase in his mental process which cannot be overlooked, any more than that previous one of militant dogmatism already presented. In a letter of September 22nd, 1898, to Mr. Ward, he gives, evidently in answer to some kindred remarks of the same, a profession of his general agreement, and says :

The consciousness that I have studied your " epilogue " * very carefully, as well as your volume on the " Catholic Revival," and that I have been always a devout disciple of Newman, makes me less startled than you are at the coincidence of our conclusions.

We will venture to set forth the views of this school in Mr. Ward's own words, drawn from an article in

* See " William George Ward and the Oxford Movement," by Wilfrid Ward.



the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* of June, 1899.* In many of his other writings, and notably in his great *Life of Cardinal Newman*, on whom his philosophy is grounded, Mr. Ward may give as good, and better, accounts of his position; but this article is peculiarly suitable to our purpose, coinciding as it does with the stage of Tyrrell's thought to which we refer, and being a statement of the claims of moderate liberals as set forth in distinction from those of the radical liberals of the left wing, who seemed to the former their worst enemies, and, indirectly, their most dangerous opponents.

The article is a reply to one by the Hon. William Gibson, of the preceding month.

Mr. Ward appeals for "a reasonable measure of liberty," the granting of which will, he considers, be jeopardised by rash criticism of the authorities, who, having to maintain "principles more vital than anything which concerns the advance of secular learning," may find it then impossible "to allow us that provisional intellectual liberty of which we do profoundly feel the need" (p. 956).

There is a wise conservatism "which leads theology to hold by traditional positions until such time has elapsed as makes the assimilation of modifications from extraneous sciences free from all objections" (p. 957).

"The critic is the liberal pioneer, whose privilege it is occasionally to be rash, provided he does not dogmatise; the theologian remains the Conservative make-weight, and sets his remnant of antiquated positions against the critic's overflow of evanescent novelties" (p. 957).

"One may well hope to win the attention of Roman theologians—by whose views the Roman Congrega-

* "Catholic Apologetics—A Reply."

tions are naturally guided—to consolidated and moderate expositions of highly probable conclusions in science and criticism, though they may have simply rejected the first exaggerated statements of the pioneers” (p. 958).

There follows an appeal to the authority of Cardinal Newman, as our best guide and leader in such difficulties (p. 959).

“The intrusions of science on theology—often because the man of science despises the clerk and enjoys bullying him—are largely responsible for the intrusions of Ecclesiastical Authority on science” (p. 959).

“Aristotle was opposed by the Fathers at one time as dangerous to the faith of the multitude” (p. 960).

He ends with an appeal for patience on either side; the theologian is bound to wait till true and false theories are sifted and separated; the Catholic scientist should also wait until theology is ready to accept his propositions (p. 961).

Let us contrast with these passages the following, drawn from certain articles of Father Tyrrell.

In “Wiseman, his Aim and Methods,” which appeared in the *Month*, of February, 1898, and was republished in the “Faith of the Millions,” he says:

Only then [when certain conditions are fulfilled] will minds be disposed to believe that the Church is always more willing to loose than to bind, and that she binds only so far as she is absolutely urged by necessity; that definitions are simply forced from her by the cavillings of the rationalistic or heretical mind; that though final, so far as they exclude some definite error, her dogmas are never final in the sense of stating exhaustively truths that, being supernatural, are inexhaustible; that if she arrests the inopportune discussion or proclamation of some new discovery in history or science, it is really in the essential interest of truth, lest the wheat should be uprooted with the tares, and the minds of millions perplexed in matters of supreme practical consequence; or it is

because the truth is urged in an heretical spirit, not as creating an interesting difficulty, but as founding a right to doubt* (p. 37).

In the article, "Liberal Catholicism," † May, 1898, we read :

The Church may neither identify herself with "progress" nor isolate herself from it. Her attitude must always be the difficult and uncomfortable one of partial agreement and partial dissent. . . . We must not shrink from the paradox that contemporary science and history is always wrong; not wholly wrong . . . but mingling so much extravagance and excess with its reason . . . as to make it invariably safe to hold back and wait. It is truth "in solution," but not attainable apart and in its purity till it has long ceased to be a theme of discussion and excitement. Then it is that the Church will quietly adopt and assimilate what no longer admits of controversy.

Further on, in the same :

The true liberalism is really for the very few who have the leisure, capacity and education for thinking widely, deeply and temperately.

In "Through Art to Faith," ‡ July, 1898, we find the Church sacrificing liturgy to the vulgarity of the age; abandoning her own higher taste for the sake of the Philistine.

In "Two Estimates of Catholic Life," § May, 1899, again we find that

reflex thought is, must, and ought to be, confined to a small minority, whose function it is slowly to shape and correct that great body of public doctrine by which the beliefs of the multitude are ruled.

And the same thought reappears in "Authority and Evolution," May, 1899 :

This body of doctrine is slowly formed, shaped, modified, corrected and increased by the accumulated labours of the few independent thinkers.||

* "Faith of the Millions"—First series.

† *Idem*.

‡ *Idem*—Second series.

§ *Idem*.

|| *Idem*—First series.

In July, 1899, we have an article in the *Weekly Register*, called "Our Duty to Fallible Decisions." If not, in every respect, to be classed with those from which we have quoted, yet the following paragraph is pertinent to our point of discussion :

Now the motives of this internal obedience, which the mere layman rightly yields to such a decision as we are supposing, remain in full force for the expert ; but in his case they may be counteracted and weakened by the evidence of the known truth.

This is to admit a certain qualification of belief in proportion to the capacity and knowledge of the believer ; such belief is not, therefore, grounded simply on the nature, force, enlightenment and divine authority which enter into the pronouncement in question.

From these two sets of quotations we might summarise the position as follows :

1. Ecclesiastical pronouncements, even when actually mistaken, are always aimed at the greater good of the Church, especially of the mass of the faithful.

2. They are often quite inevitable, because of the aggressiveness and impatience of scientific men, and their recklessness of the faith of the ignorant.

3. They frequently serve the cause of scientific, as well as religious, truth ; obliging the student to sift and separate true from false.

4. The liberty of a Catholic scientist is, therefore, a "provisional" liberty ; he has to bear in mind the rights of theology while he studies history, or geology, or biology, etc.

5. At the same time, the Catholic "expert," whether in science or theology, plays a large part in the adaptation of science to theology and of theology to science ; he has no official authority, but, by him, official authority is slowly instructed and gently impelled in the path of progress.

6. This is possible, in virtue of the great law of development, of which Newman has taught us the nature and process.

7. Ecclesiastical documents and pronouncements fall, by a natural law, into the hands of experts, and suffer a certain process of interpretation, from which they emerge, not, perhaps, in full accordance with the acquisitions of modern science, but with a certain potential adaptability to the future march of events.

8. Authority must never be opposed nor affronted, but may, nevertheless, be subtly coaxed and persuaded, for its own good and that of the Church at large.

9. Nothing is more fatal to this line of liberal advance than any intemperate expressions of criticism or revolt, or any insurgence of the inexpert into the realm of discussion and preparation.

In the opinion of the mediating liberal there was great hope of obtaining, on these lines, by a slow and gradual process, all that was really essential to rightful liberty; and he dreaded the action of extremists on the forward side as calculated to promote assertions of authority from extremists on the official side. Thus Father Tyrrell writes to Mr. Ward, in regard to certain very outspoken articles of the period, that :

The true "liberalism" suffers always from such ill-judged advocacy. It is obviously the policy of the adverse school to drive the progressives to rash deeds and utterances, and if to apostasy, so much the better. I believe it is by a sort of *eppur si muove* faith and steadfast obedience that such blind malice is best defeated. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," is a Jesuitical principle—little account as Jesuits seem to make of it. Noise should be minimised.

In the following letter to the same, he expresses his general agreement with Mr. Ward's article, to which we have above referred; yet in this same letter there are

remarks which indicate future differences in its writer's attitude from that of the school to which he temporarily belongs :

WIMBLEDON COLLEGE

(*Exact date uncertain—the year was 1899,
the month, probably, June*).

I like every word of your article, which will do good precisely as from a known favourer of the "large liberality." . . .

A little wholesome and humble scepticism is the remedy for much of the difficulty you deal with ; cock-sureness of both scientist and theologian being at the root of it all. In the latter, indeed, it is more unpardonable, since he deals *ex professo* in mysteries and not in phenomena accessible to the senses. Balfour's line will correct scientific rationalism, and Newman's will correct theological rationalism, which is every bit as far from that spirit of faith which stands related to scepticism as man is supposed to be related to his cousin anthropoids through a neutral ancestor. I have always accepted the charge that Newman's mind was profoundly sceptical, for this reason.

You suggest, though you don't develop, a more accurate sense of the expression : "intrusion on the theological domain." It is often misunderstood as though where a matter is common to theology and, say, history, history must stand aside as *non audienda*, e.g. the facts of the Gospel story. You mean by *intrusion* the attempt of the historian to suggest or devise how theology is to be accommodated to the facts he supposes himself to have established : thus laying sacrilegious hands on the tottering ark. This sense is valuable ; the other argues precisely that want of faith and humble scepticism which makes it possible for a man to rest tranquil with : *theologie constat—historice non constat* ; or even *constat quod non*. This is the truth which I think underlies the Anglican defence of inconsistency and repudiation of logicity, which is only a slight perversion of Newman.

The article on "The Relation of Theology to Devotion" followed very quickly on those just mentioned ; it contains, indeed, no repudiation of the previous views, yet it is fundamentally alien to some of them.

As the later title of the article suggests,* the devout

* "Lex Orandi—lex Credendi," in "Through Scylla and Charybdis."

mind of the faithful is a higher rule of faith than the expert mind of the theologian :

The more abstract, general and simple our classification is, and the further removed it is from the infinite complexity of concrete reality, the more we need continually to remind ourselves that its truth is merely hypothetical, and holds only in the abstract. . . .

The rudest clown knows better what man is than would some being who should know nothing but the articulation of the human skeleton—true as this latter knowledge would be as far as it went.*

So much as regards the relation of confused but concrete to scientific knowledge in the natural world ; the distinction holds *a fortiori* when we are dealing with the spiritual and supernatural world, and, consequently, arguing by analogy as well as logic.

For

It is a received principle of scholasticism that the “con-natural” object of the human mind is this material world which is presented to our senses ; and that we are forced to think of everything else, even of our own mind and soul, in the terms of that world. Hence all our “explanations” of spiritual activity are, however disguisedly, mechanical at root. . . .

The chief use of metaphysical or natural theology lies in the fact—not that it gives us any more comprehensible idea of God—but that it impresses upon us the necessary inadequacy of our human way of regarding Him.†

Again :

In the measure that God is dehumanised by philosophy, He becomes unreal and ineffectual in regard to our life and conduct. God has revealed Himself, not to the wise and prudent, not to the theologian or philosopher,‡ etc.

Theology is ever inadequate, and tends to unreality, as devotion to anthropomorphism, both have to be brought to the test of primitive revelation as interpreted by the Church.§

* See “Faith of the Millions,” vol. i., pp. 230, 231.

† *Idem*, pp. 233, 234.

‡ *Idem*, p. 239.

§ *Idem*, p. 241.

He touches on the sterilising effect of certain metaphysico-theological speculations :

I have more than once known all the joy and reality taken out of a life that fed on devotion to the Sacramental Presence by such a flash of theological illumination,* etc.

And, on the last page :

Devotion and religion existed before theology, in the way that art existed before art-criticism,† etc.

Theology here occupies a very different position from that accorded to her by the "mediating liberal," and a more fundamental mode of criticism is introduced. The "expert" is thrust from his post of judge and the devout mind is put in his place; the question of the development of dogma becomes secondary to the question of "What is dogma?" as expressed in the contrast drawn between the revelation of spiritual facts and the reasoning out of metaphysical formulas regarding those facts; ecclesiastical authority is not to be coaxed by science, but ruled by faith; the harmony of science with theology is comparatively unimportant, since theology itself is but a secondary factor in the life of the Church, which is largely independent of its philosophical representation.

The liberalism which he supported in the articles quoted above might be indeed, as he said, for the few; but in this article he lays down the canons of that legitimate spiritual freedom which is the birthright of all. Characteristically, he defends it on the principles of scholasticism itself, with its persistent inculcation of the value of the first and most general appreciations.

Tyrrell's more abiding and fundamental opinion of liberalism in theology is strongly akin to his sentiments

* "Faith of the Millions," vol. i., pp. 245, 246.

† *Idem*, p. 252.

in matters of asceticism. Here, too, the "liberalising" tendency, which he found at work in the Society, was never really congenial to him. We may recall the account he gives of his experience in the colleges, after the novitiate; and above all of the treatment meted out by Father Eyre to his honest endeavours to carry out the rule literally and earnestly. To him those rules seemed to need, not lightening but deepening; and some of the institutions of St. Ignatius most contrary to modern taste were really, in his mind, directed to the more spiritual fulfilment of religious life. If the thing was to be done at all, then it should be done seriously; it was one of his first shocks to find that what he had been taught in the novitiate to regard as a serious duty might afterwards be treated as slightly ridiculous.

Analogically this was one of the perplexities through which he worked his way in dogma as in asceticism. For a time, but only a short time, he followed the path of liberal interpretation; but it was not, for him, the right road. It was a stage in the journey, and a more passing stage than that of scholasticism; it was to a more radical, though, also, to a more conservative, school that he properly belonged.

The following letter to Mr. Ward was written somewhat later, June 18th, 1900. As we shall immediately see, he had just been through the thick of his first troubles, and in the article which occasioned them, as in the controversy which ensued on it, those principles of thought and criticism are manifested which divided him then, and had divided him in some measure all along, as they were yet to divide him more and more deeply, from the school of mediating liberalism. But there were points of agreement which were bound to remain between men who, in whatever different ways,

were confronted by like difficulties and occupied by like interests.

I wonder [he writes] who Zeta, of the *Pilot*,* may be. I think the quotation from "Loss and Gain" might be retorted against him in the light of the later history of the Anglo-Catholic movement. Bateman's view was not *then* held by any bishop, and had no historical existence; if referred to authority it would have surely been repudiated. But now it is largely accredited. Such changes never come from above, but from below; and authority always yields with great reluctance at the last moment when it sees its very existence imperilled. We "moderates" do not dream that authorities will ever cry *Peccavimus*. It is not desirable they should do so, lest the undiscerning many should take scandal, and withdraw all trust through a false inference. We rather foresee and feel that modern light and progress cannot by any possible device of obscurantism be kept out; that however the clergy may stick to their scholasticism and refuse to read prohibited books, and hope and pray that the sun may stand still, yet the lay mind will quickly be leavened with modernity; and (since our priesthood is not a caste, but is recruited from the laity) a little later the younger clergy will be no less indocile to a system wholly out of harmony with their mental and moral needs. Hence a great danger of wholesale apostasy and revolt in the fairly near future. The Extreme Right hopes weakly in violent methods of repression; and strives to pitchfork back the incoming tide. The Extreme Left calls on them to surrender and cry *peccavimus*; or demands what is not so much reform as a revolution—a breaking down, preparatory to building up; nor has it any very definite plan of reconstruction. If there is not a mediating party these two will tug till the rope breaks and each is thrown backwards with disaster. I acknowledge in each of these extremes an inevitable factor of social or ecclesiastical progress; but another factor is needed, and that is the *Juste Milieu* party. Its policy is one of adaptation; it looks on both extremes as the terms to be harmonised; the new matter to be sorted and accepted so far as it will in any wise consist with the old forms; the old forms to be interpreted so far as they can be made honestly and consistently to cover and inform the new matter.

* "A Plea for a *Juste Milieu*"—*Pilot*, June 16th, 1900. It is a criticism of an article by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the current *Nineteenth Century Magazine*. The *Pilot* was a weekly paper, now extinct, of the Liberal Anglican school.

While the Extreme Left call on the Extreme Right to jump down before all eyes from their untenable positions, the mediatorial party provides a gently inclined plane by which the descent may be accomplished unnoticeably, without hurting the pride of authorities (who are only too glad to escape honourably if they know how to do so), and without destroying the confidence of the "minores" (*i.e.*, of those who are led) in their appointed guides. Instead of first destroying and then rebuilding, it renews brick by brick as renewal is required. But its characteristic note is noiselessness. I think such a party is *toto cælo* distinct in principle and aim from the *soi-disant* liberal; and not merely in degrees (as Zeta thinks) as though we wanted only a little less than what they want, or were a little less violent than they—and were "moderate" in the quantitative sense of the term. For this reason I should prefer "mediatorial" to "moderate" or to *Juste Milieu*, were I anxious to brand myself; for these latter imply a definite programme (*e.g.* with regard to the Index, Inquisition, Higher Criticism, Church Government), whereas all I want is a conciliatory spirit on both sides, each wishing to yield all that can rightly be yielded to the other in a spirit of true liberty. But since this can never be (seeing the one-sided character of the human mind, which ever lurches to port or starboard), I think the function of the mediatorial party, which, of course, is always relatively a small one, is to try to interpret the extremes to one another; to act the part of heat in chemical combinations; and so it is through its instrumentality that the process of modification is gradually forwarded (*i.e.* forms are interpreted and new matter selected and assimilated). To ask of me a definite programme is, from the nature of the case, ridiculous, unless you can tell me where progress, mental, moral and social, is going to end. I think, in general, that any accommodation that can be made without shaking popular confidence in the Church ought to be made; and that this would allow of a great deal more liberty than is now accorded in many ways. It is the duty of so-called Moderates to think out the *how*, and to bring it home to the minds of those in power. It is surely unhistorical to speak, as Zeta does, as though the Church had not often gone through similar crises. From the nature of the case, so large a body must lag behind the age, but it moves *at the same rate*. The Church may *try* Chinese isolation; but it cannot succeed. Inevitably from below upwards the leaven of progress spreads; and the rapid current that swept the world along in the nineteenth century will most likely make itself felt in the Church in the twentieth by a similarly sudden change of conditions. It is the sense of this impending crisis that makes those

who see further than the end of their own noses anxious that the gale may not strike the vessel unawares ; that the Extreme Right may not, by a lazy policy of inflexible rigidity, be responsible for the wholesale defection of the Extreme Left. My difference then from both extremes is not one of degree, but of kind. My position is not a half-way house. My aim or programme is, whatever *unknown* issue may come forth from the working of the opposed but complementary tendencies, Right and Left, to prevent the catastrophe of the exclusive predominance of either, which would result from a schism. Is this more or less your view ?

CHAPTER V

“ A PERVERTED DEVOTION ” (1899–1900)

UP to the end of the year 1900, Father Tyrrell had no definite external trouble with his religious or ecclesiastical superiors. With care and subtlety, such as are exercised by many an extremely orthodox writer as well as by liberal ones, he had evaded the condemnation of censors ; and, by attention to form, and skill in theological expression, had won a hearing for ideas that might otherwise have been suppressed.

How far he was conscious of the risk he ran in the article, “ A Perverted Devotion,” which appeared over his name in the *Weekly Register*, of December 16th, 1899, I cannot say. Perhaps he was tired of the continual self-repression ; perhaps his success in the saying of much else had made him bold ; perhaps his own gifts got the better of himself and his habitual caution ; perhaps he was scarcely aware of the incisiveness and brilliancy of the article, such brilliancy as was bound to draw the attention of unfavourable as well as favourable observers. Anyhow, it appeared, and constituted the first chapter in the long history of his rupture with the Society.

This article on the doctrine of eternal suffering received an undercurrent of inspiration from the “ Revelations of Mother Juliana of Norwich,” with which Father Tyrrell had lately become acquainted.

Its direct occasion was an essay in some ecclesiastical review, describing a controversy between a certain Father Castelein, S.J., and two Redemptorist adversaries, who had blamed him for his lax interpretation of the traditional doctrine. Ironically, Tyrrell places himself on the side of the Redemptorists ; actually he appeals from subtleties to realities, and from reason to faith.

There is perhaps no dogma of Catholic teaching which, as presented in the ordinary catechism or text-book, or drawn out in the old-fashioned sermon, has caused more grievous faith-trials than that of eternal punishment, or has, in fact, given a keener foretaste in this life of the anguish it promises in the next. For such souls there was priceless comfort in certain words of Mother Juliana, which were undoubtedly in his mind as he wrote the article :

There is a deed the which the blessedful Trinity shall do in the last day, as to my sight, and what the deed shall be, and how it shall be done, it is unknown of all creatures . . . and shall be till when it shall be done. . . . This is the great deed ordained of our Lord God . . . by which deed He shall make all things well ; for right as the Blessed Trinity made all things of naught, right so the Blessed Trinity shall make well all that is not well.*

The title was the first cause of offence ; recalling readily the tale of another famous controversy. The articles of Professor St. George Mivart on “ Happiness in Hell ” (he explained afterwards that the title should have been in the first article, as it actually was in the later ones, “ *The Happiness in Hell* ”) had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* of December, 1892, and February and April, 1893. In this case also the title had caused offence ; in their treatment of the sub-

* “ Revelations of Divine Love ”—Juliana of Norwich. Chap. xxxii.

ject there was no likeness between the articles of the two writers. Professor Mivart could not, even at that time, be classed with the mediating liberals, yet there was this much of mediating liberalism in his article that he endeavoured to draw, from theology itself, a mitigation of the doctrine, and its interpretation in a more merciful sense than the old traditional one.

The central meaning of Father Tyrrell's essay, on the contrary, is to be found in the scholastic *dictum* which he quotes—*Magis et minus non mutant speciem*; "Less in degree is not different in kind." To mitigate a difficulty is not to answer it; to lessen the number of the damned does not remove the problem if still even a few are damned; to alleviate their torments is no reply to the question why they are for ever tormented; to distinguish between successive and simultaneous conceptions of time, is not to explain why anybody should endure pain for ever.

To Mother Juliana, as to all those who have probed their hearts till they reached the source of its trouble, there was only one answer, in accordance with Catholic belief, that could give genuine relief, and that was the appeal to faith and to mystery, and the assurance that somehow, somewhen, "God should make well all that is not well," and yet that "God's word shall be saved in all things."

The article begins with an explanation of the sense in which he employs the word "devotion"; he is using it in the popular, and not in the theological, sense—an important distinction. The strict theological sense of the term would be rendered, in ordinary English, rather by the word *devotedness*, or in French *dévouement*; whereas the popular religious meaning of the word would be defined as a pious attraction. He therefore shows that there is a liberty in the question of

“devotions” which does not exist in the matter of “doctrines.”

But can we conceive the existence of such a “devotion” as this? a “devotion to Hell”?

Yes, he proceeds to explain, with a gravity and correctness that leave no loophole for censure, such a devotion may be

only a particular form of a general devotion to the divine attribute of Justice;

in which case

the strangeness must at once vanish.

But devotions are liable to *perversions and excesses*, and we have classical examples of this in regard to the “devotion to Hell,” Tertullian furnishing us with the earliest instance on record; but

the seed of death was already in him; charity had no part in that thought, and faith next to none. . . .

I say “faith next to none” because as far as theology goes in its own abstract line, we are constrained by logic to say: “The Blessed in Heaven rejoice in the will of God, but the torments of the reprobate are the will of God; therefore the Blessed in Heaven rejoice in the torments of the reprobate.” This we can stand from the theologians so long as it is clearly understood that the minor is not an obvious truth of common sense, but a very profound mystery and a very grievous burden to our faith; that it is true in some sense beyond our present sense; that it finds its full justification in certain supplementary facts which we know not now but shall know hereafter. But when faint illustrative analogies from reason are put forward as satisfactory and adequate explanations of a difficulty which is only aggravated by such futile alleviations, we at once resent this intrusion of pert rationalism into the *arcana fidei* and send the would-be theologian about his business. . . . If there is intellectual provincialism and narrowness in being surprised that the absolute view of things, as known to God alone, and as revealed to us by Him, should seem utterly unintelligible from our little corner of immensity, there is a still greater degree of mental and moral obliquity in one who finds in such a doctrine

as that of hell no perplexity for his reason, no shock to his affections, no violation of his sentiments. . . .

But though God and Reason demand that I should often believe that to be white which seems black to me, yet never am I asked to believe that what seems black to me yet *seems* white to me. . . .

Until I have the key to the riddle I can and even ought to say that, as stated, it seems, and is intended to seem, absurd and impossible ; for it causes man to appear more just, more kind than his Maker.

He goes on to expose what he regards as the futility and mischievousness of minimising concessions :

What we have said as to hell holds good in reference to other difficulties against our faith in the absolute goodness and wisdom of God, arising from the existence of suffering, the permission of sin, the problem of pre-destiny. The attempt to rationalise these mysteries, to level them down to our range of vision, to patch them up, to whittle them away, is responsible for the widespread decay of faith which they have occasioned . . . well-meant ingenuity, no doubt, but surely misguided and ill-judged.

He describes the attitude of the Calvinistic mind to this doctrine :

He that touches their hell, touches them in the apple of their eye

As to the materiality of the fire, in spite of the eagerness of certain minds to defend the point, and the subtle explanations poured forth in its behalf, he suggests that

we are in the region of faith and mystery, and must wait the answer to these riddles in patience and humility.

In regard to the eternity of duration, he points out that we have one party clamouring for the hardest and most literal interpretation of the doctrine, ready to pursue

their studies in celestial mechanics, their æonian calculus, piling century upon century and age upon age ; sitting down breathless at times to rejoice in the reflection that they have only just begun.

And against this crude realism we have the subtler time-conception of Aquinas, which, however, still leaves our moral sense in the same perplexity.

Then he comes to the question of numbers, and refers to the controversy which was the occasion of the article. As to the milder view of the Jesuit :

For ourselves, while respecting the goodness of his heart and the amiability of his intentions, we have no belief in the wisdom of his endeavour, and without pretending to analyse the spirit of his opponents, or to determine whether or not they be of those whose devotion finds rest in “the greatest possible misery of the greatest possible number,” we have no difficulty whatever in embracing their conclusions, or others still more rigorous, were they, too, shown to be part of Catholic doctrine.

For indeed, as we scholastics say, *Magis et minus non mutant speciem.*

To the real problem, in fact, there is but the answer that Mother Juliana had, in her own way, suggested, not truly an answer, from the rational point of view, but the response of faith, which will yield neither its belief in the goodness of God, and of our own God-given instincts, nor its belief in the divine mission of the Church. The problem can be got rid of by the abandonment of either of these positions ; the faithful soul will give up neither, therefore, for it, the problem is not solved, but borne with *donec dies elucescat.*

He concludes, using a word that will give offence to the censors :

It would almost seem from many indications that the same rationalism in religion which occasioned the defection of the sixteenth century has, like a fever, worked itself out and brought about its own cure by an experimental demonstration of its insufficiency as a substitute for faith. In a saner spiritual philosophy born of a revolt against materialism—the last and lowest form of rationalism—a basis is found for a certain temperate agnosticism, which is one of the essential prerequisites of intelligent faith ; the attempt to build up and interpret the lower by the higher is

definitively abandoned; the essential incapacity of finite mind to seize the absolute end which governs and moves everything towards itself, the natural necessity of seeming contradictions and perplexities in our estimate of God's thoughts and ways are accepted as inevitable. This sense of our mental insufficiency is no reason for credulity, nor does it relieve the "apologist" of his burden of establishing the fact of revelation; but it prepares the way for Christ by showing that something equivalent to a revelation is as much an exigency of our nature as religion is. Thus God's spirit working outside the Church is preparing for himself an acceptable people; and we within must co-operate and go forward to meet this movement by purging out of our midst any remnant of the leaven of rationalism that we may have carried with us from earlier and cruder days, when faith needed the rein more than the spur.

Much more was yet to happen, but in the history of this article we have the beginning of the end. We will tell it, as much as possible, in his own words.

On January 18th, 1900, he writes from Farm Street to Père Henri Bremond :

I entrusted the "Perverted Devotion" to N. N. to convey to you. It has the unfortunate honour of being delated to Father General who has in consequence silenced me, *pendente lite*. The theologians to whom our provincial referred it can find in it no proposition worthy of theological censure; though His Paternity finds it "offensive to pious ears." I wish Rome would either define pious ears, or give a list of them so that one might know. That the popular unauthorised presentation of Hell offends really pious people and either drives or keeps them from the faith seems of no consequence, so long as superstitions are not disturbed. Mivart's articles* have played into the hands of the narrowest party, and justified (seemingly) a raid upon persons like myself, who are popularly supposed to be of his school.

In a letter to Baron F. von Hügel, of March following, he gives the later account :

* This would not refer to Professor Mivart's articles on Hell, which belonged to a much earlier date; but to the later ones, which led to his excommunication: "The Continuity of Catholicism," *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1900, and "Some Recent Catholic Apologists," *Fortnightly*, January, 1900.

31 FARM STREET,

BERKELEY SQUARE,

MY DEAR BARON,

LONDON, W.

Your letters are always brimful of interest; and this one especially so. I have been waiting for events to develop before giving you details; but Rome moves slowly, and I have determined to follow suit. The facts, so far, are these. First, a letter from our General retailing complaints against all our English S.J. writers as “too anxious to conciliate the enemies of religion” and as not “speaking boldly and strongly enough in condemnation of heretics and unbelievers”; exhorting them to remember the best traditions of the Society and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called. That is, of course, an order to emulate the violent and mendacious tone of the *Civiltà*. Secondly: a letter telling me not to write any more except for the *Month*, until my article on Hell had been examined and censured. Hereupon, Father Charnley (Vice-Provincial in absence of Father Gerard) gave the article to Humphrey, Smith, Thurston and others who all, with himself at their head, pronounced it theologically blameless and calculated to do good. Thirdly: a letter to say that, whatever our English fathers might think, those at Rome thought very differently; that one Cardinal, two Bishops and many others had expressed their astonishment, etc. Fourthly: a letter enclosing two *censure* of the article by “competent theologians”; requiring me to write an article in conformity with the same, saying that I *meant* or *should have said* as they say; this retraction to be sent to Rome for approval, our English fathers being incompetent. These censures, besides a great deal of personality, contain objections founded throughout on the most glaring ignorance of English and a total failure to grasp the motive and totality of the article. I am identified with Mivart, Huxley, Spencer, and loaded freely with every epithet of theological “Billingsgate,” from “scandalous” up to “proximately if not altogether heretical”; and my “good faith” is questioned and denied. Fifthly: I write a reply to these gentlemen and show them up with much justice and little mercy; which reply I give to Father Gerard on his return a week ago. He then reads the original article and is delighted with it; also with my “reply”; submits the whole matter to his Provincial Consultors and carries them with him. Then excising my sarcasms (which superabounded through hardly avoidable irritation) he adopts my reply as his own; backs it with a letter saying that if we are to take the *Civiltà* tone we may as well put up the shutters at once in England. So far we have got at present. We have little hope

however of standing against this stark-mad fanaticism ; and the whole incident reduces this Roman centralisation to an absurdity. We are not even allowed to know England and English as well as Italians and Spaniards do. What can one expect from a man who censured the unfortunate and painfully orthodox Father Lucas for accusing Maignen of want of charity ?

I wonder is there any truth in the rumour that they are trying to get Newman's "Essay on Development" condemned ? That would be a master-stroke as showing that his conversion and subsequent position was based on a misapprehension of Catholicism. It would seem that the Bull on Anglican Orders having failed to convert England, the present policy is to cry "Sour Grapes" and to make Catholicism impossible, even for English Catholics—let alone Anglicans. Vaughan is beginning to be dimly conscious of something wrong, and is puzzled by the almost complete drying up of the stream of conversions. At Farm Street our returns are but one to five of this time last year.

I should not feel it hard to subside into silence now ; for, as you say, it is wonderful how much I have been allowed to do ; and I could still go on writing quietly and supplying other people with matter. But what I fight for is lest the enemy, finding it quite easy to walk over me, should, elated with success, try to bring all my past work under censure. I hear that Merry del Val is not satisfied with "External Religion," etc., and even the Cardinal tells me complaints have been made.

Father Tyrrell kept the two *censuræ** referred to in this letter along with both his corrected and his original reply. The first censor, though sometimes failing in his understanding of the language, is calm and objective in his treatment ; while the prejudice of the second is so obvious that, to one approaching the matter from outside, it is astonishing that he should have found himself conscientiously justified in accepting the task of critic ; for it is certainly incredible that the authorities would force such a duty on one who declined from reasons of personal antagonism.

The leading objection of both censors, though differently expressed, is to the anti-rationalistic tone

* See Appendices I. and II.

of the article, its “moderate agnosticism,” as Father Tyrrell had called it. They defend the use and cogency of reason in the elucidation of dogma and deny that its “illustrations and analogies” can ever serve to aggravate, and not to lessen, the difficulties of faith. They object to seeking help for such difficulties in the very sense of the mysteriousness of the doctrine. They are scandalised by the rejections of the usual explanations of the materiality of hell-fire; and by the treatment meted out to the popular methods of exposing the doctrine in retreats and missions. They condemn the use and application of the term “devotion,” and blame the writer’s lack of charity towards P. Castelein, the Jesuit, as also towards the Redemptorist adversaries of the same. In short, they maintain that the doctrine is sufficiently elucidated by the traditional explanations of theology; that if it cannot be proved by reason, all objections to it can be defeated by reason; that its use and salutariness must not be lessened by appeals to mystery, and by explanations that lay more stress on the goodness, than on the justice of God.

The main passages of Father Tyrrell’s reply are as follows :

All that I can do at present [he writes] is to show that my two critics have failed altogether to appreciate the spirit and purpose of my article as a whole; and that even in discussing its details they have displayed a great lack of critical discernment; due partly to their unfamiliarity with idiomatic English, partly to the purely destructive intention with which they have applied themselves to their task.

In reply to the first of these critics, who is also the more temperate and measured in his judgment, and therefore merits more careful handling, I shall incidentally deal with many of the difficulties which the second urges in common with him.

First, then, they both fall foul of my definition of “devotion,”

because it does not agree with that of St. Thomas, *sc.* "A certain desire (*voluntatem*) of giving oneself up to the service of God."

But writing in English, and using the term in its living usual sense, as opposed to its theological and technical sense, I took good care to mark this fact by the very first line of my article. . . . It is not etymology, nor the usages of six centuries ago, nor the force of a cognate term in some contemporary language, that determines the living value of the word, but its usage here and now in England, in the closing nineteenth century. . . .

I lay stress on this really trivial point, partly because my critics do so in order to establish a firm basis for their subsequent attacks, which quietly ignore my distinction . . . and partly because we have here an instance of the very general fallacy of those who, by transliterating Latin theology into English, without any delicate appreciation of the genius of our living language, fail most signally to convey the real sense of Catholic teaching. . . .

The next point, objected by my first critic and emphasised by my second, is that my article "teaches that we should always look rather to the Divine Goodness than to the Divine Justice in explaining the doctrine of hell."

To this objection I answer by reference to words already quoted and many similar, where I say, as explicitly as plain language will admit, that the doctrine of hell is bound up with the doctrine of Divine Justice, meaning thereby that if it could be demonstrated from pure reason we should have to seek our premises in an adequate comprehension of the nature of Divine Justice and the nature of mortal sin; that could we master these conceptions the doctrine of hell would no longer be a mystery, but a truism. Now my first critic says that while "many theologians find the doctrine, etc., so little mysterious as to teach that it can be demonstrated by pure reason, yet all agree that when one weighs well the nature of mortal sin, and of Divine Justice, the doctrine is very consonant with reason."

Dissenting from the former class, I conceive I am free to belong to the latter . . . if there are eagle-eyed theologians who find no mystery in the nature of sin and of God's justice, who have no need of faith in the matter, or even if there are others to whose mind the eternity of hell is an easier and more natural supposition than the contrary, I think it is only fair that they should face the fact that there is a vast multitude of minds, of less transcendent ability, for whom the teaching of revelation is, in this matter, the only possible stay and support.

* * * * *

Perhaps the strongest charge brought against me by my first critic is that of fideism, which he connects, not unnaturally, with a certain agnosticism which he has discovered in me.

* * * * *

He quotes me as saying : “ But when faint, illustrative analogies,” etc. Here again, I am elaborately distinguishing between the use and the abuse of analogy. As long as we remember that it is analogy, that it is necessarily inadequate, so long it is helpful ; the moment we forget this inadequacy, the help is perverted into a hindrance.

My critic quotes St. Thomas on other matters ; has he ever read him on this ? It is by forgetting the analogous character of their conceptions, borrowed, as they are, from things sensible and temporal, and applied to things spiritual and eternal, that fifth-rate theologians have created an infinite brood of difficulties ; the solution of which furnishes the main occupation of their betters.

* * * * *

Our reason, unassisted by faith, views sin and the Divine Justice truly, to a certain extent, but quite inadequately. When we forget this inadequacy, which we do spontaneously and naturally, the doctrine of hell seems positively, and not merely negatively repugnant to our sense of justice ; when, by an effort, we explicitly remember it, then the positive is resolved into a negative difficulty.

* * * * *

From this I pass to the charge of agnosticism grounded on my assertion that “ a certain temperate agnosticism,” etc. This thought I owe to St. Leo ; though, of course, it is common to many of the great Fathers and thinkers of the Church and distasteful only to those who deal in words rather than in realities. He says, in his ninth sermon on the Nativity :

“ Let us rejoice that we find ourselves unequal to the expression of the mystery of such mercy ; and, being unable to set forth the heights of our salvation, let us rather feel that it is good for us thus to be worsted. For none draws nearer to the knowledge of the truth than he who understands that, however far he advance in Divine things, there is always a beyond for him to seek. Because he who takes for granted that he has reached his goal, ceases to seek, and has not found what he sought.”

* * * * *

It is plain to any moderately intelligent and cool-minded reader that by “ temperate agnosticism ” I mean a due sense of the limitations of our mind, that child-like disposition which Christ insists upon as one of the elements of faith. The word “ agnosticism ”

being *male sonans*, I carefully tempered it, and explained it by the whole context of my article.

* * * * *

In fine, I cordially accept the sentiment of the Vatican Council, which I am supposed to contradict, where it says: "Reason, illumined by faith, when it earnestly, devoutly and soberly seeks a certain God-given—*Deo dante*—understanding of mysteries can attain thereto."

But I would lay emphasis on the word "soberly" and would also point out that it is not of pure reason, but of reason illumined by faith, that the Council speaks.

Again, I am taken to task for not only rejecting all explanations hitherto given of the materiality of hell-fire; but in particular for rejecting St. Thomas's theory of *alligatio*, by which the action of fire on spiritual beings is supposed to be rendered intelligible.

* * * * *

I do frankly confess that I am not satisfied with any explanation hitherto offered of the physical nature and operation of hell-fire, or even of that earthly fire to which it is likened. St. Thomas regarded the latter as a substance, to which therefore one could vaguely (how very vaguely) conceive a spirit being bound. I do not think St. Thomas, were he now alive, would hold the same view; and I presume that the substantiality of fire just as much as the centrality of the earth is one of those points on which the encyclical "*Æterni Patris*" leaves us free to depart from the Angelic Doctor.

There follows a further discussion of the question of time and eternity, and he continues:

My words are: "Thus we can hold on the one hand that the gate is strait and the way narrow that leads to life" . . . and, on the other, that "somehow good shall be the final goal of ill." My point is that we cannot possibly tell how, or *in what sense*, "all shall be well." My critic is confident that it could only be by "the final good of all the reprobate," and therefore attributes his own dogmatism to me. As a fact theologians have always accepted the assertion without prejudice, however variously they may have reconciled the lot of the reprobate with the eventual reconciliation of all things; a favourite method being to explain that the damned contribute to the *pulchritudo universi* as an ebony setting contributes to the brilliancy of a diamond. For my part, I give them a present of their explanation and wait *donec dies elucescat*.

As to the accusation of unkindness to P. Castelein, he says :

It is bitter indeed to have to explain such innuendoes in plain prose. Let me tell them then that nothing could be more thinly veiled, more conspicuous by its concealment, than my entire sympathy with him whom I call “ a lax theologian.”

In conclusion :

All this is food for sad reflection as to how little there is abroad of that wide spirit of Christian charity which bids a man seek ever “ rather to save his neighbour’s proposition than to condemn it.”* It is not by the methods of the stone age, by craft or violence that we shall conquer in this land of fair play and open dealing ; not by making truth repulsive and sending her forth bristling with spears and arrows, to bully men into submission, but, as Joubert says, by making her beautiful and attractive like Him who would draw, but would not drag all men to Himself.

It is a curious and significant controversy, in which we find indications of the line of thought which, as it grew plainer and firmer, was to distinguish Tyrrell from the Liberal Catholic as from the Scholastic party ; and from the former even more definitely than from the latter.

Here we find him, while obviously sympathising with the mitigated doctrine of the Jesuit, as clearly making evident its hopeless inadequacy ; and, on the other hand, his very exposure of Tertullianism, as represented by the Redemptorist view, makes it plain that these latter are but drawing out the hard consequences of a hard dogma. In fact, little has been gained by concessions and limitations ; reason has not been satisfied, faith has not been sustained.

How then will he meet the well-founded difficulties of the best minds and the noblest hearts ? Not by concessions, not by limitations, not by the abandon-

* See “ Spiritual Exercises ” of St. Ignatius.

ment of older for newer forms of statement, but by a deeper and more spiritual conception of the original dogma ; such a conception as cannot be adequately presented or wholly justified at the bar of reason. For such a conception the first simple statement of a doctrine might well be as acceptable as later, more reasoned ones ; simply because the very concessions and mitigations proposed would serve to fix and harden those rationalistic elements which chiefly made it intolerable. What reason has built up reason also can frequently demolish ; one mind can argue out the mitigations which another mind has argued in.

We must remember that Tyrrell is not studying the history or origin of the dogma ; he is taking it simply as a recognised doctrine of the Church, and arguing that the difficulties in its regard find their solution in faith and not in reason ; in faith, not as the antithesis of reason, but as the sense of a great world of spiritual reality in which each fact of revelation is rooted, and in the midst of which alone it can find its proper explanation. To see and understand all would be to see and understand each part ; so long as this is impossible, it is better not to try to understand the part, for the very attempt will give that part false colours and proportions. All we can do is, like the more spiritual school of painters, to depict each truth in the midst of its surrounding atmosphere ; in this atmosphere of mystery, with its background of general religious revelation and reality, it will cease to offend reason because it is no longer rationalistic. Hence, to the seer, not only the justice but also the love of God would be the background and setting of the doctrine of hell, and he would wait in patience for further revelation ; *donec dies elucescat*.

Events seem to have dragged on for a time, when

two things conspired to force a crisis. First, an article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* of April, 1900, on the Mivart case, by Mr. Robert Dell. In this he criticised the Jesuit system, and incidentally paid a compliment to Father Tyrrell which could not be pleasing to the Order. He spoke of him as

an English Jesuit father, whose views seem to be as much out of harmony with the spirit of his Society as his abilities are superior to those of his confrères.

Secondly, the General's health began to give anxiety ; and those around him became the more anxious to save him from disturbance. Tyrrell writes thus to his friend Bremond on the whole subject :

CARISSIME, P.C.,

Your letter was the more welcome in that it found me very sore and irritated, and therefore more needing to be reminded how many good friends are still left to me. As to the *affaire* things were going quietly till a compliment paid to me at the Society's expense by Mr. Dell in the *Nineteenth Century* for April roused the General to new activity. He demanded a repudiation of Dell, and a restatement of Hell. I sent up two articles accordingly ; both of which His Paternity declared unsuitable, although our Provincial thought otherwise. Finally from his sickbed he dictated a short declaration which, after one or two modifications, I published in the *Weekly Register* of June 2nd. It was absolutely colourless and unmeaning ; still, it satisfied H. P.'s order that *something* must be done. It mattered little *what*. Unfortunately one of the daily papers got wind of the whole story, and made some comments on the "Declaration" which irritated N. N.* very much, and led to some unpleasant correspondence. I more than suspect that I am to be henceforth "muzzled," not only as to writing, but also as to preaching, retreat-giving, etc. But I am not quite certain yet. From their own point of view it would be most impolitic, and supremely inexpedient. Still *quod scripsi scripsi* ; and my adversaries have been my best publishers. . . .

I fear that many really good and religious people will be lost to the Church through this "tug-of-war" crisis, which is now upon us. It is all the more incumbent on us to stand fast for their sakes and

* One of his superiors.

not to take just that step which would most seem to put our adversaries in the right and to acknowledge their claim to usurp the whole heritage for themselves. Please pray for me that I may be more patient, for now and then my hand shakes when I am tired and I say or do things that give a semblance of justice to the other side. This I see and know, is simply fatal; and just what they hope and watch for, and indeed try to worry me into.

On May 16th, Father Rudolf Meyer, one of the assistants of the General of the Jesuits, and charged with the care of the English province, had written to the Provincial in England, that: 1. Father General was ill; 2. it was serious though not perhaps dangerous, and that he was suffering as much from the "Tyrrell Case" as from his physical condition; 3. the articles sent up were quite unsatisfactory; 4. the General was sincerely desirous "to save Father Tyrrell": 5. to this end he suggested that Tyrrell should print a brief statement to the effect that, in the incriminated article "three things must be distinguished—dogmas of faith, Catholic truth, and theological opinion." That as to the two first there could be no question as to his position, "all loyal sons of the Church are bound to accept them"; as to the third, he "subscribes to the common opinion of Catholic theologians; and that his article must be thus interpreted, *i.e.* he only meant to say that we must not require more than the Church requires through her recognised spokesmen."

The result of this last appeal was the letter that appeared in the *Weekly Register* on June 1st, 1900:

"A PERVERTED DEVOTION."

DEAR SIR,

Owing to some apparent ambiguities of expression in my article of December 16th, 1899, entitled "A Perverted Devotion," which have been distorted in an unorthodox sense by certain superficial readers, I have been asked to state: that in the said article *three things must be distinguished—dogmas of faith, Catholic truths, and theological opinions; that as to dogmas and Catholic truths,*

all lo, al sons of the Church are bound to accept them, and that consequently there can be no question as to my position on this score ; but that as to theological opinions, whether touching the matter in hand or others, I wish it to be clearly understood that I hold whatever all theologians hold, unanimously and in common ; and that where, as occasionally happens, they disagree, I follow no opinion that has not such a weight of theological authority in its favour as to make it safely and solidly probable ; and that in this sense readers must interpret the article in question, wherein I meant simply to say that we should not require more than the Church requires through her recognised spokesmen.

I am, etc.,

G. TYRRELL.

May 30th, 1900.

The sentences I have placed in italics are those transcribed *verbatim* from the instructions of Father Meyer. Of the above letter he writes to Baron F. von Hügel :

An absolutely fatuous and unmeaning letter to the Editor of the *Weekly Register*, which appeared last week, is the mouse of which the labouring mountain has at last been delivered. (June 6th, 1900.)

The battle was over, but the chief actor retired with wounds that would require time and quiet for their healing, and a sense of confidence, which, as we shall see, he was not to enjoy. His superiors and friends in the English province did, indeed, manifest those qualities of sterling friendship, which are proved at such moments. Some went to the verge of compromising their own character for orthodoxy with those to whom not to be violent was to be disloyal. One of them, in the opinion of Father Tyrrell himself, eventually lost office by reason of his generosity. But the English province had no right to follow an independent line of action ; and the real moving power was with the General and his assistants. One of these latter, had he been in full sympathy with England and her needs, had he been willing to risk his own position in representing those needs, might have done much ; the English officials were compara-

tively helpless, and, as will inevitably happen, they must have grown somewhat weary and harried as the controversy prolonged itself. They had other interests, and may, perhaps, have sometimes wished that the stormy petrel had never visited their shores. The more keenly would Father Tyrrell have been sensible to the sacrifices they did actually make.

Certain restrictions now made themselves felt, not only in his liberty as a writer, but in other work also; for instance, his rights as a confessor were a good deal curtailed, especially in regard to men. A retreat he was to have given in Dublin to young Jesuits preparing for ordination fell through; in its place he had leave to give one to an institute of women in London, July 22nd to 31st, and this was the last he ever gave.

For a few days only, I believe, during the hottest period of the dispute, he gave up saying his Mass, but his superior soon interfered on this point, and made him resume it. The general impression he made on those who knew him intimately at the time was that of acute suffering, a certain amount of irritation, and a pathetic sense of the harm it might work in his own spiritual dispositions. "Pray for me, I need it;" such words were not unfrequently on his lips. In June he made his first—this time short—visit to Richmond; whither he eventually betook himself for the last troubled years of his Jesuit life.

The quiet and grave-yard tranquillity of the place is a relief just at present, after so much strain and worry—

thus to Baron F. von Hügel, June 6th, 1900. He returned to London for a time, gave the retreat mentioned, and escaped again to Richmond in August of the same year.

CHAPTER VI

RICHMOND (1900-1905)

1.

PRESBYTERY AND SURROUNDINGS.

I FEEL horribly selfish [Tyrrell writes to V. on August 8th, 1900] in running away from my responsibilities to this haven of absolute quiet, but can only justify it by the thought that my leisure may be eventually more profitable to others than my fussiness. I need all my wits about me just now, and a hurried and crowded life makes that impossible. I will stay till Father Smith* begins to grumble at my absence, and I don't know when that will be.

Richmond, in Yorkshire, where there was a small Jesuit mission, was a happy discovery for Tyrrell, and offered him some of the things he most needed; beautiful scenery, old-fashioned, unworldly surroundings, and, in the presbytery itself, a kind of homeliness, ease and hospitality which are sadly lacking to the conventional "priests'" house, and were here due to the personality of the rector, Father Henry Farmer. He and Father Tyrrell became the best of comrades, one might almost say "pals"; and Tyrrell had a downright affection for the rector, even stronger than that which the latter cherished for him. Their mutual relationship of superior and subject was, in its superficial aspect, somewhat of a joke to both of them; and "dear 'Ennery," as the rector was affectionately addressed in letters by his disrespectful son, was immensely tolerant of the

* Father Sydney Smith, S.J., then Editor of the *Month*.

chaff and vagaries, the perversity and the mischief of "Georgie Porgie," who took open pains to show him, as he said, "how superiors should be managed." But that same superior had, on the other hand, no trouble as regarded the essentials of his office and authority; none of those odious difficulties, which constitute the chief burden and misery of a superior's life, and spring from petty discontent and jealousy, the wish for the first place, the spirit of interference and criticism. George Tyrrell lived his own life and meddled with that of no one; it takes, perhaps, a little experience of community life to know how many are almost incapable of this negative virtue; and how exceedingly uncomfortable a house can be made by those who lack it. He kept carefully remote from parish work, and almost offended one or two of the more distinguished parishioners by not responding to their approaches; what services he rendered were given by Father Farmer's desire, such as occasionally officiating in the church, preaching, or, more frequently, attending the convent, to which he was much devoted.

I cared for H. Farmer much more than I knew [he wrote to V. from Freiburg in 1906], and cannot yet think of him without "idle tears—I know not what they mean." We were very happy together those six years. I rather hope now they will give him a change. I fancy (perhaps quite wrongly) that he may find the place haunted by me.

Richmond became, during the time he spent there, more and more popular as a "holiday house," whither Jesuits from other places came for rest and recreation. Semi-invalids, also, were sometimes stationed there for a considerable time. The presbytery, at times, contained a very varied selection, from which Tyrrell always contrived to extract an amount of genial fun and interest which would have been lost to the majority.



RICHMOND MARKET-PLACE.

There was the dear old father, living there in retirement, who had lost his memory, and was induced by some unworthy person to sign a promissory note for £5; he had to leave, as Father Tyrrell explained to someone, lest he should be summoned, next time, "for breach of promise." There was the quasi-invalid, anxious about his health, to whom Tyrrell would furnish a list of likely diseases, specially urging the probability of "puerperal fever"; entering, with boundless interest, into all the original inventions for diet and ventilation, etc.; trying, however, to persuade him that the latest and most highly advocated *régime* was not the "fresh air" but the "foul air" cure! "We have plenty of fun," Father Farmer remarked to me once; nor was he behindhand in encouraging it. The chaff was without malice, and George Tyrrell only teased those he liked.

The following letter to his friend Bremond, written about a year later than the date at which we have arrived, gives a good *aperçu* of the situation; I need hardly warn the reader to take it in the light and humorous sense in which it was written; not a word in it being other than what he would have addressed to the rector himself.

June 23rd, 1901. -

DEAR BREMOND,

I suppose it is only my ignorance of your circumstances that makes me wonder if you could take some working materials with you up here, and settle down for a real soothing bath of quiet and retreat. I feel sure your nerves and soul are in a state of high tension, and that their vibrations would show purple in the spectroscope. It may, however, be that the graveyard tranquillity of Richmond would drive you mad after a week; just as it has saved me from insanity. We are all so different in these matters. Still, you might make the experiment. Here, under Father Farmer, whose *superficialité française* equals that of the marvellous N. N., you will forget you are in a Jesuit house, and suffer none of the red-tape entanglements in which you have, I hear, already been

caught at Mount Street. This is the *Domus impossibilium nostrorum*—as we call it; the Limbo of the expectant. We are all mad, the superior included. Come, and be happy. You and I will make a *petite église* of our own—very fallible and with no religious Orders. I cannot tell you how it has rested me and preserved my failing energies to live among lunatics. To pass from the severity of one's thoughts and books and writings to the society of the sane and sober (as at Farm Street "recreations") is to court destruction.

Father Farmer endorses every word of this, *et amplius*.

I hope you will see everybody worth seeing in London before the season ends; and then you will come and try our baths of quiet and fresh air.

Two personalities of that period, that must not be overlooked, were the dogs Spy and Jack. Spy did not belong to him, but to another of the fathers, and was, later on, removed with his master. It was a small dog, an Aberdeen, if I remember right, who differed from the more homely Jack in that his looks were his chief recommendation. Tyrrell wrote to V. when the little dog left :

March 12th, 1901.

Spy has been transferred to Clitheroe with his master, and I am *désolé*. How deceitful emotion is! I could almost cry for the former, yet not a scrap for the latter (one for whom he had a very genuine affection), though I hope and believe I care inversely to my emotion. Perhaps it is that the little lives are so feeble and short and dependent. Perhaps also because they are natural and unspoilt.

Jack was his own dog, an Airedale; not beautiful, but boisterous and honest and affectionate. He only kept him about a year, and then parted with him, perhaps in good part, because a much-loved dog is not quite an advantage to one's work and one's freedom.

But Jack was sorely missed :

All last week [June 29th, 1902, to V.] I was depressed frankly over the loss of Jack, whom I loved very absurdly, but not so absurdly as to sacrifice his prospects to my pleasure.

Jack figures in the correspondence of the date :

Jack sends you a tuft from the extremity of his tail [he writes to Bremond in September, 1901, and, to the same:]

Jack, who has been in the wars, is busy licking his wounds and planning vengeance, else he would send some civil message.

With a few of the Catholics of the parish he formed a pleasant acquaintanceship; with one, who gave almost every moment of her day, and eventually a good portion of her health, to the unceasing labour of the church and sacristy, he formed a very genuine friendship. Then, by degrees, other friends made their way to the remote spot, whose little side-railway had been put, he said, "to take people away and not to bring them."

But the deepest solace of all, in those years of retirement, was in the woods and fields, the river and the moors of a country which, to some of us who have known it, will ever seem the fairest of England's many fair places; a place whose beauty the rough hand of winter only enhanced.

Thus he writes of the spring :

A sudden blaze of primrose, celandine, anemone in all the woods and hedgerows; gossiping blackbirds, and larks convulsed with merriment; lambs staggering about deplorably, and obviously new to the situation, and others trying to look as old and *blasé* as their stupid old mothers. (To V., April 4th, 1904.)

Or in autumn :

October 10th, 1904.

Up to racecourse and hung over gates. Dead calm, vertical smoke, moist but bright atmosphere. Cloud continents with blue skies and lakes; green-gold fields here and there amid the general shadows. Cows, birds, dogs audible, and men in the distance; and the mysterious rustle of autumn decay.

And on November 21st :

The woods have died stone-dead since Saturday ; a complete yet undefinable change of expression and complexion.

In contrast with this life London grew intolerable. During a short summer absence, in 1902, he writes to V. :

July 16th.

The heat, noise and idiotcy of London is maddening. What is it all about ? I keep asking myself every five minutes. . . . A few Hindus in Piccadilly had more meaning in their faces, more humanity, than the rest put together.

Long country walks, more frequently alone, became his one recreation ; the day being otherwise filled with study and writing ; save in the too frequent periods of severe headache.

Richmond is the haunt of artists ; its castle and river figure on the walls of each year's academy. Our pictures are therefore of the market-place and of the familiar scene of his daily life, the cobble-paved street of Newbiggin, with the Catholic Church and presbytery. From the topmost window of the latter he amused himself, in idle moments, with watching the well-known village figures, the children and the dogs.

2.

REPPRESSED ACTIVITY.

At Richmond, then, he settled himself in August, 1900, little guessing that it was to be his abode until he left the Society ; and there began a period of intense activity, an activity all the more vigorous for repression.

“ You are never so happy as when you are writing for immediate publication,” he once remarked, more by way of reproach than of compliment, in a letter to a friend. He himself had that impersonal instinct in the matter

of authorship which is accountable for some of the exegetical problems of ancient, especially sacred, literature. To him it never seemed greatly to signify whether he said a thing in his own name, or in that of another, or in a fictitious one; and his pen flowed on, even if the immediate destination of the MS. were the drawer of the writing-table. Hence the difficulties that now beset any kind of publication conduced, not to the arresting of his work, but only to the suppression of his own personality; they drove him into anonymity and pseudonymity, but not into silence.

On this point he was severely criticised by members of the Society at large, and even by some of his staunchest friends. So long as he remained a Jesuit he ought, in their opinion, to have conformed himself to the established law, and to have been silent when he was forbidden to speak. According to the recognised principles of the Institute, this complaint was a just one; on Father Tyrrell's side the following points may be noted:

1. He was in an avowedly false position, and concealed the fact neither from superiors nor equals.

Thus he wrote to V., January 8th, 1901:

Father Colley* wrote tentatively yesterday to know if I did not think it would be "for the greater glory of God" (*i.e.*, for the greater convenience of superiors) to return to my former post at St. Helen's and work directly for souls, seeing that "Divine Providence" (*i.e.*, the misgovernment of the General) had interrupted my present work. I said that I thought it would be still more for the glory of God to let sleeping dogs lie; that I had a right to consistent treatment, and therefore if I was not fit to give retreats neither should I be asked to preach and hear confessions; that until I am completely exonerated I cannot act in any public way as an accredited member of the Society.

* Father Reginald Colley, Provincial Superior of the English Jesuits.

On January 29th, following, to the same :

I have been too worried to write before. To-day, however, I have had my seventh letter from Father Colley, in which, at last, he admits the wisdom of leaving me in peace.

2. His remaining or not in this false position was a question to be answered according to many other considerations than those of his personal welfare. Not only in the world at large, but also in the Society, there were many to whom his secession from the same would be a matter of sorrow and disturbance.

Thus to V., October 19th, 1900 :

You cannot be more alive to my present spiritual dangers than I am myself—nor half as much ; for where you see only Scylla, I see also Charybdis. The thought of those who will be hurt if I fall is always present with me, and makes me cling on desperately when nothing else would, except perhaps the indecent triumph of the Philistines, which tempts me to pull the roof down on their heads if the worst comes to the worst. But all this is *ex malo* as far as I can judge, and I am aiming at peace as the one condition of light ; and just for that reason I stay here as long as I can. In the rush of London I might easily say or do what would be irreparable.

In the same spirit he writes of a visit of Father Colley to Richmond, in August, 1901 :

Father Colley surprised us on Friday by a sudden and brief "visitation" ; as I was out I did not see him for "manifestation." He was very kind in his manner as was also Father Knight ;* and from what they said to Farmer about me it is clear that they are at once very sorry and very anxious. He asked me to go and see him at York to-morrow ; but I said I did not think it worth the railway fare, as we were not likely to agree about anything ; but that I hoped, for the sake of all parties, external relations might be maintained as long as possible, though I could not pretend to retain any sort of belief in the existing S.J. and its spirit and methods ; that, without pretending to be immutable or infallible, I did not think my mind would ever move backwards in this matter. (To V., August 18th, 1901.)

* Father Knight was what is called "Socius" to the Provincial—*i.e.*, assistant and secretary.

3. If for all these reasons, or any others, he remained in the Society, Father Tyrrell considered that his main obligation was not to compromise the body to which he belonged by any action which could be ascribed to him in his character of a Jesuit. This obligation was satisfied by the suppression of his personality, and by the very unlawfulness of his procedure. Indeed, so far from the Order gaining an unjust reputation for liberalism through his connection with it, it is rather the very opposite that has resulted ; if he compromised himself, he certainly did not compromise the Society.

4. We have also to remember that, while the story of his own difficulties was running its long course, he had not a moment's rest from the duty of attending to others. He was well known as a priest and spiritual adviser ; and well known, particularly, as helpful in those very matters with which he was so largely hindered from dealing. " All the worst cases go to him," I heard someone remark about that time. This not only constituted a tremendous strain on his own spiritual powers, but likewise made him very indifferent to more distant considerations. The rights of a big corporation, which is well able to take care of itself, are apt to seem colourless and remote when the ears are filled with instant cries for help, and living hands are clinging to the garments.

The celebrated " Letter to a Professor " was written for one soul, or for several gathered under one type ; and of another illicit brochure, probably " Religion as a Factor of Life," he writes to Père H. Bremond, on December 5th, 1901 :

I hardly dare tell you what I am writing now, it is so dangerous and yet so necessary. Perhaps if I ever succeed in bringing it to full birth it may enlist your sympathy. I met so many moribund

Catholics in London in search of a *modus vivendi* that I determined on a book or series of reflections for the spiritual help of people in that condition. On the analogy of "How to live on sixpence a day," this might be entitled "How to live on the minimum of faith." A non-controversial, non-apologetic retreat for *bona fide* agnostics was an old idea of mine. This is an effort in a like direction. Needless to say, the work will never get beyond the MS. stage and will be circulated under most horrific oaths of secrecy. It will not have Cardinal Vaughan's *Imprimatur!*

There is more than one form of loyalty, though the second is often overlooked; especially, perhaps, in ecclesiastical government. There is loyalty to those above us, but there is loyalty also to those below us; there is the loyalty of the subject who fulfils the charge imposed on him by his superior, but there is also the loyalty of the superior who will not disavow or abandon the subject who has erred in the fulfilment of his charge. There is the loyalty of the subordinate officer to his chief; there is also the loyalty of the subordinate officer to his own dependents, who may be unjustly oppressed by a higher authority.

Father Tyrrell was much more true to those who depended on him than to those on whom he in any way depended; the Society could look after itself, the troubled souls that turned to him were in very much greater need of his allegiance.

Herein he followed the original call, to which his vocation as a Jesuit had been, from the first, subsidiary. He was a Jesuit for the sake of the Church, and a Catholic for the sake of humanity.

"The simple truth," writes Meredith of one of his characters, "has to be told; how he loved his country, and for another and a broader love, growing out of his first passion, fought it."*

5. Lastly, we have that passionate interest in the

* "Beauchamp's Career."

cause of religion which made him as one driven by a compelling force rather than self-conducting.

I am driven on [he writes in April, 1901, to V.] by a fatality to follow the dominant interest of my life, though it should break the heart of half the world. No doubt it is fanaticism, but there it is.

The result is to be seen in those works which, according to the actual rules of his Order, he ought not to have written; directed, as they are, to difficulties to which he had not leave to minister.

We enter, therefore, on a period of almost ceaseless production: what he could openly publish, he did so publish; the rest was privately printed, or published under other names. Among published writings we may mention the various *Month* articles, and also a series of prefaces to some "Lives of the Saints," translated from French originals under the editorship of M. Henri Joly.* This work he had to abandon, as he wrote to V., October 30th, 1900, "owing to the cumbersome conditions of censorship."

Chief among the pseudonymous works were "Religion as a Factor of Life" and "The Church and the Future," both of which were afterwards used to some extent in acknowledged works, especially the former. Then there was the allegory of the "Walla-Washee Tribe," which eventually saw the light under another title, and under the name of a collaborator.† There were also various letters and unsigned articles in papers; some of them extremely important. As he came under stronger suspicion, it became more and more difficult to get his works passed, and he writes on one occasion, to his friend, Mr. A. R. Waller:

Now that my muzzle has been so unfairly tightened, I feel no scruple in biting in any way that a chance offers. (April 23rd, 1902.)

* Published by Messrs. Duckworth.

† The analysis of all these works is given in later chapters.

Nor must we deny that there was a certain charm in the lawlessness of the proceeding ; as he tells a friend :

I am writing perhaps more assiduously than when I was free—there is a charm of furtiveness that was then lacking.

He also made some provision in case of death, and wrote to me on November 16th, 1900 :

I am sending you the MS. of the diary of notes of which you have seen a few in type. Some of the latter ones may interest you. They had better remain in your keeping. If I were to demise before their publication in any form they should not go into S.J. hands to be burnt prudently ; but into those of some free agent who will make use of them ; and so of any others I may leave with you.

In some cases he deposited copies in other hands also.

His inner state at this time, as we may gather it from letters, was one of suffering and perplexity, and yet of such throbbing mental vitality as to be worth the pain. According to the prevailing mood we hear one note or the other. Thus to Baron F. von Hügel on November 12th, 1900 :

I often feel if there were no temptations of mental darkness to wrestle with I should not love the light as I do, and my spiritual lamp would go out.

Yet, referring to the falseness of his position, he compares his own case with that of another which had been brought before him, and writes to V., December 18th, 1900 :

Yes, it is sad about N. N. [a monk who had left his Order]. That is two of my friends within a month. Still I think, all things considered, he was right in going, and he went more or less at my instigation. When the yoke galls to a certain point the only thing is to remove it till the sore heals. I have known a few recover under this *régime*, but none under the violent method. Of course one has to consider the scandal given ; but there would have been more scandal later. I wish now I had urged him two years ago,

when he was less embittered than now. I wonder what you would think were I to take my own advice; for now it is really becoming what W. James calls a "living hypothesis." My position as an S.J. is becoming such a lie, and, bound as I am, there is no way out but by an act of schism. So powerful is the S.J. influence at Rome that dispensation could not be had against their will, and they are afraid to let me out, much as they (at Rome) would wish to be rid of me.

In the following letter he summarises his position, December 26th, 1900, to V. :

What you say about my breach with the S.J. being the first step in a process of disintegration is, to the letter, what I said to one of ours who left us about a year ago; so I am quite alive to that danger. I feel that so far the checks and restraints have helped me from moving too fast in ways I should have regretted. The censorship of my writings, the need of putting things carefully and inoffensively, has taught me subtlety, just as all oppressive governments make men crafty and deceitful—poisons that may be medicinal in small quantities. . . .

It is not that I find the S.J. intolerable misery, for indeed I do not. . . .

The only motives that tell with me are the proportion of scandal to advantage and the very faint hope that one may do some good in the S.J. itself. This last has been practically destroyed by the extinguisher that the General has put upon me, and by his attempt to "defame" me in the eyes of "ours" by forbidding me to give community retreats, etc. As to faith, it is my one hope that there is a solution yet to be discovered; and that not very far hence. I think there are crises in human thought comparable to those in evolution when life, sense and reason first come on the scene; and that after such crises there are seasons of great confusion pending readjustment. . . . Naturally we do not know where we are just at present; and it will take time to translate faith into that language, yet I believe faith will reappear, though I am not so sure that it will be Roman faith—yet even that is to me the more probable issue—in some sense a certain issue. How far away even Newman seems to one now! How little he seems to have penetrated the darkness of our day! His method and spirit are an everlasting possession; but of his premisses and presuppositions hardly one has escaped alive.

On August 18th, 1901, he says to the same :

I feel with you in your "panics," but *retro abire non licet*, indeed it is impossible to unsee what we have once seen. One feels as it were in a cockle-shell in the mid-Atlantic and would wish to be tucked up in bed safe ashore. Above all the solitude, the absence of that comforting "consensus" on which it is so pleasant to lean and slumber, and the sense that one may be all wrong! And yet I do not know that there is any very comfortable way of getting to God, except *super aquas*; or any reliable support except one's own dim conscience. If one could be faithful to that one would feel nearer to God in mid-ocean than in an armchair, but it is not easy.

Thus he wandered forth into the darkness; confronting problems and dangers in contrast with which the rules of a more sheltered life may well have appeared slight and unimportant.

CHAPTER VII

THE JOINT-PASTORAL

ON March 10th, 1900, Father Tyrrell wrote to a friend :

The best policy, I half think, would be not to oppose but to fan the flame of this "Authority-fever," and to get them to declare the infallibility of every Congregation, of the General of the Jesuits, of every Monsignore in Rome ; to define the earth to be a flat plate supported on pillars, and the sky a dish-cover ; in short, to let them run their heads full tilt against a stone wall, in hopes it may wake them up to sober realities.

The *reductio ad absurdum* is God's favourite argument—to let evils work themselves out and so manifest their true nature. Nothing else ever carries widespread conviction.

It was not long before he found an occasion to test this policy.

During the years 1899 and 1900 there was a good deal of stir and movement in the little Catholic community of England. First, we may mention an outbreak of articles by Catholic writers in non-Catholic magazines on the relations of the Church to science, on the action of Roman Congregations and other kindred questions.* One or two of these writers were extremely outspoken, and paid little heed to the ordinary conventions of ecclesiastical propriety ; others, sympathetic to a certain point, were entirely opposed to the temper of this criticism and partly opposed to its substance.

* Some reference has been made to these articles in Chapter IV.

There was also a spirited discussion in the pages of the *Weekly Register*, on the secret methods and action of Roman Congregations, a subject of burning controversy.*

In 1899-1900 the celebrated Mivart case occupied general attention; a case which ended in the excommunication of the Professor, after his articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly* of January, 1900, on his refusing to sign a formula of faith presented to him by Cardinal Vaughan.

In political matters there was also some restlessness in regard to the action of Rome; and at the meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, February 6th, 1900, a protest was sent in to Cardinal Rampolla regarding the tone adopted by the *Osservatore Romano* when treating of English affairs, there being a "reputed close connection between the Vatican and the *Osservatore Romano*, a connection which, it is stated, includes a financial subsidy from the Vatican to the newspaper in question."†

Then there was the burning question of the Catholic Press; was any sort of professedly Catholic, and yet ecclesiastically independent, organ permissible on Catholic principles? In a declaration of the *Tablet*, when it passed under the direction of Cardinal Vaughan, it was stated that "the ecclesiastical decisions of every bishop in the kingdom will be respected by the *Tablet*, and no opportunity will be offered for canvassing them in the columns of its correspondence."

The *Tablet* did not always find it possible to adhere rigorously to this rule, and, indeed, to us who see that, with a certain class of professedly orthodox and highly

* "A Plea for Habeas Corpus in the Church," *Weekly Register*, August 26th to September 16th, 1899.

† See *Weekly Register*, March 2nd, 1900—also for answer of Cardinal Rampolla.

commended Catholic newspapers, at the present day, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals are a favourite quarry,* the rule laid down by the *Tablet* may seem to have been based on an over-scrupulous estimate of the rights of such dignitaries. Anyhow, the question was a critical one at that time; and one or two independent Catholic papers sprang into being and struggled for existence; chief among them being the *Weekly Register*, which had lately begun a new life under new direction, and of which Father Tyrrell made extensive use.

The great Americanist controversy had also excited interest in this country as well as in France; while echoes of the history of our Catholic exegetists, their struggles and sufferings, were finding their way slowly to Catholic ears.

As we have seen in several quotations from his letters, and could see from many more, Father Tyrrell had, for a long time, great confidence in the persistent force of a subtle presentation of truth; such a presentation as should elude opposition by a careful observance of form. But the compliance was to be in form only; for he had already said enough to prove that it was not, with him, a question of a little more liberty or a little less, but of the fundamental relations of liberty to authority, of truth to orthodoxy.

It was in some measure owing to the upheaval which had lately taken place in his life, in some measure to the inevitable results of his advancing knowledge and extending grasp of modern thought, that he was beginning to see that methods of diplomacy, which may be quite satisfactory in dealings between equal, contending powers, are not so adequate when all the

* The Italian *Unità Cattolica* is noted for this spirit. The English Catholic Press usually observes the old forms of respect for bishops and priests.

force of recognised and official authority is on one side only. He had, as yet, but little sympathy for the extreme militant party; but he was nevertheless becoming dissatisfied with the strictly polite and moderate methods. About then (the exact date is missing) he wrote to the editor of the *Weekly Register*, Mr. Rooke Ley:

N. is more deferential to authority than I am, perhaps because he does not know as much as I know, and has not *felt* the sting of injustice himself. Still, I am with him in the main—more than with N. and N.* These latter seem to me so purely destructive and so void of any clearly defined position that I have no confidence in them, and feel that they play straight into the hands of the Philistines. While I have a personal dislike, inability and contempt for diplomacy, my reason tells me it is the necessary condition of success. Truth and justice *ought* to be conclusive arguments with ecclesiastical authorities—but they are not;—never have been. They will never *jump* down from a false position; but will climb down quietly and unnoticed if the way is made easy for them . . . on the “inclined plane” principle. It is easy to be moderate when one’s own skin is not touched. . . . Still, I confess that I have made things worse, and never better, by giving expression to irritation.

But the difficulties of progress on such lines pressed on him more and more; difficulties that were even increased by these elusive methods. Might it not be better to squeeze the premises to their conclusion; to press the principles of excessive authority to their extremest consequences; to show what was really meant on one side and what was really meant on the other, so that men might take sides with full knowledge of the cause they were supporting? Each party would then be responsible for its own real programme; those who had no definite position would fall off on either side, and a battle would be engaged, without false and unreal issues, between the opposing principles, in which truth might be trusted to gain the victory. To this

* Certain extremists of the Liberal Catholic party.

end the declarations of authority must not be tenderly manipulated and doctored out of their true meaning, but must be brought to their most rigorous conclusions ; must be dealt with, in fact, as by their most violently orthodox advocates.

An ultra-narrow clerical organ [he wrote on November 14th, 1900] would succeed financially and would hasten the great *reductio ad absurdum* which is the best thing worth working for now. Our nibbling improvements will do nothing, and the wisest thing is to hurry the fever to its crisis.

The opportunity arose with the issue of the celebrated Joint-Pastoral of the English Catholic Hierarchy, of December 29th, 1900, on "The Church and Liberal Catholicism."

In this document the bishops point out the evil that results to a small Catholic community from living in the midst of those who maintain the principle of private judgment in religious as in civil matters ; and they see the fruit of these evil communications in the recent writings of certain unnamed Catholics. The Church rejoices in the abiding presence of the Divine Teacher, who "claims unreserved allegiance, love and obedience, whether He speaks through the Sacred Humanity, or through the Vicar of Christ and the bishops, who are the successors of the Apostles." The Church is divided into two orders—teachers and taught. The *Ecclesia Docens* needs no help from outside ; "her governing rule and law is the rule and law that brought her into existence, viz. the authority of God." The *Ecclesia Discens* is made up of the laity, the priests, and of bishops in their private capacity—all these are "simply disciples."

Their lordships then enumerate some of the errors of the Liberal Catholic school ; and go on to describe in what conformity with the mind of the Church con-

sists. There is the "assent of faith" to dogmas revealed or closely connected with revelation; and there is the duty of "religious obedience" to be rendered: "to that teaching of the Church which does not fall under the endowment of her infallibility, but under the exercise of her ordinary authority to feed, teach and govern the flock of Christ"—this ordinary authority covers "pastoral letters of bishops, . . . many acts of the Supreme Pontiff and all the decisions of the Roman Congregations." As to the kind of assent comprised under this duty of religious obedience, the Pastoral is not altogether clear; and it is admitted that, though assent is demanded to certain pronouncements of authority, those pronouncements themselves may eventually be reversed. As for the theory of development, the bishops lay down the sense in which it may legitimately be accepted. "The doctrines of faith have not been cast into the world to be torn to pieces or to be discussed by mankind generally and elaborated at pleasure into a system of philosophy. They have been entrusted, as a Divine deposit, to the teaching Church, and to her alone—to guard faithfully, and to develop and explain, with Divine and infallible authority. Truths, therefore, at one time held implicitly, by degrees become explicitly realised and defined, as one or other of those truths becomes a more special object of attention on the part of theologians or of the Holy See, in the face of existing controversies, or of attacks upon her teaching from those who are hostile to her." The Roman Congregations are defended against recent criticism; the habit of rash and indiscriminate reading is rebuked, and an appeal is made to the loyalty of the faithful, the Church being "as a defenceless lamb in the midst of wolves."

This Pastoral Letter was necessarily regarded as possessing peculiar importance, being an utterance of the united episcopate; and its authority was enhanced by a commendatory letter of Leo XIII. himself, addressed to Cardinal Vaughan and the English Catholic bishops, on February 11th, 1901.

In the controversy that ensued some of the moderate writers were curiously silent in regard to the Pope's letter.

On January 5th, 1901, Father Tyrrell wrote to Mr. Rooke Ley :

All good wishes for the New Year; though what it contains in store for us was never less conjecturable. I have just been making myself ill over the Joint-Pastoral; more perhaps on account of the felt spirit of the thing, than of anything said. For surely there is nothing original or illuminating in it: *Sæpe audivi talia; consolatores onerosi omnes vos estis*, as Job remarks. But it marks the strength of the so-called liberal party that it should call for such unusual action on the part of those ordinarily supine officials. It is a pity they don't try to go to the root of "liberalism" instead of mowing down the blade and thereby strengthening the crop. They have as a body no ghost of an idea what it is all about; and one cannot deal with difficulties one has never felt. "Authority" is their one note—their whole tune. They do not see that it is a question-begging note; that it is the existence, or at least the right limits of their authority, which has been brought into question. They seem to claim no less than the Pope for themselves singly or collectively. I cannot see that a bishop's *gratia status* means more than that his use of natural means will be blessed and overruled. But if he spurns natural means and falls back on miraculous guidance he is but tempting God. If the Bishops themselves had read all that is to be read on modern difficulties; if they had felt and overcome the temptations to which the faithful, educated and uneducated, are exposed, one would feel bound to listen to their warnings; but when they openly show that they speak without their book, when they say equivalently: "Don't look, don't read, don't think; listen to us; we know *a priori* there are no difficulties; still don't look, or you might see something"—well, nobody will mind them, except those who need no physician. What angers me are the reflections partly

developed or hinted at in my November Article;* the absolute incompetence of our clergy as a body to meet the incoming flood of agnosticism; the deep somnolence of our Bishops. All they care for is to fetch a few proselytes from ritualism. Here at least the Anglicans put us to shame; all the constructive or defensive work in behalf of religion in general and of theism comes from their labours; and it seems to me the Petrine squabbles are very unimportant in comparison. But the truth is that these theologians have so tied us up in matters outside their own department that we have not the liberty needed for apologetic. If you deny or impugn the "Clock-maker" argument or "prime-motor" argument for the existence of God, you come under some condemned proposition or other. So that really one cannot stir. I should like to deal with the Joint-Pastoral in the *Nineteenth Century*, but my speech would betray me. It is a great opportunity for a strong and temperate protest against Reaction on the Rampage.

But such a protest would have been useless without co-operation and support; and it would have been exceedingly difficult to obtain support for a principle whose results were not materially practical and immediate. Catholics, in general, would not have dreamed of interesting themselves in such a matter; though something might be hoped from an Anglican protest, which should make Catholic rulers understand what a deterrent such views of authority would be to conversion or reunion. The Pastoral furnished, however, an opportunity for the *reductio ad absurdum* argument; for unfolding the extreme conclusions of extreme premises, and warning moderate men of the incline on to which they were being drawn.

On February 17th he wrote to the editor of the *Weekly Register*, with some hint at this form of argument:

It seems to me that the Joint-Pastoral—as I indicated in the notes I sent you about it—makes a distinct line of theological

* "Tracts for the Million," see "Faith of the Millions," vol. ii.

cleavage with Jesuitism, for lack of a neater term, on one side, and Newmanism on the other. It fixes a programme or a policy on which we so-called "Liberals" should be able to unite, sinking all minor and less fundamental differences. It is just a question of the constitution of the Church; of the relation of the Pope and the *Ecclesia Docens* to the *Ecclesia Discens*. Till this is settled all fighting about such details as Mivart broke his neck over is missing the point, and confusing the issue. We should not fight as to whether we are to accept more or less of the results of criticism until we have established the place of criticism with regard to ecclesiastical teaching.

The two points of the Pastoral on which he thus promptly seized were its conception of the Divine origin of ecclesiastical authority; and its theory of the relations of the *Ecclesia Discens* to the *Ecclesia Docens*.

In a letter to the *Pilot* of March 2nd, 1901, signed "A Conservative Catholic," he writes:

As an analysis of facts the current theological doctrine of the functions of the *Ecclesia Docens* involves at first sight a theory which could in no way be regarded as a legitimate development of earlier teaching, or escape the charge of an almost abrupt innovation, nor could it be defended as a necessary or even valid deduction from the Vatican decrees. It would cleave the Church into two bodies, the one all active, the other all passive, related literally as sheep and shepherds—as beings of a different order with conflicting interests; it would destroy the organic unity of the Church by putting the Pope (or the *Ecclesia Docens*) outside and over the Church, not a part of her, but her partner, spouse, and Lord, in a sense proper to Christ alone; it would shear the bishops of their inherent prerogatives while restoring to them a tenfold power as the delegates and plenipotentiaries of the infallible and unlimited authority claimed for the Pope.

In May an article appeared in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, by Lord Halifax, on "The Recent Anglo-Roman Pastoral." In it he embodied some of the views of Father Tyrrell, with whom he was in correspondence at the time.

In this article special stress is laid on the conception

to be found in the Pastoral of an "unqualified vicariate," *i.e.* "the unqualified identification of the Pope with Christ"; a doctrine which entails as its consequence that the Pope is not simply a principal part and constituent of the Church, but is "a distinct personality standing outside and above her, even as Christ does; having a mind separate from hers and to which hers must be obediently conformed."

The article finds the same fallacy at work in the supposed mutual relations of the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens*; which are not represented as organic parts of one whole, but are distinguished literally as shepherd and sheep, the layman having simply to do as he is told, to "pay his fare and take his seat as so much ballast in the bark of Peter, while the clergy pull him across the ferry."

On May 3rd the *Weekly Register* contained a leader entitled "Lord Halifax demurs," in which Father Tyrrell followed up his opportunity; and as in his article, "A Perverted Devotion," he had feigned sympathy with the Redemptorist against the Jesuit, so now he represents the mechanical conception of authority, which can be drawn from the Pastoral, as the "badge of orthodoxy"; while the organic conception, according to which rulers and ruled, teachers and taught are parts of a great interdependent whole, he terms "amended Gallicanism." At the same time he maintains that either view can be brought into consistency with the letter of the Vatican decrees.

In a private letter to the Editor he more fully develops his meaning :

Halifax pushes the principles of the Joint-Pastoral's view of Papal infallibility (which is that of Franzelin, Palmieri, Humphrey, Bottalla, Ballerini, and all the post-Vatican theologians, especially

of the S.J.) to their extreme issues; and contrasts them with those of, say, Newman, of the bishops of the minority, of the historical and pre-Vatican theologians. He shows that there are two irreconcilable views of the Church's constitution and of the Pope's place in that constitution. In one he is the organic head, *i.e.* an internal part of the Church's single personality; in the other, he is her moral head; outside and over her, as a husband is the head of his wife—a distinct personality with a distinct mind, will and action; or like a shepherd who is not part of his flock but stands outside and over. This view is built on various fallacies of metaphor and on puerile exegesis, and on a contempt and ignorance of history.

It lives and grows only because it has not been stated in its nakedness; partly through the confusion of its supporters, partly through their prudence lest they should evoke a protest of strangled truth. It means the most unqualified absolutism; and, as I said, puts all the motive power in the Pope, who as a steam-engine draws the passive episcopate at his tail.

In the *W.R.* I simply set these two views side by side; and speak of the latter as "the badge of orthodoxy," as at present it unfortunately is. The sane view is only not condemned. I call it "amended Gallicanism," because, personally, I believe that there was a truth as well as an error in Gallicanism, namely its protest against the absolutist view of infallibility; its error was the denial of the sane view. Hence an "amended Gallicanism" is just what I want. The name is, of course, intentionally invidious; as I want the *W.R.* to be verbally on the "safe" side, without actually committing itself to one view or the other. If J. W. or anyone else can show us a *via media* or a higher synthesis let us have it by all means. But if controversy issues simply in a clearer recognition of the need of choosing one alternative or the other, and of abandoning the shilly-shally muddle-headed position, it will also be a great gain. I think Manning was the *enfant terrible* of the ultra-Vaticanists in that he did not shrink from the extremest conclusions of his principles; but I think he represents the position more truly than the muddlers, and in no way exaggerated its essential implications.

Hence my pose in the *W.R.* is that of one who impartially and dispassionately recognises the actual situation and sees the seal of orthodoxy *all but* set upon the view which he cordially dislikes. If I have misinterpreted the orthodox position let them say so. As H. co-operates with the bishops, so the *W.R.* co-operates simply to bring the question to a clear issue in the eventual interests of truth; but it does not attempt to answer the question—not even implicitly

—by such terms as “amended Gallicanism” or “badge of orthodoxy.”

The bewilderment of those who misunderstood the irony of the article—and there are always many to whom irony is perplexing or offensive—was great; and the trouble occasioned to the Editor and his paper was considerable. A short paragraph of editorial explanation appeared in the number of May 17th, stating that the article was simply “expository” of two views of Papal Infallibility; and the discussion continued.

Father Ignatius Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, rejected both views of infallibility set forth in the article of the *Weekly Register*, and maintained that there was a third and middle view. The view which had been, in that article, classed as the “badge of orthodoxy” was, to his thinking, rather the “badge of folly”; and the “amended Gallicanism” of that article did “not save the letter of the Vatican decrees.”

In regard to Father Ryder’s protest, Tyrrell wrote to V. :

His mistake was in being frightened by the term “amended Gallicanism,” instead of accepting the thing and protesting against the name. (June 8th, 1901.)

Mr. Wilfrid Ward supported Father Ryder, without making any direct criticism of the article in question; and having been quoted in a letter of Lord Halifax to the *Weekly Register*,* he maintained that the views he had set forth in his book “W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival” were in strict accordance with the Vatican decrees.

Under the signature “S. T. L.” Father Tyrrell continued his rôle of devil’s advocate; pleading against the view he really maintained; urging persistently that it was a choice of ways; that the extreme teaching

* May 10th, 1901.

of the Joint-Pastoral represented the prevailing temper and the growing tendency of the orthodox world ; and that with this teaching the liberal doctrine was fundamentally dissonant, under whatever cloud of words it might veil itself. There was, in fact, no *tertium quid* between the two existing theories of infallibility.

The most important of the S. T. L. letters is in the number of May 24th. Comparing the two views, he says that, according to the former, the liberal view, or “ amended Gallicanism ” :

It is in the collective mind of the Church, not in the separate mind of the Pontiff, that the truth is elaborated ; he is final and infallible in interpreting and imposing his interpretation. But a faculty cannot be brought to act except by due relation to its object. As one must read Scripture if one would profess to interpret it, so the Pope cannot be conceived to speak *ex cathedra* except when he professedly investigates the ecumenical mind. This investigation is not the cause, but it is the *conditio sine qua non* of an infallible decision whose validity depends on it, as vision depends on its object. . . .

But this view [he says further on] is based on principles irreconcilable with those which underlie the Joint-Pastoral. . . . Here it is in the separate mind of the Pontiff that the truth is elaborated under the guidance of the Holy Ghost—whether by internal illumination or by external providence is immaterial so long as the effect exceeds natural causes. . . . The Church’s mind is infallible, not actively in its independent operation, but passively and receptively because it is the mirror of his. As Christ’s Vicar he perpetuates Christ’s teaching office. Christ did not learn from his Apostles, or simply gauge or declare their mind, but taught them with an independent, personal, absolute infallibility ; and this prerogative he transmitted when he made Peter the shepherd of his sheep and lambs. The shepherd, though united to the flock, is outside and over it, not in it—its moral, not its organic head. The scope of the Joint-Pastoral is to exclude the notion, so dear to the Liberal Catholic, of any sort of self-guidance on the part of the *Ecclesia Discens*, which would imply a direct action of the Holy Ghost controlling the spontaneous workings of the collective mind. . . . The passive infallibility of the *Ecclesia Discens* is an infallibility in believing and obeying, not in thinking independently

The Pope, before defining, refers to it as to a mirror of past pronouncements . . . not as to a living book. . . . All the motive power, so far as the doctrinal movement of the Church is concerned, resides in the Pope. It is only as united with him that the bishops can be roughly compared to the carriages of a train in which the faithful are borne along to their destination.*

Against one of the advocates of a middle view he urges, in a last letter, that : if there are two tendencies, one to maximise, and the other to minimise, Papal power, such contrary tendencies

must be the outgrowth of contrary principles, whose essential incompatibility they reveal. (June 7th.)

And in a private letter he remarks :

It is strange no maximist has come forward to repudiate my statement of their case ; (To Mr. Rooke Ley, May 25th)

—a saying as true to-day as the day it was uttered.

In the article " *Docens Discendo* " of July 19th, 1901, Tyrrell abandoned the tactics of S. T. L. and gave a careful study of the two parties, and their respective conceptions of the relative positions of the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens*. The two views, he maintained,

do really exist, and are not fancies or *reductiones ad absurdum*.

There is some contradiction in the opening paragraphs of this article, since he at once says that the milder view " can probably claim the fewer, though possibly the greater names," and yet speaks of the extreme view as though it were already, in good part, ruled out of court. This contradiction was not, probably, unintentional ; nor was it illegitimate, since, according to those who had come forward in the controversy, the rigorous view had no real standing.

With the republication in the *Weekly Register* of

* See *Weekly Register*, May 24th, 1901.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article "Doctores Ecclesiæ" which had previously appeared in the *Pilot*, the discussion came to an end.

Time has justified the contention of S. T. L.; and there are few now who would dare to class his "badge of orthodoxy" as a "badge of folly." In recent events it is the most extreme view that has prevailed; and, as he said in another letter at that time:

L'Église c'est moi is literally the Pope's attitude. He is the steam-engine; the episcopate is the carriages; the faithful are passengers. (To Mr. Rooke Ley, April 27th.)

It is an important controversy, for it marks a fact that has been too much overlooked, the fact, viz., that men who eventually fell under the same condemnation were to reach their point of junction from very different starting-points; having been impelled, in the first instance, by quite distinct motives and reflections. We shall see how this variety of starting-point will influence, later on, their attitude in opposition. Those to whom the question of authority, its rights and its limits, has not been a primary consideration, but who have simply gone their way as *savants*, until authority exerted itself to repress them, will naturally be more inclined to question the consistency of keeping their place in the Church than those to whom that same question of authority has been the primary one and the starting-point. For if the chief question be how and when the Pope is infallible, a particular doctrine of infallibility cannot be made the rule by which to answer it. In such a position as S. T. L. maintained, under the name of "amended Gallicanism," opposition can justify itself, since authority is the point of discussion.

If S. T. L. got himself into disgrace with not a few, there were others who considered that he had done

good, and even remarkably good, service by his whole treatment of the subject. To one he wrote :

I was greatly encouraged by your estimate of the Halifax controversy, for, working secretly like a mole, I had no advice or consultation to direct me, and I felt that I was probably wrong somewhere when I found Ryder was against me as well as Ward. (September 22nd, 1901.)

CHAPTER VIII

LAST WORKS OF THE JESUIT PERIOD

I.

“THE FAITH OF THE MILLIONS” (1901).

ON February 4th, 1901, I find the first mention of this work in a letter to V.:

It has been decided that I am to publish two volumes of *Month* articles.

But a hitch occurs.

February 11th, 1901. (To the same.)

I had actually printed forty pages of my *Month* articles when Father Smith took fright and wanted to have them censored afresh as though for first publication. So I said they must fall through; for it would mean endless haggling and nagging. . . . I am only sorry because a new “book” (though but seemingly new), would have made me respectable again and bridged over difficulties *pro tem*. I had arranged to return [to London] last Saturday, but now I don't know that I shall return at all. As the General has appointed thirty-two censors in the province, after his own heart, he has graciously released me from the obligation of submitting my writings to Italian censors.

On March 7th, he writes again:

Father Sydney Smith gives the *Month* and the *scriptorium** to Father J. Gerard on the 13th, and so I shall have a new master. I don't suppose it will make much difference to me, as Father Gerard will most likely not disturb my repose at Richmond. I expect the articles book will come out, after all; I shall know by Saturday.

* The *scriptorium* is a term for the writing staff at Farm Street.

On June 8th :

I have at last got an *Imprimatur* for my two volumes of dry bones. They will be so much litmus-paper to test the atmosphere if it be too poisonous for me, or else tolerable a little longer. But I have no doubt there will be a huge rumpus over the "Theology and Devotion" article,* not to speak of others. It will be a good *casus belli*; and in no case shall I "laudably submit myself" to the dominant tyranny; for if these books are not tolerable I have mistaken Catholicism all along, and do not belong to the Church or come under its jurisdiction.

On June 13th, he says :

My two volumes are to be published at once, the title "A More Excellent Way," etc., and, for a text: *Et extendens manum tetigit auriculam ejus et sanavit eam*; which is a good wipe at the slashers.

The proposed title gave dissatisfaction, and he writes on July 11th :

After great fuss and worry I have had to change the title of my essays to "The Faith of the Millions"—a stupid and witless name enough. I wanted "Essays towards a More Excellent Way," which would have saved the title-pages reprinting. But the truth is N. is afraid of Liberalism in that title.

This change was certainly enforced at the eleventh hour, for many copies had the first title stamped on the binding under the other. The text now chosen, in accordance with the new title, was "And seeing the multitude," etc. (Matt. ix. 36).

The discussion with his censors was relieved by some humourous chaff, and he informs the same friend, on July 16th, that :

My books are to appear with the rather inappropriate title "The Faith of the Millions." I suggested "The Travails of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," but they didn't see it, and thought my spelling bad!

In these volumes are included the latest articles : "A Light from the Past," which now appears as

* We shall see presently that this article did cause trouble with Cardinal Vaughan.

“Juliana of Norwich”; “The Mind of the Church,” August-September, 1900, which is one of the chain of writings on the subject of development; “Tracts for the Million,” November, 1900; “Poet and Mystic,” which appeared first as “Coventry Patmore” in December, 1900; and “Idealism in Straits,” which appeared as “The Trinity at Trinity,” in February, 1901.

The following letter to the Abbé Dimnet will explain difficulties which may occur to the readers of this collection :

DEAR M. DIMNET,

Let me thank you most cordially for all the trouble you have taken with my book. I have abundance of eulogy and obloquy, according to the prepossessions of my various reviewers, but scarcely any useful criticism till now. That which one receives from ecclesiastical censors is, of course, purely negative and in the interests of conservative theology; in no wise constructive or educative. English Catholic readers, unfortunately, are too much outside the current of thought to do more than either hiss or applaud; Protestant readers are naturally too indifferent to examine carefully what comes from so tainted a source, and are only interested in marking some little “infiltration” which is to their taste.

I think my literary and philosophical conscience echoes all your accusations and finds some bitter satisfaction in having its smothered convictions so neatly formulated. I will only throw a little more light on the situation, which, far from proving you astray, will only guide you further in the direction already taken.

Till about the date of my first essay I had, not a firm faith, but a firm hope in the sufficiency of the philosophy of St. Thomas, studied in a critical and liberal spirit. The series represents roughly the crumbling away of that hope and the not very hopeful search for a substitute. Still, I seem to have found a path, if not yet a goal, though it is not one I could very well trace out in the pages of the *Month*. There, my endeavour has been rather to read a wider meaning into the old system and its formulæ than to jeopardise my ecclesiastical reputation by attempting a new construction. This will explain any incoherencies and even contradictions. Again, there was the fact that I was attempting—foolishly perhaps were there any more suitable outlet—to treat the problems of specialists in a popular fashion adapted to the average reader of the *Month*,

which is not even an ecclesiastical review, and circulates chiefly in convents. And then, I am as one who, while pushing his way alone through the undergrowth of a forest, cannot afford to give undivided attention to his course, but must stop and guard against innumerable enemies, above, below and on either side—I mean, I have to think how this and that will sound in censorious ears and may be twisted into matter for delation; and thus come those digressions and excursions which so justly offend those who love a straight road and plain sailing.

But why did I not carefully revise the earlier essays into harmony with the later, and cast out the contingent and transitory review-element? Because at the time I was not allowed to publish anything *new* without submitting it to special Roman censorship of an absolutely prohibitive kind; and yet, at the crisis, I wanted to defend my reputation for orthodoxy by thus bringing all my past work into one *conspectus*. These essays I could publish, just because they had already been through the ordeal of censorship—though, as a fact, they were again overhauled and not a little mutilated—another source of sundry incoherencies. I quite agree with you that the essay on Samuel Laing is cheap and feeble—a sort of smart controversy which is much approved and encouraged in certain ecclesiastical circles, but which I have since absolutely repudiated. But it was, perhaps, the one essay about which my censors were enthusiastic, and I could not afford to deny Cerberus his sop. It was, perhaps, a little more *ad hominem* than you allow for—an attempt simply to discredit the witness; though at the time I could have defended many positions that I have since ceased to defend.

These are, then, some of the difficulties under which I have laboured and which will account for the many defects which your acumen has detected, and, far from impugning, will justify your criticisms.

In the preface, which was dated March 17th, 1901, and was written before the change of title, he continues the argument of the included essay, “Tracts for the Million”; suggesting, thereby, the general aim to which the other articles had mostly been directed. In this particular essay he had treated of the proposed scheme for meeting the rising tide of popular agnosticism by a series of tracts; the article was ostentatiously aristocratic in tone, profoundly democratic in sentiment.

I confess [he wrote to V., October 25th, 1901], I have a supreme contempt—not for ignorance, or simplicity, or superstition—but for the vulgarity and pretentiousness of cheap intellectualism—whether in theologians or greengrocers it matters not. That is not the kind of “simplicity” that Christ commended; and I think the Rabbis must have frequently accused him of intellectual pride.

In substance he asks those in authority: “Why are you losing the people? Because you have lost their leaders. Why have you lost their leaders? Because your spiritual life has not been vigorous enough to convince their hearts, nor your arguments sufficiently enlightened to convince their reason. How can you *honestly* regain the people? By honestly regaining those to whom the people look, as representing the highest existing level of life and thought. How can you *dishonestly* regain the people? By smart controversial methods such as are repugnant to all but those as fundamentally ignorant as the ones in whose behalf they are employed.”

His meaning was misunderstood, and on January 12th, 1901, he writes to V.:

I never contemplated doing the tracts for N. N. The whole meaning of my article for November was, patently, that I don't believe a bit in “Tracts for the Million.” Yet on all sides I get enquiries as to when I am going to begin. Very few have a sense of irony. The way to “convert” England is to educate our priests and make them sober and pure, and to look after the spiritual wants of our perishing millions; and to leave Protestants alone until we are in a position to set them an example. Christ only said one thing about proselytising, and it was not complimentary; but He said, “Let your light so shine,” etc.

In the introduction to the collected series he abandons the ironical form and puts his meaning in plain words; the first appeal of the Church, whether in the case of the learned or in that of the ignorant, is *ex fructibus*; then the apologist “has only to raise

the sluice and free the gathered waters."* Yet he *must* "raise the sluice," and for this, "our first care in the interest of the millions must be to address ourselves to the best intelligences, that is to the few; we must make it evident that Christ is the only way to the Father, just because He is at once the Truth and the Life."†

Although these articles had already appeared in a strictly Catholic periodical, and were now reproduced with Cardinal Vaughan's *Imprimatur*, the inquisitorial mind was soon at work on them; we shall see that they exercised an adverse influence on the fortunes of another work.

2.

"OIL AND WINE" (1901-1902).

This work properly belongs to the Richmond period; though it is a collection of old and new material, "gleaned from the notes of occasional sermons and instructions."‡ Like "Nova et Vetera," it was, according to its original plan, offered as the material for meditation,§ and it bears no slight resemblance to the earlier work. Both books appeal to those who may take but little interest in the intellectual movement with which others of his works are concerned; both are chiefly directed to the mystical needs of the soul. But "Oil and Wine" strikes deeper than "Nova et Vetera"; it strikes indeed, as many who have read it, rather for spiritual and devotional than for intellectual motives, will have felt, so deep as to cause a kind of pain; such suffering as is inevitable when the intimate springs of life are touched. He

* "Faith of the Millions," vol. i., p. 11.

† *Idem*, p. 19.

‡ Introduction, p. 10 (edition of 1907).

§ See first copies—printed privately.

speaks in the introduction of the "pains of growth" which we sometimes mistake for the "pangs of death"; it is perhaps the kind of pain which readers of "Oil and Wine" will have experienced.

Many chapters deal with faith, and consequently with doubt; and for some of these, in particular the three first, he offers some apology in the preface of 1907. It is, indeed, hard to defend them from a charge of "voluntarism as crude as the intellectualism against which it revolts."* On the other hand we have to remember that we might look almost in vain among the old classic spiritual writers for any diagnosis of the disease of doubt; hence it is not surprising if, in the first efforts to treat of it, we have some tentative and passing experiments.

A work like this cannot be summarised, since it aims at no positive unity; but if one were to attempt to indicate a leading theme, that theme would be the human soul, upheld by God in the midst of immensity, and struggling forth from loneliness and separation to union with all things and with Him. Separation and union, these are the two poles between which man moves; separation, which implies an ever-narrowing life leading to death; union, which implies death of one kind as the means of entrance on the fullest life shared with all. As in "Nova et Vetera," we have the belief in Nature's high destiny, and the persistent resolve to save what is truly human, and establish its eternal value.

Not till the whole framework of humanity is complete shall the common joy, shared in due and different measure by the lowliest and meanest, as well as by the highest and most honoured of its members, be made perfect. Then only shall the meaning of the least particle and letter of that utterance be fully revealed, when the last syllable

* Preface (p. ix) to edition of 1907.

shall have been added to give sense and coherence to all that went before.*

In the preface to the new issue of this work, dated January 25th, 1907, Father Tyrrell explains his reasons for not entering on the controversial history of its first attempted publication; one chief personality of the drama had passed away, and the survivor had no wish to revive the dispute. Not only Cardinal Vaughan, but another of the chief actors was also dead by then, Father Reginald Colley, who, as Provincial of the Society in England, had, little to his own taste, played a part in the contest. Now all three actors are dead, as well as Tyrrell's old friend, Father Dolling, who also made his appearance on the scene, and the story can be given as that of a warfare between systems rather than persons. If the Cardinal appears to lack sympathy and understanding, if Father Tyrrell seems wanting in patience and deference, these were the faults inherent to their respective positions, of ruler and thinker; of the one who had to guard what was there and the one who knew what was lacking.

With Cardinal Vaughan Father Tyrrell's relations had been very friendly, and the former had called on his services in dealing with certain complicated cases. He had, for instance, been recommended by the Cardinal to Professor Mivart, as the one most capable of helping him in his difficulties; and there were probably other such instances.

As to Father Reginald Colley, he was perhaps the most pathetic figure of the three, so wholly was he possessed by the double wish to do his duty and to give as little pain as he might in the doing of it.

He had succeeded Father Gerard in the Provincial-

* "The Dead," p. 345.

ship in 1900-1901. Of this latter Father Tyrrell had written to V., January 2nd, 1901 :

I had a long and kind letter from Father Gerard to-day on his retirement from office ; undeservedly kind, as no doubt he burned his fingers over me very badly.

He was not prepossessed in favour of his successor, though he knew little of him personally.

[He] wrote to me [he says in the same letter] the day of his installation, a distinctly "charitable" letter ; which means that he has been put on to re-open and settle this quarrel ; and wants to disclaim all personal antagonism in the matter.

He thought, as he says in another letter, that Father Colley had lived too exclusively in a Stonyhurst *milieu* to understand the thoughts and feelings of those who belonged to a different environment.*

But he learned to appreciate him a good deal better, even through the storms of their inevitable opposition one to another, and three years later he writes, on the occasion of his death :

Father Colley, you will have heard, was found dead on Friday. Good for him, poor tired man ! He was *in desire* very large and fair and honourable, however hampered by the trammels of his office and vocation. (To V., February 14th, 1904.)

The MS. of "Oil and Wine" was sent up to the Provincial some time in 1901. On October 16th there is a letter to Tyrrell from Father Colley, informing him that certain amendments are demanded by the censors ; as he tells him further in a second letter of two days later :

They (the censors) remark that the supernatural nature of Faith requires bringing out more ; and the excellency of Catholic teaching also, in spite of accidental defects in minor details. The impression on many minds at present would be that Catholic doctrine has so much error mixed with it as to be seriously compromised.†

* To V., January 29th, 1901.

† Letter of Father Colley, October 18th, 1901.

It is scarcely necessary to give a detailed account of the opinions of the two S.J. censors, whose objections are summarised in the above letter. Both are impressed by the beauty of the book; both are also, evidently, somewhat startled by it; both are troubled by the reiterated theme of the "infinite inadequacy" of the Church's teaching; one of them is exercised by the treatment of the doctrine of the personal soul in its relation to all humanity, a theme which was criticised also in some other quarters. The first censor is, however, favourable to the publication of the work with certain corrections, notably:

I think it would be well if there were a special paper showing the immense superiority of Catholic teaching over any other—

though he wisely adds:

Perhaps that, however, does not fit in with the purpose of the work—working upwards from what all men hold in common.

The second censor can hardly be said to favour publication.

Father Tyrrell drew up "A List of Alterations and Repairs," to meet these objections; and the work was eventually accepted by the English Province.

But the difficulties were not at an end. On December 10th, 1901, Father Colley writes that they cannot get the *Imprimatur* till the book "is in type, as the Cardinal wishes to see it first."

I have not a copy of Tyrrell's answer to this communication, but in a letter to V., of December 12th, he says:

There is a new hitch about my wretched book. The Cardinal has declined to accept (as usual) one of our S.J. censors as his *deputatus*, and wants me to be re-censored by one of his own men. . . . I asked the Provincial to apply to my local bishop, but he thinks this would be to offend His Eminence. I wish now I had published *sub rosa* as I had first intended. I have not yet decided what to do, but

I don't see how anyone can blame me if I refuse to submit afresh to all the tedious annoyance of censorship.

On December 23rd, Father Colley gives the reasons for the Cardinal's action, which was an unusual one, the verdict of the Society usually sufficing for the episcopal *Imprimatur* :

I had to see the Cardinal the other day, and he told me that his reason for asking to see the proofs before giving his *Imprimatur* was that a passage in the "Faith of the Millions" had been found fault with, referring to Our Lord's nearness to us in the Blessed Sacrament.*

As "Faith of the Millions" boasted the *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal himself, there is some irony in seeking approbation that could do so little for the safety of the work on which it was bestowed.

Tyrrell was now distinctly angry, and some heated correspondence was exchanged between himself and the Cardinal during the next few days. The book was meanwhile passing through the press and was sent to the Cardinal in March, 1902. On March 20th he wrote to Father Tyrrell :

I received your proofs only last week. I read through the greater part of them ; but found myself in such conscientious difficulties that I sent them to be revised by censorship in Rome.

He is sorry, because there is much that is beautifully and strikingly said.

Father Colley tried, once more, to soften the blow in a letter of March 24th ; but the issue was practically certain. On March 25th Cardinal Vaughan informs Tyrrell that two of the Roman censors are positively adverse, and that he is only waiting the opinion of the third ; he trusts that he will bear this trial with all the patience and humility that mark a great Christian character.

* The passage occurs in the article on "Theology and Devotion."

This letter crossed one from Father Tyrrell of the same date, March 25th, in which he says :

MY LORD CARDINAL,

Whatever the verdict of your Italian censor, it seems plain to me on reflection that a book which puzzles Your Eminence will puzzle the average intelligence of Catholics in this country. Hence I have decided not to publish it, but have given it as a present to my Anglican friend Mr. Dolling, on the understanding that if ever he should wish to publish it in his own name for the benefit of Anglican readers it must be with a prefatory note, stating that it has been repudiated by its anonymous author.

There was a meaning in this letter which escaped the Cardinal, to whom it seemed simply an "edifying" submission, a *proof of your loyalty and virtue*, as he says in his reply of March 26th. This it was not in the Cardinal's sense of "virtue," though it was a perfectly truthful statement of Tyrrell's practical intentions.

The Jesuits understood better the possible results of the proposed course of action, and Father Colley wrote, on April 1st, 1902 :

I hope you have made a condition with your Anglican friend that the book is not to be published under present circumstances. The author of the repudiated book would be known at once from the style ; and it would never do for you even to connive at the publication of a book written by you which authority had decided to be likely to do harm rather than good.

To this Tyrrell replies on April 2nd, stating that the Cardinal had appeared satisfied with the arrangement ; that neither Catholics nor Protestants could be misled by a book published under such conditions ; that as to the *objective* harm of the book, it had, after all, been passed by the English S.J. ; that the book had originally been given to Mr. Dolling, and only recalled when there seemed a chance of publishing it under its author's own name.

Father Colley, however, felt it necessary to arrest

this plan, and paid a visit to Father Dolling himself at the suggestion of this latter. Dolling wrote to his friend :

ST. SAVIOUR'S CLERGY HOUSE, ETC.,
April 2nd, 1902.

CARISSIME,

Colley was here this afternoon. For the sake of the Society the book must not be published at once. It would put them in a very tight place between the devil and the deep sea—which is His Eminence and which is yourself you are judge, but I take the book and I put it away for three years.

On April 2nd Tyrrell informs the Cardinal of this arrangement, and says that he has told Father Dolling

that if he ever publishes the book, or any part of it, unaltered, in his own name for Anglican readers, he must state that "it has been cast aside and repudiated by its anonymous author."

As my other books are inspired by the same spirit and would, I doubt not, infallibly elicit very similar comments from similar censors, I can only conclude that my position all along has been a mistaken one, and must be very seriously reconsidered, especially as so many Anglicans have been deceived through regarding me as a trustworthy exponent of Catholicism. This impression must be corrected at all costs ; and the casting of this book will, I trust, be serviceable to that end. If, on reflection, it seems more honest to do so, I will repudiate the rest of my books later (*i.e.*, as representative of Catholicism).*

If Cardinal Vaughan answered this letter that answer is not in my possession ; but in a letter to Baron F. von Hügel, April 12th, Tyrrell says :

He [Cardinal Vaughan] replied through the Provincial that this would give great scandal, etc.

The arrangement with Dolling lapsed on the death of the latter. Meanwhile Father Tyrrell secured a

* There are two rough copies of this letter to the Cardinal, differing in detail, though not in substance. I have given the text of the one which seems most likely to have been actually despatched. I cannot, however, pronounce definitely in the matter.

certain number of copies of the already printed volume, which he circulated privately; but that kind of secret is never more than nominal, and as Father Colley informed him later (July 5th, 1903), when discussing another proposed publication :

The late Cardinal knew at once—before I did—that your last book was in circulation privately.

An open secret is, however, not the same thing as a public fact; and Father Tyrrell was, by now, convinced that any further efforts must run on these lines as long as he remained in the Society. As he says in a letter of that date to Mr. A. R. Waller :

I could get nothing through two iron walls,* not even the *Pater Noster* if it were in my own handwriting.

3.

“RELIGION AS A FACTOR OF LIFE”—“LEX ORANDI” (1902–1904).

On April 12th, 1902, Father Tyrrell wrote to Baron F. von Hügel :

I was much delighted with Blondel's reply to Pécheget in the *Revue du Clergé*; it fell in exactly with what I was at the time engaged upon—a study of religion as a factor of life. This study was suggested by my introduction to the admirable work of Countess Zamoyska in Poland, which may be described as a “Noviciate for life in the world,” and is founded on a recognition of life as consisting in a threefold labour, *sc.* of the spirit, of the mind, and of the hand—a conception quite in harmony with you and Eucken, which recognises that the religious interest though principal is not *all*; that it is the head of our organised interests, but not the body and members; that it needs a body in order to have a *raison d'être*. Instinctively this good woman has seized the true philosophy of religion; though she is not reflexly aware of the *infiltrations du protestantisme* which permeate her system. I will send you some

* He refers to the double censorship—Jesuit and diocesan.

of her documents as soon as I have written a little notice about them. . . .

My theory is an amalgam of Loisy, Blondel, Munsterberg, Eucken, etc.—nothing being my own but the amalgamation; some day you shall read it—for your sins.

I see now [he wrote March 9th, 1902, to V.] how all that seems to me most dangerous in it [the work in question] is really the logical outcome of what I have been saying from the first. In re-reading my proofs I find it in every page, though I had no distinct consciousness of whither I was moving when I wrote them. How passive one is under the tyranny of one's mental and moral instincts! Surely we end, rather than begin, with the principles that shape our life and thought; and the whole labour is directed to understanding ourselves.

The article on the work of Madame Zamoyska at Zakopani appeared in the *Monthly Register** on July, 1902, and was the slender thread from which was weaved one of Tyrrell's most important and constructive works, of which the first essay was printed, for private circulation, with the title "Religion as a Factor of Life," under the pseudonym of Dr. Ernest Engels. It was eventually incorporated, largely *verbatim*, in "Lex Orandi," published in 1903.

I have just revised the proofs of my "Study of Religion," etc. [he wrote to V. on May 25th, 1902], and find it, though deadly dull, much more satisfactory than I had thought.

He had three hundred copies printed, which he distributed cautiously to those who might be interested therein.

The true text of the work is the saying of St. Augustine, quoted on the second page—*Nihil aliud quam voluntates*; "we are nothing else but wills"; each single will is set in a world of wills, and the whole world of wills is centred in a supreme and Divine Will, which binds them, singly and collectively, to one

* The *Monthly Register* succeeded to the *Weekly Register* in that year; it is now extinct.

another and to itself. This relationship to the Divine Will

is the foundation of the religious sentiment or affection, which is inclusive and regulative of the sentiments of particular and collective love founded on the other relationships. Religion is the principal element in the life of the affections, and therefore in the whole organism of human life (p. 2).

Here we touch on the cardinal theme of "Theology and Devotion," and see why the work we are considering was eventually called "Lex Orandi." Of religion, in this its fundamental sense, prayer, and not theology, is the chief element; prayer, not vocal, nor, in the popularly accepted sense, mental, but prayer as the intimate attitude of the soul to God; of the finite to the Infinite Will.

What then is every particular form of religion but the effort to put into definite words and actions this relationship of the human soul to the world of spiritual reality; and what is revelation but the stammering utterance of eternal truth in the only language that man can understand?

Religion, then, is not theology, which, by itself, would make of it pure intellectualism; it is not morality, which would make of it a merely ethical system; deeper than theology is faith, which is the relation of the mind to the world of unseen realities; deeper than morality is love, which is the relation of the will to the Infinite Will, centre of all wills.

Not theology, for :

Precisely as a work of the understanding, *i.e.*, as a theology, a religion is as purely human an effort as ethics or logic; but the world with which it deals is given to it, not all at once, but progressively, by what may be called "revelation"; and from such revelation springs by natural consequence a desire of and effort at new utterance, that may be called "inspiration" (pp. 13, 14).

Not morality, for :

Love may be a motive of morality, but it is not a virtue or moral habit. . . . Morality is a certain rational and, in some sense, artificial order introduced into our life. . . . But the life so regulated and set in order is an action or will-movement, continuous, many-sided, ceaselessly transforming itself into something newer and fuller. Whereas justice or any other sort of morality may be enjoined directly, love cannot be so enjoined. We can impede its growth and foster it; we can do the outward deeds and say the words of love; but over the thing itself we have no direct command (p. 74).

In this conception of religion we have indeed such a discipline of mind and reason as will make of us little children in the Kingdom of Heaven; there is no room here for the pride of intellect that can creep into the schools of theology, nor the pride of conduct that can regulate a system of morals. These have their use, but in relation to something greater; and their truth and value may be gauged by the service they render to this, their essential end.

Such is the truth of a religion, namely, its utility for eternal life, *i.e.*, for the life of correspondence with the Absolute (p. 7).

This is not pragmatism in its limited meaning; the truth of religion is not tested by its practical usefulness, but by the measure in which it corresponds with that more deeply, yet dimly, apprehended truth, which the fullest revelation granted to man on earth can suggest but not describe. This truth is the object, not of any separate faculty, but of the whole being; of "feeling," explained as he explains it, according to which explanation it is "most central" and the "main-spring of life." Hence love is the supreme end and test of truth in religion :

Indeed, that Faith and Hope are but ministerial to Charity, as to the permanent substance and end of religion, is a truism; though the consequences of this truism, *sc.*, that the means should be

criticised by the end, and that its bearing on divine love is the inspired element of every dogma, is not so generally noticed (p. 7).

Yet all this does not mean

that our religions are arbitrary fictions, like working hypotheses, which may yield true results and yet be utterly false (p. 7).

Nor does it mean that each man can elaborate for himself and test his own religion. Even fundamentally religion, as here set forth, is no *solus cum solo* relation, but a deeply social one; an union with the Will of God, indeed, principally, but with all other wills as centred in Him. Externally, also, man is not set in a wilderness, and it is in association with others that even his individual powers are developed.

As in every other respect, so in this, our life depends on society for its education and development. The deeds and words of holy, God-loving men and women are the food of our souls; it is there that their will-attitude is revealed to us. In its organised form the society of God-loving men is called the Church, and finds its head or unitive principle in the ideal and perfect humanity of Christ (pp. 22-29).

He then speaks of

the two tables spread for the soul's nourishment in the Catholic Church—the table of the Divine Word and the table of Sacramental Grace. . . . All private spiritual exercises are effectual so far as they are directed by those public and divinely established standards furnished in the liturgy and rite of the Catholic religion (p. 23).

In "Religion as a Factor of Life" this general statement of religious philosophy is the text of the work; its application to the definite dogmas of Christianity occupies the Appendix.

In its treatment of historical dogmas the reader may experience a difficulty which some have encountered also in the well-known apologetic work of the Abbé Loisy, "L'Évangile et l'Église." For while the theological assertion of purely spiritual truths must, obviously, be

ever inadequate, and in part symbolic, the theological assertion of an historic fact with a spiritual signification should, according to our natural expectations, be positively true in the former respect, as it is analogically true in the latter. The most devout and believing mind cannot suspend assent in matters of history once the facts are clearly before it; and the spiritual value of an historic assertion would not save it from becoming a pure allegory if the fact proved false.

In an article on "The Dogmatic Reading of History," published in the *New York Review* in 1905, and republished in "Through Scylla and Charybdis," Father Tyrrell returned to the discussion of this problem, but in both places its treatment was necessarily provisional, for reasons scientific as well as theological. All apologetic that in any way forestalls the synthesis must be inadequate; nor could any professedly Catholic apologist say, indiscriminately, all that might need to be said. But in the conclusion of "Lex Orandi," a chapter which is not to be found in the earlier work, there is a subtle indication of the lines on which that problem might have been met, for:

From the continual and endless variations of belief and devotion which originate in one way or another, the Spirit of Holiness eventually selects and assimilates the good and useful, and throws away the worthless or mischievous, by the slow logic of spiritual life and experience (p. 210).

And

there are beliefs or devotions which originate in mere theological curiosity or in pious fancifulness, or in morbid sentimentality, or are dictated by religious decadence and laxity . . . and these, not having much root, are doomed sooner or later to wither away (p. 210).

In fact, as Tyrrell hints in this concluding chapter, the theory of development was not sufficient for the

burden laid upon it ; it is too purely intellectual, too much "in the interests of speculative truth." As we might, indeed, have known from Gospel warning, the tares were sown almost as early as the wheat ; nor has apologetic been less busy in the defence of the one than of the other.

The little unpublished book was well received by the chosen few to whom it was confided. As Tyrrell wrote to a friend who had been largely instrumental in its dissemination :

I have been much encouraged by the kind words of such men as Eucken, Holtzmann, N., N., etc. ; although it would have been so much more encouraging had it been possible to put my name to "R"*: and not necessary to speak the truth under one's breath, as if it were something obscene. (October 14th, 1902.)

Then came the idea of using it, as far as possible, for Catholic publication. Thus to the same :

I have resolved to send an unbroken stream of articles into the *Month* until I am stopped : and I mean to doctor up "Engels"—even the Appendix—for that purpose. (December 4th, 1902.)

But the reception of one or two articles in the *Month* emboldens him to go yet further, and he writes again, April 8th, 1903.

I am writing a sort of expurgated and amplified "Engels" for the orthodox multitude, which I am going to offer to the censors. It consists of short spasmodic articles, first from the introductory matter, and then on particular points of belief to the tune of the Appendix gently modulated. It is called "Lex Orandi" ; and will be a *tour de force* when finished.

There is no doubt that Father Colley, the Provincial, and, in general, the Society in England, were extremely anxious to ease his position as much as possible ; the fact that this book passed their censors is a sufficient proof of their good-will. They also wanted to check

* "Religion as a Factor of Life."

anything in the way of private circulation, as Father Colley says in his letter of July 5th, 1903, in which he encloses the remarks of the censors. Of these two, the first and the third were distinctly favourable to its publication, and the second not positively adverse. Father Charnley, S.J., gave the *Nihil Obstat*, and the *Imprimatur* was obtained from Dr. Bourne, then Bishop of Southwark.*

There was no small difficulty over this business, and Tyrrell writes on October 12th, 1903, to the friend above mentioned :

The proofs of "L.O." have been very troublesome. I feel it will be my last say, and I want to say all I can as well as I can; to get in as much as will fit . . . under the *Imprimatur*.

"Lex Orandi" was published at the end of 1903, the introduction being dated July 30th of that year. On January 3rd, 1904, he says to the same :

The first edition of "Lex Orandi" (1,500) is sold out, so the Index had better hurry.

There was further trouble in regard to the second edition, and Dr. Bourne, by then Archbishop of Westminster, sent word to the Provincial that "had he read Chapter XXIII. of 'Lex Orandi' he should have hesitated about the *Imprimatur* which he granted solely on Father Charnley's certificate."

Tyrrell suggested a second preface to meet the objections to this chapter, explaining its meaning, and upholding its necessity, given the actual conditions of knowledge and thought. The proposed addition was rejected, the Archbishop considering that it "would just call attention to what it is more prudent at this juncture not to emphasise."† No change, therefore,

* Now Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster.

† Letter of Father Colley, February 9th, 1904.

was made, and the second edition was the same as the first one.

“*Lex Orandi*” differs from its predecessor, “*Religion as a Factor of Life*,” in form and arrangement, but is, to a great extent, literally the same. There are qualifications intended to adapt it to a more mixed class of readers; introduction and conclusion are new, and there are other additions, as well as omissions. The whole plan is more harmonious, and the first chapter, on “*The Sacramental Principle*,” makes the entire theme more definite and concrete. The introduction strikes the note of his entire endeavour; an endeavour to recall Catholic apology from its occupation with the intellectual puzzles of religion to the strengthening of its deeper and more vital interests; an endeavour to show that the Church in which we live the life of the soul, like the earth on which we live the life of the body, can survive the acceptance of the Copernican principle. She is as a vessel set in immensity, and not as a vessel containing immensity; a truth old enough in theology itself, but too little accepted in its daily teaching, as the censors of “*Oil and Wine*” might show, to whom the persistent inculcation of this truth appeared disedifying.

As he wrote to Baron F. von Hügel, January 11th, 1903:

The question of the relation of Christianity to other religions is just the *whole* question.

In facing this conclusion, and accepting the Copernican principle, the Church herself becomes child-like and docile, as the faithful are so often urged to be:

The Church cannot be a child again [he writes in the Conclusion], yet her progress is ever towards a more deeply intelligent and deliberate appropriation of that infused simplicity of aim, spirit and method that characterised her childhood.

She must pass from simplicity to complexity, from complexity back to simplicity, and thus

learn through solicitude about many things the sovereign value of the one thing needful, of that best part that shall not be taken from her (p. 215).

In the following letter, of a later date, to the Rev. A. L. Lilley,* Vicar of Paddington, he gives a more intimate explanation of certain positions in "Lex Orandi":

September 21st, 1904.

MY DEAR LILLEY,

A most interesting article† on a most prickly subject. Of course the Creed, as a compendium of theology, does belong to the static, ante-development stage of thought. All the "lettings-out" of theology by gussets and patches have been under protest; and profess to be mere logical explicitations. We now, looking back, see that the Creed ought to have been imposed merely as provisional—as registering the state of theological development of that day; as destined to be transformed into a better symbol; but in fact it was imposed, and is still imposed by "officialdom" as final at least so far as it goes. Hence the "Lex Orandi" treatment of the difficulty is to some extent an "economy" (to use a polite term), an attempt to stretch the old bottles in default of new. After all, there is something uncandid in my attempt to credit the Church of the past with any consciousness of principles which we are only now beginning to realise and formulate. She *ought not* to have cared about historical and theological values as such; yet as a fact she did; she *ought* to have viewed them merely as the earthen vessel of a heavenly treasure; but, as a fact, she did not. She ought not to have attempted to fetter the Church of the future; but she did. Her creed and theology *ought* to have been merely and only the product of her spiritual life and its exigencies; but, as a fact, impertinent theological curiosity, clerical ambition and greed, spiritual inertia and mediocrity had no small share in the result (*e.g.* all teachings tending to show the necessity of a priesthood—and they are many). The "Lex Orandi" is therefore *selective*, not creative; the

* Now a Canon of Hereford Cathedral.

† Refers to a lecture by Mr. Lilley on the Creed, published in a volume entitled "Practical Questions."

matter is supplied from a thousand sources, good and evil. What I meant, but could not say too plainly, was that we might still use the Creed as an expression of certain devotional and "pragmatical" values and of certain mysterious other-world fact-values, in which these are rooted, even though its historico-philosophical sense became to a large extent untenable. But we cannot go on for ever stretching the old bottles. When men are sufficiently prepared by an understanding of the principles of religious growth we shall have to recognise the right of each age to adjust the historico-philosophical expression of Christianity to contemporary certainties, and thus put an end to this utterly needless conflict between faith and science which is a mere theological bogey. But till that bogey is laid, and during the period of transition, I suppose we must suffer these wretched "economies" if we are not to scandalise either the man in the street or the man in the study. As to the question: Are we honest? I reply: Indifferent honest. A deal more honest than our dogmatic opponents, whose zeal is for a formula and who do not care twopence about its reality or sense. As honest at least as those who say: *descendit ad inferos, ascendit in cœlum*, and yet deny, when pressed, the corporeality of the soul, and the ancient idealisations of heaven and hell as understood by the framers of the Creed; as honest as those who accept the Creed in its "natural" sense, because they are either indifferent to, or perversely ignorant of the difficulties of that sense. And I think we are more honest, because more sensitive to the rights of truth, than crudely uncompromising dissidents who ignore the reality of the "religious process," by which God progressively reveals Himself to the collective mind that asks and seeks and knocks through its creeds and theologies if haply it may find Him; and because we cling consciously to the earthen vessel, lest through our imperfect discrimination we should part with any life-giving remnant of the heavenly treasure that may cleave to it. English John Bull speaks as though honesty were the simplest and most elementary of virtues and not the very last quintessence of noble character. At least let us confess that there are degrees of honesty as there are of reality and that the perfection is attained only by a Christ; for the rest of us it is enough if we try to be honest and purge out our dishonesties with all diligence. As the best symptom of progress is a growing sense of one's manifold insincerities, so surely the worst is the bland self-complacency of the uncritical, who seem to themselves honest because they have never tested themselves. The honesty question always riles me; hence this digression suggested by my sympathy with the diffidence of your concluding remarks.

4.

“THE CHURCH AND THE FUTURE” (1902–1903).

“Religion as a Factor of Life” was the direct parent of “The Church and the Future,” first called by its author “Catholicism Re-stated.”

In the following letter to Père Henri Bremond he speaks of the former work, and gives some hint of the struggle in his mind to deepen the line of thought that was to issue in the second :

RICHMOND,
July 27th, 1902.

CARISSIME,

So you are not coming after all ! And your letters to me and to M. P. are not free from a strain of suppressed sadness and life-weariness which makes me regret your decision all the more. No, my “Oil and Wine” (which Miss P. has sent you) will not heal your wounds or explain the *silence de Dieu* which at times makes the world an unbearable solitude. *Ut quid me reliquisti?* is the cry of agonising humanity at all times. Perhaps the silence will be broken and explained when death seals our senses. Perhaps ! “So runs my dream, but what am I ? An infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.” I send you another of my “cries.”* There is less in it than I had hoped. The Appendix gathers up the somewhat obvious fruit of the laborious and tortuous fore-work and notes. And yet, and yet, there is something I want to say if I could bring it clear in my own mind, and which keeps my faith vigorous amid the ruins of my orthodoxy.

On March 15th, 1903, he wrote to his friend, Mr. A. R. Waller, who had helped him in launching the previous work :

A cousin of Dr. Engels has written a brochure of a very tentative character for private circulation. Are you still in a position to negotiate for its printing ? It is bigger than the “Factor” ; but I should prefer a more casual, flappy, pamphletty and less booky get-up.

* “Religion as a Factor of Life.”

In the following letter to Baron F. von Hügel, concerned mainly with a then private correspondence, taking place between the same and M. Maurice Blondel,* he gives some account of his own theme :

April 8th, 1903.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

When I read Blondel's letter I was carried off my legs by its persuasiveness, especially as it appealed to my somewhat incurable Christo-centricism, which survives and thrives upon all that should overthrow it ; and also, as it fell in with so much that I have been writing in my "Catholicism Re-stated," now being printed for *very* private circulation. Of course, neither Blondel nor even Loisy, nor perhaps even you will follow me in my radicalism, though I think I make out my case, *sc.* that the most Liberal Catholicism is essentially distinct from Protestantism, and has its right place in the Church.

But when I turned to your reply, wondering what you would find to say, I saw how much deeper and keener your criticism was than mine, and how you saved all that I liked in B. and without any sacrifice of the rights of scientific criticism.

I have only one unlearnness about Loisy's view remaining, and that is that it is too indiscriminately conservative, that it does not give us what Newman tried (vainly I think) to give us, a criterion to distinguish true from false developments. B. calls it a theory of evolution, rather than of development. In a sort my objection is : *Nimis probat.* I regard the "Catholicising" of Christianity as a *per se* result of the Spirit of Christ, and not as a perversion or accident ; but I perceive in that "Catholicising" process (as in the Scriptures) a divine and a human, an inspired and an uninspired element ; and I apply the *quod semper*, etc. test in a *practical* way, *sc.* beliefs and institutions which are universally proved, experimentally, to foster the Christian spirit, *ipso facto* are proved to be true to that spirit. And by the Christian spirit I mean that spirit which spoke from the beginning in the prophets and men of faith, and found its most docile organ in Christ, and which still speaks in the corporate life of the Church, so far as holiness is found there, *i.e.*, I make the Saints and not the theologians the teachers of Christianity. The Spirit of Christ rather than Christ Himself is the creator of the Church—or rather of the whole organism of the pre- and post-

* This correspondence issued eventually in a discussion in the *Quinzaine*, March to June, 1904 ; the Baron setting forth his position in an article entitled "Le Christ Eternel."

Christian Church of which Christ is the bond, and of which no part, not even Christ, exhausts the potentialities. I think when you read my brochure you will see that this offers a very workable criterion to distinguish mere results and by-issues and local and passing variations from true developments. It also, I believe, coincides with your admirable defence of the need of the twofold Christ—subject and object—glorified and terrestrial—it leaves His human sanctity in the same category as ours, while allowing room for a mysterious relation between His humanity and that spirit of which it was the most perfect, *but infinitely inadequate*, utterance, and whose utterance (as the spirit of *human* sanctity) needs all humanity for its organ.

The work was printed “for private circulation only,” under its now known title, with the pseudonym of Hilaire Bourdon, and a French title along with the English one, to veil, as far as possible, the true authorship.*

The secret was kept more carefully than in the case of the “Engels” brochure; though abroad it eventually leaked out, and some of the English Jesuits were rudely surprised at hearing of its existence from foreign sources. It was distributed prudently by one or two friends to thoughtful people in England, France, Germany and Italy; and imprudently by Tyrrell himself, wherever he thought it might be of use.

“The Church and the Future” is a more deliberate application of the principles of “Lex Orandi” to Catholicism; and, surprised as its author was at the acceptance of this latter by the authorities, he would have been a good deal more surprised at the acceptance of the former.

First he deals with the charge of dishonesty dealt out by the official theologian to the Liberal Catholic, and maintains that

just the one dogmatic point which a Catholic may dispute without

* It has been published since the death of Father Tyrrell by Mr. Sydney Mayle—Priory Press, Hampstead.

logical suicide is the rule of faith, the limits and nature of ecclesiastical inerrancy (p. 2 of A, p. 12 of B*).

As to "private judgment," it is not its presence or absence that distinguishes Protestant from Catholic :

The essential difference is not in the exercise of private judgment whether prior or subsequent to the acceptance of the authoritative rule of faith, but solely as to the *nature* of that rule ; in the one case it is the mind of the living Church, in the other it is the record of a particular phase of that mind (A, p. 5 ; B, p. 14).

He then points out how the change, which not only must be introduced, but actually has been introduced, into the traditional conception of Scriptural inerrancy must be introduced also into that of ecclesiastical inerrancy. This argument was highly opportune ; for there were many intelligent and educated Catholics at the time who were afraid to accept even the obvious conclusions of Scriptural criticism, because they saw it would force them to alter their conception of ecclesiastical infallibility. This, exactly, was, according to the theme of "The Church and the Future," the conception that did need to be revised. As he had written, January 3rd, 1902, to Baron F. von Hügel :

But another more potent reason of Rome's hostility to Scripture criticism is the fact that nothing which Fathers, Councils or Tradition have said of the Church's infallibility is half so strong as what they have said of the infallibility of Scripture ; and that, if the latter conception has to be gravely modified, the former cannot hope to escape a corresponding modification. Yet both modifications are "insuppressible," and the more obstinately the truth is resisted, the more disastrously will it avenge itself at last, and the Church will have to "begin with shame to take the lowest seat."

He then develops the leading theme of the work ; the distinction between the "charismatic" and the "institutional" stages of religion, and between the

* A refers to the privately printed copies ; B to the published edition.

kinds of authority proper to each. To the charismatic stage belong the prophet and the inspired teacher, with the authority of one who teaches in virtue, not of his office, but of his personality; to the institutional stage belongs the one who rules and teaches in virtue of his office, who sums up, defines, gives forth the results of that collective wisdom which is poured forth in the whole Church by the abiding Spirit of Christ.

He then shows how, under the claim to Divine assistance, certain charismatic claims have been transferred to institutional authority; leading to those fallacies which are at the root of our present difficulties.

Our second criticism is that the Church's doctrinal vicegerency is conceived "officially" in an unqualified or very exaggerated form. . . . According to "officialism" Christ instituted the Church so as to secure for future ages and all nations the same privileges in the way of doctrinal guidance enjoyed by His first disciples. They quote: "Lo, I am with you always," etc., "As the Father hath sent Me," etc.

We must first notice that the "officials" themselves are forced to admit that these texts prove too much. . . . For they were addressed to men inspired to reveal new doctrines, and the "power" which they received was Christ's own wonder-working power.

If, then, the Pope to-day were to arrogate to himself absolutely all that was said to St. Peter and the apostles he should consistently arrogate inspiration and wonder-working. (A, p. 49-53; B, p. 50-53.)

To the development of this partly fallacious conception of authority the theological schools have contributed; those schools which are, he thinks,

the great tyranny of the modern Church; and not the least evil of their influence is that they have made of Christ Himself the first of theologians. (A, p. 25; B, p. 31.)

Now whereas, when inspiration died down, the error of would-be prophets was made manifest by their divergences, for this centralised and supreme form of

institutional authority there is no such corrective—there can be

no *patent* scandal of conflicting oracles. (A, p. 105 ; B, p. 98.)

Yet :

Unless the whole analogy of history deceives us, we may be sure that the last relic of the claim to miraculous gnosis will share the fate of the rest. The Pope as Czar and absolute theocratic Monarch by Divine right must, under the logic of the Christian idea, give place to the Pope as really, and not only in name, the *Servus servorum Dei* ; as the greatest, the first-born among many brethren only because he is the most widely and universally serviceable and ministrant. The growth of organic, as opposed to mechanical conceptions of society, will reconcile his headship with the fundamentally democratic character of the Church, and will relax an impossible centralisation in favour of a freer and more spiritual unity. But all this transformation will depend ultimately and radically on the abandonment of the claim to an oracular power by which the Pope becomes the mouthpiece of God not *through* the Church but *to* the Church, and claims her absolute subjection as to God Himself. It will depend on the recognition of the entire Christian people as the true and immediate *Vicarius Christi*, the only adequate organ of religious development, as that *orbis terrarum* whose sure verdict is the supreme norm of Faith for the time being, and in whose life and growth the truth of Christ lives and grows from generation to generation, “ever ancient, ever new.” (A, pp. 111-112 ; B, p. 103.)

There is a hopeful utterance on the previous page that this mechanism which has been evolved, in part selfishly, and

in the interests of theology, is ready to be used in the interests of Faith and Charity ; and to serve as a means for knitting the four corners of the earth together and focussing all the spiritual light and warmth of the Christian community to a point, and so kindling the fire that Christ came to send upon earth. (A, p. 111 ; B, p. 102.)

5.

“MONTH” ARTICLES (1901–1904).

Even as he produced, one after another, the works we have been considering, Tyrrell had a kind of *magnum opus* ever under his hands, although eventually it was left rough-hewn and incomplete. It was founded on the second set of lectures which he gave to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford, and as “Religion as a Factor of Life” or “Lex Orandi” dealt with the relations of the Church and every form of definite religion to the great *Hinterland* of eternal truth and reality, so these Preludes dealt with the relations of morality and external conduct to the great *Hinterland* of eternal goodness and love.

On June 17th, 1901, he wrote to Baron F. von Hügel :

I think I must try Munsterberg ; though if I spend my life in these preliminaries I don't know when I shall get to work on my unpublished Oxford conferences, which I hope to expand into a Prolegomena of Catholic ethics—after which I shall die content—unless it were for an oft-dreamt-of-never-to-be-realised treatise on materialism in religion.

On May 13th, 1902, he wrote to V. :

I have sent the chapter on the Cardinal and Theological Virtues in Ethical Preludes to my American agent to be published somewhere as an article.* I may follow it up with other ethical articles for which the Preludes will supply pabulum ; but as a whole I have condemned the Preludes as incoherent, dry and dreary. Still, as an exercise of thought, I do not regret the labour, and it will all tell on future work.

Nevertheless, he went on working at them, and as he did not destroy the typed MS. he probably never entirely abandoned the project.

* Published in *International Journal of Ethics*, January, 1903.

“Religion and Ethics” (*Month*, February, 1903) was drawn from this material; and another article, in two parts, “A Chapter in Christian Ethics,” was prepared from the same and submitted to the *Month*, but not accepted; these are too much akin to “Religion as a Factor of Life” to need special analysis. In them we find again his fundamental principle, that morality is not religion, and that ethical science has for its matter, not the deepest springs of life and action, but the direction of conduct in its relation to them.

“Mysteries a Necessity of Life,” which appeared in the *Month* of November, 1902, and was republished in “Through Scylla and Charybdis,” is another important article; in it we have an eloquent expression of the transcendentalism which was later on to distinguish him so profoundly from other religious thinkers with whom he was partially associated.

“Vita Nuova” of July, 1903, is a prose poem of that ideal of disinterestedness which was to him the first ideal of Christianity and of the Church; in it we have hints of his future work “Lex Credendi.” There are a few other articles of less importance.

6.

“LETTER TO A PROFESSOR” (1903–1904).

The celebrated “Letter” was written about the end of 1903; it was in private circulation at the beginning of 1904. He writes to Mr. Waller on February 5th, 1904:

MY DEAR WALLER,

Dr. Engels died last December,* so the letter must go to his literary executor. Here is a “Letter” he wrote from his death-bed to a friend. I had rather you did not show it to anyone just yet,

* He refers to the incorporation of “Religion as a Factor of Life” in “Lex Orandi.”

as it may shortly see the light in another form. There are many in the wilderness just at present, and are like to be more. . . . I keep saying to myself: *Loisy hodie, tu cras*. But I'll do all I can, consistent with conscience and sincerity, to remain inside and to dodge the thunderbolts of the Roman Olympus.

The "Professor of Anthropology" was, as he wrote in answer to a direct inquiry, "a fiction of my brain"; he stood, in fact, as the type of many concrete cases, and more than one of those who had approached Father Tyrrell in their difficulties would have recognised the answers given to themselves in those addressed to the troubled professor. Yet, when the little pamphlet was published as "A Much Abused Letter," there is a hint that a certain well-known man of science, with whom Tyrrell came, for a moment, into somewhat close contact, was at least the main type of mind to which it was directed. It was not a work of criticism and apologetic like "Lex Orandi" or "The Church and the Future," but rather one of advice and direction; for this reason at once more simple, more popular in form, more direct in its application, and, though by no means so radical in its treatment of problems as the aforesaid works, yet, for the above reasons, more liable to startle unprepared minds or vex those in authority. It happened here, as in other cases, that the attempt to help those who were puzzled inspired more alarm than the abstract treatment of the problems that were puzzling them.

As he wrote to Baron F. von Hügel, years later :

Looking back, our mistake has been our zeal to help the disturbed intelligence of the minority to hold on to the Church. Our "syntheses" raised theological difficulties in solving *historical*; and the officials have fastened on the former and have ignored the latter. . . . "L'Évangile et l'Église" and "Lex Orandi" were written for needs that Rome has never felt.*

* March, 1907 (quoted in article by Baron F. von Hügel in *Hibbert Journal* of January, 1910).

In this "Letter," however, he endeavours to render the soul with which he is dealing in a certain sense independent of apologetic, by knitting its faith more closely with the life of religion and more loosely with the science of theology.

I think [he writes] you should be slow to take theology as seriously as theologians would have us take it. . . .

If in the Athanasian Creed the words "This is the Catholic Faith," etc., referred, as they seem, to the foregoing theological analysis, they would be ridiculous. Their only tolerable sense is: "This is the analysis of the Catholic Faith, of those facts and truths by which a man must live (or of that supernatural world in which he must live) if he is to be saved."

For Faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is a realising, a making substantial to ourselves, of that world of hopes as yet so far removed from our grasp and clear vision as to be no more than a poet's or a prophet's dream.*

Yet this is no plea for a merely invisible Church without external association; for independence of all outward bonds of authority and subjection. It is the whole Church we need, body and soul;

communion with the visible Church, with those namely who *profess* to be Christ-like.†

As to the difficulties which beset the believing mind at finding so much in the official teaching that appears directly counter to the general claims of truth, an answer is suggested in the distinction

between the collective subconsciousness of the *Populus Dei* and the consciously formulated mind and will of the governing section of the Church.‡

Yet on the same page we have a hint of what was to be, in him, a growing conviction, viz.: that reform would never succeed, that revolution would be needed.

* Pp. 26-30 of first unpublished copies.

† P. 24, *idem*.

‡ P. 17, *idem*.

How often is revolution the only possible remedy of bad government based on total miscalculation of the disruptive forces—the ideas, sentiments and tendencies—buried in the collective subconsciousness!

This "Letter" became, eventually, almost the most best known of his works, and the final, though not main cause of his exodus from the Society.

7.

"THE RIGHTS AND LIMITS OF THEOLOGY" (1904–1905).

A book which Father Tyrrell read about this time impressed him very deeply,* not perhaps merely in virtue of its merits, but because of its aptness to a theme which was occupying his own mind. It was the subject of one article, but the making of that article represented an amount of thought not adequately represented by its actual length. It was republished in "Through Scylla and Charybdis," having first appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1905.

The following extracts from a letter to Baron F. von Hügel refer to its preparation :

September 30th, 1904.

White's volumes [now finished] convince me that theology will pursue its course of destruction until at last its own presuppositions and *raison d'être* are brought into controversy. Alice took the Wonderland Court-trial seriously until she remembered that after all her judges were but a pack of cards. Of late it has all come home to me in that form. It is not their red robes but my own judgment about them that gives the pack of Cardinals any title to my consideration. Like Elizabeth, it has frocked them and can unfrock them. It is they who are in peril, not we. At most one's fear should be that of a nurse or doctor for a violently delirious patient. But a point comes when one can do no more; organised

* "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," Dr. A. White. (New York: Appleton, 1903.)

ignorance may at times be stronger than unorganised truth ; then "il faut cultiver son jardin" as Loisy is doing. Pius X. and del Val will do what we could not do--will help the fever of fanaticism to burn itself out. From the ashes a new Phoenix will rise. . . .

What I feel is that really their [the theologians'] instinct of hostility is right, though their reasons are wrong ; but the cleft is even deeper than they dream. It is not, as they suppose, about this or that article of the creed we differ ; we accept it all ; but it is the word *credo* ; the sense of "true" as applied to dogma ; the whole value of revelation that is at stake. Hence for the present we should leave "apologetic" alone and confine ourselves purely to that collection and arrangement and presentment of facts that will eventually *force* upon theologians the necessity of readjustments. Else we are simply burning our fingers to save them from their own folly. Of course, we have done so for the sake of the many to whom the said facts have seemed to demand a complete breach with tradition ; but if theologians will not let us help these souls directly, we must do so indirectly by bombarding theology with facts till it howls for help.

To Mr. Prothero, editor of the *Quarterly*, he writes, through their common friend, the Rev. A. Fawkes :

(Date is not on letter—1904 to 1905.)

Granted that on the whole White establishes inductively the *fact* that *theology and science are uniformly* at war, and presumably by some sort of necessity, we must get at the root of this necessity. I find it not in theology as such but in the notion of a revealed theology, a notion which is hybrid and self-contradictory ; and I show how such a *revealed* theology is necessarily hostile, not only to scientific theology, not only to all science, but to religion and the prophetic spirit on whose agency the development of revelation depends.

Then *distinguishing between Scientific truth and Prophetic truth* (which is *analogous* in some points with poetic or artistic truth) I try to show how they are independent so far as each has its own principles, methods and ends ; and dependent so far as each checks and helps the other in its own way. And I apply this more particularly to scientific *theology*, as also ethics, which I would completely laicise, and show how the Prophetic Spirit gives it a large part of its *materia ex qua*, *sc.* the religious experience of the race ; and how it, on the other hand, furnishes, or should furnish,

the Prophetic Spirit with its up-to-date categories and vehicles of self-utterance.

In the existing Creeds I find the product of the confusion of the two orders of truth, which is part and parcel of the *erroneous* element of the otherwise necessary and desirable Catholicising process.

Theology, in fact, had claimed the contradictory privileges of divine revelation and human science, and thus became, in a measure, the enemy of both—forced forward, at times, by the irresistible evidence of science there results

an ungracious concession to pressure, whereby, under cover of mere comment and explanation, the substantial sense of the “form of sound words” is quietly transformed into something different.*

The method of science is by an experimental and reasoned appeal to the facts in front of it, and a continual criticism of its own assumptions. Such criticism theology, from the nature of the subject-matter, must refuse :

In sight of these facts and realities, were they still present to us, we might venture to readjust their earliest expression to our own mode of thought and speech ; but now such a criticism is impossible.†

This effort of theology to dominate in scientific subjects by extra-scientific motives leads inevitably to the

very embarrassing admission that, as a fact, science and religion are mutually hostile, that candour and freedom of enquiry are dangerous to faith. To have thus falsified one of the first principles of morality, which tells us that conscience and truth are inseparable allies ; to have perverted conscientiousness into a cause of mental darkness rather than of light, is the deadliest fruit of the dogmatic fallacy.‡

In these lines he touched the sore place in many devout and troubled hearts.

* “Through Scylla and Charybdis,” p. 217.

† *Idem*, p. 216.

‡ *Idem*, pp. 224, 225.

Yet the enemy is not—and this cannot be too forcibly repeated—theology itself, but the notion of a *revealed* theology :

that mingling of truth and error whose *hybrid* issue is fallacy.*

The bond between theology and revelation is not to be dissolved, but it is to be a bond, and not a mingling :

it is not even their divorce *a vinculo* [that is to be desiderated], but simply the establishment of a truer and better relationship between them.†

To revelation proper remains prophetic, and not scientific, truth ; and an utterance proportioned to it. Such utterance will not be mere symbol or allegory :

No prophet allows or would feel that his utterances are merely poetical or allegorical ; he feels that they are not less but more truly representative of reality, or representative of a truer and deeper reality, than the prose language of historical narrative or philosophical affirmation.‡

Thus while science might often be at war with theology, which, like another science, would have to meet the difficulties proposed to it, to criticise other sciences, but also to criticise itself,

the dogmas of revelation would rarely, if ever, come into dialectical conflict with one another or with science and history, and, as time went on, would insensibly modify their form of expression so as to retain their symbolic value unaltered . . .

in this

analogous to . . . ecclesiastical ritual and observance, which preserves its substantial unity of signification in spite of local variations and a continual process of obsolescence and accretion.§

Some months before Father Tyrrell's death, as I stood in the venerable Church of San Zeno at Verona,

* "Through Scylla and Charybdis," p. 226.

† *Idem*, p. 240.

‡ *Idem*, p. 230.

§ *Idem*, pp. 233, 234.

the friend who was explaining its glories, and who was a deeply sympathetic, though personally unknown, friend of Father Tyrrell, stopped suddenly and said :

“To such ‘Medievalism’ as this” (using the title of the recent reply to Cardinal Mercier) “Father Tyrrell would reverently uncover his head !”

Truly—and it was to such antiquity, and to such medievalism, in the worship and liturgy of the Church, that he paid his tribute of undying reverence in this article, which was mainly a criticism of that form of theology which has no rightful claim to possess “handmaidens.”

8.

“A PLEA FOR CANDOUR” AND OTHER ARTICLES (1905).

“A plea for Candour,” which appeared later in the *Rinnovamento*, under the title “Per la Sincerità,”* was written about this time, and is somewhat complementary to the essay we have just been considering :

Given then, on the part of Churchmen, a sincere conviction . . . that one section of the whole body of human knowledge is finally and infallibly true and may not be questioned without treason to God, they cannot in conscience allow themselves or allow others to hold an open mind as to any conclusion of reason or criticism that could directly, or *indirectly*, come into collision with the affirmations of faith. If ever they seem willing to inquire freely, it is only because they believe that reason will justify their faith, or because they mean to repudiate reason should it fail to do so. . . . In short, they are proof against reason whenever it is, in their eyes, a duty to be so. But if open-mindedness and reasonableness be the essence of candour, it must be confessed that such a view of faith and its obligations is inconsistent with perfect intellectual candour. Yet this lack of candour springs, or may spring, from a sincere, though mistaken, sense of duty.

Referring to this article a little later, he says to V.,

* July, 1907.

in answer to some question that had arisen as to its title :

I think *candour* is really what I meant, though it is as closely bound up with open-mindedness as is utterance with what is uttered. I think it is more directly through insincerity in utterance that the Churches and clergies have lost credit. They are suspected of saying one thing and thinking another, not exactly with a conscious mendacity, but with a subconscious equivocation. I think it is the need and desire of saying the orthodox thing that leads to a certain inward insincerity or lack of open-mindedness; *i.e.* they force themselves to think what they feel they ought to say.

Not a few troubled souls, that never came across the article or its writer, might have been relieved by the simple statement of the problem. It has seemed to them that they had to choose between faith and truth and they have made their choice accordingly, to the lasting trouble or suppression of their own best instinct.

It is through his abiding distinction between theology and revelation that Tyrrell suggests the answer to the problem :

If now we ask ourselves what element of truth it is that makes this fallacy so plausible, universal, persistent, we shall find it, I think, in the fact that assertions which are perfectly true of faith as formulated in dogma, are not true of unformulated faith; and conversely. The embodiment of the Christian religion in a visible Church with rites, sacraments, creeds, and other external signs of membership, has naturally led to confusion between faith as the inward spring of spiritual life, unique and characteristic in each individual, and the common confession or formulation of faith, in which the Church has authoritatively given explicit expression to the implications of the inward life so far as it is generally the same in all her children. For purposes of external ecclesiastical government the only available test of the presence of that inward spirit, which makes a man Christian at least in aspiration, is his acceptance of some tessera of orthodoxy. Rough and ready though it be, perhaps it is not more gross and superficial, perhaps it is less favourable to hypocrisy and unreality, than would be the attempt to judge men by their works or their avowed sentiments and motives.

Its worst consequence has been the said confusion between faith and orthodoxy ; between the inward life of the spirit and the theological formulation of that life in the understanding. The former is the work of God's spirit in man ; the latter the work of man's mind reflecting on God's work. . . .

In calling the latter "Revelation" . . .

we are giving divine honours to the work of our own hands, and we shall reap our reward in the servitude of idolatry instead of the liberty of the sons of God.

On the other hand :

Contradiction belongs to thought, and not to things ; there can be no contradiction between the parts of our experience, between the world of our spiritual and the world of our physical life, but only between our formulations of them.

Only, then, through the above described confusion, is it

possible to find a justification for stifling free inquiry in the interests of religion.

Then speaking of the wide loss of faith, he says :

Perhaps had this distinction been always clearly apprehended by the faithful and their instructors, had the formulas been imposed and accepted as tentative and provisional, as practically or equivalently rather than mathematically adequate, they might have been retained by those to whom their purely philosophical or historical or scientific implications have become insupportable.

The vanity and uselessness of the uncandid attitude is then exposed ; the fallacy of the argument for protecting the masses, since it is the masses that are now infected with doubt. The authorities are faced with bankruptcy because they have allowed their debts to accumulate ; they are causing the "reasonable scandal of millions to-day," because they avoided the lesser evil in the past.

The last part of this very striking essay, of which only the main lines are here given, was intended as an

introduction to a series of tracts—a plan which was at that time under discussion between Father Tyrrell, the Rev. A. L. Lilley, and others. Practical difficulties hindered the accomplishment of the design.

Other short articles, written about this time, appeared, or re-appeared, in “Through Scylla and Charybdis.” One, which was afterwards published in the *Grande Revue*, was significant of days to come. It was entitled “Beati Excommunicati,” and treated of the position, which, later on, he himself had to occupy. It was finished on May 18th, 1905, and on the MS. is a note under the date: *Cf. May 18th, 1879*—the day on which he was received into the Church.

9.

“LEX CREDENDI” (1905).

Although published after he had left the Society, “Lex Credendi” was written during the last months of stress and storm. Its connection with “Lex Orandi” is obvious; yet it belongs, in some ways, rather to the devotional than to the scientific class of his works.

Thus he writes of it beforehand to Baron F. von Hügel, June 19th, 1905:

All you say of the danger of engrossment in mere antitheses echoes my deepest conscience and inclination. The controversial spirit is barren of all permanent fruitfulness for oneself or others. But my circumstances—and we cannot abstract ourselves from circumstances—leave me little freedom to go on “thesing” quietly; since all my theses provoke attack and require to be protected against the Philistines. My heart’s desire is to get leisure for a purely religious treatment of the “Oratio Dominica,” for I believe that there is no other way so effectual as that which teaches men to pray—in the widest sense.

Once more we meet with the cardinal theme of “The Relation of Theology to Devotion,” but as in “Lex

Orandi" he dealt with theology in its relation to prayer, so here we have prayer in its relation to theology. Not that the creed "has been shaped solely by the exigencies of prayer," for it is "the joint work of theology and devotion," but that "a Creed has representative truth so far as it constantly and universally fosters the Spirit-life."* Such a test cannot indeed be used to discover, or to sift or to criticise a creed; but it can enable us to hold on in the intellectual difficulties to which pure theology is subject; to suffer "Good and Evil to grow together till the harvest," to abide "the sure uprooting of every plant not planted by the Father's hand"; to be content with "living the Truth rather than analysing it."†

Thus the prayer of Christ is taken as the chief expression of the Spirit of Christ; that spirit which could not be wholly expressed even by Christ Himself. True prayer is an act of the spiritual and not of the psychic life; it comes from our being as stripped of those narrow and private interests which separate it from God and the rest of mankind. Yet it does not, for this, cease to be prayer, as it would cease to be did we draw only on our inward force—"the merely ethical life is a monologue; the religious life is essentially a dialogue";‡ we will, not merely what God wills, but God Himself. In prayer, as Christ taught us to pray, the divine within us seeks God without as well as within—hence:

If a certain dualism of oneself against oneself is a practical necessity of the moral life, a dualism of person against person is no less a necessity of the religious life.§

Christ has taught us that God, as our Father, is near and yet distinct:

* "Lex Credendi," p. 253.

† *Idem*, p. 178.

‡ *Idem*, p. 255.

§ *Idem*, p. 131.

The spirit-life is not evolved out of ourselves, as a tree from the seed, but is offered to us for our appropriation.

This distinction between the psychic, *i.e.* the narrow, individualistic, life and the spiritual, *i.e.* the broad, personal life, is one of the leading categories of Tyrrell's thought—as in conduct, so also in faith. For the single soul, as for the collective Church, this striving from the self-centred to the universally centred life—from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican conception, was the one thing really needed. Hereby personality was not destroyed, for personality was best manifested by self-determination in view to that universal end in which all find the true scope and reason of their being :

Since the true spiritual self, potential in all of us, is the image and likeness of God, to find God, to be united with God, is morally the same thing as to find and be united with our true self.*

With the adoption of this main principle the intellectual troubles of faith, as the moral difficulties of the ethical system, would find an ultimate solution, and sufficient hints for their immediate satisfaction. For then the essentials would be sure and undeniable, a true ground-work for all the rest—the *unum necessarium* of faith would be ever there, though the understanding of it should ceaselessly vary ; the fundamental law of love would be felt through the many forms in which it clothed itself.

Thus the new wine burst the old bottles. The new love of Christ, the new commandment of Christ, the new spirit of Christ, could not be cramped up in the Old Testament categories and modes of thought. Into every time-honoured phrase and expression a new wealth of meaning was crowded. "Go borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels ; borrow not a few." In obedience to some such prophetic impulse the Christian Church wandered forth among the Gentiles, borrowing their vessels, even

* "Lex Credendi," p. 183.

their empty vessels, right and left, to hold the treasures for which she found no receptacle in the home of her birth. And if the flow of oil is stayed, it is not that its source is dry, or that we have exhausted the depth of meaning in the "Our Father," but only because "there is not a vessel more." Whenever human thought frames a larger and worthier vessel, that too will be filled.*

Perhaps we could find no better setting forth of the notion of "development" in the sense that Tyrrell could and did accept it than that contained in these lines.

Of part of this work Tyrrell's most trusted critic wrote him certain remarks of which the following is too pertinent and comprehensive to be omitted :

The idea running throughout the whole, of Christianity as a quality and leaven coming to purify and enrich the divinely willed but man-corrupted substance of the extant "non-Christian" and "non-Jewish" religions, as well as of Judaism itself, is admirable. Perhaps this really involves your inversion of the ordinary view, your making Paganism, as a substance and system, swallow Christianity as a spirit and quality, and then undergo a modification from this, so to speak, swallowed pill. (June 12th, 1905.)

Tyrrell himself wrote to V. on August 28th, 1905, in regard to part of the work, as follows :

I am glad the MSS. interest you ; I trust what follows will be even more interesting. None but fools can fail to see how truly non-Protestant it all is. To have recognised (1) that Catholicism is Christianised paganism or world-religion, and not the Christianised Judaism of the *N.T.* ; and then, after the shock, to recognise (2) that this is altogether a liberation and spiritual gain—a change from tight clothes to elastic—is an intuition that puts Harnack, N——, etc., out of court finally. I don't say that it is fatal to Anglicanism, except so far as Anglicanism is irredeemably insular and Jewishly exclusive.

* "Lex Credendi," pp. 131-132.

CHAPTER IX

THE BREAK WITH NEWMANISM

WHEN Father Tyrrell first became known to the Catholic world it was thought by many that in him had arisen a successor to Cardinal Newman; one who would be an originator as well as a follower, but who would, in some sense, carry on and develop the message of the great Convert. Indeed, when Tyrrell was formally condemned in 1907, Mr. W. J. Williams, an eminent Newman scholar, in a letter to the *Times* of October 26th, implies that both writers were struck by the same blow; and that to those who leaned on Newman, Tyrrell also was sacred.

Yet Tyrrell himself, as he became explicitly conscious of his own line of thought, became conscious, and early conscious, of his divergency from Newman. And if the German critic, quoted by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, be correct in his assertion that "Newman is the originator of the theory of development in dogma—he is that or he is nothing;" then we may well look to Tyrrell's treatment of this same theory for the grounds of his difference or agreement.

He very readily professed his indebtedness to Newman on various occasions; how far he was actually influenced by the same, to a substantial degree, at any stage of his mental history, is a question that students of both can answer for themselves. We know, from the Autobiography, that Newman was not instrumental

in his conversion ; we know also, from the same, that Aquinas, and not Newman, was his master in theology and philosophy. In a few of the early, though not the earliest, *Month* articles, certain leading ideas of Newman are the object of direct treatment ; and during the short phase of "mediating liberalism" the same influence is apparent. But on the whole it would seem as though scholasticism, even when he was no longer a scholastic, had left a deeper imprint than Newmanism, when he was no longer a Newmanite.

Inadequate as he might consider them, did he not, in the long run, find the rigorous scholastic methods more reconcilable with those of radical criticism than the weapons of that Liberal Catholicism in which Newman was a leader, even if he were also the opponent of agnostic "Liberalism"?

Thus he writes to Baron F. von Hügel, on May 10, 1899 :

Yes, I am taking your place at the Synthetic. So far I have been much interested in the men, but the discussions seem desultory and vague, and for once in a way I sighed for the formalism of the schools—at least, for some sort of thesis or clearing of the point at issue.

As to his actual reading knowledge of Newman, it was not voluminous or complete, dearly as he cherished certain works. Thus he wrote to V., February 15th, 1901 :

I have gone back to the "Apologia" for the seventh time. It always reads fresh and wonderful, like Dante and Shakespeare and the book of Job.

The following letter to M. Raoul Gout, author of "L'affaire Tyrrell," gives a summary of his general knowledge and study in this respect :

THE MONASTERY,
STORRINGTON, SUSSEX,
May 26th, 1906.

DEAR SIR,

Forgive my long delay, due to the interruption of travelling, of much correspondence, and of ill-health. The book on Newman which you so kindly sent me has just arrived from Richmond, where it awaited my return to England. I shall read it with very great interest. I am a little embarrassed by your questions, which presuppose in me a mastery of Newman and an expert's acquaintance with his works, for which candour forbids me to take credit. The truth is that I have never read him very much, and cannot at all pretend in this respect to stand on the same level as Mr. Ward, or Mr. Williams,* or Père Bremond. I have read *most* of his writings at least once; except the "Plain Sermons," the volume of the "Via Media," that on "Athanasius" and that on "Justification." I have never read "Tract 90." But I have read the "Grammar of Assent" three times, and the "Essay on Development" about as often. The former did effect a profound revolution in my way of thinking, in the year 1885, just when I had begun to feel the limits of scholasticism rather painfully. I think it is quite psychologically conceivable that one who had read but little of the writings of a philosopher might be more deeply impregnated by his principles or his spirit than one who had read him more assiduously and completely. The recent biography of Newman, by Père Bremond, more nearly represents my conception of Newman than any other treatment I know. I have long feared lest the enthusiastic Newmanism of Mr. Ward's school should make Newman what St. Thomas Aquinas has become, an obstacle to the very progress which he initiated; lest the letter, and *ipse dixit*, of Newman should slay his spirit. Hence I have tried to keep alive the sense of Newman's limitations and to arrest the process of petrification; for thus only will Newman's influence remain vital and progressive. Personally, I do not think his effort to unite the conception of development with the Catholic conception of tradition was successful or coherent; but it has given an impulse to thought that may issue in some more successful effort. With his acceptance of the Roman Catholic idea of the *depositum fidei* as being a divinely communicated "Credo" or theological summary, no synthesis with evolutionary philosophy was possible. I have only *gradually* come to realise this; so that I was

* Mr. W. J. W. Williams, a well-known Newmanite scholar, author of "Newman, Pascal, Loisy, and the Catholic Church."

formerly more of a Newmanite than I am now. Still, his *spirit*, as distinct from his *system*, is an imperishable acquisition and cannot fail to act as a leaven in the mass of unfermented Catholicism.

Man-made idols of stone and wood are always conspicuous for their meaningless rigidity of countenance; the feeling and inspiration that express themselves in works of art are lacking to human industry when it exerts itself in the production of gods. It was this kind of idolatry of a great name, leading, inevitably, to the extinguishing of a great light, that Tyrrell deprecated in regard to the cult of Newman or any teacher of the past. Against such idolatry he raised a protest in an article which appeared in the *Monthly Register* of October, 1902, on "The Limitations of Newman."

But he had been occupied for a long time on a still more important question, and that was the true bearings and value of Newman's leading theory. In his two articles on "The Mind of the Church," of August and September, 1900, he is still groping after the solution of certain difficulties he experienced in its regard; in "Lex Orandi," he is going behind the problem, yet it is still with him; in "The Church and the Future" it is assuming a more definite shape. He tells Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in a letter of October 2nd, 1900, that he had rightly spotted a certain change in his views in the articles on "The Mind of the Church," but his position was yet far from being defined.

It was perhaps, in part, as a result of correspondence with this same leading exponent of Newmanism, that the points of difference cleared themselves sufficiently to enable him to give the problem definite expression in the two articles "Semper Eadem," the first of which appeared in the *Month* of January, 1904.

It was a veritable bomb-shell which there exploded,

to the delight of Conservatives and the annoyance of Liberals. In it he pursued his favourite policy of devil's advocate for the side to which he leaned: a policy which, unintentionally on his part, caused annoyance to one with whose writings the article dealt. It was to be followed by a second article in the next issue of the *Month*, but this organ declined to receive another, and both were ultimately republished in "Through Scylla and Charybdis."

The first article deals ostensibly with Mr. Ward's volume of collected essays—"Problems and Persons"; it was taken to be an attack on the orthodoxy of Mr. Ward's school, which, of course, it was not; nor could it have been so understood had there not been, then as now, a good number who felt it inopportune to state their true feeling in regard to Newman and his followers, but who were only too well pleased to have those opinions expressed by a Catholic writer of note.

"I hate the sight of the book," said an eminent Jesuit on one occasion to the present writer, in speaking of "The Grammar of Assent"; not all would be as honest in the utterance of their views, but many would gladly hear them uttered.

I ventured in the January *Month*, [wrote Father Tyrrell to Mr. Lilley,] to set it (Newmanism) and school-theology in sharp opposition as hopelessly irreconcilable. What I really mean is that the latter is a lost cause, but the reactionaries, like the Babylonian dragon, have swallowed my cake of pitch and fat and hair. I really feared I had exaggerated the grotesque impossibility of their position, but the letters of congratulation that pour in assure me that I have not done so at all. Newman never realised their position; nor they his. I fancy the same confusion prevails in many Anglican minds, and if my article removes some of the prevalent confusion I shall be satisfied.

In the second article he explains the real drift of the first one; the truth being that his sympathy was

with the school of Newman, against scholasticism, as his sympathy in the article "A Perverted Devotion" had been with the Jesuit against the Redemptorists; but that his reason forced him to acknowledge certain inadequacies in the "Theory of Development" which, while making it incompatible with traditional theology, also rendered it inefficient for the solution of those problems to which it addressed itself; just as the mitigations proposed by the Jesuit theologian had left the essential difficulties unanswered, while exposing him to attack from the rigidly "orthodox."

The question, then, asked in these two articles is whether the claims of liberal theology can be reconciled with those of Catholic theology; whether the *via media* of the school of Newman be such a middle road as can be pursued without the almost inevitable consequence of slipping over on one side or the other.

Liberal theology here stands for the theology which walks hand in hand with science, and works according to its principles; the principle of science being a principle of unfettered growth, can theology admit, in itself, a like principle, while remaining faithful to the laws of its own nature? The answer is, *No, it cannot*; theology is bound to the past, science has to do with the present; the task of theology is to preserve, the task of science is to discover; theology has for its subject matter the record of realities beyond the reach of reason, science is dealing with facts in front of it, that control its action at each movement in its progress.

"Liberal theology can get at its object directly . . . Catholic theology . . . only . . . at the representation or record of its object;" and "there is something there that does not develop."*

* "Semper Eadem"—I.

He thus sums up the argument in the second essay :

I ventured to suggest, in my last article, that the attempt to find a solution of the dilemma in the principle of development of ideas was in many ways unsatisfactory ; that the principle was all-dominating in the case of liberal theology, that it was dominated and brought under that of authority in the case of Catholic theology. There, it was a wild horse in the prairies ; here, a tram-horse in harness moving up and down in fixed limits along fixed lines ; there it was mistress, here it was but a handmaid, an *ancilla theologicæ*. And the root of this difference I assigned to the fact that liberal theology, like natural science, has for its subject-matter a certain ever-present department of human experience which it endeavours progressively to formulate and understand ; whereas our school-divinity finds its subject-matter in the record or register of certain past experiences, that cannot be repeated and are known to us only through such a record.*

He pursued this subject in many of his later writings ; the essay on "Revelation" in "Through Scylla and Charybdis,"† is especially important in this respect ; but the clearest exposition of all is in his last book, "Christianity at the Cross Roads."‡

We may, however, in seeking the root of his difference from the liberal school, return once more to the earlier but dominant theme, set forth in "Theology and its relation to Devotion"—or "Lex Orandi, Lex Credendi."§ Theology had been so busy in asserting her position as the mistress of all other sciences, that she had forgotten her true office as servant to the life of prayer and devotion and faith and love. She had been so active in defending her conclusions from the inroads of profane knowledge, that she had forgotten that her own vicissitudes need not affect the eternal truths for whose sake she alone existed. Thus it

* "Semper Eadem"—II.

† "Through Scylla and Charybdis," p. 136.

‡ See "The Old Orthodoxy," "The New Orthodoxy," and "Newman's Theory of Development."

§ "Through Scylla and Charybdis."

seemed to him that theology was being saved and defended at the cost of her true mission. To make her into a science, in the proper sense of the word, was to alter her subject-matter, and to clothe her with attributes which she could not fitly maintain. Dogma is not religion, nor is religion dogma; theology is not revelation, nor is revelation theology. The mischief had been done when Christ had been made into the first of theologians, and the Christian revelation into the germ of a theological system; so that Catholic theology became "a development of the formless theology of the first followers of Christ."*

It is significant that, in being thus at once more conservative and more radical than Liberal Catholics in his conception of theology, Tyrrell follows a line parallel to that along which Christian scholars have been led in the development of the Biblical problem. There, also, temporising efforts have proved abortive and, perhaps, mischievous; we have been brought back to a far plainer acceptance of the records as they stand, yet with a new and deeper understanding of them. Here we find theology recalled to a more literal acceptance of her duty to the past; with, at the same time, a more spiritual conception of her scope and authority.

After all, if theology were such as some suppose, what fallacy or exaggeration could be rightly found in the attitude of those who asked for more and more definitions; who expressed themselves ready, like Dr. W. G. Ward, for a dogmatic pronouncement every morning? Were theology a science, with—what is lacking to other sciences—an infallible authority behind it, what could there possibly be but gain in every declaration that issued from it? Thus, as it seemed to

* "Semper Eadem."

Tyrrell, liberal and scholastic met, but found that theology had not room for them both. Religion, indeed, had place for either; the religion of "Lex Orandi," that lay beneath both revelation and theology. But theology had to do with revelation and not with science; with the Gospel revelation and its classic manifestation of those eternal realities which, indeed, are ever new, yet ever the same.

The following letter to Mr. Wilfrid Ward was written before the first of the articles, and deals with the subject as under discussion between them :

December 11th, 1903.

MY DEAR WARD,

A last word as to Newmanism. You say his "principles" will never die; I say his "spirit." I fancy these are but two aspects of the same thing; that "spirit" lays a little more emphasis on the moral tone and temper; whereas "principle" emphasises the corresponding mentality. If we differ substantially, it is that, while I agree with you that Newman's prophetic insight foresaw *in the vague* the intellectual revolution which is now upon us and with which *e.g.* Loisy is, I think vainly, trying to cope; he did not and could not have anticipated and prepared for the precise problem which is now presented to us, and which I try to state as definitely as possible in my coming article.

Apart from the purely *ad hominem* and *anti-Anglican* values of the "Essay on Development," it was a great service to show clearly, as he did, that the Church had practically and implicitly (and to some extent explicitly) acknowledged that same principle of development which is the dominating category of modern science and philosophy; and that she had in the same measure repudiated the rigid *semper eadem* conservatism of the Eastern Churches and of the high Anglicans; and was, so far, more liberal, more progressive than they.

But then (and this takes me to my article) the Church, as J. H. N. would be the first to acknowledge, has no intention of being dominated by this development category; she adopts it only as an *ancilla theologiæ*; it is like a wild horse caught in the prairies and put to work on tram-lines, in blinkers, up and down, down and up. In the present instance the tram-lines, the blinkers are the presupposed facts of a miraculous revelation and of a no less

miraculous magisterium, by which the workings of development are limited and infallibly corrected.

The Church has "adopted" development, just as she adopted Aristotelianism, *i.e.* she has enslaved it. The alternative would be for her to be enslaved by it; to submit her presuppositions to be criticised by it, *i.e.* to be accounted for and explained away as by Harnack and Co.

Development is common to the Church and to modern thought, as wood is common to a table and a tree; or rather, as growth is common to wall fruit and wild fruit-trees. Neither (the Church or Modern Thought) can absorb without destroying the other; neither can yield to the other without suicide. I do not speak of graver conclusions and details, but of the vital principles of the two systems.

Hence in my article I have laid them side by side like two snakes eyeing one another. Amalgamation in some larger synthesis that is neither, is difficult to believe in. All that I dare suggest in the *Month* is the pacific *modus vivendi* at which you hint once or twice, *sc.* diversity need not mean hostility. Let them move each in its own plane, by its own laws; let us all acknowledge the professedly *ex hypothesi* and abstract character of a philosophy which but works out the necessary consequences of certain questionable presuppositions and exclusions; and let us not fear to see how far Christianity fits into such an artificial synthesis and how much of it stands after the miraculous has been excluded (as in "Lex Orandi"). This is all I have committed you to, though I know you mean more and at least hope for, if you do not see your way to, a synthesis.

What is my own hope?

Throughout the article I speak advisedly *not* of Catholicism, but of Catholic theology, which is related to the former as man's theory about his own nature and character is related to what he really *is* before God. It is ultimately and in the last resort to this theology that we owe what is intractable and harsh in the Christian revelation and the ecclesiastical magisterium. Proximately we quote decrees and decisions; but it is theology that determines the value of these decrees, and gives us our theory of the *Ecclesia Docens*, and to which the *Ecclesia Docens* must appeal for defence of its claims. What to us seems preposterous in Father Coupe's* recent letters to the *Tablet* about the *sub gravi* obligation of interior assent to the expediency of the Temporal Power theologoumenon (which the Bishop of Liverpool has just made the text of a Pastoral)

* An English Jesuit and well-known preacher, now dead.

or in the notorious Joint-Pastoral of 1900, is, I am convinced, the necessary and legitimate development of the two presuppositions of Catholic theology, which is always and essentially "logical" if nothing else.

But, with you, I believe that in one or two of its admissions it contains (because of its very logicality) the seeds of its ultimate dissolution; even were there not thousands working out its *reductio ad absurdum* as fast as they can. First of all the "Deposit" is professedly a presentment of strictly supernatural facts and experiences (seen once for all and then withdrawn from view) in the terms of things natural. All we hold is this *deposited expression* of doctrine; not the facts and experiences: in other words, all we hold is an analogue or metaphor of those experiences. Now there is no valid inference from analogues; the conclusion is vitiated with all the inexactness of the premise. Hence all those explications and applications of the "Deposit" which constitute the edifice of theology, are affected with the quality of their principle, *i.e.* the truth-value of the whole system is that of analogy.

Secondly, there is the distinction *definita propter se* and *propter alia*. The whole end of the latter is the protection of the former, *i.e.* the preservation of the original sense of the "Deposit" of faith, as it was understood by those to whom the Apostles committed it and who had no direct touch with the supernatural experiences expressed by it. Definitions fall, not on the *realities revealed*, but on the form in and under which they were deposited; they are directed to the guarding of the "Deposit." Hence the Ptolemaic astronomy might really be inseparably part and parcel of the mental language of the *Depositum fidei*; might be necessary for securing the preservation of the impression produced by Christ's revelation on the sub-apostolic mind; might be ecclesiastically true, as part of a symbolism through which alone certain truths are known to us.

Thirdly, it is certain that nothing is *de fide divina* but what is *actually* (however confusedly) contained in the sub-apostolic mind; nothing but what a theological microscope could have detected there in all its form and fashion. It is also admitted that (*e.g.* the form and matter of the sacrament of Orders, in the decree of Eugenius IV. *ad Armenos*) mistakes may, and have been made as to what is accretion, and what primitive nucleus. Now pin^g theologians to these admissions and then apply the history of development of dogma to point after point, and I predict a considerable and liberating contraction of the area of *de fide divina* doctrines, and a transfer of much that now passes as such into the category of *definita propter alia*. Theologians will say, as Bellarmine said: If the

earth moves that must be what the Scripture meant; if facts won't fit theology, theology must be made to fit facts.

For all their inadequacy we owe a good deal to the intransigent presuppositions of theology. For if there had been no canonised immutable doctrine, no canonised interpretations, what would have happened to Christianity? It was the fiction of an unchanged and unchangeable nucleus of sacred tradition that saved the Christianity of the Apostles from being quickly transformed out of all recognition. As it is, it is possible for us, with our improved historical methods, to reach back across the centuries to the historical Christ, to understand Him better and not worse in the impress He has made on generation after generation; to sever the wheat from the tares; to distinguish the life-giving imperishable principles from their contingent and defective applications. All this we owe to theological intransigence; to the desperate efforts to keep up the *semper eadem* fiction; to the struggle of conservatism against the irresistible laws of change and growth. Amid all the protective theological accretions the nucleus of Christianity has been preserved like a fly in amber, or like a mammoth in ice; while outside theology, the spirit of Christ has lived and developed in the life of the faithful collectively.

I cannot but think that, if the Church is to live, it will be through the very converse of what occurred as to Aristotelianism *i.e.* through the absorption of our theology into the contemporary philosophical synthesis. For then, the Church stood for civilisation and culture; but to-day she stands to culture as she did in the first centuries—an outsider, an apologist, asking to be heard. As then, so now, she must stoop to conquer, and die to live. That she would live and survive such a transformation may seem questionable to most; but to me it is a matter of more than hope and nearly of faith.

If you don't want to keep this letter will you let me have it back as I have no time to copy it, but might wish to refer to it later.

Ever yours faithfully,

G. TYRRELL.

P.S. On re-reading, I only wish to reiterate that I am not speaking, as in "Lex Orandi," of the *lived* Christianity of the faithful or of the beliefs implied in that life, but only of the intellectual life of the theological schools—of the rationalised presentment of Christianity elaborated by the purely speculative interest of theologians.

Also when I say that Loisy labours "in vain" I mean if he does not distinguish between Catholicism and Catholic theology, or

imagines that the latter could ever think of "coming to terms" with modern thought, or could, by any process of development, find room for the results of his criticism.

New bottles for new wine.

I hope the context of the article itself will clear up what is obscure in these notes.

In the following passages from a letter to Mr. W. J. Williams, of November 20th, 1904, he further elaborates the subject :

As I implied in "Semper Eadem," I believe the ecclesiastica hostility to intellectual liberty is not a phase, or an accident, or an economy, but is inseparable from that conception of a primitively revealed theology, out of which Vaticanism is evolved with rigorous necessity, and whose criticism means radical reinterpretation and reconstruction. Such recasting would not break the continuity of the religion . . . but it would not be considered a development of that very system of authority which it would supplant and abolish. For myself I regard Vaticanism, and all its roots in the past, as but a provisional, perhaps inevitable, yet now outworn and mischievous framework of Catholicism in that wider sense in which you accept it, but which is absolutely incompatible with what the Councils of Trent and the Vatican assert as the rights of the hierarchic Church.

But I feel that these and a thousand kindred carpings and criticisms are rooted in my more than half-born conviction that the course of Liberal Catholicism will run parallel to that of Christianity in reference to Judaism—a graft not a growth. The truth is it contains heterogeneous indigestible principles that can never possibly work into one system with Ultramontaniam, any more than the Gospel of Jesus could blend with and transfigure the legalism of the Pharisees. Jesus and his Apostles found those principles in the law and the prophets, and assuming, with their day, the unity and equal inspiration of the whole, put forth their radicalism as pure orthodoxy, as the "spirit," the better interpretation of the law; they were forsooth true conservators—"in the beginning it was not so." But in fact the Pharisees were right, as events proved; and Paul, who knew the law better than his Master, realised that the law must go; that new bottles must be sought for the new wine; that the promises to David and the Fathers were to be fulfilled in a spiritual sense in the spiritual Israel and seed of Abraham. Are we not really ridden with the conception that the Roman Church is to be what no finite society

ever can be, eternal and unperishable? Do we not forget that "development" means death and decay as well as growth, that it means continuity only by way of reproduction in a new generation? That is the hypothesis that grips me by the throat and cries, Pay me what thou owest! Hence my interest in Newmanism grows more and more languid.

For have I not here too readily assumed a unity and consistency that is rare in any human mind; and thought that the liberal elements of his spirit must necessarily have been blended with his ecclesiasticism; that they cannot have been as mere indigested gravel in a hen's crop or craw, provocative of stomachic activity and so far useful; but never overcome and assimilated because essentially unassimilable? Then I came to see there were two Newmans, the former primarily ecclesiastic, subordinately liberal; the latter *e converso*. Finally, a conviction that the former is the true Newman. For in such cases we should ask: which self would have gone under in case of conflict? Thus Jesus was eventually crucified rather than submit His evangelical to His legal principles. Newman in like stress would have said: "Be my soul with the Fathers, with Athanasius, Augustine, etc.; let Ambrose be true and every man a liar."

To Baron F. von Hügel, in a letter of February 19th, 1905, he says:

What pleased me most of all is (p. 20) his (Dr. Holtzmann's)* substantial agreement with my "Semper Eadem" criticism of the attempt to work the static idea of a deposit and the dynamic idea of development into one system. Our present theological system ties us to a traditional exegesis, to an interpretation of Scripture. And therefore we cannot get on till our doctrine of tradition is revised and reinterpreted, nor till theology itself is criticised and its limits defined. In other words, a continuation of the processes at work in the past is not enough; something like a theological revolution is needed. There it is that I feel Newman cannot help us any more. It is not the articles of the Creed, but the word "Credo" that needs adjustment.

While those anti-Newmanists, who had greedily swallowed the bait offered them in the first "Semper Eadem" article, found shortly that it did not agree

* "Der Fall Loisy," by Dr. Heinrich Holtzmann, *Protestantische Monatshefte*, Berlin. February, 1905.

with them, the true Newmanists thought themselves unfairly used, and exposed to the thunderbolts of authority by the suggestion that their principles were contrary to traditional orthodoxy. This mistake the writer had endeavoured to avert by distinguishing "liberal Catholicism" from "liberal theology," which latter he had placed under the ægis of such writers as Auguste Sabatier. He had also treated the "Theory of Development" as an explanatory hypothesis, tolerated by the Church, and upheld, by those who did uphold it, on the ground of this toleration, or even approval.

However, as all this had not been well understood, he wrote a letter to the *Tablet* to make the matter plain; but the letter never appeared, owing to the objections of the Provincial.

It was as follows :

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the "Tablet."

RICHMOND, YORKS,
January 22nd, 1904.

SIR,

As many Catholic readers of my article "Semper Eadem" (the *Month*, January, 1904) have misunderstood its drift, may I offer a few words of provisional explanation in default of an explanatory second part which has been crowded out of the February *Month*? Three hasty inferences have been drawn.

(1) That by "liberal theology" I meant "liberal Catholicism." But I started by defining "liberal theology" as that which is avowedly "unfettered by the obligations of Catholic dogma" and is "purely scientific," which therefore ignores the Church as the organ of doctrinal development. Whatever wider view of the nature and limits of the Church's teaching-office a "liberal Catholic" may hold, yet as avowedly a Catholic he believes in the Church. I instanced Dr. E. Caird; Dr. Percy Gardner; Auguste Sabatier as "liberal theologians," who would one and all vehemently repudiate

the designation of Catholic. I should perhaps have allowed for a more general unfamiliarity with the current usage of such terms.

(2) My article has been understood by others as an *attack* on "liberal theology," and therefore on "liberal Catholicism," thus mistakenly identified with it. First, it was not an attack, nor a defence, but the clear statement of a dilemma, with an adverse criticism of one particular suggested solution. The last few paragraphs described my own provisional attitude—one of patient expectancy in the face of a merely intellectual problem; and of deprecation in regard to premature solutions and *viæ medicæ*. That a man should, in the interests of truth alone, honestly and fearlessly state the case as strongly as possible for one side or against another irrespective of, or even counter to his own sympathies and leanings; that he should treat a question objectively, impersonally and coldly, is perhaps too unlikely a supposition for the average reader, who has accordingly been misled, not by what I have written but by a defect in his own glasses. Secondly, as to the supposed attack on "liberal Catholicism," it is incredibly strange that those who have with any degree of intelligence read my books and articles and followed my career should (as many letters of misdirected congratulation prove) imagine me such a poltroon as to choose this hour and crisis to give any semblance or possible colour to the suspicion, however remote, of wishing to make myself safe, by dissociating myself from my friends and associating myself with their enemies. So far as "Liberal Catholic" has been turned into a question-begging epithet, and made a synonym for heresy and moral obliquity, one may repudiate it, without thereby taking part with obscurantism and intolerance.

(3) Thirdly, it has been inferred, by a few here and there, that I took Mr. Wilfrid Ward as a sort of personification of "liberal Catholicism" and directed the supposed *attack* against him in particular. But I explicitly identified Mr. Ward's attitude with my own as aforesaid: "Yet though it be vain to seek a *via media* by way of amalgamation or synthesis, we may find it equivalently, as Mr. Ward seems to think, in a *modus vivendi*." What I criticised adversely was his *hope* that a *via media* might be found between the extremer forms of Catholic and liberal theology in the principle of doctrinal development. I tried to show that the principles of his *via media* must consistently land him on the extreme right, just as those of certain other *viæ medicæ* must carry their defenders to the extreme left; that stability was the test of a *via media* and that the one he hoped for could not endure that test.

As circumstances may soon demand of me much fuller explanations on this and many other matters, let this suffice for the present.

A much shorter letter appeared in place of this one, in the *Tablet* of January 30th, 1904.

Thus Tyrrell passed out of the school in which he had lingered, but not resided; he gathered what he could and passed on. Had he met with Newman earlier he might have stayed with him longer; but, sooner or later, the parting hour would have struck. By education and temperament, by the influence of external surroundings and by their own spiritual affinities, they were drawn to the consideration of problems essentially different, though superficially alike; and their methods were in accordance with their appointed work.

CHAPTER X

RUPTURE WITH THE SOCIETY (1901-1906)

THE story on which we now enter will not, probably, have the same interest for those who come after us as that of the intellectual and religious development of its subject. In the war of man-made systems, or even of systems not wholly man-made, but to some extent man-directed, the personal element can never be entirely eliminated, and yet that same personal element is liable to temporarily obscure the chief issues, and to absorb more immediate attention than it actually deserves. Nor is it possible, in giving an account soon after the events, to suppress all details, even such as may not possess abiding importance ; for to do so might readily be the occasion of unfairness to one side or the other, on points that signify at present, though they may not signify later on. For the same reason it is not wise to omit all passing expressions of anger or impatience, even such as may only have been partially justified ; in the making of the history before us they counted for something, and should hold their proper place.

Thus, all things considered, it is better to give too many details and particulars than too few ; and to let the contending parties speak for themselves as far as possible.

Throughout that Richmond period of strenuous activity Tyrrell's relations with the Society were approaching their conclusion ; but the process was not one

of steady advance to an inevitable climax, but rather a movement alternately forward and slightly backward, with periods of upheaval succeeded by phases of comparative quiescence. When things seemed to have settled down there would arise some new cause of disturbance, and the contest would recommence. It may also be noted that it was from Tyrrell's old and accepted works that were drawn the first objections made by his superiors; so that the trouble originated not in the illicit publications, but in those put forward by the Society itself.

1.

1901-1904.

On January 3rd, 1901, Father Tyrrell wrote to V. :

The General is excited about an extract from "External Religion," quoted by the *Rassegna*, a "Liberal" Catholic paper, and says I am to recant, explain away, or repudiate, or something or other. . . . However, as he spoke of my book as "The External of Religion," I have contented myself for the present with saying that I disclaim the authorship of any such work.

On February 4th, he says to the same :

I see, by the *Weekly Register*, that the Archbishop of Genoa contributes an article to the *Rassegna*, to which, according to our General, the Pope has "forbidden priests to write."

On February 20th, he sums up the story for Baron F. von Hügel :

Just now a new difficulty is on. Someone, I don't know who, sent a translated chapter of "External Religion" to the *Rassegna*, where it appears as a contribution from me. Hence (1) from Rome: "How did I dare to contribute to the *R.* when the Pope had strictly forbidden priests to do so?" (2) From me: "I had nothing to do with it, and never heard of the *R.* in my life." (3) A notice of the *R.* in the *Weekly Register* spoke of the Archbishop of Genoa as a contributor; whereupon (4) I wrote to the Editor of the *R.* quoting the General's words and asking him not to put me in opposition to the Pope's prohibition, etc. (5) From Rome: I

am to write an indignant protest to be sent to Rome for approval and then to the Editor of the *R.*; or to orthodox journals should he refuse insertion. (6) From me: "I have already written direct to the Editor quoting his Paternity's words and asking an explanation; will write when I hear from him." (7) Letter from Editor: "Insertion due to pure misunderstanding; as to the prohibition *c'è è falso in quanto da noi si conosca.*" (8) From me to Rome: "I have grave fears his Paternity is misinformed about the prohibition; the Editor of the *R.* is very angry about what he considers a malicious libel and wants to trace it. Before I act on the supposition of the prohibition can I have some better evidence of its existence than a mere report contradicted in so many ways?" (9) I write to the Editor privately to put *as from himself* a note explaining the mistake about the insertion. That is the last stage of this storm in a tea-cup. I suspected at once that it was the story of Americanism over again—of the endeavour of the orthodox to enhance their reputation for orthodoxy by slandering those who differ from them in anything. Don't think my mind is as full of all this ecclesiastical nonsense as my letter is. It is a surface storm which leaves the deeps of one's life untroubled.

In November, of the same year, further correspondence was exchanged:

I am in active conflict again with the General [he writes to V., November 28th, 1901]. . . . Before I went to London I wrote and told him that his action had so damaged my repute and excited gossip that I was going to take measures myself and to state the truth; and that therefore I would ask him finally if he would give me the precise reasons why he had forbidden me (to give retreats, etc.); as I had never been told them and it might be through oversight. I got a post haste reply that *certain* people had complained of *certain* things. I replied that "certain" was no answer, since I could not defend or explain or amend myself unless I knew *what* things; and that therefore I would say I had been given no reason for the restriction; which I did. Hence his *volte-face* and denial of the restriction.

He kept no copies of his own letters on this occasion, and only preserved one of those from headquarters; that of Father R. J. Meyer, S.J., assistant of the General, who wrote on November 19th the following

reasons for the various restrictions of which Father Tyrrell complained :

1. As to his removal from London and the work of the ministry in which he was there engaged, the General had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it until long after. The reasons were best known to the then Provincial.

2. As to what concerned the giving of retreats, the action taken by Father Provincial was prescribed by the General, though, even in this respect, he allowed the former some latitude later on.

His Paternity's action was motived by the following considerations :

1. Apart from reasons of orthodoxy—Father General never once impugned his personal orthodoxy nor his good intentions—several of his writings were imprudent, and were so regarded by Englishmen of high standing, in the Society and out of it.

2. These writings were turned against the Society and the Church, *at least outside of England*,—as, for example, in Italy—by men whose doctrine was more than suspect.

3. These writings and, still more, things said by him in Retreats and at other times, disturbed the consciences of not a few Jesuits and outsiders, and gave rise to grave complaints on the part of persons whose authority could not be ignored.

4. Father General did not understand Father Tyrrell's words, "I cannot delay . . . those steps which I have resolved to take for the vindication of my character" ; but sincerely hoped that he would not commit himself to do anything against the Institute which would compel his superiors to take steps that they would rather not take.

Shortly afterwards the Provincial, Father Colley,

offered to arrange for Father Tyrrell to give the Retreat to the *ordinandi* at Oscott in the following Lent. His offer was accepted, though eventually the Retreat was declined.

I learned [he wrote to V., February 12th, 1902] that I was a bone of contention, dividing that house against itself, and that my every word would have been examined under a theological microscope. Besides the continual "economising" would have been intellectually fatiguing and morally degrading.

2.

1904.

Two years of uncertainty follow, and on February 11th, 1904, Father Tyrrell writes to V. :

I have eased my soul by a clear *exposé* of my attitude towards the S.J. to our General, and of the conditions under which alone I can remain. It was very carefully worded ; strong and bloodless. In revising I struck out all that I felt either you or Father D— would disapprove of ; so that it was just what conscience required and no more. Now, if he does nothing, the dishonesty is his and not mine.

The letter was as follows :

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,

February 8th, 1904.

YOUR PATERNITY,

Before approaching your Paternity formally as I may have to do later, I feel it my duty to put before you the state of my conscience in regard to the Society, lest it should be said that I acted precipitately and without listening duly to the counsel of superiors. I cannot however pretend that I am doing more than discharging a formal duty ; still I will endeavour to pay unprejudiced attention to any personal advice your Paternity may be disposed to offer. If you are silent I will understand that you regard such advice as useless.

I came here, at my own wish, in May, 1900, that I might have leisure to study and consider the problem of my relation to the Society ; and to ask myself whether my disillusionments were such

as were risked in the very nature of my contract with her (as, *e.g.*, if a man were to marry a woman and afterwards find out that he had deceived himself or been deceived as to her morals, her dowry, her health), or whether the disillusionments were such as to make that contract null and void *in foro conscientie* (as, *e.g.*, if a man were to take passage in a ship for the West and to find she was going East); and then to ask myself if this mistake was due to culpable credulity on my part; or to culpable or inculpable misrepresentation on the part of others; and if so, of whom? I wrote the whole case out as fully and clearly as I could; and after some months provisionally communicated my practical conclusion to Rev. Father Provincial, which was: That as far as I could then see, in the light of what I had written, I felt no inward obligation whatever towards the Society *in foro conscientie*; that, *secluso periculo scandali*, I needed no dispensation from her claims on me, and could, if challenged, justify this conclusion in the eyes of all right-thinking men. I admitted that my external and apparent connection with the Society entailed clear duties of natural justice, and abstention from any action injurious to the Order, such, *e.g.*, as to publish books under my own name without Jesuit censorship; or any sort of disedification of interns or externs.—Since then (1901) I have continually reconsidered my conclusion, revising and amplifying my evidence conscientiously; and I confess that, so far, reconsideration has confirmed rather than weakened my first judgment; and that many recent observations have made me give up all hope of ever being able to think otherwise.

I will not pain your Paternity needlessly by entering into useless details—useless because there is no common basis of a possible agreement between us. If I have gone on waiting all this time, it is because I feel need of great certainty before taking a step which, in barest justice to myself and to those who have trusted me, and in order to minimise scandal, would demand much explanation and yet could not be explained without great pain to innumerable friends both in and out of the Society, whose estimate of the Order is so radically different from my own. If I retain no affection for and no belief in the existing Society, which seems to me essentially false to its original spirit and aims, neither have I any hostile intentions towards it *as a whole*: while for many of its members I have the profoundest esteem and friendship. My wish would be, were it possible, to endure this false position indefinitely, but I feel that it becomes daily more anomalous and difficult both for myself and for the Society. Not to speak of the hurt to my inward sincerity and outer candour, it seems to me that my helpfulness to

others should not be largely sterilised by obligations to an Order leagued with those who are doing everything to make faith impossible for multitudes of the most sincere and religious-minded intelligences of these difficult days; and who are (in all good faith, perhaps, and honest error) preparing disaster for the Church, in the social, political, moral and intellectual order. As externally a Jesuit I can do nothing to help these troubled souls save by way of stealth, and as though to speak the truth were a crime. This, as I have said, is all by way of disburdening my conscience preparatory to any further step to which it may presently compel me. If your Paternity knows my state of mind, at least one element of insincerity in my present position is removed.

Your Paternity's servant in Christ,

GEORGE TYRRELL.

To this letter the General replied, in Latin, on February 15th, 1904, substantially as follows.

He first declares his grief, though not his surprise, at what Father Tyrrell had said. He gathers from the letter of the same that discussion will be vain; yet since Tyrrell professes himself ready to consider anything he, the General, may say, he feels it his duty to express his opinion.

He then enumerates the following points:

1. He has never, in all that has occurred, nor in what is actually occurring, doubted of Father Tyrrell's sincerity and candour; the letter before him is one more testimony thereof.

2. He considers, nevertheless, that, in his desire to help souls shaken in their faith, Tyrrell has written things daring and imprudent, liable to give scandal, and deserving of blame. The General has, in this matter, carefully consulted the opinion of various censors of various countries, and has submitted himself to their judgment according to the rules of the Institute.

3. This imprudence is displeasing, not only to the Society but to ecclesiastical authority itself. Nor (he adds) does he here refer to the local ecclesiastical

authority of London, or to Cardinal Vaughan, who, in conversation, expressed himself more severely than the S.J. censors, but to the supreme ecclesiastical authority, represented by the Congregation of the Index and the Pope himself. On this point he can refer, not only to public documents, but to the very words of the Cardinal Prefect and of other Cardinals, who had, in his hearing, severely censured Tyrrell, when discussing another case. Nay, Leo XIII. himself had spoken strongly to the General in regard to like action on the part of certain Fathers of the Society, and had said things on the subject which could not be trusted to paper. Hence Father Tyrrell might see that the Society was "leagued" with ecclesiastical authority itself, and with nothing else; and should such authority disapprove of its action, its action would at once be changed.

4. As to what Tyrrell says about not feeling "inward obligation towards the Society *in foro conscientiæ*," etc., it is not for the General, but for God and his confessor to judge; but he himself cannot agree with his opinion if it be grounded only on the reasons given in his letter; for he had complete opportunity to study the Constitution and laws of the Society before his profession, and he had sufficient intelligence to understand the same. He suggests that he may have been influenced by men who had left the Society, or by unworthy subjects thereof.

5. As to his obligation *in foro externo*, with which alone the General is concerned, he cannot admit that the reasons given are sufficient to justify a Professed Father of the Society.

6. He then points out that Tyrrell would be wrong not to take competent advice, for a private religious is not able to judge of decisions taken by superiors with that full knowledge which the subject cannot possess.

He should therefore consult those in a position to judge, and if he did not care to consult the officials of the Society itself, let him consult the supreme ecclesiastical authorities, and see whether their judgment would be favourable to him or to the Society.

7. He concludes with some affectionate words, and mentions that he has written this long letter with his own hand, in order that the matter may be entirely between themselves. It was finished on February 17th.

Just one point may be indicated, as showing where he, inevitably, failed to catch Father Tyrrell's full meaning. He says—ask Rome, and see whether Rome thinks that we are “leagued with those who are doing everything to make faith impossible,” etc.—Tyrrell's point was that the Society was indeed at one with Rome, because her influence, a disastrous one in his opinion, was actually so potent in the government of the Church.

The reply to the above letter was as follows :

RICHMOND, YORKS,
February 23rd, 1904.

YOUR PATERNITY,

I feel I must thank you for the promptitude, the generosity and the moderation of your reply to a letter that must in many ways have displeased and pained you. It has not been fruitless in so much as it has determined me to reconsider the whole question once more with all possible diligence. Plainly, the “cumulative argument” that leads to such a conclusion is matter, not for a letter, but for a volume, and I thought that as I could not tax your Paternity's patience by saying everything, it was best to say nothing—the more, as I felt that discussion would be futile owing to that divergence of principles and assumptions of which your kind letter gives still further evidence. If eventually my conscience should impose a sacrifice to sincerity, then I will set forth my full justification in the form of a letter to your Paternity. Whether that plea will be—as it ought to be—*canonically* sufficient, I do not know; but if it is not amply sufficient to remove all reasonable scandal and to satisfy all right-thinking and honourable men, you

may rest assured it will never be written. Pray do not think that I should be so irrational as to seek justification in any local or temporary defections, however deplorable, of individual members of the Society from the standard of morality. All such disappointments, were they never so great, are risked in the very nature of the contract. The real question concerns the actual spirit and principles now governing the corporate action of the Society on the minds and consciences and characters of those who are brought within the sphere of her influence. Let me add that I do not for a moment doubt that there is a substantial accord in views and methods between the Society and the ecclesiastical party dominant at Rome in recent years; and this for obvious reasons. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of your Paternity's courtesy in answering me from the midst of so many more important occupations and anxieties, nor of my respect for the sincerity and depth of your Paternity's convictions with which I find myself in so little agreement.

Your Paternity's servant in Christ,
 GEORGE TYRRELL.

The next occurrence was a notice in the *Giornale d'Italia*, that a certain Jesuit was about to leave the Society. This might have referred to Père Henri Bremond, but was at once applied, by some English journalist, to Father Tyrrell, and copied accordingly into English papers.

On these occasions [he wrote to V., April 6th, 1904] I do want an everlasting hell to put such busy-bodies into.

For a moment he also suspected that the report might have originated with the General, and on April 9th wrote to him on the subject. The General replied, on April 24th, that he had nothing to do with it, and this ended their correspondence for more than a year. But on June 11th Father Tyrrell set to work on the long "Letter to the General of the Society of Jesus," which was finished on the 26th of the same month, but only forwarded to the General in September, 1905, when the correspondence had reopened.

This Letter* contains not a few of the points set forth in the Autobiography.

First of all he explains how he had supposed the Society to be composed of "men keenly alive to the religious problems of their age, and devoted before all things to the reconciliation of faith and knowledge."

He narrates how he held for years this belief, how he became a Thomist: *supra coætaneos meos* (even to the loss of his professorial chair), and how when he began to write, he still believed

that the broader and more sympathetic line of thought, as being truer to what I deemed the original spirit of the Order, would meet not merely with toleration but with favour.

But he goes on to say :

It has not been merely the steady opposition offered to my own writings, but far more the whole action of the Society in recent years in relation to progressive Catholicism, the patronage it has accorded to the school represented by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, *La Vérité*, *La Croix*, and to writers like Abbé Maignen, Bishop Turinaz, Père Fontaine; its intrigues connected with bogus-Americanism, with the Washington University, above all with the case of Abbé Loisy, that have convinced me of my mistake. I must now admit that the Society's instinctive opposition to my work is true to the actual spirit of the Order as it now exists. . . . Not progress, as formerly, but reaction and intransigence is the cause for which the Society now exists and works.

As to the prevailing system of Church government and authority, it is, indeed, in accordance with the spirit of the Society, since the latter has been chiefly instrumental in pressing its views on the Church at large; above all by its interpretation of the Vatican decrees. Yet this extreme interpretation of authority is, he maintains, contrary to the true sense of the celebrated "Letter on Obedience" of St. Ignatius Loyola, which inculcates a spiritual, and not a mechanical form

* See Appendix III.

of authority. And as to the "blind obedience" to the Chair of Peter professed by the Society, he recalls its action in regard to a certain letter of Leo XIII., and quotes the words of St. Ignatius, on the kind of obedience practised by some individuals.

"Oh! how great an error it is . . . to account themselves obedient when, by some means or other, they have brought the Superior to that which they desire," etc. . . . It is because I believe that the accord between the Society and the Roman authorities is so largely artificial, economic and diplomatic that your Paternity's appeal to the approval of the latter adds for me no independent confirmation to the judgment of the former.

He then deals with the argument of Father General, who had urged that he had had plenty of opportunity to judge of the spirit and Constitutions of the Society before he bound himself. To this he replies, that accidental corruption would not indeed justify his attitude, but that the discovery that an Institute had become something exactly opposite to its original intention and object would be such a justification. He maintains that the Society is opposing the very spirit of its Founder by persecuting existing institutes inspired by that same spirit. Ignatius was a sixteenth-century Hecker.

As contrary to its true ideal he charges the Society with its corporate self-satisfaction ; with its protective system of artificial environment ; with its use of the methods of secret supervision and delation ; with its encouragement of mechanical vocations ; with its hard and unsympathetic treatment of the lay-brother class.

He concludes :

It seems to me . . . that I have not altogether run in vain, or wasted my life, if I have done no more than win to my present clearness of moral conviction through many tribulations . . . even though I end, weary and exhausted, at certain commonplace principles which are the public heritage of my age and country. Yet it seems to me that I possess them and feel them in a way that they never can who have had them for nothing.

After this effort there supervened a long period of anxiety and indecision.

Thus he writes to Baron F. von Hügel, July 3rd, 1904 :

I feel there is a great deal in what you say as to the disparity between my case and N.'s. Moreover, although my being an S.J. no longer (or much less every day) gets me a hearing from the Philistine ; yet the very paradoxicality of my position as a liberal Jesuit gains me attention in quite other quarters. It is quite true that I should have as little or less "publishing" liberty as a secular priest. But for that reason, *if I leave* it will be to take some position in which I can face probable excommunication and vindicate complete liberty of speech for myself. I feel that there are circumstances (rare and most difficult to determine) where silence would be as wrong as falsehood ; that there is a point where considerations of immediate scandal and pain to others should not count for a moment ; nor even the moral certainty of the utter fruitlessness of one's sacrifice to truth. I have now finished the rough draft of "A Letter to the General of the Jesuits," which may be directed to him through the press should a rupture ever occur. I feel that the adhesion of a man, even outwardly, to a Society whose principles he regards as profoundly immoral, hurtful to religion and to society at large, is a sort of tacit sanction of that immorality, and therefore needs very clear justification—if any be possible—on grounds of expediency. I have tried to make out a case for myself, and all I can see is that my position is not yet so demonstrably dishonest as to force me to go. If I go, nothing could excuse me from speaking out all I think about the S.J. and explaining how I remained in it so long.

3.

1905.

On August 6th, 1905, Father Tyrrell wrote as follows to the Rev. Father Richard Sykes, Provincial Superior of the Society in England :

MY DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,

I wrote to his Paternity in 1904, the result of four years' quiet reflection on my relations with the Society, namely, that my own conscience, rightly or wrongly, acquitted me of all further

obligations to her. In deference to his very kind reply, I have given another eighteen months to a reconsideration of my verdict, but the result has been to confirm rather than weaken it. It is not only that I and the Society are not helped by our union, but that we are positively embarrassed. We must now part as pleasantly as may be. I quite understand why the reasons which I gave to H.P., though releasing me in *foro conscientie*, are not admissible in *foro externo*. Hence as a canonically sufficient reason I will urge: "*Ne scandalum gravius eveniat.*" For no fear of even the extremest ecclesiastical censure would justify my remaining in a false position and facing the consequent censure of my conscience. If I have to leave without canonical release (as I will, if necessary), I shall owe it to myself and my friends to publish all the reasons for so drastic a step; and this could not be without great pain and scandal to many. I am most anxious to avoid any such unpleasantness for the sake of my many Jesuit friends; and it will only be in sheer self-defence against false and injurious accounts of the reasons of my exodus if I ever have to cause them such pain.

As I do not propose to engage in pastoral work, but to live mainly by my pen, I hope some arrangement may be made by which I can receive the copyright and plates of my already published books or some equivalent.

Also it would make much for peace and the prevention of false rumours entailing disagreeable explanations if I could truthfully cause some such insertion to be published in the press as this: "We learn, on the authority of both sides concerned, that Father Tyrrell has withdrawn from the Society of Jesus. The relation between him as a *progressive* and that avowedly conservative institution has long been one of mutual embarrassment, and the separation has now been effected in an entirely amicable and pacific spirit."

Also: It is much to be desired that my exodus should be effected quietly under cover of a visit to my friends, for which reason I have asked permission to accept an invitation to winter in the South of France.

Lastly: I have acquired from five to ten pounds worth of books since I came here, mostly foreign and of little interest to others. These I should like to take with me.

I am very sorry to add to your many troubles; but in accordance with my first letter to you I have simplified the matter as much as possible, sparing you all need of discussion.

To the General he wrote on the same day:

YOUR PATERNITY,

You will receive, with this, if not sooner, the application which I have made in due form through Father Provincial. I write this private letter to say how deeply I regret troubling you in your illness and how long I have deferred doing so in hopes of sparing you any disappointment or needless annoyance. I have really done my best, these eighteen months, to find some *modus vivendi* consistent with honesty and straightforwardness; for I am most anxious not to pain or perplex those who differ from me, but whose liberty of judgment and sentiment I desire to respect, even as I would have my own liberty respected. Above all, I have excluded every merely private consideration, and looked solely to the claims of justice and charity towards others. Certainty is unattainable in such calculations; but I can say that the balance of reasons bids me go; and my conscience must follow my judgment. The Society has become an avowedly reactionary institution; I am, and always will be, impenitently progressive. As such, my position in her ranks is dishonest; unfair to her and to myself. That I believe myself true in principle to St. Ignatius is neither here nor there; for my duty is to the actual and living Society and to her interpretation of St. Ignatius.

May I say how greatly I am distressed about your Paternity's affliction and how I pray that your chalice may not be too bitter for human frailty.

The Provincial sent a formal acknowledgment of the letter on August 9th; the General replied, August 22nd, resuming Tyrrell's argument, denying its cogency, and stating the canonical difficulties in the way of release. He reminds Father Tyrrell that the General, by his own power, cannot dismiss a professed father without the same incurring a suspension reserved to the Pope. But he goes on to add that he would wish to do everything to avert such an evil, and that he will at once approach the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars to obtain the necessary dispensations.

In reply Father Tyrrell wrote shortly on September 2nd, 1905,* enclosing the long "Letter" in which he had summed up the difficulties of his position. He also gave Father Provincial an account of the steps he had taken.†

* See Appendix IV.

† See Appendix V.

Father General, September 15th, 1905, acknowledged the receipt of the short letter and the big document ; professed himself greatly satisfied at possessing in the latter so complete an exposition of Tyrrell's views, false as he thought many of them to be ; and said he had already undertaken the promised measures. He next wrote to him, October 12th, and said that the Sacred Congregation was well disposed to grant secularisation, but desired a direct application from Father Tyrrell himself.

4.

1905-1906.

In this second letter of the General no reference was made to the necessity, or desirability, of finding, before he applied to the Sacred Congregation, what is called a *receptor*, or *episcopus benevolus* ; a bishop willing to adopt, in his diocese, the out-going member of a religious Order. As Father General himself subsequently admitted, this was the *ordinary* though not the *absolute* condition demanded by the same Congregation. Now Father Tyrrell's Catholic friends were exceedingly anxious that he should not find himself placed, even for a moment, in an irregular position, entailing suspension ; hence, whereas he was prepared to follow Father General's advice, and apply without delay to the Sacred Congregation, he was strongly urged, by those most interested in his spiritual good and future influence, to take no step until he had secured a bishop.

In deferring, as he did, to this advice, Father Tyrrell probably acted against his own judgment. In the first place, he had little hope of finding such a bishop ; in the second place, he doubted the wisdom of seeking one.

Some time before, on May 20th, 1904, he had written to Mr. Lilley :

I am more or less clear that if, one way or another, I have to leave the S.J., it would be folly to take up priestly work under a bishop if I mean to use my liberty in order to speak out. That would mean instant suspension, etc., and the need of doing what I might just as well do once and for all, *sc.* of getting some little *pied-à-terre* which would give me leisure to write and, together with my proceeds from such writings, might suffice for my very moderate requirements as a suspended priest. Besides being a step from the frying-pan into the fire, or perhaps from the fire into the frying-pan.

But the whole affair, from first to last, was complicated by the number of conflicting objections that had to be considered. For his influence on the world at large, perfect liberty was the chief requisite; for his influence on the Catholic world, to which he had so long devoted himself, his position as a priest had to be safeguarded. As for his own spiritual peace, it was, in the end, the point most neglected; it could, perhaps, only have been secured either by staying where he was, or by complete severance from every kind of ecclesiastical work.

His first application was to Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, who replied that he made it a rule not to accept ex-members of a religious congregation.

He next applied to Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, having heard that an ex-religious priest lapses *per se* to the diocese of his birth. He received much the same answer, though it also appeared, from the wording of the letter, as though the refusal was partly grounded on financial reasons. In point of fact Father Tyrrell had endeavoured to make it clear that he would be pecuniarily independent; a condition he could secure, not only by the work of his pen, but by his possession of a permanent life-annuity, settled on him by a friend who dreaded for him any exposure to temporal anxiety.

He made no direct approach to the Bishop of South-

wark, but some indirect attempt was made to secure for him a chaplaincy in that diocese.

With these applications he may be said to have exhausted the obvious and natural resources ; any other approach, on his side, would be towards those who had no evident obligation to help him. One or two bishops, not in England, would probably have been willing to receive him, as he mentions later ; but he hardly thought it fair to accept their kindness ; nor would the arrangements entailed by such acceptance have been quite practicable.

He himself defended the action of those bishops who had refused him ; holding that it might compromise them to act otherwise. Of course this was true enough, given the peculiar conditions of ecclesiastical law in the matter ; yet their refusal brought into strong relief the practical anomaly of the situation. Here was a man invited to ask for his release, and bound, when he had received it, to live under a bishop ; yet, on the other hand, entirely dependent on the chance goodwill of some bishop to accept him. He was obliged to have a superior ; no superior was obliged to have him. The very term *receptor benevolus* rings curiously in such a connection ; what has goodwill to do with a clear legal necessity ? If there were no such thing as legitimate release the position would be plain ; but to make release dependent on conditions which demand another will for their fulfilment, seems to subject ecclesiastical law to circumstances of chance or favour. In English law a criminal is in certain cases defended by the Crown if he cannot afford a counsel ; there was no authority in this case to appoint an official *receptor benevolus*.

Tyrrrell's own account of the matter is to be found in the following letter to Baron F. von Hügel, November 13th, 1905 :

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Things move slowly. After Bourne's refusal I applied to Dublin, my natal-see, and he also refused (after a week's delay) in almost identical terms. I am afraid it is a fruit of the secular-regular squabble. Formerly the natal-see was obliged to take the ex-religious; but they were loaded with so much rubbish, through the recklessness of the Orders in receiving and dismissing, that Rome decided a priest could not leave or be sent from an Order till some bishop was freely willing to receive him. Then most dioceses made hard and fast rules against such hospitality—for obvious reasons. And, in addition, a bishop who takes me knows well enough that he is freely patronising a known "liberal" and that he will be responsible to Rome for my pranks. It may really prove impossible to get out except as suspended, *i.e.* a pacific solution may not be viable. I am now sounding N. through N., after which I will try if N. is as favourable as he was some time ago. But he is on the wing at present, having left Rome only lately. I think if N. gives a favourable report of Ferrata's dispositions I ought to write at once without waiting till I have landed a bishop. I fancy they will give me my divorce with the *onus* of finding a bishop and living under S.J. jurisdiction till I do so. That would not prevent my staying (*cum permissu superiorum*) with my friends, and perhaps even saying Mass. Of course, if there is any public disgrace of suspension, I can only publish the whole correspondence and retire into silence for good. I think of writing a brief line to the General to excuse my delay and to say how much I shall regret it if, through no fault of his or mine, an orderly and peaceful exit should prove practically impossible, but that *Ich kann nicht anders*.

The proposed letter to the General was written November 14th, but I find no copy of it. In it, amongst other things, he complains of a previous letter of the General, accusing him of influencing the youthful members of the S.J. This accusation made him so angry that, as he told a friend, he burned the letter. For the rest, he explained to him why he had not yet applied to the Sacred Congregation, and mentioned his difficulty in finding a bishop.

The General's answer to this, dated November 25th, is much less friendly than his previous utterances. This would be owing in the first place to the long "Letter,"

next to the correspondence that had lately passed between them. It may also be accountable to the fact that efforts were being made by friends of Tyrrell in Rome itself. One such effort led to a quaintly incongruous attempt to influence Cardinal Merry del Val in his favour, an attempt the account of which kept Tyrrell, as he wrote to V., "in gusts of laughter all the morning"; for, as he explained to another: "M. del V. and the General are as identical as any two persons of the Trinity."

The chief points of Father Martin's letter of November 25th are:

1. That Tyrrell certainly acted wisely in seeking a bishop before applying to the Sacred Congregation—yet, as such condition, though ordinary, was not absolute, it might have been more prudent first to apply to the S.C. and to seek the bishop (*Episcopum benevolum*) while awaiting the answer.*

2. The General himself has, however, done all he can to ensure a favourable reception of Father Tyrrell's petition; it now rests with him and the same Congregation.

3. He deals with the point already mentioned, as to Father Tyrrell's influence on others—and qualifies the sense in which the same had understood his words.

4. He observes that Tyrrell is annoyed at the scarcity of "benevolent bishops," and suggests that he may find other still worse vexations after secularisation. He does not here speak (he explains) of what Jesuits or others may say as to the reason for his departure, for such reason will be fairly plain from his mode of

* "Certe Reverentia Vestra prudenter egit Episcopum benevolum antea quærendo quia talis conditio solet apponi a Congregatione in concedenda facultate secularizationis. Attamen posset accidere absolute ut non apponeretur; quamobrem fortasse prudentius fuisset primum petere decisionem Congregationis et deinde quærerè Episcopum benevolum," etc.

writing and speaking. No; he speaks of other vexations which will be an inevitable consequence of his new state and relations with ecclesiastical authority. Which difficulties he prays to God to avert.*

This was a fairly plain warning that things were going to be uncomfortable.

It was some time before Tyrrell made up his mind to answer this letter. On December 9th he wrote to V.:

I screwed myself up yesterday to finish the draft of my reply to the General. Till then I felt too full to trust myself to expression. I have no doubt at all that I must purge my soul. There is no coming to terms with the S.J., and to accept secularisation would be only to defer for a worse *dénouement* later, and to open a new era of worries and anxieties. . . . I think it better to send the letter—and also a brief line indicating the lie of the situation to the Provincial—as soon as I have got away, *perm. sup.*, for a change.

A strong spiritual instinct tells me that I should, at such a crisis, seek the desert rather than the haunts of men; and prudence adds that I should avoid the appearance of seeking a pleasanter path straightway. I have my eye on Askrigg, or Bainbridge. But if you can think of any other place of quiet, where there are no Catholics to scandalise by my abstentions, please let me know. I should like the sea even better than the moors for my Church, only seashores are always crowded and vulgar.

Since I have said my say on paper I am as calm as a jelly-fish, and whatever clouds may darken my prospects are all shot through with the light of liberty and truth.

But a Yorkshire climate, combined with solitude and anxiety, in mid-winter, did not seem the wisest plan, and eventually he heard, through some nuns, of quiet rooms at Tintagel, in Cornwall, whither he ultimately betook himself.

* “*Difficultas Episcopum benevolum inveniendi amaritudinem aliquam tibi affert, et ego quidem valde timeo ne aliæ molestiæ te maneant post ipsam secularizationem, quas fortasse neque suspicaris. Non loquor de his quæ possint dici sive a Nostris sive ab externis de causa, etc. . . . sed loquor de aliis molestiis moralibus quæ necessario consequentur tuum novum statum et relationem cum auctoritate ecclesiastica. Faciat Deus ut mei timores prorsus vani sint!*”

The letter to the General, which was eventually dated December 31st, 1905, was as follows :

YOUR PATERNITY,

When I proposed (August 6th) a "pacific" separation I meant a separation that would entail no public explanation such as would be due to myself and my friends were I to leave the Society under any sort of censure. I meant to enter untrammelled into the usual rights and liberties of a secular priest. I most certainly did not mean that I should be liberated under vexatious and exceptional restrictions, or that the subsequent machinations against me were to justify the Society by throwing me into conflict with ecclesiastical authorities. You say now, these conflicts may be far graver than I suspect. No; I have long been aware that merely for her own sake the Society had often protected me from the aggressions of fanaticism; but that were I to leave the Society her self-interest would lead her to promote rather than to hinder such aggression, so as to demonstrate the identification of the Church and the Society, their complete interdependence, and the impossibility of splitting with the latter without splitting with the former. I realised this seven years ago when you required me, in open questions of theology, to adhere to the "communis sententia Societatis, i.e., Ecclesiae." I realised it when (September 15th, 1905) you acknowledged my exposition of my views about the Society as a "*documentum quo mentem suam tum de Ecclesie tum de Societatis gubernatione exponit.*" In the name of Catholic liberty, of the other religious Orders, and of the original hierarchy of the Church, I protest against this identification; but I acknowledge it as a fact and have long been prepared for its unpleasant consequences. Still I feel bound at least to try and avoid the consequences of this entanglement of interests and to seek a separation from the Society that would not, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, bring me into conflict with the Roman officials; and this, solely to prevent the scandal—present, and still more future—that would arise from such a conflict, and from the further weakening of legitimate authority, already too much discredited in the eyes of intelligent and discerning observers by violent measures of the same kind.

Your Paternity's last letter, if I do not strangely misinterpret it, proves the futility of my pacific hopes and efforts; and convinces me that I must face the full consequences of the Society's present ecclesiastical ascendancy. It seems I am to be released pacifically

from the Society, but that I am subsequently to be brought into such a collision with ecclesiastical authorities as will redound to the Society's credit. The scandal that I seek to avoid is only to be postponed and magnified. True, your Paternity speaks conjecturally of this issue and prays that it may be averted. But it needs no great perspicacity to see that your predictions are founded on arrangements, and that the familiar distinction between *scientia communicabilis et incommunicabilis* will allow you to pray and conjecture about matters already determined. The mere facts, (1) that you did not at once suggest that, in conformity with the universal law, I should seek a bishop to receive me; (2) that you speak of the "absolute possibility" of other arrangements; (3) that you represent future troubles as dependent on "my new state and relation to ecclesiastical authorities," indicate very clearly that the conditions of my release are to be exceptional and vexatious. *Frustra jacitur rete ante oculos pennatorum.* To accommodate myself to this scheme and to await the further troubles that are prepared for me would be to magnify the scandal, to confuse the true essence of the issue, but above all it would be to waste the time and wear out the energies I shall need to defend my action and to prosecute my work. Nor could I with any sincerity plead for a release *ne gravius scandalum eveniat* if a yet graver scandal is to be the eventual upshot. Since therefore scandal and explanation are inevitable, I prefer to throw the onus as much as possible on the right shoulders; and to deal first with the Society, and later, if needful, with the ecclesiastical authorities; and thus keep distinct the issues which your Paternity seems to confuse. Had I not been led in the course of this painful correspondence to acquaint your Paternity completely with my opinions about the existing (as distinct from the theoretical) Society, my position as a Jesuit would be sufficiently false to justify me in separating myself from the body by my own act, in default of the possibility of a pacific and canonical separation. But I can no longer think that I am deceiving superiors. As for deceiving others, it is sufficiently notorious to all whom it concerns that the Society does not share my sympathies, nor I, the Society's; so that no wrong is done to me or to the Society in their judgment. But now your Paternity clearly knows my opinions—at least in substance and outline—and has condemned them as false and incompatible with any true vocation to the existing Society. You have rightly said that I cannot lay them aside, or would soon return to them if I did so. This is not because you think them true, and that Truth is like Nature; *furca expellas tamen usque recurrit*; but because you interpret (I hope falsely) the mental

obedience of St. Ignatius as a readiness to shift one's convictions at the *mot d'ordre* of superiors, *i.e.*, as an absence of all convictions—of which obedience you rightly judge me incapable. You agree with me then that I have no vocation to the existing Society; and it is in your own power to dismiss me. I will not even ask you to do what your conscience tells you you must do. Moreover I wish to be quite passive in the transaction.

As for the pain of suspension, which you say you wish to spare me, it will probably be a less evil than those entailed by your proposed alternative. Even were I at once to publish an explanation of my dismissal and suspension, it would only serve to establish what we both regard as an important truth, namely, the antagonism between my tendencies and those of the existing Society. But I do not care for the promiscuous public, and shall, unless further provoked, content myself with circulating this correspondence privately among the few whose opinions matter most for me and probably least for your Paternity.

But do not misunderstand my difficulty in obtaining a bishop, or suppose that it is the reason why I categorically reject the proffered "secularisation." I would not apply to those who had often shown themselves friendly and had promised (as three did) to receive me should I ever desire it. For I feared (justly, as your last letter proves), that mischief-makers at Rome might subsequently bring me into unpleasant official relations with these kind and courageous friends, to our mutual embarrassment. Also, I would not ask or accept as a personal favour and on grounds of friendship my evident *right* to fulfil my strict duties as a priest. Hence I applied to two archbishops, who, I thought, ought to receive me in common fairness and in default of any canonical offence or incapacity; and I took their refusals as typical, since every other bishop might allege the same reasons as they. Even bishops who do not admire the Society fear to be gossiped about at Rome as favourers of "liberalism," and make wise general rules against showing friendship to ex-Jesuits.

When I said I was "pained" by the tone of your Paternity's penultimate letter, I did not mean that I thought you "hard" or "severe" (*durus*). I have never recognised my relation to my spiritual rulers as that of a schoolboy to his master, or of a private to his Colonel. I was pained by your Paternity's inability to believe in disinterested motives, and also by the very false interpretation you seemed to put upon my patient endeavour to secure a peaceful separation. For though I should be very sorry to *deserve* suspension or even excommunication, yet I have no personal fear of a censure that is undeserved except so far as it involves pain and

scandal to others and brings discredit on authorities, and ought therefore to be avoided by all *reasonable* and *honourable* means. Not to speak of our Lord and His Apostles, who were excommunicated by lawful ecclesiastical authorities for refusing to be silent, I know, as St. Augustine testifies, that no man (not even your St. Ignatius) has ever served the Church largely without incurring the displeasure and censure of the officials, whose successors have built up his sepulchre and appropriated the credit of his work. But apart from such mystical considerations, theology tells me that when excommunication is undeserved it is spiritually a gain and not a loss. Temporally it has become fairly harmless since advancing civilisation and Christianity have wrested the weapons of persecution, with the exception of the *gladius lingue*, from the servants of the Gospel of Peace.

To me personally it would be, physically, mentally, and morally, an immense relief to stand apart from a world of *espionage*, delation and intrigue, and to feel that I had suffered the worst it could do to me, and might live in peace and tranquillity. Not that I would ever cease to labour strenuously for the true understanding of Catholicism and for its defence against the perversions of obscurantists. Even should my opponents succeed in defaming me, they will never silence me where silence means co-operation in falsehood. The only difference would be that I should no longer have, as now, to adapt my words to the capacity of censors often lacking the most elementary conditions of critical competence. Any condemnation of my work would be welcome at least as giving me occasion of removing a very false impression, which so much of my writing has created, as to the seeming toleration afforded by existing authorities to the more charitable and evangelical interpretation of Catholicism which I advocate because I still believe it is the true interpretation. It is right that those who might otherwise be drawn towards, or kept in, the Church should know, what I have always carefully explained to individual inquirers; *sc.* that my writings, far from being representative of the mind of existing authorities are tolerated merely for opportunist reasons and for the sake of making proselytes at any price; that they should know that, in spite of the Jesuit *Nihil Obstat* and the Archbishopal *Imprimatur*, these writings have been (according to your Paternity) secretly condemned at Rome by bishops and Cardinals and by Leo XIII. in words *quæ incredibilia viderentur, sed ea omitto quia non ejusmodi sunt quæ chartæ tradi debeant.*

Let me say, in conclusion, how displeased and surprised I was to learn that Cardinal Merry del Val (plainly the last person to whom I

ought to wish to be indebted), had been approached on my behalf by some well-meaning rather than discerning friend, in order, I understand, to obtain more lenient conditions from the S. Congr. of Bishops and Regulars. Nothing is more abhorrent to my moral and religious instincts than these intriguing methods of Church government: *Non tali auxilio*.

Your Paternity's servant in Xt.,
G. TYRRELL.

In a letter to the General of January 29th, 1906, to be mentioned presently, Father Tyrrell said :

I feel bound in candour to retract and apologise for the suspicions expressed in my letter of December 31st, 1905. I think, however, I wrote *conditionally*: "If I do not gravely misinterpret your letter." Moreover, I quite understood the extreme difficulty and perplexity of the case. Also your Paternity has to consider the Society at large and the ecclesiastical authorities and not only me. Seeing that, unfortunately, such "intrigues" are notoriously accepted at Rome as legitimate methods of management, I don't think the supposition was altogether monstrous and without probable basis. Still your Paternity's direct denial settles the matter.

5.

1906.

Father General's next letter was dated January 7th, 1906; in it he first protests against Father Tyrrell's accusations; declares that he was only warning him, in a paternal manner, of the difficulties likely to await him, which difficulties he himself had no desire or intention to foment. This however, he adds, is not his principal reason for writing, which is rather to know if some quotations which had appeared in the *Corriere della Sera*, Milan, December 31st, from a certain "Lettera Confidenziale ad un amico professore di antropologia," and were ascribed to an "English Jesuit," had Tyrrell for their author. The Archbishop of Milan had referred the matter to the General, and he desired to give him

an answer. He enclosed the cutting, which contained an extract, not wholly accurate, from the "Letter to a Professor." He promised to write more fully later.

Tyrrell replied, January 10th, 1906, as follows :

YOUR PATERNITY,

It will be better to keep to one question at a time and to settle my relations with the Society before proceeding to further issues.

As to anonymous writings, I make it an absolute rule never either to affirm or deny authorship lest my hesitation to deny should be interpreted as affirmative.

I may remark that the *Corriere* seems to consider the whole *mise en scène* of Jesuit and anthropologist professor as a literary fiction ; and to find a Catholic Professor of Anthropology in England would be somewhat difficult. Still I neither deny nor affirm ; and, except the designation of obscurantist as "conservative," there is nothing I disagree with.

I do not desire a detailed answer to my last letter. It would be quite useless. For though I know that all you say is true in *some* sense, I am not clever or diplomatic enough to say in what sense. Yet I know the necessities of your position require you to speak under many reserves and limitations.

What I do want to know *at once* and with a view to external arrangements is whether you will now, on your own initiative, send me out of the Society.

I will neither ask for dismissal nor apply for secularisation, but will throw the whole onus on your Paternity. If you do not dismiss me I return to Richmond as before. *Liberavi animam meam.*

If you dismiss me I go to London and begin my life's work.

Three days later he added the following lines :

YOUR PATERNITY,

When I wrote on the 10th it seemed to me better to deal with the camel before discussing the gnat. For if you dismiss me you will be no longer responsible for my reputed sayings and doings. But on reflection I see that the latter discussion may help to determine the former, and so I hasten to acknowledge as much responsibility as I honestly can for the "Lettera Confidenziale." I do not know who has translated it, nor have I read the translation. I am told it has been freely adapted to suit the local exigencies, and for those adaptations of course I cannot answer. But I have no

doubt that the substance of it—all that you would most dislike—is founded on a letter written by me two or three years ago to meet a particular yet not uncommon case. There is no statement of that original letter that is not theologically defensible. Yet as a whole it is a medicine for extreme cases ; not for common ailments. It can only be judged as a whole in the context of its suppositions and not by mischievous and sensational extracts. It supposes explicitly that things are as bad, not as the writer but as the recipient imagines. You cannot but know that thousands of educated Catholics, who are not experts in criticism or history, are aware of the disputes of experts about the most fundamental matters, and that the mere existence of such disputes reduces them to a state of perfectly inculpable theological confusion, which they easily mistake for loss of faith. I myself am no expert, and am in the same position as they, and I am bound in conscience to share with my fellow-sufferers those considerations which enable me to cling to the Church with implicit faith in spite of temporary theological obscurations. Were everyone to leave the Church who is unable to arbitrate between contending critics who could be saved? The remedy for the inexperienced is prayer, patience and work ; not controversy : *Qui facit veritatem venit ad lumen*. What would really do harm would be the publicity and notoriety given to such a letter by any kind of official notice of it. Till Abbé Loisy was condemned he was practically unknown, and his dry, technical works were read mostly by those already in sympathy with them. But now he has become a cult and a fashion ; and for ten who followed him before, a thousand follow, or pretend to follow, him now. The methods of one time are not always the best for another.

If this avowal will help you to decide the previous question I shall be very glad.

The General wrote, in answer to the above, on January 20th, 1906. He reasserts his persistent goodwill towards Father Tyrrell ; but maintains that the "Letter to a Professor" has caused scandal and is compromising the Society. He demands of Father Tyrrell a repudiation of it, for publication in the papers ; failing which repudiation, he will be reluctantly forced to reconsider the necessity of dismissing him.

On January 24th, 1906,* in a letter from which I

* See also Appendix VI.

have already quoted, Father Tyrrell explains his reasons for leaving to the General all responsibility in the matter of his dismissal, and offers the following letter to the Press, as containing all such apology as he can honestly set forth :

SIR,

I have been ordered by those who have a right to command me to explain my position in regard to the "Lettera Confidenziale" noticed in the *Corriere della Sera* of January 1st, 1906. Let me say, first, that I am not responsible for the adaptations and changes of the Italian translation, which I have not read and whose author I do not know. The original letter was perfectly private ; an *argumentum ad hominem* throughout, adapted to the presuppositions of the recipient, not to those of the writer.

These presuppositions, owing to the publicly notorious disputes of experts about fundamental matters, are common to thousands of sincerely religious educated laymen who are *not* experts in criticism and theology and whose position is simply one of allowed "in-culpable ignorance." If all were to mistake theological confusion for loss of faith the Church would lose many of her most loving members. It is needful therefore to remind them that the implicit faith of the little child suffices in such states of blameless perplexity. To publish such a letter broadcast would be to administer to all the medicine intended only for some. That the *Corriere* should have made part of it public was certainly not my wish ; nor probably that of the translator. As they appear isolated from their context and presuppositions the paragraphs may seem startling and sensational. Yet read carefully they contain nothing that has not been said over and over again by saints and doctors of the Church. Only the first sentence misrepresents my meaning. It puts "volontaria" for "involontaria" ; and applies to "la posizione dei cattolici conservatori" in general what I said only of certain particular conservative positions in Scripture criticism, abandoned now by the more moderate conservatives.

Needless to say that the Society of Jesus is in no way responsible for a private letter never destined for publicity and never submitted to its official censorship.

AN ENGLISH JESUIT.

Father General's next letter, which was also his last one, was dated February 1st, 1906, but it was enclosed

with the form of dismissal, and therefore Tyrrell did not receive it until he received the same.

In it he said :

1. The proposed letter to the papers, *re* the passages quoted by the *Corriere*, was inadequate.

2. As Father Tyrrell declared himself unable to do more, nothing remained to the General but to grant the request several times *explicitly* and now *implicitly* made, and to send, through Father Provincial, the letters of dismissal. He himself is unable to do anything more to ease Father Tyrrell's position.

3. He can only pray that the Divine Will may be fulfilled in his regard and for his good.

Father Provincial wrote, on February 7th, to inform him that the dimissorial letters had come, and to suggest a meeting at which he might deliver them to him.

On February 8th, Tyrrell wrote to V. from Eastbourne :

This came to-day. I have said I shall be in London in a week or ten days and shall then arrange a rendezvous. I am not quite sure if my last letter reached the General, as I think he would have given some reason for his dissatisfaction before pulling away the cart.* So I have asked Sykes to make sure. Also I have asked the precise conditions of my suspension ; its abilities and disabilities. The last day or two I had a vivid certainty of the opposite issue, and so it gave me a start, but I shall soon adjust myself. At first all the *Cons* rush in upon one's mind and the *Pros* retire to the background. But that will pass.

I think it will be best to stay with the Tyrrells a little bit while finding lodgings ; but for their sake to keep the news very quiet till my visit is over. I can say Mass till I receive the letters of dismissal. On Sunday next I preach my last sermon.

In reply to his question Father Sykes informed him, February 18th :

* This, of course, was written while in ignorance of the General's letter of February 1st.

1. He could go to Communion, but not say Mass.
2. His suspension (in accordance with the *Auctis Admodum* decree of November 4th, 1892) could only be raised by the Pope, through the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.
3. He was dismissed on account of the "Letter to a Professor," as stated in the General's letter of February 1st.
4. To be rehabilitated by the Church, he would have to refer to the authorities named under point 2 ; to be rehabilitated by the Society, he would have to refer to the Superior-General.

It must be noted that Father Tyrrell was *dismissed* and not *secularised*; therefore he remained subject to certain religious obligations ; with a right to return to the Order if he agreed to submit to their conditions, and with the obligation in Canon Law of returning, were he ordered to do so. The Sacred Congregation could have *secularised* him ; the General had only the right to dismiss him.

On February 19th he met Father Sykes, in London, and received the form of dismissal.*

He then wrote a line to the *Daily Chronicle*, which had expressed itself somewhat violently in his behalf, and another to the *Tablet*; he asked friends in the journalistic world "to leave the monopoly of bitterness to the blacks," and wrote to the General himself the following letter :

YOUR PATERNITY,

I should like to assure you, now that I stand outside the Society, how completely I realise that we have both of us been driven to this unpleasant issue by the necessities of our several minds and consciences ; and your Paternity still more by the exigencies of a most difficult position.

* See Appendix VII.

You may depend that whatever explanations I may ever be forced to give of what has happened will make this quite apparent. Nothing could be further from my sentiments than any sort of personal rancour or resentment. I feel that it is a collision of systems and tendencies rather than of persons ; and that many such collisions must occur before the truth of both sides meets in some higher truth. And though you may say *Absit!* I do not doubt that in the highest principle of all we are nearer to agreement with one another than with many of our respective fellow-thinkers.

I thank you for your promised prayers and holy sacrifices. My own sacrifices must now be of another—and more expensive if less valuable—sort, but such as they are I will offer them for you.

Your servant in Xt.,

G. T.

CHAPTER XI

INNER HISTORY OF THE PARTING

1.

BEFORE DISMISSAL.

FROM the letters quoted in the last chapter Father Tyrrell's superiors may have guessed but little of an undercurrent of suffering for the expression of which we must turn to more intimate correspondence.

Thus, speaking of the growing sense of estrangement from old and dear friends, he writes on December 12th, 1904, to V. :

This silent and unexplainable "parting with friends" is more painful than an overt renunciation. Surely the worst of Christ's passion was that "ye shall all be scandalised because of me." To be reckoned a deceiver and false guide by those who have trusted us and depended on us, what more horrible?

In the diary that he kept for a short time in 1904 he writes under the date of October 18th :

How far better to have faced oneself and one's position, broken bottles and all! "Strange and lonely!" [he quotes words addressed him by the friend to whom the diary was sent] yes! till you suddenly wake up and find yourself "compassed with a great cloud of witnesses," with the Christs of every time and place; and following in the oldest and most beaten of tracks. Isn't this to burst one's chrysalis and find one's wings?

On October 17th, 1904, he writes to V. :

I feel all you say about the agony of faith. To say words that have lost all meaning is just one part (or type-instance) of the whole difficulty—the difficulty of being *oneself*. Can we be *ourselves* and yet associated with and compromised in the lives of others? Is not a Brand or a Jesus necessarily excommunicate? And yet isolation is also spiritual death. The vindication of the two needs belongs, alas! to the distant ideal; meantime we must mess on and compromise, I suppose. But one gets glimpses of the light at the other end of the tunnel.

And on January 9th, 1905, to the same :

One feels that, in the measure that a step is momentous and fraught with risks, one is justified in waiting for something like an irresistible shove of conscience or of circumstances. That is often a very subjective sort of thing. I have as many stateable reasons for going now as perhaps I shall ever have, but something outside those reasons must put the match to the mine. It is like getting out of bed, one doesn't know what decides one at last; the reasons were there from the first.

But there was not only the deep pain of parting from those amongst whom he had lived for so long; there was not only what, to him, was ever an exceedingly disagreeable process, namely, the uprooting of old habits of life and work; but there was also the irksome and, to one of his temperament, uninteresting question as to a future abode.

Various plans had suggested themselves in this respect. At one moment there was the idea of his forming, with like-minded friends, a colony at Assisi, where M. Paul Sabatier promised many advantages for such a scheme. At another time he thought of living with his friend Bremond at Genoa or Aix. Two families of friends offered to make a home for him with, or near them, namely: Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, at Clapham; Mrs. Williams, at Eastbourne. The former were very old friends; with the latter, both with Mr. W. J. Williams, the scholar and writer, and Miss Dora Williams, his sister, he had become

intimate at Richmond. His cousin, Mr. William Tyrrell,* was also anxious to receive him.

For the time, however, it was difficult to come to any decision ; but he resolved, at least, not to be in any house of the Society during the final negotiations. With sorrow, even greater than he had anticipated, he steeled himself, therefore, to leave Richmond. In one of his last letters from that well-loved spot he says to V., on December 30th, 1905 :

I was bad yesterday and part of to-day and could not write. I go on Monday, if well ; else on Tuesday ; having sent on my valise to-day. To leave Richmond is, frankly, awful. My affections are twined round every cobble-stone of Newbiggin. Yet one must practise dying.

He left on January 1st, and wrote to the same, January 3rd, 1906 :

TINTAGEL,

CORNWALL.

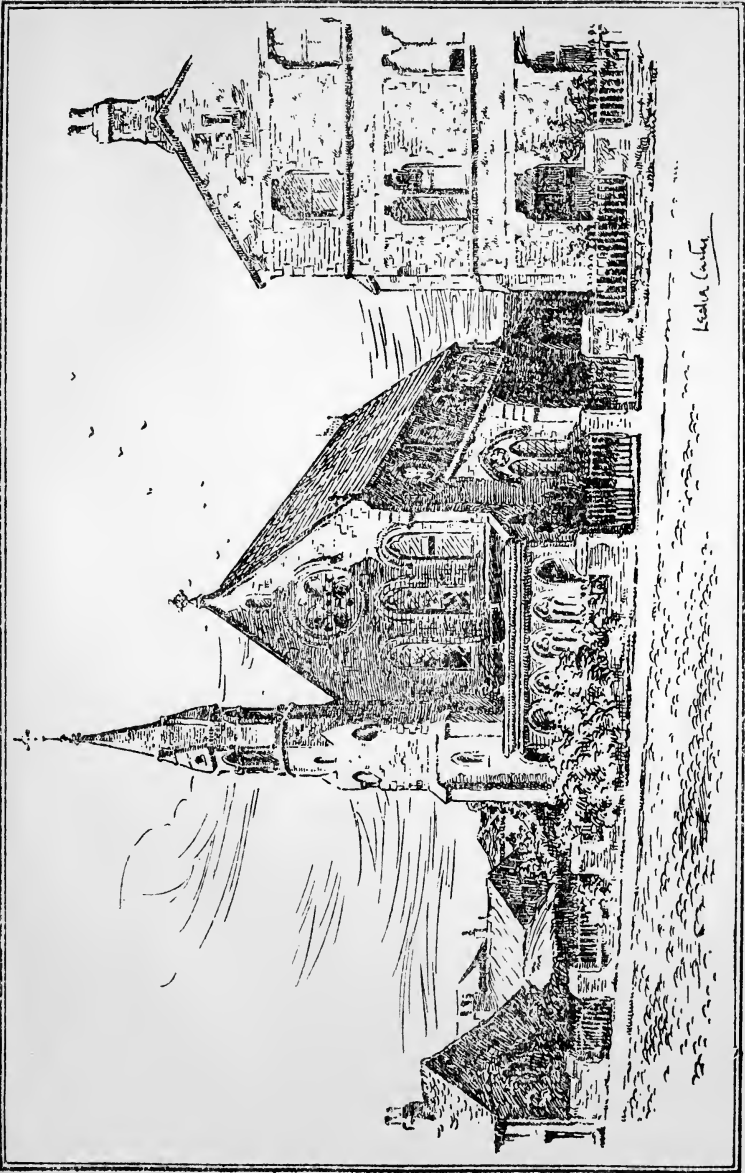
Here I am—I found Bristol in torrents, and so I sped on here yesterday. Hot steaming rain all through Somerset and Devon, and one could not breathe till one got here. Mr. D.† met me in a small open trap and we drove up in a rainstorm and arrived soaked. Mrs. D. clean and canny ; rooms small but neat and fresh ; both look out to sea, which thumps away just under the cliff day and night. To the right, the big hotel ; to the left, the old church ; in front, the site of the Castle—all trying to commit suicide. . . . Already I see, though I have not been out yet, that Tintagel, though much smaller, is more self-conscious than Richmond ; it *knows* it is interesting, and simpers.

I thought I might have had a line from you before I left Richmond, but I suppose you guessed I would be on the wing and waited to hear of my arrival. I am feeling a little quiet sadness, but not at all what I expected. Perhaps I have not yet realised that Richmond is over for me. Now that I write the word "over" I have to wipe my glasses.

* * * * *

* Of the Foreign Office—now private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey.

† His landlord.



CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY, RICHMOND.

“ My affections are twined round every cobble-stone of Newbiggin. ”

Not a word from N. yet.

I am rather longing for your familiar scratching, as a link with my past of two days ago.

On the 5th he writes :

Yesterday was wet and very long, but to-day there is sunshine again and I could sit outside part of the morning and watch the perennial controversy of cliff and wave. At first I was very vertiginous, but am slowly getting my nerves in hand. . . . On the whole one is faced here too much by the blind, cruel, deterministic side of Nature; all that cries "Despair" rather than "Hope"; by rocks with iron fangs and claws and angry foaming waves. What there is, is grand; but there is not much. Turn right or left, there is crag and surf on one side, and treeless downs on the other; and then more crags and more downs with a certain monotony. One misses the variety of river and moor and wood and hill and dale; above all the unifying centre of the old feudal town and its keep.

Three days later he writes :

The solitude was *not* wise; it means obsession by the worry; no work by day, no sleep by night. The changing was a distraction for a day or two; but that is over. Two whole days indoors—owing to storm—with never a word, have done me no good. To benefit by external rest, one needs internal. Still diplomatically it was necessary to come here.

In a letter of January 11th, 1906, referring to those who, throughout his personal crisis, were ever appealing to him for help in their own behalf, he writes to V. :

[They] make me very sad. It is the *pusilli* one cares about most. I wish I could believe your predictions about my future work. All, I think, that remains is to set the magical seal of failure on what I have done in the past. From that decay and corruption a little germ may spring later which no one will ever connect with me. But if we cannot stand that, are we not manifest self-seekers?

On January 15th, to the same :

The change of surroundings seems to have killed my habitual instincts completely—both good and bad. For a habit-creature

like myself it must be so. You asked me once or twice did I regret the step. It is a hard question to answer, but there is no change of mind. It was never anything but repugnant to my natural bent; anything but a dreary "ought." I felt none of N.'s appetite for life and stir and variety; none of his impatience with monotony, obscurity or even repression. All I saw was that the separation was more or less inevitable, and in many ways theoretically expedient and right. I only feel what I knew I should feel—utter repugnance, weariness and sadness; and no belief at all in the sanguine prophecies of affection rather than reason. Better have died than undo the little good one has done in the greediness to do more. It is the old story of the monkey and the nuts—less is more. Still one was not free to stop, and I quarrel with circumstances more than with myself. At all events, it is good to have been forced to throw off all equivocations and disguises with regard to officials, and to be committed to the line of perfect outspokenness. I will never promise or profess to let people drown till I can get leave to try and save them. Obedience can no more bind us to sins of omission than to sins of commission. If they are not satisfied let them drive me out—as no doubt they will. So you see, *naturally* and *selfishly* I should love to prolong the Richmond arrangement to the end. Had I really ever *settled there*, I should have made acquaintances and led a more human existence, and done some regular ministerial work; but I was always with one foot in the air. London, *i.e.*, Farm Street, was unspeakably repugnant. Besides it would have implied a reconciliation with Jesuitism which would have made my position dishonest; whereas the honourable exile at Richmond was fairer both to them and me, and even gave me a certain "distinction" which I should have lost on the same perch with N. or N., etc. I am not so unworldly as you think.

January 22nd, to the same:

The work-motive is for me only a strong temptation and incentive. God only knows what I suffer from strangulation; but that is too common a cross that I should claim exemption. After all, I have done more in my bonds than most in their liberty; and is it not largely *because* of the bonds? and were I free should I do as much? Shall I not be a Samson shorn? Nor have I even the solace of having chosen the best; or of having aimed at the best. I marvel at those who can be so sure what is best, or that their aim is pure. To me it is all a more or less; a probability, a chance, a groping. Life offers us a choice of evils; rarely a clear choice of good or evil.

On January 28th, he left Tintagel, and after a night or two at Ivy House, Clapham, with the Shelleys, went on to the Williams, at Eastbourne.

From Ivy House, Clapham, he wrote on January 29th:

I left Gethsemane yesterday, and thought I would spend a day here to learn the lie of my probable Golgotha. I am *much* pleased with the place—airy, open, bracing, near to and far from Babylon. (To V.)

From Eastbourne, he writes on February 1st to the same :

I have got in a couple more Masses. I don't feel as you do, that a patch-up is likely ; still I have never slammed the door behind me, and no one would be surprised if I return to Farmer. My nostalgia having worn off I can face Clapham and all it involves with fair indifference. Here I realise the madness of my Richmond life in all its enormity ; but no doubt I would soon get used to the strait-waistcoat again.

At Eastbourne he preached his last sermon, and there also he said his last Mass, February 14th.

Wednesday [he writes to V.] is positively the last Mass till the reign of Pope Angelus.

On February 11th, having received the Provincial's letter informing him of his dismissal, he writes to V. :

I quite agree with you as to the inevitableness of the issue. A psychic person would see significance in the fact that the very day I left Richmond [January 1st] the *Corriere* sealed my fate. Still more in that [N. tells me] Batiffol, in a controversy with P. Harent, S.J., asks whether I am not the author of "Engels and Bourdon." So all the fat is in the fire at once ; all the skeletons out of the cupboard. All the better. I felt that if there *had* been a patch-up Bourdon was bound to betray me later. Bremond presses hard that I should spend two or three months with him, and . . . I think I shall accept. He would stimulate my flagging courage and hope ; and I shrink just now from the cold eyes of the Redemptorists at Clapham. I feel strongly that I should *justify* the General in having acted according to the exigencies of his conscience and position but should not publish the correspondence till post-mortem, unless some evident pressure forces me.

On February 15th, after two days at Brighton with the Rev. A. Fawkes, he arrived at the house of Mr. William Tyrrell, in Egerton Gardens, S.W.

From there he writes to Baron F. von Hügel, February 16th :

This *Corriere* episode has been decisive. Else there had been a patch-up. Had I been secularised six months ago I should now be at loggerheads with my bishop. Had I not stirred at all to leave the S.J. my position to-day would not be different. Providence was determined to have me out in spite of my reluctant hankerings for quiet and peace.

He determined to join Abbé Bremond in France, and wrote to V., February 25th, 1906 :

I suppose this is really good-bye. . . . I go forth rather like Abraham from Haran *nesciens quo iret*; but the route will shape itself in time. . . . I am going to waste a whole pound on a pocket one-volume breviary for my wanderings. . . . Gerard,* who writes cordially and thanks me in the name of the Society for my letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, says there are some returns due to me from Longmans, etc. . . . A most pleasant visit from Thurston.† . . . Farmer‡ wants me to settle in Richmond eventually. I *am* tempted. . . . Well I wonder where next. Tintagel seems such a dream; so disjointed from the body of one's experience.

These testimonies of confidence and sympathy from Jesuit friends were more precious than they themselves perhaps knew. Of Father Peter Gallwey, S.J., a veteran Jesuit of the old school, he had written to V. on February 19th :

Peter Gallwey writes to Mrs. H. that I have left, but that he has no fears for me—for which my heart goes out to him.

For the moment all sense of bitterness seemed to be effaced; so much so that some thought he might eventually return to the Society. This he does not ever seem to have seriously contemplated, yet for an

* Father John Gerard, S.J. † Father Herbert Thurston, S.J.

‡ Father Henry Farmer, S.J.

instant he did not regard such an issue as utterly inconceivable. Meanwhile, he faced the inevitable suffering as part of his appointed destiny.

As he wrote to V. on February 15th, referring to certain Christological problems :

And of course recent experiences give one an inward understanding of His [Christ's] life-tragedy which will abide or fall away according as one has or has not courage to follow in the same track. I feel what it costs to scandalise those who have *trusted* us; to be condemned, not by the wicked but by the good and well-meaning; and that through an ignorance that is inculpable and fated. It is only because one believes that somewhen or other angels will come and prevent the worst that one goes on at all; and each step is forced on one and never really accepted. *Nemo tam cordialiter senserit passionem Christi quam is cui contigerit pati similia*—at least we can get up our little ant-hill Calvaries and make our sums of proportion better than before. It is a better route to the knowing of Christ than theology.

2.

AFTER DISMISSAL.

On February 27th, Father Tyrrell arrived in Paris; his first visit to that city.

The torrent of sympathetic letters flows still [he writes February 28th, to V.], including Gerard, Smith, Vaughan.*

On March 3rd, he continues :

Paris is really an exhilarating place. I fell right in love with Laberthonnière at first sight and he with me. There is a sweetness and humility, joined with verve and courage, which is delightful. Also Dimnet will be a fast friend. . . .

My *Heimweh* has Richmond rather than England for its object. The worst is over. Yet I think I shall creep back there some day. [He then speaks of the MS. of "Lex Credendi" and continues]: At present our programme seems to be a few months at Freiburg and then south.

* All three, English Jesuits of quite different mind from Tyrrell.

There follows a letter of March 9th from Freiburg in Breisgau, "where a mass of correspondence awaited him," some of it of a disturbing character.

The place is very bright, clean, animated; and the wooded hills-upon-hills soft and beautiful in their varying lights beyond description.

Yes, we are quite opposites [he and Abbé Bremond]; but that often makes companionship useful. His interest in religion is artistic, mine is puritanical and Miltonian; he saves me from ponderosity and I him from frivolity. He says Mass and I hear Mass every morning. I don't communicate lest the faithful should be scandalised. I hope to manage on Maundy Thursday, when all priests are suspended. [He goes on to discuss various plans for future residence and continues]:

Know once and for all that it is now perfectly plain that all my correspondence with the General, from August 6th to January 1st, has had *nothing* to do with my expulsion. A *mot d'ordre* was given by the Pope to the General of the Dominicans [which I have read] and therefore also to the other Generals, as well as to the bishops, to help him to crush out this liberal neo-Catholic movement. A book of Père Rose [on the Gospels] on the point of appearing was withdrawn in consequence. . . . Bonomelli was crushed. The Archbishops of Milan, Turin, and others simultaneously wrote violent pastoral charges. Articles against me have appeared in the *Civiltà*, the *Études*, in Batiffol's *Bulletin*, and I believe some others. Also articles against our set in a score of "safe" periodicals. Even apart from the *Corriere's* indiscretion my life in the S.J. was not worth a penny. Still habit is a bondage for all and for none more than me, and there were many little ties of affection, etc. . . . I am at the proofs of "Lex Credendi" . . . and have just finished a preface. It was very hard to write it just as if nothing had happened and to avoid the tendency to be pathetic about oneself, which is strong and so silly. Certainly our *rôle* now must be that of Christ before Herod—ignoring the existence of these men; never being seduced into a reply or an argument. The action of the Pope to Bonomelli is so purely worldly in its motive, and so cruel and brutal in its manner, that we must regard him as gone over to the *potestas tenebrarum*.

He speaks of their friends and occupations at Freiburg, and of various plans; mentions that Father

Gerard, S.J., had sent him a cheque for £50 "the excess of my earnings over my keep for the last ten years,"* and concludes :

The flood of my correspondence is slowly abating. There have been some curious letters which I shall keep—*e.g.*, an invitation to join the Positivists; etc. My head is very troublesome the last month. I always wake with migraine and have to drive it back with phenacetin, which, of course, is madness. But now that the strain is lessening I may get normal again. . . . [He speaks of Richmond friends and adds]: My ghost flits over the moors and through the woods and glades.

The deprivation of his priestly rights weighed on him not a little. Thus he writes to Baron F. von Hügel, March 18th, in regard to the possibility of being aggregated to a certain diocese :

I should be very glad, for I suffer from nostalgia of the altar rather badly. I do not go to Communion, lest I should excite the *admiratio fidelium*; even hearing Mass daily will soon raise a gossip.

It was not for nearly a year that he made up his mind to communicate as a layman.† Thus he wrote on January 15th, 1907, from Holmwood, where he was staying with the Hon. William Gibson :

I made my "first Communion" here on Sunday after much reflection. (To V.)

After that he adopted the habit of daily Communion until he was excommunicated; but to see him kneeling in the benches at Storrington, and going up to Communion with the rest, was to realise that a great purpose had been taken out of his life, and that having been a Catholic priest, he could never be at rest as a Catholic layman.

You do not know how it hurts, he said to a friend at

* The copyright of his books had already been made over to him.

† He recommenced the practice of confession earlier, in November, 1906.

Oxford in the last year of his life ; and once he even had the passing notion of privately resuming his Mass. Thus he wrote to me on April 5th, 1908, from France :

I had half an idea that I would begin to say Mass again in private when I get back. . . . What do you feel about it ?

He did not, however, refer to the plan again ; nor would he, I think, have been likely to put it into execution.

For a long time he continued the practice of the Breviary, nor am I certain at what precise date he gave it up. He certainly observed the duty so long as he had any hope of eventual restoration to his priestly rights.

It was during his stay at Freiburg that his first peaceful dispositions were disturbed by an attack from a fresh quarter. Even the many English members of the Jesuit Order who were most foreign to him in mind had shown sympathy in the matter of his exit ; and though some of these were afterwards disappointed, on coming across the pseudonymous publications, yet so far nothing had been said or done to embitter relations. As late as May, 1906, the *Month* had a most kindly review of "Lex Credendi," in which we read :

Father Tyrrell looks forwards rather than backwards. He writes for the coming generation, whose minds can hardly fail to be storm-tossed by the daring theological discussions that now surround us on every side, rather than for the faithful of earlier days, reposing securely in Peter's bark during a time of favouring breezes and unruffled waters. But of his zeal for what is highest and what is truest we have no doubt.

The same temper was reflected in other English Catholic papers.

But there were some to whom this kind of Christianity was a scandal, and, on March 5th, 1906, the Jesuit organ in France, known as the *Études*, com-

menced hostilities ; choosing the moment for a review of "Lex Orandi," which book had appeared with an Imprimatur in 1904 ; and supporting itself by an article in the *Bulletin de littérature ecclésiastique* of Toulouse, of the previous February. Hitherto, they have, they say, been restrained by certain *déliçates considérations* ; but now that the writer has left the Order :

Il sera bien entendu que s'il plaît à des Catholiques de se réclamer encore de l'autorité et des écrits de cet écrivain, on devra distinguer le penseur isolé de l'Ordre auquel il appartenait, et qui, loin d'autoriser sa doctrine a éprouvé et confidentiellement exprimé les plus vives anxiétés d'abord, puis un véritable effroi, à l'occasion des publications anonymes, et enfin, après avoir épuisé toutes les voies de conciliation, a dû manifester solennellement sa réprobation.

And they promised a further article on the subject.

So that the fact of Father Tyrrell's dismissal, which had inspired Jesuits, on one side of the water, to say the utmost that they could in his favour, was, apparently, a reason for their brethren on the other side of the water to say all they could in his disfavour.

It would have been better had Tyrrell maintained the attitude of silence of which he spoke in a letter previously quoted, and treated such attacks with the contempt they surely deserved. But he was urged by several friends, as he tells Baron F. von Hügel, March 18th

to reply in their own pages. I have carefully separated Prélot* from the English Jesuits, and even from the General, and have turned the hose of my banter on him alone as far as possible. But it is plainly necessary to seize this occasion (1) to say the truth about the *Imprimatur* ; (2) to justify my private circulations ; (3) to contradict the idea [spread also in Italian papers] that the rejection

* Then Père Prélot, S.J., author or inspirer of the article. He has since left the Society, for whose orthodoxy he was here the champion.

is all on their side and not also on mine; (4) to put an end to all such attacks once and for all. The English Jesuits are naturally furious with the *Études*. For their sakes I would fain be silent; for I cannot but say some things that will pain even them. But I must also consider my foreign readers, who do not know me personally; and even those who are indifferent or less well disposed towards me, whom Prélot might really impress. I wrote at once to Prélot and to the General, protesting against such a return for my pacific efforts; but neither have replied so far.

In his letter to the General, March 11th, he mentions how he had endeavoured to repress all unpleasant expressions of opinion in his own behalf, notably by his letter to the *Daily Chronicle* (which he enclosed). He reminds the General of his protestation that he would never desire or encourage such hostilities, and asks him, therefore, to obtain from the *Études* some reparation in their next issue, failing which he will give "a full and true account" of his relations to the Society and the reasons for his exit.

To this letter Father General replied through Father Rudolf Meyer, on March 16th, that any personal attack was most alien to Father General's wishes; and that, while he could not prevent his subjects from giving expression to their disagreement from Father Tyrrell's views, he had warned the Provincials to avoid anything personally offensive, and to express their disagreement "with the utmost charity, and—so far as was possible—in an impersonal form."

Father Tyrrell replied on March 26th, stating that he is personally sending an answer to the *Études* as Father General has not insisted on their withdrawing the attack. His protest appeared in the *Études* of April 5th, 1906, with a subjoined note by the *Rédaction*.

Immediately after this episode came further cause of irritation in the simultaneous condemnation, by the

Congregation of the Index, of works by Paul Viollet, Antonio Fogazzaro and L. Laberthonnière, April 5th, 1906.

He writes to Miss Dora Williams, April 8th, 1906 :

Yes, hell is let loose on us. Fogazzaro, Viollet, Laberthonnière all down at one swoop ; and more to follow. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* We return to Paris to comfort Laberthonnière and take counsel. The "old order" is in its death agony, shrieking and kicking and cursing. Where is the new? Let Willie answer, I can't. In the clouds? In a dreamer's brain?

Thus he returned to Paris in a more warlike frame of mind than that in which he had left it ; yet the tenderer mood was not lacking.

I quite understand [he wrote to V. about April 2nd] your desire for a life of prayer—the nostalgia for the old days "when His lamp shone about my head." God knows I feel it. But I think they will return for us all in some better form. I find the Breviary lives for me again after a long transition period of death. One has to pass through atheism to faith ; the old God must be quite pulverised and forgotten before the new can reveal himself to us. Patchings and mendings have an end, and revolutions are normal in all true development. But revolutions are heralded by periods of chaos. I feel sure you are not far from your Easter : *Adhuc sum tecum*—even still, and after all.

CHAPTER XII

HIS RELATIONS WITH THE JESUITS

THIS portion of Father Tyrrell's life may be concluded with the following autobiographical fragment—begun at Easter, 1906, and ended August 19th, of the same year.

The omissions are only of those things already said.

It was written as an introduction to his correspondence with the General of the Jesuits, which, however, was not eventually published in his lifetime. As will be seen, it refers to one or two matters, the history of which is yet to be given.

“ MY RELATIONS WITH THE JESUITS.”

Before the circumstances fade from my memory I wish to edit and explain the following correspondence in case it should ever seem necessary or expedient to make it public. It will be, on the whole, disappointing for those who may seek in it confirmation for the usual charges against the Society of Jesus ; or who may look for sensational revelations of one kind or another. Truth is rarely sensational—grey rather than black or white. There is a Jesuit myth fabricated by delirious Protestant brains ; just as there is a Masonic myth fabricated by delirious Catholic brains. To-day we have learnt to seek for a truth-value underlying every myth and explaining the lie which is its substance. The Protestant antipathy to Jesuitism, like the Jesuit antipathy to Protestantism, is an instinctive feeling

which explains and embodies itself in mythology but is rooted in a dimly apprehended antagonism of alien principles. But a war of principles is too abstract to appeal to the imagination. In brief, I do not see in the Society of Jesus a monstrous and deliberate conspiracy against liberty and progress in religion and civilisation. I see in it an institution good in its origin; beneficent in large tracts of its history; serviceable still in many of its ways; well-meaning to a great extent—perhaps mainly; but one which, merely through arrested and distorted development and through lack of elasticity, has grown out of harmony with a rapidly developing culture; and has thus become on the whole a source of discord and mischief; of a great deal more evil than good. That is not a very sensational conclusion. But it is the more likely to be true.

Moreover, it is the conclusion of nearly every Jesuit who begins to think for himself and to form a judgment about the institution to which he belongs. These are comparatively few; for criticism of any kind is represented by superiors as disloyalty, without any attempt to distinguish that criticism which is inspired by love from that which is inspired by hatred. A fair criticism would either kill the Society, or cure it; but all criticism is either the work of outsiders who cannot know, or of seceders who are embittered, or who yield to the temptation of ministering to the scandal-lust. The Society thrives to a great extent on the patent, and easily refuted calumnies of its enemies. Those who have been duped by these calumnies are prone to cast away the whole Jesuit myth indiscriminately, and to become ardent partisans of an evidently injured cause. Much less does the Society herself ever try to find the grain of useful truth embodied in these myths.

Rather it is all taken as evidence that she is maligned because she is Christ's. The proposition, "Those who are Christ's are slandered," is treated as convertible: "Those who are slandered are Christ's." The extravagance of her calumniators is largely answerable for the counter-extravagance of her advocates. No one body has ever been more grossly flattered. She would not be human if she sifted and criticised these flatteries; if she did not swallow them wholesale and ask for more; if she did not become inflated, self-flattering, stubborn even to fierceness against criticism. What chance has she had of knowing herself, or of acquiring that spirit of humility and self-criticism without which no society can hope to advance and develop?

Although as I write these lines I am no longer of her sons, the correspondence which I edit took place before my exodus; and is to some extent the criticism of an insider addressed to the official head of the Order. What I have said to him is often said by Jesuits among themselves in criticism of their government. It is perhaps the first time that one of them has ventured to say *to that government* what so many say about it.

If this *dossier* has to be made public it is only because, in spite of every effort on my part to effect a perfectly pacific and friendly separation from an Order with which my relations had become one of mutual embarrassment, constructions have been put upon my action which I am bound to repudiate for the sake of friends who have trusted me and believed in me.

But here again there is nothing to minister to sensation in the way of wholesale injustice on one side and blamelessness on the other. Such conditions obtain only in fiction. In fact, it is always a mixture of both ingredients, a question of more or less. I think that on the whole I am right and the Society is wrong.

Of some points I am sure ; of others, less sure ; I know I cannot, being mortal, be wholly right, but where precisely I am wrong I cannot tell. Differing from him, as I do profoundly, both as to principles and their applications, yet I think it will be evident from what follows that I recognise fully the subjective rectitude and sincerity of the late General of the Jesuits in all his dealings with me ; and acknowledge that the issue has been forced on him reluctantly by principles in which he believes as heartily as I do in mine.

P.S. April 25th, 1906. *Nihil nisi bonum de mortuis* ; (for he has died since I closed the last sentence).

The actual events following hard on my departure from the Society, the attack on "Lex Orandi" by the *Etudes Religieuses* (S.J.) of Paris ; that of the *Civiltà Cattolica* shortly before ; the delation of "Lex Orandi" —and its reprobation by the Congregation of the Index under Cardinal Steinhuber (S.J.), as well as my deprivation of my sacerdotal rights and the monstrous conditions proposed for my reinstatement*—these and like occurrences might seem to bear out the one grave suspicion which I entertained for a short time of his sincerity and straightforwardness and which I expressed to him in my letter dated December 31st, 1905. Yet on thinking the matter over in all its bearings I am fairly convinced he must be acquitted, and that other agents are responsible for this deliberate effort to discredit and defame me. Indeed, I fear that his death removes a check on the rabid fanaticism of some of his *entourage*, and that I may have still rougher times before me in consequence. (P.S., August 19th : and this too has been verified.)

(There follows a short account of his conversion, which need not be repeated here.)

* See subsequent chapter, "Suspension."

I used, till lately, to think that at this period I did not really "believe" but rather wished to believe, and that all my subsequent endeavours were simply directed to the realisation of that wish. Were the analysis right I should have to say that I do not believe now; for I am certainly as far as ever from a satisfactory synthesis or apologetic. But I am quite sure that I believe now, and that I believed then. For to recognise the value of religion, to live for it and work for it, is already to believe. What one works for is not belief; but a satisfying formulation and defence of belief. And so, though my present mind has nothing in common with my early mind on the subject—yet both minds are products of the same impulse, of the same desire for religion whose satisfaction demands that the whole soul be satisfied and no one faculty at the expense of the others. Because the heart has its reasons, the mind also must have its reasons.

Religion is the one great object of faith which creeds but shape and specify. To some measure in all of us, though most unequally, there is, or at least has been, this invitation of the heart, this persuasion of the Holy Spirit, to accept and live by the religious view of life. It is no blind act; but an act of higher, if dimmer, vision than that of Positivism.

Theology is the formulation of Religion. We cannot strictly have faith in Theology, but only in the Religion which it formulates. Nor can we "assent" to Religion, but only to the Theology in which it is formulated. On the other hand, they are as inseparable as "form and matter" and are inconceivable apart from one another—a religion with no theology or a theology which formulated nothing. Their developments, moreover, are mutually dependent.

Hence I may say that one and the same interest and

aim has shaped my course fairly consistently all these years ; and that if it has zig-zagged, or at times even turned back upon itself, it has been but as the windings of a river whose aim is not really so much onwards as downwards and therefore always consistent. If, therefore, I became a Roman Catholic it was because what I then understood of Catholicism (so different from what I now understand) seemed to me the form or formulation which best expressed what I wanted in wanting religion. I have no doubt that in giving shape, expression, and actual direction, it also gave strength to my religious instinct and caused it to burst the involucre of that cruder formulation and seek a worthier conception of Catholicism.

I joined the Church not merely to receive but to give ; nay, I think principally to give, which, for the male mind, is the same thing as to love. If I wanted to receive anything it was only the power of giving and doing. The soul-world has its antithesis of consumers and producers ; and there are those who can be content to absorb and receive and perfect themselves without a restless need of pouring out on others what has been given to them. They are in some sense the better and wiser sort ; but I was never of their number. To be a Catholic myself and not to work for Catholicism was for me impossible. If there was ever a silent, unconscious vow of the heart it was that by which my life's prow was set to the point for which it has made ever since, and by which I devoted myself to the cause of religion apprehended under the form of Catholic Christianity.

(He then relates how he joined the Society and explains his first conception of it.)

It took me many years to understand so complex a thing as the trend of contemporary thought and its

religious exigencies ; to see as I now see the exact direction in which religion must develop if it is to have and to give life in modern civilisation. And it took me as many years to understand so complex a thing as Jesuitism, with its inextricable mixture of good and evil, wisdom and folly, Christ and anti-Christ ; to realise that, relatively to the need of to-day, it had, by standing still, reversed its original direction—had become reactionary instead of progressive ; so that I had really entered an Order hostile to the very aim in whose interest alone I had joined it.

Into all the details of this gradual process of eye-opening I have no intention of entering here. Suffice it to say that in the Spring of 1904, shortly after the publication of “Lex Orandi,” and the condemnation of the works of the Abbé Loisy and the exodus from the Society of one of my more intimate friends and fellow-thinkers, it seemed to me time to reconsider my situation. Insensibly I had become more and more intimate and actively sympathetic with just that little group of so-called “Liberal Catholics” which was then the object of the Society’s avowed hostility—I was in one camp while fighting for the other. For years I had hoped against hope that there was place in the Society for those broader and more modern-minded Jesuits, of whom there were enough in the English province to give a falsely favourable impression to one who should judge the Society as a whole from the character of that particular part. But the hope had already been completely extinguished at the time of which I speak (1904). I had realised that the Society *would* not, for the simple reason that it *could* not, change. The alterations needed to adapt it to our days were too radical to be ever recognised or carried out by a body whose supreme government was vested in the rare

assembly of a senate of men belonging to the past generation or two, and of whom only about one in eight represented the living and progressive nationalities of the world. Unable to progress with its environment, the Society could only hope to live and to retain its ascendancy in the Church by keeping its environment unchanged; by a tacit war against progress—more particularly in the matter of education, lay and clerical. By the necessity of its circumstances, and by its instinct of self-preservation, the modern Society could only be reactionary. It has no stretching capacity adequate to the new wine.

The alternative ways of making my position honest were either to lay down my pen and cease working for the Liberal cause, or else to leave the Society altogether. Against the latter course there was the ecclesiastical difficulty of my solemn vows as a professed Jesuit, from which only the Pope could release me. My plea was one that could not well be listened to in the external court of Canon Law, namely, that the Society had corrupted its way;—for to listen to it would have been to condemn the Society. Besides, for the most part my judges would have been in sympathy with the reactionary spirit and hostile to the progressive. If I left the Society on that score I knew that it was impossible that any Bishop would have courage, even if he had the desire, to receive me during the present ascendancy of the reactionary spirit at headquarters. Moreover, I feared lest the instinct of self-preservation should lead the Society to compass my subsequent ecclesiastical disgrace in order to establish the rule that no good man could ever leave her and prosper. I knew that to a great extent she had often protected me from fanatical aggression at Rome for her own credit; but that if I left her her

interests would lie in the opposite direction. This sounds worse than it is. Corporations and crowds are non-moral agencies, and, judged by the standard of individual ethics, seem to commit atrocious crimes, which, in fact, are no more crimes than the ravages of sea and storm, or of brute passion, or of other natural forces. Every society vomits its deluge of slander upon the seceder whose secession is constructively an act of reprobation. The convert from Anglicanism to Rome or from Rome to Anglicanism; the ex-Jesuit or the ex-Freemason have all to pass through the same baptism of the cloud of suspicion and the Red Sea of slander. If, then, I decided to leave the Society there was all this to face.

For the other alternative few even of my intimate friends understand how easy it would have been for me; how congenial to my inertia and love of peaceful routine to have laid aside my pen altogether as far as the cause of Catholicism was concerned, and to have engaged in a little quiet pastoral work which, after all, contains far more consolations for one's heart and affections than does the service of Catholic truth in these evil days. There had been a time when this latter service was a dominant interest absorbing my attention spontaneously; but those days were long past, and it had become a simple task or grind imposed upon me by my relations with others. All that I had written in more recent years was indirectly and sometimes directly the fruit of correspondents with minds troubled about their religion. It was a labour-saving expedient to publish what could serve for a multitude rather than to write the same thing over and over—though of course the published books brought more correspondents. To slip all that weight of pen-work from my well-tired shoulders and call it duty and sacrifice was

at times an alluring temptation ; especially as it grew clearer that, the whole direction of my influence being counter to that approved by the Jesuit government, it was almost a matter of common honesty to do so. But on the other hand it seemed a shameful dereliction of duties to others that had been actually created by my correspondence ; and still more a lack of loyalty to those fellow-thinkers and fellow-labourers against whom the Society abroad was, at the time, conducting a campaign of systematic slander and misrepresentation which could neither be denied nor forgiven. The cleavage and opposition between Catholic Liberalism and fanatical intransigence, which to-day (August 19th, 1906) has become manifest to all, was then quite unmistakable to those engaged in the strife. The first encyclical and first acts of the disastrous pontificate of Pius X. were, to such, but the beginning of woes. It seemed to me, therefore, a time to clear one's intellectual and moral conscience ; to nail one's colours boldly to the mast and face the consequences ; to have no secrets or ceremonies but to say one's say. This pressed on me daily more and more as a necessity of any inward life. I used to say to myself continually, "I must purge my soul" ; and eventually it was this need more than any other which determined me to act. In no sense did the desire for more literary freedom weigh with me. That was a delusion of many of my friends and well-wishers who thought that, as a secular priest, my pen would be freer. On the contrary, I knew that on the whole one has more *chance* of intelligent censorship in the Society than outside it ; that what they once passed they would stand by and defend. With a little prudence one could always print for private circulation ; and one's correspondence was practically free. Of course no ecclesiastic nowadays

has much liberty of utterance; but few had had as much as I. Indeed, I had been the Jonah of the English Province for many a day, drawing down upon it the tempests of Rome's wrath—a conviction that made it all the more incumbent upon me to end a false position.

In the light of these preliminary remarks and with the aid of a few interspersed notes, I trust the following correspondence will explain itself.

G. T.

BOUTRE, VINON, VAR.

August 19th, 1906.



CHAPTER XIII

MILITANT ACTION

UP to now Tyrrell had enjoyed, even if it were extended to him with some unwillingness, the protection of the most powerful religious Order in the Church; we are now about to follow his career when deprived of that protection and exposed to the very hostility of that same Order, while, on the other hand, there was literally no power in the Church responsible for him, to which he might make his appeal. We find him, at the same time, deprived of his Mass, and embarrassed as to his right to approach the sacraments.

It is not surprising if he was, for these reasons, exposed to new influences from the side of a party more aggressive than that with which he had hitherto been associated; and inclined to a line of action more directly militant than that which he had hitherto followed.

In his nature was a curious blend of pugnacity and peacefulness; of reasonableness and perversity. His quickness and power of resource made him a good fighter; his sensitiveness and disposition to anger made him a bad one.

His physical condition was also very frequently such as to render him unfit for the rush and anxiety to which he was exposed. Thus he writes to V., November 19th, 1906, while in the full tide of the *Celebret** controversy:

* Term signifying the official authorisation to *celebrate* Mass.

On Sunday and Monday I had quite a record *migraine*, which, taken with what had gone before, made ten days' starvation, save one in the middle. To-day I got about again and dragged through some visits. This cannot go on . . . so I have told H. to find me a room at Storrington, whither I shall retreat as soon as I wipe out my list of due visits. *Quid prodest homini si universum mundum lucretur*, etc.? There is a point at which the fundamental claims of animalism bear all before them.

I believe as little in [some foreboding of V.'s] as in my prospects of an active and useful future. All the energy of these thirty years was derived from a single governing end, faith, hope, desire. Remove the keystone and the arch is in fragments. A man can only love once, and my love took that form. One still plays up to one's partners in the game, but with what heart? Who would care to live to sixty under the circumstances? And now my addled brain throbs, and I had best stop before it gets worse.

Then again, though in the long run his own convictions always prevailed, he took the superficial impress of the tone and sentiment around him; thus peaceful with the peace-lovers, aggressive with the warlike. In regard to his own deepest feelings he was silent in ordinary converse; hence we shall find but little mention of them in the story of the *Celebret*. He was exceedingly virile in this respect, and never made an appeal for pity or sympathy; indeed there was in him, on the contrary, a disposition to a kind of savage self-indifference. When he suffered it was best not to notice it; and still more effectually was his spirit of contradiction roused by the least suggestion of a spiritual compliment.

Why does N. . . . leave his excellent incisive criticism and take to drivelling about my personal character? [he writes to his friend, Henri Bremond, July 27th, 1902]. If there is one place where I am never seen it is "before the tabernacle."

Yet we know already, from letters in which he thought aloud, that the spiritual loss of which he spoke so little, was no light one to him. The look of

suffering and desolation that marked him, during the first months after his severance from religious life and the rights of the priesthood, was impressed, not on his face alone, but on his entire frame, and will not easily be forgotten by friends who saw him at the time. There was something of the child in his nature and appearance; and in seeing him then one thought of a child cast adrift in wind and rain and cold. What he called afterwards the "door-step policy" had no beauty, no romance for the one who sat on the door-step, and he earnestly dissuaded those he could from following his example; just as any noble-minded man will endeavour to save others from the evils of a position which, for whatever conscientious motives, he has himself adopted. It was the sense of the difficulties attending such a course of action that made him sympathetic towards converts who hankered for their old Church; he realised the need which drove them back to it when they could not adapt themselves to the Church of their adoption. But a very little while before his death, when I was discussing with him a case in which we were both interested, of a person who desired, unwisely as we thought, to abandon a religious institute, he said, with unutterable sadness, "One gains nothing by giving up one's vocation." And though we need not take this remark to signify that he would have retracted his own step (indeed, he added that it was an inevitable one), yet it did express the immense sadness that had been the resulting experience.

Yet along with the suffering that betokened a love not all dead, there was also anger to the point of bitterness, almost hatred. This is not to be wondered at. "We only hate where we have loved and may yet love again," he said in his article, "A Plea for

Candour"; and in some verses, written simply for his own relief, and left amongst his papers, he expresses, with fierce intensity, that sense of embittered affection. I quote only a few lines :

CATULLUS, "CARMINA," LXXVI. (*Si qua recordanti*).

"Ad meipsum fædo Societatis amore pæne perditum . . ."

Whatever joy may yet be won
From consciousness of duty done,
Of loyal faith, of plight maintained,
Of oaths by no deceit profaned ;
All these, in after years, for thee
Fruit of this fruitless love shall be.
For when was costly word or deed
Too costly so it served her need ?

* * * * *

O God, if Thou dost pity know
For mortal man's extremest throe,
If Thee I ever served aright,
Rid me this pestilential blight !

* * * * *

For my own health alone I pray,
"God purge this loathsome love away !"

October 9th, 1905.

Then again, he was a man singularly free from illusions, and without that comforting belief in himself which has so often been the support of prophets, false or true.

I plead very guilty [he wrote May 18th, 1902, to V.] to your charge of discontinuity—of too absolutely forgetting the things that are behind in reaching out to those in front. Each step negatives rather than continues the preceding one, and I have no belief in the new step, no pleasure in it.

A man of this self-detachment is undoubtedly in greater danger than one who has shaped an ideal of himself to which he would wish to be true. For this indifference will not necessarily save him from the

movements of angry self-defence, any more than the intention to commit suicide will prevent a man running away from a bull ; but it will prevent him from making any steady effort to keep up, in the minds of others, that opinion of himself which he cherishes in his own.

Thus in the life of this man,—who never cared seriously or worked earnestly for any cause but that of religion ; who maintained, even to the end, that it was from the Catholic conception of religion and from the Catholic Church that religion had drawn, and would still draw, with whatever revolutionary methods, its chief force and inspiration,—was proved, even by those points in which he failed, even by those faults into which his circumstances drove him, the truth of his message, namely : that man cannot live his full life without human society, and that man's soul cannot live its full life without the spiritual society of a Church.

In the first period of his apostolic efforts he endeavoured to win humanity to the Church, and in the second period he endeavoured to win the Church to humanity ; if, in the first period he was sometimes too ecclesiastical, in the second he was sometimes too human. It was a martyrdom of mind and soul, if not of body ; and martyrdom does not beautify, even if painters think so. Not in the remoteness and peace of the cloister can the rough work of the world be achieved ; to fight is to be soiled ; nor can men always choose their companions in the fight, or keep themselves aloof from those whose end may not be as high as their own. In fact, even personal holiness must become a secondary end to the one who is willing to become anathema for his brethren.

George Tyrrell has told us in his autobiography how he came to dread his own fits of anger ; how he would often yield some point to avoid the very risk of

an attack. During these long years he has certainly acquired a considerable self-mastery in this respect ; yet, as he is forced more and more into the fighting line, the temperament being ever, to a great extent, the same, must tell ; and the anger, which is, often enough, righteous in its commencement and cause, will sometimes sweep him along beyond just limits, and will render him harsh and suspicious, even with those who have not deserved it.

In August, 1903, he wrote an autobiographical fragment, entitled "For Truth's Sake," and there is a passage in it showing how clear was his prevision of the evils incidental to the course he eventually followed. Speaking of leaving the Society or remaining he says :

Yet what makes one linger on is—besides the lack of that perfectly clear sense of imperative duty which alone would justify so drastic a step—the futility that has *de facto* attended such protests in the past, partly through the imprudence, the extravagance, the ill-temper, the moral decadence of even the purest-minded *révolté*, partly through the clouds of calumny and suspicion in which his personality is quickly enveloped by enraged orthodoxy. His motives are as easily misrepresented by those who receive him with open arms, as necessarily a convert to their affirmations along with their negations, as they are by those who vomit a torrent of gall and venom after his retreating figure, to sweep him away as far as possible from all hope of return. And perhaps his affections, thus played upon, do in some measure alter and falsify his original intentions. Few mortals can really stand aloof and alone, and not seek balm from the hands of strangers for wounds inflicted by the hands of former friends. Hence in the eyes of the world the net result of the protest of honest apostasy (that is, of "standing apart") is not the emphatic assertion of a neglected truth or aspect of truth, but simply an accession from one camp to another ; one Protestant more in the world, one Catholic less ; a triumph for one form of bigotry, a defeat for another. So far, the scandal given in the present is sterilised of all that future fruitfulness which would justify one in facing it.

I have spoken of the "moral decadence" which sometimes

characterises even the originally high-minded *révolté*. It is a charge made against converts from Protestantism to Catholicism as well as against revolted Catholics. Nine-tenths of the grounds of the charge are to be sought in the bigotry of the accusers ; but the remaining tenth is found in the fact that the most powerful outwork of our moral life consists in the sympathy, the example, the respect, of our immediate social neighbourhood. Encouragement and bracing self-respect derive from this source. Let this outwork be suddenly broken down, and let us hear ourselves spoken of as reprobates and monsters of iniquity by just those whose commendation has been the support of our self-respect in the past, and it is strange if our imagination do not prove stronger than our judgment, and lead us to think ourselves what we are said to be, and to become in some measure what we think ourselves. Again, a certain long-established habitual mental attitude toward religion and ethics is an important condition of our moral life, so that a time of revolution and transition is one of great danger unless we have the rare prudence to live firmly by the old law which is made vain, until the new be made plain and indubitable. And when the transition is at length effected, no doubt many of our former ethical judgments may be altered for others that are better ; but this alteration, judged by our former standards, will seem a falling away ; and at times these old habits of thought and belief surge up from their grave in the depths of our subconsciousness to condemn us. These dangers to our inner life, moral and religious, attendant on the work of uprooting and transplanting, are surely to be reckoned with. Hollow and unfounded as the charges of moral turpitude might be at first, yet, like prophecies, they would tend to verify themselves by a certain "suggestive" power. One might and could resist the suggestion ; but, on the other hand, one might weary of resistance unless borne up by encouragement from other quarters, which would be the lot only of one who identified himself with another party, not of one who elected to stand alone. And to stand alone is the only possibility for one who believes in the Church from which he does not secede by any voluntary schismatical act, but from which he is thrust out as a necessary consequence of utterances to which his conscience (falsely or truly) obliges him ; who deliberately takes the position, not of a non-Catholic, but of an unjustly excommunicated Catholic ; who regards the authority of the Church, though limited by that of God and truth and conscience, as the highest religious authority on earth, not coercive juridically, but in virtue of its spiritual appeal to all that is best in us ; inviting, like the Master, not threatening ; blessing not cursing ; one, in fine,

whose prayer is: "Let not them that wait on Thee, O Lord of Hosts, be ashamed for my sake; because for Thy sake I have borne reproach, shame hath covered my face. I have become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children" (Ps. 69).

"The company in Hell" is one of the considerations by which Father Furniss (C.S.S.R.) seeks to bring the terrors of damnation more forcibly home to children of tender years who are to be thus scared into the love of God. And certainly the company of those who have left the Church would indeed act as a warning and deterrent, were it necessary in going forth to accept a brief in their defence, or to identify oneself with them collectively. All honour and reverence to those of them—and they are not a few, though a small percentage—to whom the step has been nothing but a painful sacrifice to honest conviction and honest doubt—men, in some cases, whose shoe's latchet one feels unworthy to stoop down and loose. But then, the ruck and rabble! The profligate, the time-serving, the worldly-minded, whose religion, after as before, was a grimace and a sham. Or else the shallow-brained, hot-headed rationalists, bold with the confidence of ignorance, rushing in where angels fear to tread, leaping to conclusions that one is hardly sure of after years of sweat and agony; intoxicated with the discovery of banalities and truisms, and trumpeting them to an admiring populace! And then, instead of using his insider's knowledge in the ultimate interests of truth and peace and sober criticism, adding new fuel to the flame of sectarian hatred, darkening the air with the dust of vituperation and slander, troubling the waters of truth, stirring up mud and slime and sand till every chance of seeing to the bottom of things is removed further than ever. Even to seem to throw in one's lot with such as these is a contingency one may well shrink from with horror. Still, as a Catholic one is associated with so much of the same thing under another form, that the balance of such motives is pretty even on the whole.

With all these dangers ahead, when he was finally dismissed, in February, 1906, the wisest course, for his peace of mind, would have been to retire awhile from the heat of controversy; to take full rest of body and mind, to see nothing and hear nothing, to wait till the crowded events of the last years had adjusted themselves, and thus to prepare for work under the new conditions. I think no spiritual adviser would have

urged any other course for the moment ; and it would certainly have led to a prolongation of his life.

But such an arrangement was not altogether easy for one who could face neither strangers nor loneliness, —who would have had to be, as it were, led by the hand into such a retreat. Partly from the restlessness that is characteristic of a mind like his ; partly from the mere drifting force of circumstances ; partly from the wish to please too many, and the abundance of conflicting counsels, he chose the contrary course and remained in the very midst of the growing ecclesiastical turmoil. It may have been, after all, the destiny appointed for him ; a destiny of war and not of peace.

The last years of the Church's government have been, not unfrequently, compared to the days of terror of the French Revolution, when to be in any way eminent was to be a suspect ; they have also been compared to the days of witch-hunting and witch-trials, when men became accusers to escape accusation, and when to be accused was almost the same thing as to be condemned.

The long drawn out series of condemnations, from 1903 onwards, includes such names as those of Fogazzaro, Loisy, Laberthonnière, Houtin, Batiffol, LeRoy.

In the course of his wanderings Tyrrell came into relations of personal friendship with many of these men ; and also had opportunities of learning particulars, not published to the world, of the unceasing process of intrigue—such intrigue as has, even since his death, become more widely known and recognised in the deplorable story of the conflicts of the Catholic Press.* In fact, he got more peeps than he had had before into

* A notable instance is the story of the conflict between the notorious *Unità Cattolica* of Breganze and the *Unione* of Milan.

the "green-room" of ecclesiastical government; and came into closer touch with the very mixed motives that lie behind measures, ascribed by the simple *faithful* to zeal for truth; by the simple *unfaithful* to fanaticism and ignorance.

Altogether [a friend once wrote to him from Rome, in 1902] the trial here is not from fanaticism; that really comes from outside; France and England are pretty good at its manufacture and at pressing it on the authorities here. It comes from historico-critical incompetence and worldly-political ambitions.

To realise this fact is certainly to be deprived of a strong motive for "silence and patience"; it is comparatively easy to submit to an authority which, even if mistaken, is endeavouring to act for the best; it is another matter to submit to a power which is working for its own interests, or being used for the selfish interests of others.

N.'s crime [wrote Tyrrell on January 22nd, 1906, to V.] is not so much in seeing that good comes out of evil—out of prejudice, coercion, intolerance—as in justifying the prejudiced and intolerant, and crediting them with *intending* good through evil; in insinuating that Rome's reaction is secretly motivated by a long-sighted desire of progress.

The chapter entitled "An appeal to Rome," in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's fine "Life of Cardinal Newman," gives an object-lesson in the matter. We see there how the majority of those Roman ecclesiastics, to whom one of the greatest of living men was appealing for his small share of justice, were as little interested in the whole business as they were troubled to set it right. It was of no immediate importance to the central government of the Church; so a few words of diplomatic blame or praise were all that needed to be bestowed on it.

To become thoroughly aware of this state of things is, for one who has first loved and trusted and defended

the cause, to become almost passionately angry and disgusted ; the groundwork of loyalty is shaken. Of course there will then be a tendency to exaggerate these evils, and there will be plenty of followers ready to stir the fire of indignation whenever it is getting low ; to stir it, indeed, to the point of consuming the frame in which it burns.

And as to the "scandal" argument, he wrote already in 1903, June 27th, that it

gets weaker every day (1) because it is an easily and much used cover for cowardice ; (2) because it may often mean justifying a bad means by a good end ; (3) because it exploits the future in the interests of the present, preferring the scandal of millions to come to that of hundreds now ; (4) because it is the common cry of a party whose tactics I loathe. (To V.)

And to Baron F. von Hügel, November 19th, 1905 :

The short-sighted fear of scandal has been, and is, the curse of the Church.

We enter, then, on a more war-like phase of this life, and shall find, not, indeed, to any great extent in the works, but in certain parts of the correspondence, expressions of a more aggressive mood than has hitherto appeared.

We witness, at the same time, a struggle between the conflicting elements of his *entourage* to draw him, on the one hand into the more directly militant camp, on the other hand into the ranks of those whom Erasmus represented at the time of the Reformation.

The following extract from a letter to a friend of the right wing of the progressive movement will help to explain his temper of mind on the subject ; while the next ones, addressed to a prominent scholar of the left wing, will show his sympathy with that division :

To Mr. Rooke Ley :

October 13th, 1906.

My head is all right, though my pen is very idle—chiefly through disgust with the whole business. If one identified the Church with the clerical world one would become a Freemason. Its moral and religious rottenness is simply endless and unfathomable. Of course, it is not that the individuals are worse than other men ; but that the system is essentially depraving. I am most honestly distressed to be cut off from Mass and the Sacraments ; but I cannot deny that there is a compensation in feeling oneself cut free of the clerical set. There are many French officers who love their country and their profession, but who have thrown up their commissions rather than serve under a government of *Apaches*. I quite understand their feelings.

To the Abbé A. Houtin, July 23rd, 1906 :

My friend the *migraine* has hindered my writing sooner to thank you for your book.* When I left Paris in April I had only read some of the sheets. Now I have read it all carefully, and though it contains nothing that I ought not to have been prepared for, yet new instances always rouse one to consider one's position as a Romanist. Mendacity seems to have eaten into the very heart of the whole system. The interpretations which you characterise as "mystical" (Loisy's, my own, etc.) seem not only quite inadequate, but almost as mendacious and insincere as the text they would redeem from mendacity.

Are Hetzenhauer's or Delattre's "accommodations" more disingenuous than those of "Lex Orandi" ?

Is F. right after all ? And then : What is this sorcery or love-potion by which the Babylonian harlot gets so many men to believe in her, work for her, and to suffer intolerable ingratitude and injustice at her hands ? If Rome is not the "Mother" she is certainly the "Mistress" of the Churches. These are but questions, and I do not wish to imply that I have any answers for them yet. But your book has raised them again in a new form and with new intensity ; and for that I am grateful.

And to the same, September 16th, 1906 :

It seems to me very important just now to insist on the undoubted truth that the Jesuits are really at the bottom of the political and the intellectual intransigence of the Vatican. Of course they could

* "La Crise du Clergé," by Albert Houtin.

not do very much without a congenial Pope ; but then the Pope could do still less without them. The worst of it is that their critics are always uncritical (from Pascal onwards) and by exaggerations or inaccuracies rob the sober (and far more damaging) truth of its credibility. They live on the blunders of their critics. Instead of saying "they have killed three men" they say "three men and a dog." The Jesuits produce the dog alive, and win a repute as calumniated innocents. Plainly they have worked steadily and consistently to bring France into the condition of England after the Reformation ; to have it a sort of mission country where their services would be indispensable and the secular clergy thrust into the background.

Now and again a direct appeal would be made, by those who clung to him for spiritual support, urging him not to go on too fast and forget the ones who most needed him. Two such letters, one from an Italian, one from a young Frenchman, both written in 1907, I find among the very few papers that he preserved.

His old friend, Baron F. von Hügel, was also one of the restraining influences in this more militant campaign.

To him Tyrrell had written sadly, December 8th, 1906, saying :

I agree (as the enclosed will show) about what Churches ought to do for one. But for me they don't do it, and the effort to accommodate myself to Rome has been a source of mental unfruitfulness and moral cowardice and spiritual sterility. It is the best in me that kicks against it. To say that she helps as an obstacle helps is to put her in the same category as the Devil. Is Benigni* so irrelevant? Is he not the voice of the Church as she is? Can we say that the opposite voice tends, by the logic of her history, to prevail and not to decline steadily? I believe religion must and will re-embody itself. But none of these old bottles will do. Nor can we make a new one. It will grow. But we shall first have forty years in the desert between Egypt and Jerusalem.

Baron von Hügel answers him on this and many other matters, December 18th, and says :

* Monsignor Benigni, editor of the *Corrispondenza Romana*.

N. gave me the opening the other day to sum up how I was feeling we ought to act, and be prepared to act, just now. The poor words were no tactical programme—they but represented what one felt, at one's peaceullest, before God and in full touch with work and suffering. I thus thought and felt, that four great facts and duties confronted us :

1. The Church, *i.e.* ecclesiastical officials, have a right to many, even great sacrifices on our part, but not simply to anything and everything. We will try not to work out any plan or scheme, "This I can and will do"—"That I can't and won't do;" still less will we attempt an impossible map of the respective ranges of those things. And we will even try and keep ourselves ready to give the benefit of the doubt to those authorities, and to sacrifice all pure convenience or simple ambition or self-love. Yet even your case alone, that demand of Cardinal Ferrata,* showed plainly how well within practical politics is their asking of you and us things that it would be wrong for us to accept.

2. The Church is more and other than just these Churchmen, and religion is more and largely other than even the best theology : and we, *i.e.* he, you, N., N., our housemaids, too, are true, integral portions of the Church, which in none of its members is simply teaching, in none of its members is simply learning. We do not, and must not, accept the restriction of the "Church" and "Religion" to mean those lesser, professional and reflex things ; yet we will labour, on our part, not to sink to the level of our opponents, and not, thus, to exclude that profession and that reflective work from amongst the constituents of the complex Church organism and the functioning of religion amongst men.

3. Already these two positions are absolutely unworkable, unless we are willing, and perseveringly determined, slowly and deliberately, to let drop, to damp down, as far as possible to exterminate, cleverness as distinct from wisdom, clearness as distinct from depth, logic as distinct from operativeness, simplicity as distinct from life.

Nothing is easier than unconsciously to retain the ultramontane *Frage-stellung*, and then to answer this with the most contemptuous negative ; nothing is more readily achieved than to take, say, Cardinal X. as the true, sincere type of Catholic and to show that none of our group are, then, Catholics at all. Indeed this thing is so easy, that quick-witted men ought to feel somewhat ashamed of their apparent pride and pleasure in pointing out something so glaringly obvious.

* See next Chapter.

My fourth point was the continuously greater depth and range of Religion as against Science, and the importance of not whittling down the former simply to the level of the latter.

To this Tyrrell replied, December 23rd, 1906 :

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

That was a grand letter in every sense, and I thank you for it most heartily. Williams' book* (especially Part II.) has just prepared me to be more receptive than usual for your four points. It cannot be denied that between us of the ecclesiastical Left a line of cleavage is becoming more marked every day, analogous to that which divided Erasmus from Luther. The former is, in the deepest and truest sense, constructive : *Non veni solvere sed adimplere* is its guiding principle ; it destroys only incidentally, in the course of building up and continuing. The latter is, of course, radical, and as regards the existing structure pessimistic and hopeless.

N., as the enclosed will show, has gone over bodily to this radicalism.

From that radical section, however, his sympathies were never wholly withdrawn. He began to feel that there was a work of demolition as well as construction to be performed ; and he was not one to say, "the dirty task for my neighbour, the respectable work for me." He was in a singular, an unique position ; within the Church, yet not protected by her. He could no longer hurt others by his action, however much he might hurt himself. Ecclesiastical authority was well able to look after itself, and needed not that pitying loyalty which has inspired so much loving self-sacrifice. It was the sheep, and not the shepherds who had the chief claim to his love and sympathy and devotion.

* "Newman, Pascal, Loisy, and the Catholic Church."

CHAPTER XIV

SUSPENSION (1906-1907)

IN following the long and somewhat complicated history of the various negotiations undertaken, in part by Tyrrell himself, in greater part by his friends, for the regularisation of his position, and the restoration of his rights as a priest, we have again to remember that it is not a scientific campaign that is offered to our observation, with moves and counter-moves inspired by the same logical plan of execution. If there were reasons, both intimate and political, why he should desire his ecclesiastical reinstatement, there were also reasons of both kinds for him not to seek it. On the part of friends also, there were those who desired his rehabilitation at all or any cost; and there were those who would have preferred to see him entirely free from its consequent obligations. In his intimate letters we may behold the fluctuations of sadness, of anger, of love, of bitterness, inevitably incidental to the position of a man who had too many motives and too many friends to consider, and whose personal welfare became thus the last, though in some sense it should have been the first, consideration.

1.

FUTILE NEGOTIATIONS.

It was in the early part of the year 1906 that efforts were made to get Father Tyrrell aggregated to

the Arch-diocese of Malines, but shortly before he had approached Cardinal Ferrata, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, in his own behalf.*

He summarises the letter in one to V. of April 8th, from Freiburg :

Yesterday I wrote to Ferrata to say that now there was no reason for not completing the secularisation as the initiative had been taken by the General; that for a priest so well known and widely respected to be forbidden the altar causes a great deal of anger against the Church authorities on the part of those who could not be expected to understand the circumstances; that whether by way of secularisation or special permission I should get my *celebret*, else I should feel obliged to make public explanations, more for the interests of truth and justice than of charity and edification.

To this letter Cardinal Ferrata sent no reply whatsoever, either of assent or dissent, sympathy or reproof.

To those whose work has never brought them into direct contact with ecclesiastical government, or with the facsimiles of it that often prevail in religious institutes, this method of silence on the part of superiors will seem almost incredible. Yet its ease and convenience to the superior, and the utter helplessness of the subject, render it a popular and frequent course of procedure. In a case like this no political or temporal consequences were at stake; there was no Imperial Chancellor, no Bethmann-Hollweg, whose words had perforce to be considered, there was no government to take reprisals; the worst that could happen would be the scandal of a few of the more intellectual Catholics, while the mass of the faithful were sure to accept the word of their pastors against that of a turbulent ex-Jesuit, who occasionally lost his temper.

* See Appendix X.

Meanwhile negotiations had commenced in another quarter. Father Tyrrell was well known in a certain Belgian convent, where he had given retreats, and with members of which he had kept up intimate and affectionate relations. One of these friends was as deeply devoted to him personally as she was out of sympathy, though to an extent she herself hardly knew, with his actual mental position. Her heart was set on putting an end to his miserably ambiguous ecclesiastical condition, and for this object she set about negotiating with the Archbishop of Malines—now Cardinal Mercier.*

The first mention I find of this offer is in a letter to V. of April 13th, where he refers to the matter as

an offer of work by a continental Archbishop.

This from Paris, where he had arrived between April 8th and April 13th. On April 24th he returned to England, and went into lodgings at Clapham, near the Shelleys.

On May 4th he addressed a second letter to Cardinal Ferrata, wherein he reminds his Eminence of the last one, and observes that to that letter he had not deigned an answer. He insists anew on the scandal of his position, though he maintains that the evil is less to him than to the authorities, and that he would rather obey his conscience than say Mass. He declares his intention to publish the documents of his case, and adds a petition for license to approach the sacraments.†

To this letter also no answer was vouchsafed.

Meanwhile, the nun at Bruges persevered in her efforts. I have not the date at which the final con-

* There is, of course, no breach of confidence in naming the Archbishop, since the matter became public by revelations on both sides. Obviously the nun in question has a right to remain unknown, unless she herself should desire the contrary.

† See Appendix XI.

ditions for his acceptance were forwarded to Father Tyrrell, but the actual document is dated June 18th. It was addressed by Cardinal Ferrata to the Belgian Archbishop, and empowers him to receive Father Tyrrell into his diocese and grant him a *Celebret*

on the condition that the same pledge himself formally neither to publish anything on religious questions nor to hold epistolary correspondence without the previous approbation of a competent person appointed by the Archbishop.*

It was this condition as to "epistolary correspondence" that became a burning one later on, and that at once roused in Father Tyrrell a keen sense of indignation.

He wrote on the matter to Mr. Robert Dell as follows :

DAMGAN, MORBIHAN,
June 30th, 1906.

MY DEAR DELL,

I fled abroad to mend a crack in my brain, and to escape correspondence and worry—alas, in vain ; for now I have to set to again. The latest is that in answer to the (by me utterly unsolicited and even deprecated) application of a friendly bishop, Cardinal Ferrata (Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars) replies that he may give me work in his diocese and let me say Mass on the condition that even my private correspondence is to be submitted to censorship. This is about the *ne plus ultra* of ecclesiastical absolutism—the treatment the Czar might mete out to an anarchist. Observe that *as yet* none of my writings are indexed ; that I am accused of no *ecclesiastical* offence ; that it is only the *Society* which has condemned me. Others are allowed to say Mass in spite of their condemnations, and subject to no such monstrous condition. It is therefore plain whence this aggression derives—*i.e.*, from those who ordered the attacks upon me in the *Civiltà* and the *Études* ; who rebuked the *Month* for speaking most kindly and civilly of "Lex Credendi" ; who will not allow anyone, who has left them, a shred of respectability which they can steal from him ; and whose supreme interest it is that I should be effectually muzzled—*i.e.*, from the Jesuit authorities *at Rome*. . . . It would be fanaticism to

* See Appendix XII.

ignore the facts any longer. To prepare the way for such action as I may take when I am a little more rested, would you help me to get this shameful aggression noised well abroad in the English press, *i.e.* some little notice (with such comments and amplifications as seem best to you) to the effect, etc.

P.S.—This news will justify me to those who hear and believe that I could quite easily say Mass if I chose, and that it is only because I am indifferent or obstinate that I hold out. I deprecate appeals to Rome in its present temper, fearing she would put impossible conditions which she would then not be able to retract. My kindly bishop has unwittingly served me a bad turn by his importunity.

The notices in the Press conveyed a stronger impression than was just; and it was represented to Tyrrell that the "epistolary correspondence" did not include purely personal matters. He wrote accordingly to the *Church Times*, July 27th, 1906, giving the clause in question, and explaining that it was not his personal or domestic concerns that were to be submitted to censorship, but the "religious part of his private correspondence."

He wrote to V. :

The chalice of my patience is full. I send an "open letter" to the printer to-day addressed to Ferrata, which means good-bye to your Eminences, though not to the Church which you make so ridiculous. I am not sorry to end an indefinite situation and nail my colours to the mast. I was just on the verge of sitting down to spiritual comfort and starting a new "Nova et Vetera"; but Providence contrived I should sit down on a nail.

In his letter to Cardinal Ferrata, of July 4th, 1906,* he recapitulates his former ones, explains that the kind action of Cardinal Mercier had not been instigated by himself, and protests against the condition annexed. He refers to the history of his dismissal, and shows how the manner of it had resulted in his being placed in an

* This letter was printed *in extenso* in the "Affaire Tyrrell," by M. Raoul Gout.

unfair, uncanonical, and ambiguous position. He speaks of the attacks made on him at the instigation of the Roman superiors of the Society, since his leaving the same. He concludes with the following protest against the exceptional treatment meted out to him :

To propose such a penal condition on my reinstatement as your Eminence does is surely to imply that my suspension was penal. May I ask, in common justice, for what crime against the Church was I suspended? For I have heard of no such charge or trial or condemnation. Is there any civilised Government that punishes a man before he is accused, heard or sentenced? As to my writings in general, has any one of my theological opponents ever met me in the open and proved a single point of heterodoxy against me? Even the *Lettera Confidenziale* was condemned on a vague assertion, but for no assigned or proven charge of heterodoxy, by the late Father Martin, who was General of the Jesuits, but who was in no sense an official of the teaching Church. No writings of mine up to this present date (July 4th) stand on the Index of prohibited books. Even if they did, does the condemnation of the Index, or even of the Holy Office, drive other priests from the Altar *ipso facto*; or does it subject them for ever after to such dishonouring conditions as your Eminence would lay upon me? Plainly the whole of my supposed offence is simply and only that I have left the Society of Jesus on a question of principle, about which Catholics and their spiritual rulers, even the most eminent, are equally divided, and consequently at perfect liberty to think as they choose. Belief in Jesuitism is no article of faith. My suspension, as your Eminence seems to forget, is not directly penal, but is simply indirect and involved in my status as a religious dismissed (illegally?) *sine episcopo receptore*. As soon as any bishop offered to receive me, Your Eminence was bound in justice to allow him to do so without any penal condition, since no crime has been canonically alleged or proved against me—still more so, as my dismissal *sine episcopo receptore* was either in contravention to canon law, or else made legally possible only through Your Eminence's accommodating concession to the plans of the Jesuit Curia and its most eminent colleagues.

And now, Your Eminence, I trust that you and all to whom I may think fit to communicate this letter will understand clearly the reasons which compel me to accept this present *impasse* as permanent rather than plead any further with authorities who have already treated my pleadings with a seemingly contemptuous silence and at

whose hands I have suffered such an indignity and outrage as is implied in the bare proposal of such a condition as Your Eminence would lay upon me—an indignity perhaps difficult for those to appreciate who are accustomed to traditions of irresponsible absolutism, and who are strangers to that respect for personality which is religion's ripest and latest fruit. Only were you to restore me without condition those rights which you have wrested from me without cause, can I feel myself justified in replying to any future communications you may be inclined to address to me otherwise than by that silence for which, I fancy, there is a diviner precedent than Your Eminence's. It is not for me to expose my soul's secrets to Your Eminence's official gaze, or to say here what store I set by my right to the Mass. I know that Christ never meant that right to be lightly given or taken, or to be used like an ecclesiastical decoration or title as a mere instrument of government and moral coercion; and I will live and die without it rather than condone such a profanation. For what else is it when Your Eminence uses the concession or withdrawal of that right as a weapon to force me to submit to the censorship of my private correspondence?

Driven, then, from my rightful place at the Altar, I remain a priest as far as you will let me, in my conduct and the observances of my state. Paradoxical as it may sound to those who know what I know (and what Your Eminences do not even suspect) of the difficulties of the position—in spite of all that is and has been said and done at Rome to make such belief impossible, I still believe and will go on believing in and defending the Roman Church and thinking that she possesses a great truth unawares—a heavenly treasure in the poorest and shabbiest of earthen vessels. It was not to satisfy Your Eminences nor Your Paternities, but to satisfy my own conscience, that I have laboured these twenty-five years in the service primarily of religious truth, incidentally of Catholicism. I believe sincerely in that revelation which constitutes the proper object of Catholic and Christian Faith. I accept the Church and her saints as my guides in Faith and Morals. If, however, you ask me about theology and ethics; that is, about the science of Faith and the science of Morals; about the efforts of uninspired and ordinary men like myself to translate revelation into the language of philosophy, living or obsolete, I confess that I regard such matters, not indeed with indifference or as unimportant, but as pertaining to the jurisdiction of science and natural reason. It is enough that I hold the *faith* of Simon Peter, no less and no more. As to his theological science—if he had any—I am no more tied to his categories and methods than are Your Eminences.

This letter was forwarded to Cardinal Ferrata on July 27th, and a few copies were distributed. It was also sent to Cardinal Merry del Val, with an accompanying letter.*

To his intermediary, the nun, he wrote :

A Letter to an Archbishop through a Nun.

July 21st, 1906

DEAR MOTHER,

As I cannot persuade myself that it is quite correct for me to address one who has shown himself so manifestly desirous to avoid all direct correspondence, I think it is best that you, who have conveyed his messages to me, should convey mine to him. Will you then kindly let his Grace know how exceedingly I am touched by his sincere desire to help me, and also grieved that his efforts should have been in vain. I have some reason to think he is not the first Archbishop who has applied to Rome, and received the same answer. Certainly, had I thought he was going to apply I should have dissuaded him for the reasons I gave you in a former letter. As to what is meant by the control of my "epistolary correspondence" there is not the least doubt. When I was forbidden, in 1900, to publish anything more without submitting my intended publication to Rome, it was soon made a matter of complaint against me that my private epistolary correspondences were a greater and wider source of "mischief" than any of my published works. It is well known at Rome by my own admission that "Lex Orandi" and some other of my most "pestilential" publications are simply the gathered fruit of such private correspondences. In this Cardinal Ferrata has been instigated and inspired by N. He now desires to control that vast correspondence which for ten years I have held with people, troubled about their faith, or rather about their theology; correspondence almost as private and secret as that of the confessional; correspondence mostly with Catholic priests and prelates; with seminarians and their professors; with writers and teachers; with religious and their bewildered superiors; and also with souls outside the Church; often with ministers of religion—always or nearly always with those who come to me secretly and privately as to one whose secrecy they can trust. It is just this most private of all my private correspondences which H.E. proposes shall be sub-

* See Appendix III.

mitted to censorship. No one supposes for an instant that Rome wishes to know what I may say to my relations or friends in matters of a purely secular import. She would be quite welcome to such knowledge if she valued it. The claim she makes is much more monstrous and intolerable. I have written to Rome to say so. I will take every care that his Grace's name does not appear to the public in this connection. But it was absolutely necessary that he should convey to me exactly the words of the condition imposed by Rome; and Cardinal Ferrata must have intended that they should be so conveyed. Hence, there is nothing private or confidential about those words. Again, as I have been widely blamed for not accepting the offer made to me by various bishops, I am bound to explain to my friends why it is I do not accept such offers; nor can I for ever be swearing them over to strict secrecy in the interests of the Jesuits or others who have shown no regard whatever for my reputation.

At the end of the month he left Brittany with his friend, Abbé Bremond, and they passed through Paris and Aix on their way to an old family place belonging to the latter at Vinon (Var), Provence.

From there he wrote, August 17th, to V. :

Well, here I am. It is a little plain of about a hundred acres, with an old fourteenth-century farm-house with seventeenth-century additions, furniture and fittings; very sleepy and charming. Shut in by a triangle of hills from whose tops mountains range away *ad infinitum* in all directions, and never a dwelling in sight; all most wild and rugged and giving gorgeous sunsets and risings. The trees are mostly oak and plane; the carpet either vine, or else a scrub of lavender, thyme, mints and other herbs which spice the hot air, and, added to the buzzings of cicale and countless insects, make one somewhat drowsy and lethargic. Still, it is most restful; and I am too much of a lizard not to like dry bathing. If my well-meaning friends would leave me alone and not try "to set me right" I should soon mend; but every day brings some fresh proposal for an intrigue for the deliverance I do not want. For me, subjectively, *causa finita est*. I may re-enter the clerical ranks should happier times arrive; but at present it would only be to open a new chapter of troubles. Peace is more necessary even than sacraments, which men can give and take away at pleasure and use as a whip. What I fear is lest (N., etc.) may really get me ordered back to the Society

by the Pope ; for there is no doubt my dismissal was canonically illegal, if not invalid—and that would mean a choice between obeying and seceding.

He writes to Mr. Dell the same day :

MY DEAR DELL,

I am a mere gander in diplomacy, and am always under the lead of some professor of that noble art. My own impulse is always to cut off my head and fling it at my enemy's head—which I admit is poor play, and just what my enemy wants. My present diplomatic oracle and agent at Rome says I must not in any way disseminate the letter* till we see what Ferrata and Co. have to say ; that it convicts them of what is much worse than sin—namely, a breach of the Canon Law ; that in revealing my letter to the public I should be guilty of the same sort of awful offence, and therefore give them a fresh case against me and point for diverting the issue. I do not understand, but I believe and bow down. It is a little late, as seven copies have already got abroad, and I numbered the first copy 67 precisely to comfort Ferrata with the idea that 66 people had already seen the letter. However, I have sworn to do nothing to spoil the sport. What I most dread is any sort of reinstatement that would tie my literary liberty. It is more important to write than to say Mass ; and so even if they withdraw the obnoxious condition, I think I must decline to re-enlist under the present régime.

To another friend he wrote, August 18th :

Your letter made me feel a little more vital. When much alone, or only in company with a fellow-professional, one loses the sense of proportion with regard to one's own concerns and takes too solemn a view of life's ridiculousities. I get some correction from Anatole France and his son, but it is not enough. Just now all my friends take me as a tragedy, and there is real danger lest I should yield to so much "suggestion" and think that something quite awful has happened ; which I honestly neither believe nor feel. I am (between ourselves) very glad that they have played this false card and given me a good excuse to throw up my commission as a cleric. Were I reinstated it would be a new chapter of troubles. Having tasted the peace of divorce from a shrew, I am not at all anxious for a reconciliation. Perhaps in a future pontificate it might be worth my while to re-enlist, but not under the present Bedlam rule. . . . No doubt I believe in Catholicism of a sort ; but, of course, it is not the

* Letter to Cardinal Ferrata of July 4th, 1906.

Pope's sort, for I believe to some degree in every other religion as well—especially in the Church of England. You see, *as life really is*, there are no choices between right and wrong, only between bad and worse. It is certainly wrong to stay where I am; it is certainly wrong to move. That makes the "Ethics of Conformity" a very easy problem. But which is worse? Well, the longer you meditate on either alternative the worse it seems; so you can make either the worse as is most convenient. I must say I have not consciously lost a single personal friend so far. Though, of course, I may have lost plenty of my "public" and given much joy to the Philistines, which is the only really sad thing.

2.

A MUCH ABUSED LETTER (1906).

Tyrrell was for a good while undecided as to whether he should, or not, publish the "Letter to a Professor," which had been the final cause of his dismissal.

On April 25th, 1906, he wrote to V., from Clapham:

The embarrassment in England, and especially here, is the church-going. Even at Freiburg this Mass-hearing priest was becoming a subject of hypotheses. To change my attire would be to risk greater scandals; so that for the present I trust that I shall be nearer to God if further from the Church. At times it makes me very angry when I think of the sort of men who are allowed to say Mass. . . . I think I ought to publish an explanation and comments on the "Letter to a Professor"—"to remove scandal"; taking it page by page, and ending by condemning it as "offensive to pious ears" and "male sonans," and for *that* reason *not* published, but circulated privately for the few whose ears were not pious.

On May 17th, he writes to the same:

I have begun to work at the "Letter," yet I shrink from satisfying sensationalists, especially after the kind notice of "Lex Credendi" in the *Month* and the confidence it has resuscitated in so many quarters. Yet I feel that liberty of speech is irreconcilable with ecclesiastical respectability, and that one must choose; and that all must be scandalised in me and flee. How comfortable it might be otherwise! . . . My misery is to have all the Quixotry of a Brand in my ideals, and to be a Gynt by constitution.

He speaks of it to Baron F. von Hügel, on May 25th, as follows :

I wrote to Archbishop Bourne a week ago and told him that I thought the only way to correct the alternative scandal of the situation (*i.e.*, either about me or about those who have condemned me) would be to publish the text of the "Letter" with its story and explanation and to show that I could not have done otherwise than write it, nor the authorities otherwise than condemn it. I said: What makes me pause is that it would mean publishing the questions to which the "Letter" is an answer, and that I doubt if those who condemn my answer are ready with their own; that as chief guardian of Catholicism in England he might possibly be not only willing but able to avert the necessity of such a step on my part, but that I could not and would not let my character suffer under the imputation of having written something so wicked as to merit exclusion from the Altar; that strict duty to my friends demanded the publication of what otherwise was never meant for publication. There has been no reply; as neither to my application from Freiburg to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. So I mean to go on firmly. After all, I can only get back my Mass at the price of my liberty of utterance; and it is better to make the sacrifice demanded by sincerity in these evil days.

On June 21st he writes again on the subject to V. from France :

I have managed to finish the comment on the Letter, but it is very poor and laboured; a mere rough draft. The truth is I am weary of the subject and don't care. N. and N. and N., etc., all say that I shall harass the enemy much more by ignoring his existence and his attacks and going on along my own line; that "Lex Credendi" is really the best *apologia* for the Letter; all of which I agree with too readily, for I hate contention. At all events the *Church* has so far said nothing about the Letter, and one should not cry before one is hurt. So I'll wait.

He had a further reason for this delay in the fact that the Malines negotiations were not yet at an end, and it was not until his return to England in the autumn of that same year that he published the work, having finished the Epilogue on September 20th, 1906.

Immediately after its appearance he wrote as follows to the Archbishop of Westminster, and to the Rev. Father Sykes, Provincial of the Society :

To the Archbishop of Westminster.

November 6th.

YOUR GRACE,

"A Much Abused Letter" just published is, as I try to make clear, a debt of the commonest natural justice to myself and to others in default of any kind of answer or explanation on the part of the Roman Authorities, to whom I have appealed in vain and will appeal no more. You will see that it is the very minimum of self-defence and is sincerely eirenic in its character and intention. I have for the present evaded the difficulty of which I wrote to you from Storrington last May by simply suppressing the catena of objections to which the Letter was an answer. If, however, this entirely reasonable and pacific advance is met, as I fully anticipate, by further aggression and violence, then I shall no longer hesitate to demand openly of my assailants to answer, themselves, clearly and unambiguously those questions which I have been so unsuccessful in answering, or else to confess by their silence that they are unequal to the task of guiding souls in their present perplexities. I do not think that Your Grace or any reasonable man can have much influence with Rome in her present state of febrile excitement; still, if any opportunity offers, I trust you will use it in the interests of peace. This needs no answer of any kind.

To the Rev. Father Provincial.

November 6th.

MY DEAR FATHER SYKES,

You will observe that in "A Much Abused Letter" just published, far from in any way speaking harshly of the Society and its Superiors, I have done all that was consistent with a necessary minimum of self-defence to make out a case for their action. I have kept strictly to the technical issue upon which I was dismissed and have repressed all allusions to previous negotiations whose public discussion would be most undesirable. I trust, though I scarcely expect, that this sincerely eirenic effort will be met in a like spirit, and above all that no imprudent criticism from Jesuit sources will force me to open up the suppressed issues.

Father Tyrrell had been absorbed in so many fresh interests, and occupied with so many new friends and

acquaintances during this crowded year, that he was perhaps not fully aware of the change towards him, in tone and feeling, on the part of his English Jesuit friends; many of whom had never fully calculated the reach of his mind, and had only of late come across a certain class of his writings. Then too, a spirit of antagonism, inspired partly by the various cases of injustice that had been brought before him, partly by a class of mind with which he was coming into closer contact, partly by nervous irritation and exhaustion, had reflected itself in some of his late utterances more than he was aware. Hence it came to him as a surprise when he found how vehement was the feeling in regard to some of his writings, and to the one in particular he had just given to the public. As he wrote to Abbé Bremond, December 6th, 1906 :

The English S.J. have been "converted" against me since the General Congregation and the Bourdon disclosures. They are incensed by the impression which the "Much Abused" has made; and talk of telling the *whole* truth. I wrote to N. and invited him to do so at once.

On December 10th to V. :

I have been drawn into a great deal of unpleasant correspondence with Father N.; but the upshot has been good. Yet I am dreadfully tired and depressed by it; shall I ever escape the tentacles of this million-armed polyp?

3.

STORRINGTON (1906-1907).

It was in the spring of 1906 that Storrington was first suggested as a possible home for George Tyrrell. The one first instrumental in the plan was Miss Harriet Urquhart, a sister-in-law of Mr. William Tyrrell, who had it in mind to start in that place certain philanthropic works, and to gather there a little knot of

Catholics interested in social as well as intellectual subjects.

On May 11th Father Tyrrell wrote from Clapham in regard to the plan :

[I want] to have a nest with my books round me where I can work and live and root ; and yet not be lonely as at Tintagel, nor rushed as here. (To V.)

He saw various difficulties, but went down to inspect the place. After a day or two at the hotel, he was received as a boarder at the Premonstratensian Priory.

Before I left London [he says, May 17th] I wrote to the Prior * to explain my Mass-less condition in case it might cause embarrassment. (To V.)

On May 20th he writes to the same, from Storrington Priory :

Of course they [the monks] serve as a foil to bring out my own hopeless otherness and modernity. If the same Church had free room for us both she would indeed be Catholic. But she has no room for me—perhaps not for you. If I have sadness now it is because in leisure I realise the *Entweder-Oder* of my position. To rectify my ecclesiastical status means to convince them that I am not what they rightly suspect I am ; and it means maintaining one's equivocal, Jesuitical line with all the anxieties and reproaches of an insincere position. Not to rectify it is to face an "all-or-nothing" alternative that would result in "nothing." If I had a fanatic's belief in myself as an instrument of wire-pulling Deity I might face the "all." Two visions of "comfort" seduce me, spiritual and temporal, the altar and the armchair ; equally illusory, no doubt, yet where is reality ? and is it not a choice of dreams ? If one could be firmly anything, even a pig, it were better than this. The times are out of joint, and blessed are they that have not seen, for only they can believe.

At the time of this first visit to Storrington he had not contemplated going abroad again—but intended to pay some visits in England until the Storrington plan

* Père Xavier de Fourvière.

had matured. Unexpectedly, however, he went to France on June 10th :

Like my luck [he writes, June 12th, to V.], the Williamses are just off to Oxford, and the Shelleys have their spare room unexpectedly occupied for some weeks. All this has decided me to complete my *Wanderjahre* and cure my head either in Switzerland or Brittany.

He spent some time in Brittany, and afterwards at Aix, with Abbé Bremond, returning to London in October.

In December he returned to Storrington, where he stayed for a time with the relative above-mentioned. There the question of the *Celebret* arose once more.

The only real personal difficulty [he wrote to V., December 19th, 1906] that remains as to the Storrington plan is the religious one ; the amphibious life ; the Catholic entourage. The Prior has written to Amigo * for at least a temporary *celebret* to avoid the scandal entailed by my attendance at church, which after all does create and perpetuate a problem for the simple—for the Sisters, the Fratres, etc. Of course, Amigo will not have courage ; in which case I really think I had better give up church-going for good and all, which *here* and among R.C.'s would give scandal in another way.

He found, a few days later, through a priest of the dioc se, that Dr. Amigo was referring the matter to Rome :

I hear through N. that Amigo is going to try to settle my affair with Rome. That must be stopped at all costs. Another rebuff and I am off.

He seems, however, to have been induced to allow the matter to proceed ; and the case appeared a perplexing one to canonists. On January 4th, 1907, he continues :

Amigo keeps silence. I am told he will refer to Rome though not to headquarters. If I am "expelled" he cannot give me a *celebret* without Rome's leave ; if I am "released" he can. But no one

* The Bishop of Southwark, in whose diocese Storrington was situated.

knows which it is ; the story and the very formula are so mixed. I think the formula is not expulsory, but permissive ; but this is impossible to prove. Martin (the General) says : " Since you cannot repudiate, nothing remains but to accede to your oft repeated request for release." Now the fact was I had (December 31st) formally withdrawn such request. But he wanted to thrust the *onus* on me, and not to be responsible for an act of expulsion, which, nevertheless, it really was. So I believe it was a wilful muddling of the issue.

As to the Prior's proposals [I think this referred to an offer of residence], I asked Père Godfroi and another what they felt, and I saw they were afraid it would get the community into trouble, and thought the Prior more generous than wise ; so I have decided against it.

Later, as we shall see, these offers being renewed, he became partially resident at the Monastery.

On January 7th he went for a visit to Moorhurst, Holmwood, the home of the Hon. William Gibson, where he met several friends, Mr. Williams, the Rev. A. Fawkes, Mr. de Bary (Father Angelo).

The place is beautiful [he wrote to V., January 10th], but not perhaps so remote and quiet as Storrington. Gibson is above all things kind, and undoubtedly a good religious-minded man, though a wild Irishman in theology—like myself.

On January 15th he writes from the same place :

The Southwark canonists say that, from an inspection of my documents, it is clear that the General, while intending to expel me, did not dare do so, but simply released me on the fiction of an implicit renewal of my petition for release, and that any bishop could have received me without asking Rome ; but that Malines having asked Rome confuses everything and makes an *impasse* without precedent. Again, so much the better. It is far better not to have what they could and would so easily take from me.

From Holmwood Father Tyrrell went to Clapham, where he stayed through February and March, going from there on a visit to the Williamses, near Brentwood, Essex, in April. It was in May he first came to Storrington as to a more or less permanent residence ; while

his friends, the Shelleys, reserved a second home for him at Clapham, when he should require to be near London.

Storrington attracted him for various reasons ; though the rapid movements of his late existence had actually rendered him less disposed for the perfect tranquillity of so remote a place than when, early in 1906, the plan was first proposed. He felt and knew he needed quiet ; yet he needed also, now he was taking a much more active share in immediate events, to be in easier reach of his many friends. So that, in his plans, there had been, for a long time, much change and uncertainty, which at last issued in the decision to live chiefly at Storrington but often in London. As regarded his pecuniary position, he was, as has been already mentioned, independent, though poor ; and able to pay his way wherever he lived.

In Storrington he counted on the presence of his cousin, Mr. William Tyrrell and his family ; on the friendship of the Premonstratensian monks* (a friendship which was rather violently withdrawn later on, as we shall see) ; and on the plan, already alluded to, of making the place a centre for social and philanthropic works. This last scheme was, eventually, very much attenuated, as one of those chiefly instrumental in its conception was not able to carry it through ; but some remainder of it survived in the end to which Mulberry House (his last home) was partly destined, of serving as a place of rest for persons sick or overworked. It was the present writer who, in 1906, took the house for that purpose, and also as a home for Father Tyrrell. Unfortunately, however, it was not possible to perfect the scheme at once, as would have been desirable ; the

* As they are usually called—the correct appellation is Premonstratensian Canons Regular.

long illness of a relation kept me away till the death of the same in March, 1907, and the plan could not be put in execution until the following May. A little cottage was built in the garden, and in it two rooms were set apart for Father Tyrrell's use; so separated from the rest of the establishment that he might be entirely independent.

When he came into regular residence at Storrington, in May, 1907, he slept at the Monastery and spent the day in his room at Mulberry House. He was glad, as he told me, to be near the church, where he communicated every morning at 6.30, and which he often visited during the day. Then, too, the Prior and he were the best of friends, and he was a source of life and encouragement to men somewhat pressed by material necessities, who led a fairly monotonous life with few Catholic neighbours. He interested himself in their functions, in their English studies, and in the hymn-book they were preparing, for which he did some translations. Altogether, his relations with the community, while based on no intellectual sympathy, seemed to promise a permanence of mutual goodwill.

By his own initiative he abandoned his room in the Monastery, and took up his residence entirely at Mulberry House, when further complications arose, and his continued residence in the Priory might have embarrassed his hosts. But when he first took up his abode there he still more or less counted on an eventual settlement of his ecclesiastical troubles, and restoration of his priestly faculties.

4.

“THROUGH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS” (1907).

Not the least of Tyrrell's reasons for vacillation in the matter of the *Celebret* was that he had yet

things to say which he could not, in honesty, leave unsaid, and which ought to be said before his position was decided. With regard to the publication of the "Letter to a Professor" his mind had been less clear, but the volume of essays, "Through Scylla and Charybdis," contained old and new work essential to the setting forth of his contribution to religious thought. It was not the first time he had said that some particular work would be his last word on the burning subjects of the day; but he thought it perhaps with more reason of this one than of any other, because, had his *Celebret* then been granted, he would have been bound to a good deal of restraint, and might perhaps have devoted himself to less contentious subjects.

On May 21st, 1907, he wrote to Baron F. von Hügel on the subject of this volume; referring first to the recent condemnation of the Italian Review, *Il Rinno-*
*vamento** :

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

All this is most interesting. I hardly know where we are. How bewildering is the attitude of Ferrari!† Surely God has descended to confuse their language and scatter their work. I wrote to A. yesterday to say that I would fall in with whatever line they might decide on; and would follow Murri's lead. That if they thought it expedient they might put my name on the list of forthcoming contributions for an article: "Domine quo vadis?" Not that I have written it or even conceived it; but just to show one was not going to move aside for fear of big words. As À Kempis says, *Via incepta est; retro abire non licet*. Right or wrong, what one does one must do firmly, as from conviction. If one's hand shakes one is lost.

I have now finished my volume of essays, called "Theologism." When that is out I will ask Ferrata whether he wishes me to go on writing outside the law or under the law. I think they will be glad to reinstate me simply and without more than the ordinary obligations of any priest. I will accept that; but I will have no compro-

* See the same Review, May, 1907.

† The Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan.

mise on the correspondence question. It seems to me that I shall then have said enough on those lines and have got all I wanted. After that I can return to "Nova et Vetera" and simpler matters.

The preface of the work was signed in May, 1907, while he was staying with the Williamses in Essex, though it did not appear until the following summer.

He writes to his friend and publisher, Mr. C. J. Longman, on May 27th, from Storrington :

DEAR MR. LONGMAN,

I have now put together what I mean to be my last work on theology in the strict sense. I may deal with religion in general; or even continue the devotional or semi-devotional line of "Nova et Vetera," etc.; but as far as apologetic is concerned I have now said my say. To a great extent this volume carries out the idea of your cousin, in dealing once more with the wearisome subject of doctrinal development and trying to get behind its sophistries. It consists of two introductory chapters (not yet typed) making about 19,000 words and of eleven other chapters dealing with my whole position in regard to revelation and theology. Apart from these eleven chapters, the preface and two introductory chapters will give the book a certain permanent celebrity. Of course, I should prefer to publish it with you so as to complete the blue series. But there are some conditions I must stick out for.

(1) I want the book out as soon as possible without waiting for the Autumn season, so as to forestall certain movements on the part of ecclesiastical authorities. Chapters I. and II. may take ten days or so to type; but one could begin setting up Chapter III.

(2) The title is to be "Theologism," derived from *Theologia* as sophism from *sophia*. It is the exact theme; and is the title of the principal chapter. I don't mind so long as it comes into the title some way. If you like it might be "Theologism or Theology?" etc., etc.

This title of "Theologism" was suggested by one of the included essays, a reply to Père J. Lebreton, S.J., who had criticised his system in the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* of February, 1907. He regarded him as one of the fairest of his assailants.

In a later letter to Mr. Longman he discussed

various titles, which throw light on his conception of the work as a whole :

STORRINGTON,

June 13th.

“Liberal Catholicism” has three objections. (1) It is rather hackneyed. (2) Since Rome makes it the name of a heresy, it sounds a defiance. (3) As the name of a school, it commits many to my opinions who do not share them. I had thought of the following :

1. The Rights of Theology.
2. One Word more on the Rights and Limits of Theology.
3. A Last Word on Theology.
- 4a. Scylla and Charybdis—An Attempted Solution.
- 4b. ,, ,, (or) The Theological Dilemma.
- 4c. ,, ,, (or) Theology in Straits.
5. Rational Catholicism.
6. Reasonable Catholicism.

I think 4a is at once picturesque and explanatory.

Number 1 is a little dull and heavy. 2 and 3 a little more vital. 5 will be twisted into “Rationalistic Catholicism” by my opponents. 6 is a good serviceable fustian. 4a has a pleasing touch of modesty. 4b is only a graver version of 4c. I can choose a motto later according to the title.

Scylla = the rock of tradition ; authority, etc.

Charybdis = the whirlpool of progress ; liberty, etc. (the dilemma developed in *Semper Eadem*).

On July 19th he writes to the same :

The long talked of Syllabus is out. That will be good for business. Fortunately it will be clear that my book was almost published before the Syllabus, and was not an act of contumacy. That is why I was in such a hurry.

To the Rev. A. L. Lilley he had written earlier, May 29th :

Again the Syllabus sounds its horn, and is expected before July, the worse the better. I should like to get my very perplexing book out before I am excommunicated, but I hardly hope to do so. . . . It is my avowed farewell to theological writings.

In this volume he gave to his old article “The Relation of Theology to Devotion” the place it deserved,

as keynote to his religious philosophy. With most of the other essays we have already dealt. The introduction, and still more the chapter called "Reflections on Catholicism," might indeed very well have stood for his promised "last word," in their full recognition of all that the modern world could say against the Church for which he had lived, and in their statement of what she could yet show to justify her existence.

There are passages in these "Reflections" that are like, and yet, still more, profoundly unlike, those pages in Newman's celebrated "Essay," in which he compares the Church of the present to the Church of the early, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth centuries.

The article "Theologism," which nearly gave its name to the whole volume, is valuable as a clearing of certain obscurities in his main constructive theme. Once more the truth is pressed home that "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge"; that faith has suffered, and is ever being made to suffer, for theology, sometimes even for theologians; that theology is laying claim to two conflicting rights, the right to reason with other sciences as an equal combatant, and to govern them as a commanding authority; that the convenience of immediate "edification" has been served to the cost of future generations; that to put theology into her right place is the true and just conservatism; that to exaggerate her claims is to give the learned an anti-Gospel advantage over the simple. Thus we have "theologism" in the place of theology, for which latter the writer does not admit himself to be lacking in respect.

The volume concludes with an extremely important essay, "From Heaven or of Men," which appeared in the *Rinnovamento* of April, 1907, under the title "Da Dio o dagli uomini." It resumes, with all the fuller

insight and deeper consideration gained by years of work and study, the conception of authority first set forth in the S. T. L. letters of 1901 on the Anglo-Roman Joint-Pastoral.*

To some Catholic scholars, of the great liberating movement, the question of authority, its rights and limits, was not the primary one, but only forced itself on their consideration when authority put what they considered illegitimate obstacles to the process of science and truth; to Tyrrell this had been the first, as it was ever the main question.

Just for that reason was he, perhaps, in the eyes of officials, one of the most reprehensible of the leaders of that movement.

“Why,” asked Louis XIV. of the Great Condé, as he left the theatre with the latter, after witnessing a piece called “Scaramouche,” “are the clergy so scandalised at the comedy of Molière (“Tartuffe”), while they say nothing of this play?” “Sire,” replied the prince, “‘Scaramouche’ deals with Heaven and religion, in regard to which these gentlemen are indifferent; Molière deals with themselves, which they cannot endure.”

The tale can be applied to such essays as the one before us—it deals quite directly, not indeed with the officials themselves, but with their authority itself; and its unpopularity was bound to be in proportion to this directness.

It treats of the “ancient struggle between Cæsarism and Catholicism in the Roman Communion” (p. 359); of that question which has been so often answered verbally in one way, practically in another—the question whether the ruler is for the people or the people for the ruler, whether, in a word, the *servus*

* See chapter vii.

servorum be so in fact or only in theory ; and of that equally vital question, whether the ruler is *from* the people or a power outside of them.

It is a plea for democracy, in its most noble and spiritual sense ; not "the subjection of the clergy to the laity, of the few to the many ; but of clergy and laity alike to the whole body" (p. 384).

He boldly acknowledges that, according to this conception, there will be no short cut to certainty at each stage of the process ; no immediate method for solving the problem of what will abide and what will pass away ; no age has any right to a final decision. But in the deep, continuous, underlying life of the Church is the divine force that sorts and adjusts, preserves and casts out, and fulfils its own divine process.

It may be denied that there is any institutional tribunal by which the laws and formulas of Pope or Council (whichever be held supreme) can be revised ; that there is any formal appeal to the general vote of the faithful on which the validity of such decisions depends. But above the constitutional headship there is the pre-constitutional, which is a necessary fact and not a doctrine. It cannot be denied that, in the life of that formless Church which underlies the hierarchic organisation, God's spirit exercises a silent but sovereign criticism ; that His resistlessly effectual judgment is made known, not in the precise language of definition and decree, but in the slow manifestation of practical results ; in the survival of what has proved itself life-giving ; in the decay and oblivion of all whose value was but relative and temporary (p. 381).

In this radical examination of the foundations of ecclesiastical authority we have not the distinction between Pope and Council that has so often been vainly made in past appeals ; the time for such remedies is over ; authority, whether of Scripture or of Pope or of Council, was seen, by Tyrrell, to repose, at long last, on the same basis. That there was such basis, he

believed ; but to modify the conception of authority, in one of its forms, and leave it unchanged in another, was to stir the question, not to solve it. Once more we come to the principle he had, less consciously and explicitly, defended in " A Perverted Devotion"—*magis et minus non mutant speciem* ; it is not a question of how many, or how few are damned ; it is not a question of how many, or how few, dogmas are defined ; it is not a question of whether infallibility reside mainly in Scripture, or Council, or Pope ; it is a question as to the very essence of dogma and the ultimate foundations of authority.

5.

LAST NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE " CELEBRET " (1907).

A friend of Father Tyrrell happened to be in Rome on a private mission, in the spring of 1907, and made use of the opportunity to endeavour to negotiate the vexed question of the *Celebret* with Cardinal Ferrata. To this friend, B., Tyrrell replied that he must wait till his coming book was out. The matter had never been entirely dropped, even in the Belgian quarter, but it was now taken up more seriously afresh, and this time with the co-operation of a new friend, the Prior of Storrington, backed by his superior, the Abbot of Leffe, in Belgium.

During the early part of the year Tyrrell explained, to these friends also, that he wished first to publish " Through Scylla and Charybdis " ; after which those in authority could decide the matter with complete knowledge of the case.

Of the personal conversations with the Prior of Storrington, which preceded any definite action, I have no record, but on July 20th, 1907, Father Tyrrell wrote him the following letter :

STORRINGTON.

MY DEAR FATHER PRIOR,

It is better that I should write down the engagement I should be willing to make with a view to my reinstatement. Since there has been no charge alleged or proved against me, there must be no question of any condition that would be interpreted as penal; but only of such conditions as are obligatory on every priest in virtue of the common laws of the Church. When the Holy See restores me my rights as a Priest, I will engage faithfully to render the duties dependent on those rights; that is to say, I will not publish any sort of theological teaching, nor will I disseminate such teaching by epistolary correspondence, or in any other way equivalent to publication, without due authorisation. (But till my rights are restored I will regard myself as free from all corresponding duties.)

My principles will not allow of any further concession.

Yours very faithfully,

G. TYRRELL.

The moment was not well chosen. The Syllabus "Lamentabili" of July 3rd had just appeared; (the text was in the *Osservatore Romano* of July 17th, though Tyrrell had not seen it when he wrote); and an Encyclical Letter was expected to follow, as it did in September. Though it was not yet apparent what the result of these documents would be, it was anyhow certain that Tyrrell was one of the last men to be unconcerned in those results.

However, there was nothing, as yet, to give him a definite reason for quashing the negotiations, though there was much to make him half-hearted in their pursuit.

Father Tyrrell was in London at the end of August, when the Prior wrote, August 29th, that he had heard from Cardinal Ferrata in answer to his own letter of August 13th; that the letter of Cardinal Ferrata reproduced, word for word, the statement sent by Tyrrell to the Prior on July 20th; that no extraordinary conditions were asked, but only those

obligatory on all priests. The Prior begged him therefore to sign the proposed formula and send it to him at once to be transmitted to the Holy See. He urged him to use no delay, lest any persons should, as had been hinted, put obstacles in the way.

He enclosed a copy of the letter of Cardinal Ferrata, dated August 23rd, acknowledging the Prior's letter of the 13th, in which the same had assured him of the "buone disposizioni del P. Tyrrell," quoting the formula of Father Tyrrell's letter of July 20th, and demanding that he should sign such formulary and transmit it to the Holy See; on which condition the Holy See grants him the faculty to say Mass *de licentia Ordinarii Loci*.

In conformity with the desire of the Prior, Father Tyrrell answered at once, August 30th, from Clapham :

VERY REV. FATHER PRIOR,

In accordance with the conditions prescribed by the Holy See I hereby undertake, from the date on which I receive permission to celebrate Mass and for as long as I may retain permission, not to publish any sort of theological teaching, nor to diffuse such teaching by correspondence, or in any other manner equivalent to publication, without due authorisation.

Your Reverence's servant in Xt.,

G. TYRRELL.

He added some queries on the next page as to the full meaning to be ascribed to the expressions used.

The letter was posted on the 30th and reached the Prior by the first post, August 31st.

The latter was justified in his anxiety for haste if the matter was to be carried through. Tyrrell was being pulled at from every direction, as the following letter, which he wrote me on the same day, will show. I was at Storrington and in communication with the Prior :

August 30th, 1907.

Here is the Prior's letter and my *formale impiego*. Please keep carefully. I see the *Times* Court News quotes it as a *fait accompli* from the *Giornale d'Italia*. That means they are excited and have blabbed and boasted of my *submission* already. Alfieri writes that my article on "Clerical Candour" (per la Sincerità) appears in a day or two in the *Rinnovamento*, signed. So that will very likely put a spoke in the wheel, unless they are really in a panic to muzzle me.

My head won't get right this time. It feels full of dirty water, which rattles in my ears all day—but it is not so bad to-day. I took care not to promise silence absolutely (as the formula seemed to imply) but conditionally on the *celebret*. If they notice that, I dare say they will refuse. *Da non pubblicare in avvenire* is more than I will say.

I enclose a letter from D. [a priest] urging from another side. D. [a layman] writes that it would be deplorable to get tied up now; that I would be classed with Minocchi and Murri and other "penitents." B. [an Italian priest] writes Aye; A. [an Italian layman] writes No, etc., etc.

Not much chance for an overwrought man, and on August 31st appeared a notice in the *Daily Chronicle* calculated to put the last weight in the left side of the scales so evenly balanced. It announced the reported submission and reinstatement of Father Tyrrell, recapitulated something of his past history, and expressed doubt as to the truth of the assertions of the Vatican press, since such action would "involve his withdrawal into private life and cut short his career as a writer." Besides which, he was just about to publish a "Plea for Greater Sincerity" among Catholic scholars, while a complete edition of his Italian works was being prepared.

His letter to Storrington had departed, but at once, in the morning of August 31st, he sent me a wire, asking me to see the Prior, and stop the despatch of the documents. I went to the Priory during the morning, but was too late; they had been despatched by the first post, 11 a.m.

He wrote to me as follows, August 31st :

It is clear that the Vatican press has been told to shout victory and brandish my scalp in the face of the liberals. I am writing to the *Daily Chronicle* and to the *Giornale d' Italia* to temper their enthusiasm. After a week or so, when these letters have been read at Rome, the Prior (if he has not done so already) may send his letter with my so-called "submission." If then they agree, they are indeed defeated ; but they will not.

I have said [to the *Giornale d' Italia*]:

"The Vatican press, in its eagerness to secure a victory, mistakes proposals for agreements. There was never any question of submission to the common law of censorship obligatory on all priests. It is to the censorship of my private correspondence that I have refused, and will refuse 'submission,' as contrary to Canon Law and to natural right. If the Holy Father thinks I have yielded on that point he has been misinformed—not by me. If, however, he has withdrawn that requirement, then, in restoring me to my ordinary canonical rights, he subjects me once more to my ordinary canonical duties. The latter do not exist for me so long as I am unjustly deprived of the former."

I have said nearly the same thing to the *Daily Chronicle*. Also I have warned the *Tablet* and the *Catholic Times* that I will give the lie to any similar rumours on their part. I am writing a note to the Prior.

P.S.—Here comes your wire [to say I had been too late]. Well, it is still unlikely that they will give the *Celebret* within a week before they have seen my letters, article, etc., and if they do I can return it if this false rumour cannot be checked.

He also wrote, forthwith, to His Eminence Cardinal Ferrata, to complain of the indiscretion which had delivered his affairs to the Press, and to retract the undertaking forwarded by the Prior of Storrington.

The letter was as follows :

IVY HOUSE, OLD TOWN,
CLAPHAM.

August 31st, 1907.

YOUR EMINENCE,

I regret that the unpardonable indiscretion which delivered our as yet unfinished negotiations to the Vatican press should thereby have virtually frustrated those negotiations.

It is impossible for me to tolerate the false impression created by

these journals. I had never resisted the *common* laws of censorship to which alone I have stated my adhesion in the document forwarded to you by the Prior of Storrington yesterday. Where there had been no protest there could be no question of "submission."

To the censorship of my private correspondence I have still less submitted. When I learnt that such a condition had been withdrawn or had never been imposed I was bound, in consistency with my unaltered attitude, to accept the ordinary duties along with the ordinary rights of my position. This inordinate thirst for "submissions," this desire to humiliate and degrade, is suicidal and disastrous.

I should be obliged if you would explain this letter to the Holy Father. So far as an *impasse* has, I fear, been created by this unexpected development, I think we had better regard it as final. Indefinite relations are equally unsatisfactory to both sides, and paralyse action.

Your Eminence's servant in Christ,
G. TYRRELL.

The sequence of events was therefore the following :

1. Negotiations of B. in Rome in the early part of the year, to which Tyrrell had replied that he would wait till his book and other writings were out.

2. Negotiations through Père Xavier de la Fourvière, Prior of Storrington, in July, with Tyrrell's letter to same of July 20th.

3. Letter of the Prior, August 29th, enclosing the reply of Cardinal Ferrata and sketch of formula to be signed.

4. Tyrrell's reply to same, August 30th, with signed formula, and express condition of fulfilling promise when, and so long as he enjoyed *Celebret*.

5. Press remarks August 31st and report of "submission."

6. Telegram of Tyrrell early on morning of August 31st asking M. D. Petre to see Prior at once and arrest the despatch of documents. (Documents despatched already by 11 a.m. post.)

7. Letters of Tyrrell to *Giornale d' Italia*, to *Daily Chronicle*, and to other papers, denying reported "submission," and claiming that there could have been no question of same, since he had only held out against special and odious condition as to private correspondence, which had been withdrawn.

8. Letter of Tyrrell to Cardinal Ferrata, retracting promise forwarded by the Prior.

The appearance in the *Rinnovamento* of his article, "A Plea for Candour," just at this moment was an accidental issue which did not alter the actual case; he had sent it some time back; the Editor, through press of work, had not acknowledged its receipt; and thus it appeared in the very midst of negotiations.

On September 2nd he wrote to V. :

Yes; but do you not see that when the bit is in my mouth they will begin to pull, and my books will be attacked when I can, they fancy, no longer defend them? Plainly the Prior said far too much. [This is more than likely, for he was eager, on the one hand, to get the matter settled, while, on the other hand, he was not in touch with Tyrrell's other interests.] But the signed article in *Rinnovamento* was bound to be fatal. I told them I would follow Murri's lead when I sent it. They never even acknowledged the receipt of it. Had I foreseen these negotiations I should have said don't sign, and was going to wire to that effect on Friday, when I learned from the *Daily Chronicle* that it was too late. I have complained to Ferrata, etc. However, it will end the indefinite position. Probably now it will be embarrassing to return to the Priory, etc.

September 4th. (To same.)

All my steps are taken. There is nothing but to wait results. I should think the *Giornale* article would make it impossible for the Pope's pride to yield—especially if it would be to encourage liberals, as they say. [This is a reference to the article in the *Giornale d' Italia* of August 30th, 1907, which remarked that such a reinstatement would be an encouragement to intellectual Catholics, and portend an era of tolerance.] Yes; the tons of congratulations, enquiries, etc., are very worrying; and I have spent 12s. in telegrams to Italy in three days, etc.

September 9th. (To same.)

[Speaks of an invitation to accompany some friends to Rome.] N. is better pleased with my *démenti* in the *Daily Chronicle* than I am myself. The *Catholic Times*, *Universe*, etc., were in better form. But one had to act at once and no time for niceties.

Later :

It seems to me that the best sort will be scandalised even by the appearance of submission at the present moment of danger. I am embarrassed about my relations to the Priory under the circumstances.

On September 24th the *Corrispondenza Romana*, that well-known organ of Vatican politics, published an article on the "Affaire Tyrrell." It first stated that there had never been any question of supervising private correspondence in the ordinary sense; next it detailed the order of negotiations with Rome.

It then proceeded to declare that :

1. It was not the Vatican press, but the *Giornale d'Italia*, that committed the indiscretion.

2. That, in case of inexactitude, Tyrrell had only to publish the letter of Cardinal Ferrata and his own declaration.

3. That he had written on August 31st as though he were deprived of his priestly rights, whereas he had signed the formula on August 30th.

4. That, apart from the question of his reinstatement, he was not entitled to publish works on religious subjects without leave.

To this article Father Tyrrell replied in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* of September 24th.

He points out that, whereas he had remonstrated, as far back as July, 1906, against the proposed condition in regard to private correspondence, it was only nine months later that he was told what those words really signified. He then resumed the chain of events, and

showed that his promise of silence had been conditional on the reception of a *Celebret*, that the *Celebret* had never been actually sent or received, and that he had withdrawn the conditional promise before it could be sent.

As to the publications referred to by the *Corrispondenza Romana*, they were previous to the last negotiations.

Tyrrell also wrote again to Cardinal Ferrata, on September 29th, asking him to have a paragraph of fair explanation inserted in the *Corrispondenza Romana*, and on October 11th he wrote for the last time, saying that he would himself publish the whole correspondence. This design was, however, abandoned; to the satisfaction of many of his friends, and to his own peace of mind.

When it comes to a question of personal welfare, an individual has not the least chance against a system, and, in his calmer moments, Father Tyrrell knew this well enough. "The appetite for personal justification grows tyrannical with indulgence," he once wrote to a friend under slightly similar circumstances; it was not, indeed, in this case, solely a question of personal justification, but it was partly such, and in the matter of scientific self-defence Tyrrell was no master.*

To some of his friends such discussions seemed well worth the expenditure of time and strength if thereby the unfairness of clerical government could be proved. To others of his friends it seemed that he was of material too choice and impressionable for this kind of work, from which, indeed, he ever did his best to deter his own dearest friends. To many, therefore, the fact that he came out of the dispute with his integrity

* See letter to Mr. Robert Dell of August 17th, 1906, already quoted.

proved was not quite worth the cost to his physical strength and moral tranquillity.

In his works it was the forces of spiritual life and thought that he brought to bear against the vices of the ecclesiastical system ; and for such warfare he was well fashioned and equipped. In a more personal discussion the very lifelessness of certain elements of the system made for its success against the sensitive constitution of a living man, and the contest was more likely to break his own heart than to convert those with whom he fought. This was what his more militant friends failed to realise when they incited him to further efforts, and he, with his disposition to speak so that every man "heard in his own language," was not likely to enlighten them.

CHAPTER XV

PIUS X. AND THE "PASCENDI"

IN February, 1896, Father Tyrrell had written in the *Month*:

According to the oft-quoted apocryphal prophecies of St. Malachy, *Lumen Cœli* is to be succeeded on the throne of Peter by *Ignis Ardens*. Perhaps the latter forecast may at first sight suggest a Boanerges invoking fire from Heaven on the Church's enemies, fulminating anathemas and excommunications. Yet, if the development of the spirit which has been fostered by Leo XIII. is to continue uninterrupted, we may rather augur that the fire to come upon earth is that which Christ came to kindle, the fire of an all-embracing charity, whose flames, according to a quaint exegesis, are as sharp arrows in the hearts of the King's enemies.*

On June 17th, 1901, he wrote to Baron F. von Hügel:

Give me not a Pope Angelicus, but a Pope Canute, or Knut, who will set the Chair of Peter by the sea shore and forbid the tide to wet his feet; and will thereby put his courtiers to shame:

On August 3rd, 1903, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, ascended the Pontifical throne as Pius X.—an unexpected issue to the conclave, and a new experience at the court of the Vatican, more used to rulers of worldly position than to simple priests of modest origin.

I am wondering [Father Tyrrell wrote to the same friend] what you think of Pius X., and how much you know about him. One is

* "A Change of Tactics"—republished in "The Faith of the Millions," under the title of "A More Excellent Way."

at least glad that intrigue defeated itself. If he is a really religious man—not merely a rigorous formalist—his instincts will be right; or, at worst, his mistakes will be more tolerable. I do hope he is not a Jesuit.

Early accounts seemed to promise a fulfilment of those hopes. Even if our new ruler had been checked, as report said, in his first instinct of universal fatherliness to go forth, reckless of political consequences, and bless the whole city, which was now his See, the whole world, which was now his Church, and to make once more, over both, the sign of universal redemption, yet enough was known to raise the hopes of the unworldly-minded; to suggest the advent of a Pope of the people, in every sense; of a saint, indifferent to temporalities, intent only to preach the Gospel to little ones.

Later on, Tyrrell wrote of him to V. :

All the Pope does from his own insight shows him an evangelical; that he is not anti-theological is merely lack of insight, not defect of temperament. He does not see the solidarity of Rabbinism and worldliness. Hence he is a foe of our foes without being a friend of our friends. I am not sure that, indirectly and remotely, he is not doing more for us by preparing a soil for the seed of Gospel Christianity than would be done by some academic Leo XIII., who should attempt to reform the intelligence of the clergy while leaving them in their present moral stagnation. (March 18th, 1904.)

With that "evangelical" Pope Tyrrell was to come into relations a good deal more active and defined than he guessed when he wrote those words; and his prophecy of 1896 was to be curiously falsified in his own respect.

The Encyclical Letter "Pascendi," of September 8th, 1907, following on the Syllabus "Lamentabili" of July 3rd, may be said to have opened a new epoch in the history of the Church; we have yet to see how long that

epoch is destined to endure. For the first time it was not certain leaders, a certain school or certain schools, nor even any particular country, but the whole body of the Church, bishops, priests, religious and laity, excluding only the Sovereign Pontiff himself, that fell under suspicion of heresy. Not, of course, that every individual was thus suspected ; but that the suspicion was so widespread, so without exception of place, or class, or vocation, that no one could be said to be immune. The few years that have elapsed since its appearance have more and more deeply justified this first impression ; the exaction of the anti-Modernist oath, and the disciplinary measures attached to it ; the breakdown of old traditions in the Catholic Press of respect for the persons of Bishops and Cardinals and belief in their orthodoxy ; the widespread notion, so acceptable to a certain class, that it is safe to accuse others, because the authorities will always be ready to listen to such accusations—these, and many other symptoms prove that, in its character and bearings, this Encyclical was well understood by many from the beginning.

If there are some who have suffered not a little from the methods imposed on the Church by this Pontifical Letter, it may be that it is destined to prove, at long last, one of the great and mysterious measures of Providence for the survival of the Church in the deeply and rapidly changing circumstances of the modern world. For in this Encyclical is most clearly proclaimed the futility of palliatives and temporary accommodations ; the new heretics, according to the Holy Father, “lay the axe not to the branches but to the very root,” and if they themselves would deny it to be an *axe* that they are using, they would admit that it is not, indeed, the *branches* with which they are concerned. For indeed, as the Encyclical points out, the questions at issue

regard the intimate relations of faith and science ; the adequacy or inadequacy of human reason to the apprehension of spiritual reality ; the great problem of transcendence and immanence ; the value of other non-Catholic or non-Christian religions,—proved by their having, or not having, a common root in the relations of God to man and man to God ; the distinction, or non-distinction, of the provinces of human knowledge and faith ; the one-for-all or all-for-one conceptions of authority.

Father Tyrrell was invited by the *Times* newspaper to express his views on the "Pascendi," and a like invitation came from the *Giornale d' Italia*. He complied with both requests, and articles appeared in the *Times* of September 30th and October 1st, and in the *Giornale* of September 25th, 1907.

This action was regarded by most Catholics, and by some non-Catholics, as audacious and unjustifiable. To answer the Pope at all was bad enough ; to answer him in a Protestant newspaper was much worse.

As to answering him at all, Tyrrell was, of course, not without precedent. "Babbo mio" used to hear many home truths from St. Catherine of Siena; the "Divina Commedia," that glory of Catholic Italy, has been, in many of its parts, a standing address to Popes and Papacy ever since it was written ; the great advocate of papal rights, Cardinal Bellarmine, in his own words

frequently warned the Pope [Clement VIII.] that he should beware of deceits, that he should not suppose that he could, by his own effort, since he was no theologian, attain to the understanding of so obscure a matter * [the Molinist controversy].

To the same Pope the same Cardinal wrote, in 1602,

* "Venerabilis Roberti Bellarmini Vita quam ipsemet scripsit," etc. Edited by Döllinger and Reusch, Bonn, 1887.

on the above subject, warning him to do nothing by his own judgment, because, if

many Popes have, without exhausting themselves with study, condemned many errors with the help of councils and universities, others have, through their many studies, brought both themselves and the Church into great difficulties.

He instanced John XXII. in his theory as to the vision of the blessed ; Sixtus V. in his edition of the Bible.*

Experts in Church History could adduce many other important instances in which Popes have not only heard, but have listened to frank remonstrances on the part of their subjects.

Not, however, in the non-Catholic Press, it may be urged, have such remonstrances been made. But, on the other hand, is it likely, when the Pope lives in the Vatican, surrounded by a purely official class, that the private form of address would ever reach him with the least effect ; that the " Babbo mio dolce " style of a St. Catherine would be at all in place ; that the bold letter of a Bellarmine would ever reach the hands for which it was intended ?

Again, it will be said that this was a public and solemn pronouncement, and that to attack it was to attack the Pope in his official capacity. Here we come to the point wherein the action would have been inexcusable, perhaps, in a priest under ordinary conditions. But Tyrrell was a priest without a bishop, a subject without a king, an accused without anyone responsible for his defence. He was, in fact, an outlaw in the very true sense of the word, and he made use of his state of outlawry to say what a protected citizen could not have said.

Then again, this Encyclical was of rather a special

* Letter in notes to same, pp. 261-262.

and peculiar character ; it partook of the nature of a theological and controversial treatise to a degree usually unknown in such documents. Whether this suggested that it was the composition of others than the Pope himself, or not, was a secondary question to that of whether such a document could, thus couched in the form of an argument, be taken in as solemn a sense as if it had been a pronouncement. If "the king can do no wrong," neither can he attack, or defend, or in any way dispute. He is at once the most potent and the most helpless member of society. This was a point that Tyrrell indicated in his letter to the *Giornale*; quoting words addressed by a French bishop to Abbé Loisy—"a bishop does not argue, he condemns."

In his first article in the *Times* Tyrrell summarises the teaching of the Encyclical, and maintains that whereas it "tries to show the Modernist that he is no Catholic, it mostly succeeds only in showing him that he is no scholastic."

In the second he treats of its practical measures and of its probable result on religious thought, and points out that if it sets forth a chain of reasoning against the so-called "Modernist" it provides none for those opponents of religion with whom it has been the "Modernist's" task to deal. He protests that no "Modernist" will be moved to abandon Catholicism by "any act of juridical violence," and maintains that what is most to be regretted is "the loss of one of the Church's greatest opportunities of proving herself the saviour of the nations."

One is reminded of the words of Newman in a letter to a friend :

Instead of being a world-wide power, we are shrinking into ourselves, narrowing the lines of communion, trembling at freedom of thought, and using the language of dismay and despair at the

prospect before us; instead of with the high spirit of the warrior, going out conquering and to conquer.”*

The article in the *Giornale* is briefer, sharper, and more concise. He invites the writer of the Encyclical to give, in addition to his

picture of Modernism, as complete a picture of the scholastic interpretation of Catholicism—of a Church whose whole dogmatic and institutional system goes back unchanged to the apostolic age when it was abruptly created at one stroke, and since when it has undergone no vital development, but at most a mechanical unfolding of what was given *in actu* from the very first. Complete this picture of the perfect negation of “Modernism” point by point, and I guarantee that even Pius X. will start back from what is supposed to be the work of his hands.

He declares that the Pope,

identifying Catholicism with its scholastic interpretation . . . cannot but condemn “Modernism” root and branch, and it is hard to be patient with those “Modernists” who are surprised at so inevitable an issue.

The result of these articles was sensational; blame and praise were simultaneously shouted in the writer’s ears. As to the ecclesiastical consequences, they were, of course, a foregone conclusion.

The following letters show something of his after feelings in regard to this move :

To Baron F. von Hügel.

October 3rd, 1907.

MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,

I am not surprised at your demur to my tone. I am flesh and blood and it was necessary to act *swiftly* before that coolness had supervened in which alone I am ever conscious of acerbity; for I still expected every post might bring me a *celebret* and silence me. When I resolved to sign, I resolved to face certain excommunication and had no consideration of personal safety to retard my nerve. I felt that nothing but a shock of some kind would tell at Rome, and that as soon as their pride was soothed by my excommunication

* Letter to Miss Bowles—November 11th, 1866. See “Life,” etc., by Wilfrid Ward. Vol. ii, p. 127.

they would pause and consider their evil ways. Also I wanted to shame the . . . and other trimmers and big talkers into some kind of firm action. With more time and quiet the shots could have been better aimed. Now they are delivered for better or for worse, and I leave the rest to God and Law. I know quite well that, not you, but others will find a certain shelter behind my enormities, and will seem tolerable by comparison, especially as they will easily and sincerely be able to disavow me—much as Loisy makes Lagrange almost safe.

As far back as February, 1904, he had said to the same :

Unqualified obedience is often viewed as merely a fault on the right side and not as the profoundest idolatry and immorality. Of course, if the Pope is God there is an end of it; but even Pius IX. did not define so much as that. If he is not God there may be cases where obedience to him would be treason to conscience.

To the Rev. A. L. Lilley.

STORRINGTON,
October 3rd, 1907.

Thanks. One wants half-pence amidst so many kicks. It is generally agreed that my letter to the *Giornale* was excessive; and the Baron is sad even over the tone of my *Times* articles. Of course when it is needful to strike swiftly one is sure to strike roughly; and more leisure and peace would have given a far more skilful blow. But it is done; and I await decapitation *unice securus*. I should be only too pleased if you thought me worthy of an "epistle dedicatory."* The *celebret* embroglio goes on and the tangle of lies and slanders grows daily in complexity. I have called on Ferrata to publish the *whole* correspondence; else I shall.

To another friend, Monsieur Augustin Leger, he wrote later the following "Apologia":

MEADHURST,
EASTBOURNE,
December 24th, 1907.

MY DEAR LEGER,

I ought to be ashamed of my long delay in answering your most kind and sympathetic letter of November 3rd. But I have

* To Mr. Lilley's forthcoming work, "Modernism, A Record and Review," with Epistle Dedicatory to George Tyrrell.

grown shameless and hardened by such repeated acts of infidelity. You asked me about the motives of my ecclesiastical suicide. They were various—diplomatic, religious, personal, human; I felt that Rome was trading on the assumption that the idea of absolute obedience had so triumphed that she might say or do anything, however reckless. I felt that one should show that resistance was still a contingency to be reckoned with; and I think my bad example has been sufficiently followed to make Rome (not the Pope) pause in her wild career of destruction. As already suspended, I had less to lose in the venture than other priests. Again, all whom I had ever brought to or kept in the Church would have been scandalised had I silently accepted a document denying every reason I had given them. I felt I should show them that I could reject that document and yet remain a Roman Catholic. Again, I felt it would be better to come out in public, and act as my own accuser and defender, than wait to be tracked down by inquisitors and be condemned for some outrageous travesty of my position. Again, the secrecy and diplomacy of my conformity has always been odious to me, and I have maintained it solely to avoid the *scandalum pusillorum*, but seeing that the Encyclical augments that scandal by a travesty of my views, that restraining motive is gone and I can “deliver my soul” and resume my self-respect. Again, I have felt the moral badness of Rome and the Curia so deeply and acutely these late years that I cannot take active service, as a priest, under such a *canaille*. I feel as a French monarchist officer who throws up his commission rather than serve under a government of *apaches*. The Montagnini and the Benigni revelations have extinguished every spark of respect for the present *personnel* of the Roman See. Again, if *everyone* submits to Rome’s repressive measures there will be no remedy, but only a reinforcement of present evils. If the captain is driving the vessel on the rocks that he does not know of, we who know must refuse to be silent or to obey him to his own destruction. That were obedience of the letter and not of the spirit, etc. I take it for granted that only a very few of my friends will approve of my action. But, on the whole, I believe it was objectively as well as subjectively right, and I do not regret it. Even though the ship will go on the rocks, I have done my best to prevent it. There must be a *débâcle*. After that, perhaps, a reconstruction. The root error was in 1870. Condense all power into the hands of one man, who may be a fool or a knave, and what can you expect? It would be a miracle if things were otherwise, and miracles don’t happen.

CHAPTER XVI

EXCOMMUNICATION (1907)

ON October 22nd, 1907, Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, wrote to Father Tyrrell that his two articles in the *Times* had raised the question of his right to approach the Sacraments. The Bishop had therefore referred the matter to Rome, and, his letter having been laid before the Holy Father, the answer was that Tyrrell was deprived of the Sacraments and his case reserved to the Holy See.

Tyrrell writes to Baron F. von Hügel, October 23rd :

The enclosed will not surprise you. Note, that unlike Mivart's case, the excommunication is universal and not merely diocesan ; then, that there were no *pourparlers* or proposals ; thirdly, that it is doubtful whether I am condemned for a sin against *doctrine* or against *discipline*. My programme is *dead* silence—not even an allusion to it in my future writings.

On October 27th, after some days in which to correct first impressions, he wrote to Dr. Amigo as follows :

STORRINGTON,
SUSSEX.

YOUR LORDSHIP,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 22nd. Were I not a Roman Catholic by ineradicable conviction I should, of course, say Mass in private every day ; but being what I am, I owe it to my own conscience to respect the decision of the Holy See by abstaining from the Sacraments. You speak of "submission," but your letter in no way defines the precise nature of my offence—since to write to the *Times* is not of itself a canonical offence meriting excommunication. I have rarely or never written anything which after-thought would not have

mended in some respects. And therefore if, in defence of the imperilled faith of so many souls inside and outside the Church, I was at moments carried away by indignation into any unbecoming irony or sarcasm ; if I forgot myself and the Gospel so far as to answer reproach with reproach, or bitterness with bitterness ; if I allowed myself to be drawn down to the level of personal attack, to the detriment of the courtesy and reverence due to the office of the Holy Father, I deeply regret such a defection from what I hope are my habitual instincts and principles, and I cordially apologise to those whom I have unintentionally shocked or offended. Or again, if I have in any point misunderstood or misrepresented their views, or have in any other way deviated from the truth, I shall be only too glad to say so publicly as soon as such deviations are made clear to me. If, however, my offence lies in having protested publicly, in the name of Catholicism, against a document destructive of the only possible defence of Catholicism and of every reason for submitting, within due limits, to ecclesiastical authority—a document which constitutes the greatest scandal for thousands who, like myself, have been brought into, and kept in, the Church by the influence of Cardinal Newman and of the mystical theology of the Fathers and the Saints—for such a protest I am absolutely and finally impenitent. I may not lie, and for me, in all the circumstances, silence would have been the basest of lies and a cowardly betrayal of the Church whose service has been the sole aim of my life.

Your Lordship's servant in Christ,

G. TYRRELL.

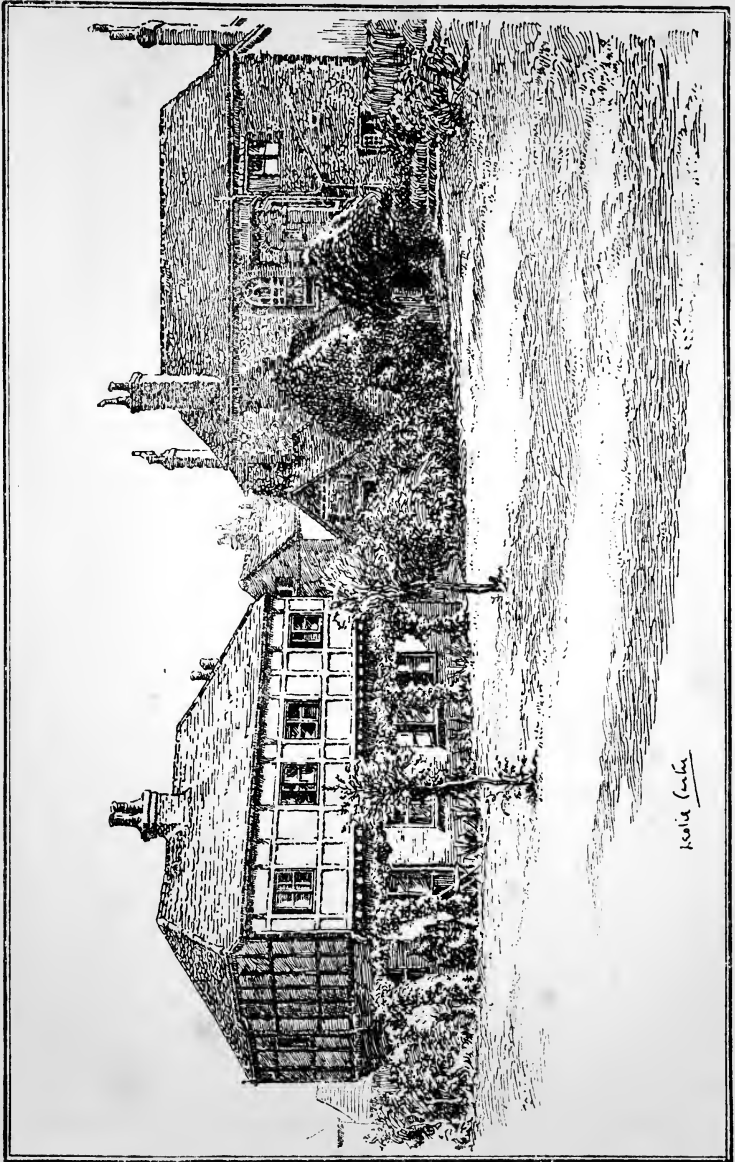
P.S. I should be not merely willing but very glad if, in the interest of fairness and charity, your Lordship would give publicity to this communication as soon as possible.

The Bishop, however, was not disposed to publish the letter ; he did not answer it but sent a notice to the Press to explain that Father Tyrrell was not excommunicated, as had been reported, but only forbidden the Sacraments.

On November 1st Tyrrell wrote once more as follows :

YOUR LORDSHIP,

I confess I am puzzled. If the distinction between excommunication and privation of the Sacraments under reservation to the Pope is as vital as your hasty recourse to the Central Press



COTTAGE IN THE GARDEN OF MULBERRY HOUSE, STORRINGTON.

Agency seems to imply, why did you not at once correct my mistake, as evident in my letter to you of last Monday? I have never doubted your personal friendliness towards me or that your official action was more necessary than willing. As I have written to the *Times*, for me, and for the public and for the dictionaries, excommunication and privation of the Sacraments are one and the same thing. Was Dr. Mivart not excommunicated? However, life is too short and busy to be wasted in wrangles over words, and my experience of the last two years convinces me that any further correspondence with Pius X. and his representatives would be worse than futile. I would ask you once more to give publicity to my letter of last Monday. To do so will be entirely to your honour. It will not be entirely to your honour if I have to do so. Let there be at least one bright spot on this shameful page of Church history. And with this request I beg, respectfully but firmly, to be troubled by no further official communications.

To this Dr. Amigo replied the next day, regretting Father Tyrrell's attitude, and declining to make public the letter.

He wounded and angered Tyrrell very much by, furthermore, sending a notice to the deaneries that the latter was not to receive the Sacraments should he present himself.

Tyrrell was not the only one condemned. A group of Italian priests had drawn up a protest entitled "Il Programma dei Modernisti"; though nameless, they were excommunicated. The editors of the *Rinnovamento* were struck in their turn, and there was an ardent discussion as to whether Newman himself was not condemned in the "Lamentabili" and the "Pascendi," especially in the former. That he was not *nominally* condemned, and that a pronouncement was obtained from Rome that there had been no intention to condemn him, was not a satisfactory answer to the question whether his doctrines and theories were, or were not, actually anathematised in either document.*

* See letters to the *Times* in November, 1907, from Abbot Gasquet, Father Norris of the Birmingham Oratory, Mr. W. J.

It was by accident, rather than intention, that Tyrrell's article, "Beati Excommunicati," which had been dated at Richmond, May 18th, 1904, appeared in the *Grande Revue* of October, 1907, having been some time in the hands of a friend awaiting publication.

In it he had foretold the fate of those who would not be able to keep silence if silence should come to signify an adhesion to the principles of absolutism. In such case the condemned were to remember that the spiritual light and warmth of the Church extended far beyond her visible walls. In their very conception of her divinity were they to find consolation when deprived of her ordinary help and blessings.

For :

The thoughtful Catholic no longer regards her as a sharp-edged sphere of light walled round with abrupt and impenetrable darkness, but rather as a centre and focus from which the light of religion, spread over all ages and nations, shades away indefinitely and is mingled in varying degrees with that darkness which can never wholly conquer it. He cannot stand so far from the focus as not to share some measure of its influence, however qualified; in a word, he cannot suffer complete, inward, spiritual excommunication.*

Williams, Mr. Robert Dell. See also article by Rev. George Tyrrell in *Guardian*, of November 20th, 1907.

* I quote from the original MS.

CHAPTER XVII

MODERNISM (1907-1908)

AFTER the events of September and October, 1907, Father Tyrrell withdrew himself and his effects from the Monastery at Storrington, and only attended the Church on Sunday for Mass. He settled at Mulberry House, and continued his usual life of study and writing. In the winter he spent some time in London, in a house in Kensington, lent him by some friends, and went abroad in the spring of 1908, first to Switzerland and then to the home of his friend, the Abbé H. Bremond, in Provence. He returned to London in May, and stayed at Clapham, with the Shelleys. In August he returned to Storrington.

1.

WATCHING THE MOVEMENT.

He had become a central figure since the issue of the "Pascendi," and his own letters to the *Times*. From his correspondence we can get the best account of what he saw, and what he suffered during the ensuing months.

The following letter was written to Baron F. von Hügel about a mutual friend, who was perplexed as to his course of action in the crisis :

I was not surprised at N.'s letter. The "prestige" argument is of this world, and less reputable than the "scandal" argument, which is spiritual within limits. We should not merit to lose our

prestige, nor should we wantonly sacrifice it. But it seems to me that a Christian should be ready to face utter failure and desertion, without even a hope of recognition by posterity, for what he believes to be right and true. I have no courage to plunge into that fire, but I foresee that I shall be pushed into it. Then as for communion with the religion of the poor, there is outward and inward, and the latter is first in importance. Our whole aim is a return to the simple faith of the masses, as against sacerdotalism and esoteric theology. If the priests have captured the crowd for their own purposes, the deliverers of the crowd will be stoned and crucified by the crowd. The religion of the crowd is corrupted by priest-worship and there we cannot be with the crowd.

I can only see two honest positions. You will say I am the fox who has lost his tail. It is rather a fox who has bitten off his tail to save his life. Submission to me would be spiritual and moral death. I often and often think of the nice easy Farm-Street-Confessor, lady's lap-dog kind of life I could have led at the price of a little indifference, and could probably get back to if I were N. or N. I wish to Heaven I could see my way to it. But I simply can't. I don't want N. to see the *Entweder-oder*; but it is there all the same.

To V., January 3rd, 1908 :

A Roman review, *Nova et Vetera*, is starting to criticise the action, method and spirit of the Vatican from a dignified moral and Christian standpoint. If well done it will be well.

January 8th, to same :

This papolatry is getting quite grotesque. An Italian association addressed him the other day as "the sole fountain of truth"; the German bishops, at the end of their conference, broke out into a sort of "Gloria in excelsis Pio"; Troeltsch is quoted at length in the *Morning Post* as regretfully admitting that Modernism has no future inside the Church of Rome, which has practically repudiated Catholicism in the old historical sense, and must remain outside the religious as well as the scientific life of the coming age, and quietly fall to pieces like a deserted house.

Have been quietly reading Döllinger's letters about his *affaire* with Rome. A horrible parallel. And he was so profoundly right. But the lie triumphed and the truth was crushed. I am very, very tired.

January 25th, to same :

It really seems they are going to draw up a "test" at Rome for suspects to sign.

(He did not live to see it done.)

Also I am told they think of an absolute and universal prohibition of mixed marriages. . . . They must have, at least, great faith in the strength of their position. I feel the best we can do is to work for religion *in general*, and eliminate all references to Churches. We must give the starved multitudes half a loaf rather than no bread at all.

February 8th, to same :

If one could only live on a spiritual mountain-top and above all these storms. It must be possible.

February 9th, to same :

To-day I read an address on Modernism to a congress of Unitarian Ministers, to disabuse them of H.'s scandalous misrepresentations.*

February 17th, to same :

A nasty article on Loisy in the *Nation* which tries to save the Modernist ship by throwing Jonas overboard. I would rather it went down than that it were saved by such tactics. As to Christology I am elaborating my address to the Unitarian ministers and half think of publishing it as an independent pamphlet. They pushed me hard, but I do not think they scored any one point against my plea for Christ-worship.

March 17th, to same :

I am feeling all the difference between "check" and "mate." My past throes seem now mere poses. One believed subconsciously that "something would turn up," the sort of something one wanted. Perhaps God's nothings are better than our somethings. One feels so pitifully small and microbious and insignificant. *Homo natus de muliere brevi vivens tempore*. Three nasty vicious letters against the poor Baron in the *Tablet*. To see him *aux prises* with M. would make angels weep.

* At Essex Hall.

To Baron F. von Hügel, March 18th, 1908 :

BOUTRE,
VINON, VAR.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I am much annoyed on your account by the letters in the *Tablet* of the 14th, and I wish I were near you so as to talk them over. Of course neither of them have got hold of the *standpoint* of Loisy, and assume that all stands or falls with the historical infallibility of Mark. But they never *will* see it; neither will the man in the street. Truth is too subtle and elusive ever to prevail with the crowd, and we must face that fact patiently. I don't think we can do more now than stand by and see the vessel steered right on to the rocks. God seems to have taken the matter out of our hands. While there was hope they would heed, we were bound to shout danger! even though they bade us hold our peace. One can say now to others: *Dormite jam et requiescite*. Looking back our mistake has been our zeal to help them out of their difficulties—or at least to help the distressed intelligence of the minority to hold on to the Church. Our "Syntheses" and solutions have raised *theological* difficulties in solving *historical*; and they, the officials, have fastened on the former and ignored the latter. Turmel's always struck me as the *right* line; also Leroy's "What is a dogma?" Christ and Socrates both give us the method of dealing with officialism, *i.e.* "hearing them and asking them questions." Thus we should have prepared them to welcome our suggestions. "L'Évangile et l'Église" and "Lex Orandi" were written for needs that Rome has never felt or realised.

To V., March 22nd, 1908. Aix :

Have you ever read the life of Scipio Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia—a friend of Grégoire. Like Rosmini's "Cinque Piaghe" it shows that the cry for reform is perennial, and that Rome has always shifted it by the same methods, for the same ends, money and power.

To V., April 1st :

A very annoying *canard* appeared in the Italian clerical papers that in a conference at Paris I had renounced and even denounced Loisy. B. wrote at once to tell me, but the letter went to Eden Hotel, Montreux, and never reached me, so that the rumour had ten days to grow before N. sent it to me full-blown and preposterous. It was a sort of *ballon d'essai* either to get me to leave Loisy or to commit myself to him.

He had written to Abbé Loisy himself on March 27th :

I delivered no conference at Paris, nor did I in private say anything of the sort. I have written a flat *démenti* of the fable, which is patently *tendancieuse*, and designed to prove that the Modernist camp is divided against itself.

To V., April 10th :

I am so glad you liked "Quelques Lettres" (Abbé Loisy). But what hopeless people they are! To-day I despatch positively my last word on the dreary subject to *Harvard Review*.

May 3rd, to same :

CLAPHAM.

I think you will agree with me that Modernism is corrupting rapidly into a popular revolt. The younger and cruder men have been exasperated by Pius X. and have lost all patience with synthetic schemes. The "Lettere d'un Prete Modernista," referred to in the last *Nova et Vetera*, means a change of Programme, a possible schism; a this-worldliness of outlook that makes the whole thing banal and commonplace. This is what happened in 1789. Ideas passed from the study to the exasperated mob; and what should have been a slow permeation of the old by the new became a conflagration. The notion of liberty was made foolish and the work had all to be done over again. I wrote an article for *Nova et Vetera* in a moderating sense; but they asked me to alter it. I said they might alter it, but in that case I would not sign it. I could live and work and suffer for humanity only on the supposition that humanity is eternal in some way; and that when the earth is shrivelled up it will still matter what men have done and how they have lived. Else Omar is right; and all this blatant altruism is mere illusion. I don't believe we doctrinaires will be able to hold back these rebels. A new book by Prezzolini* has impressed me very much in the same sense that the old bottles cannot contain the new wine. Burst they must. Yet my sole interest was not in the new wine but in the old bottles. Two thousand years ago I should have sided with Peter and have had no faith in a breach with the synagogue. If it is only a question of social progress and educational reform the world can look after itself and I see no use in lugging religion into the business.

* "Il Cattolicesimo Rosso."

2.

“MODERNISM” AND “MODERNISTS.”

In one of his two letters to the *Times*, on the subject of the “Pascendi,” Tyrrell had indicated the danger of driving into one line the left and right wings of the religious movement. He foresaw that, however fundamental might be their differences, “adversity makes strange bed-fellows,” and that men may become united in opposition who are not united in conviction. Such coalitions cannot be long maintained, because they are not based on fundamental agreement, but rather on a shared hostility to common wrongs and injustice; yet even the temporary association may be injurious to a sacred cause.

This confusion of opposites has not indeed, to all appearance, been regarded as a misfortune by those chiefly interested in defending, applying, and even further developing the teaching of the “Pascendi.” Having for their chief object the justification of that document, the vital injury to religion of such confusion of terms and causes has escaped their attention or interest. Yet what more serious damage can be inflicted on religion, or through religion on Catholicism, or through Catholicism on the Catholic Church, than thus to obliterate the all-important distinction between the religious, and the non-religious mind; the man of *other-worldly* and the man of *this-worldly* ideals; between one to whom religion stands for worship and love and life, and one to whom it stands for a mere factor of social progress or morality?

In his posthumous book Tyrrell makes this distinction once more luminously apparent. He did not indeed there say, as some reviews mistakenly thought, that social progress was nothing because it was not

everything; but he did express in it the abiding scepticism of his mind as to Utopian hopes or dreams, and the unchanging transcendentalism of his religious outlook.

His scepticism was not partial and illogical any more than his faith; he did not doubt and reason in one place, and believe, without criticism, in another. The dogmas of the Catholic Church were not, in his eyes, more open to criticism than the laws of human society; our ethical and our social systems were founded on as many presuppositions as our theological systems. Faith must go deeper to find its basis; to change its object is not to lift it beyond the region of doubt. Thus he was not of those who can contentedly transfer to social, or democratic, or patriotic ideals the belief they once cherished unquestioningly in a Church that has disappointed them.

Neither, again, was he of those who condemned historical and scientific investigation when they found that the same spirit of criticism, which had busied itself with questions of Church government and Church history, could and must also busy itself with questions of Scripture and Christology.

“Back to Christ” was the cry of such, as of one of his own former Jesuit *confrères*, who revolted against Jesuitism, who abandoned the Church, and who then thought to find an impregnable bulwark in the records of “primitive Christianity.”*

“Why,” Tyrrell would have said, “face one set of difficulties, and shut your eyes to another?” The walls of the Gospel could not shelter him from questions of ultimate value any more than the walls of the Church.

* Padre Giorgio Bartoli—an Italian Jesuit. He joined the Waldensian Church.

There is yet another class of "Modernist," with whom he had points both of likeness and of difference. Abbé Loisy and his school were among the most eminent victims of the "Pascendi"; and of late this distinguished scholar has openly abandoned those hopes, for the defence of which he was mainly condemned. In a review of Father Tyrrell's posthumous work he has lately said :

Between the Modernism [of this book] and that of "L'Évangile et l'Église" there is all the distance that lies between ardent mysticism and the calm examination of a given belief, or institution, or position. Of "L'Évangile et l'Église" it was said that it was a book Catholic, but scarcely Christian (in the Protestant sense). Tyrrell's book is, on the contrary, rather Christian than Catholic. The one contained a modest programme of desirable reforms; the latter is prophetic of revolution. Both may rest in the graveyard of heresies.*

In this conclusion Abbé Loisy would meet with the sympathy and approval of those who have lately found a distinguished spokesman among our Anglican clergy,† and who maintain that the position of a "Modernist," such as Father Tyrrell, is objectively, if not subjectively, dishonest. Such reproaches are often to be heard also from the mouths of those to whom every attempt to find religious gold in ecclesiastical ore is one to be opposed and ridiculed; and, by a melancholy irony, this atheistic support is often eagerly accepted by ultramontane apologists.

In reality, Abbé Loisy is probably as consistent, given his actual point of view, in abandoning the cause of Catholicism, as Father Tyrrell was consistent in maintaining it; and this, because, while they were at one in their acceptance of the clearly proved results

* See "Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature," July 15th, 1911.

† See *passim* recent discourses and sermons of the Dean of St. Paul's.

of science and criticism, they were not at one in their conception of the Church, nor in the starting-point of their apologetic.

Abbé Loisy, born a Catholic, and a French Catholic, accepted the Church as he found her, and started his laborious and fruitful course of research without misgivings or preoccupations on ecclesiastical or theological subjects. Only when, in the process of investigation, certain problems plainly presented themselves, did he endeavour, much more in the interest of other souls than of his own, to offer solutions that might reconcile the positions of Catholic teaching with those of the Catholic *savant*. His efforts were rewarded in the way that we know, and he then concluded that since the Church, as he had always known her, rejected his services, the further proffering of those services would be an impertinence, and his continued adherence to her a contradiction.

George Tyrrell's beginning was as different as his end. He sought religion for the sake of humanity, and he sought the Catholic Church for the sake of religion; he came to her from outside, and by choice, therefore she had not, for him, that inevitableness which she often possesses for those who have been born within her walls, and have never had occasion either to question or to justify her rights. As a visible institution she was, for him, human, fallible, imperfect, in need of correction and criticism, liable to the governmental vices of every monarchical constitution. But the flesh was the clothing of the spirit, and he criticised the visible Church by setting before her the ideal of the invisible Church. This latter was no narrow, sectarian clique, but the inheritance of all humanity; the papacy, the episcopacy and the clergy existed for the whole mass of the faithful. Truly, he had his

periods of anxiety and oppression, when, like Abbé Loisy, he asked himself what right he had to offer his services to an institution that rejected them ; and when he asked himself also where was this ideal Church, if not incorporated in the Roman system with which he was at war. He asked himself such questions, but his whole philosophy was an answer to them. It was not for him a question of this dogma, or that dogma, but of "What is a dogma?" It was not a question of this or that decision of ecclesiastical authority, but of "What is ecclesiastical authority?"

In his early discussion of the Anglo-Roman Pastoral this problem had received its first treatment at his hands ; that treatment pursued its logical course to the end. In "The Relation of Theology to Devotion" he set forth the cardinal theme of his teaching ; that of the respective limits of theology and science and faith—of the relations of authority to the whole body of the Church.

In the following letters to Dr. Emil Wolff,* he gives a reasoned account of his attitude.

STORRINGTON,

November 20th, 1907.

I quite agree with you that "Modernism" offers an interpretation of Catholic Christianity which might conceivably unite large sections of Christendom on a firmer and better basis and give religion a new impulse. It is perfectly certain that the old ultramontane Jesuitism is doomed. The recent violences are simply its death convulsions. Nothing can save it, thank God. The great anxiety is as to whether the new Catholicism can, without a complete rupture, enter into its heritage. Rome cares nothing for religion—only for power ; and for religion as a source of power. She feels that "Modernism" is merely religious ; that it would sacrifice every remnant of her political power to the cause of

* Dr. Wolff was occupied with a German translation of "Through Scylla and Charybdis."

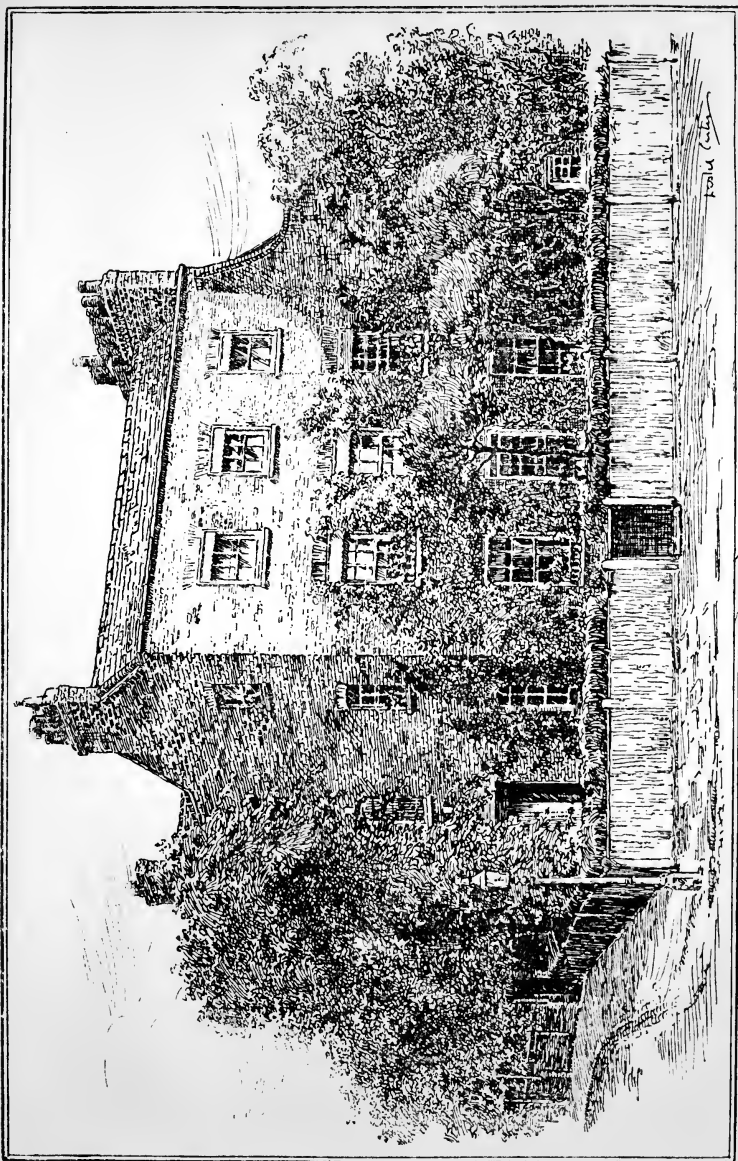
religion. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ!* She will never yield willingly. But her power will soon be broken to pieces by the pressure of modern governments—wary of her turbulence and sedition; and then perhaps she will have no reason to oppose Modernism, and may remember her true *raison d'être*. Meantime the leaven of Modernism will spread all the more rapidly for her extravagance and violence. That is how I read the situation. An article I wrote in *La Grande Revue* (October 10th, 1907)* explains what seems to me the right attitude for those like yourself who are looking to a Catholicism of the future, but who cannot, in conscience, accept the Catholicism of Pius X. I trust you will read “Il Programma dei Modernisti”—the Italian reply to the Encyclical; which will shortly appear in English and I hope in French and German.† It is a most masterly synopsis of the results of Biblical and historical criticism, and a very honest attempt to reconcile them with traditional Christianity of the Catholic type. Also, I have just read a very able pamphlet by Dr. Salvatore Minocchi, “La crisi odierna del Cattolicesimo in Germania.” The dead hand of the Centre Party has killed Modernism in Germany where it ought *a priori* to be most flourishing. But that too is, I trust, going to change.

To the same he writes again from Clapham, February 5th, 1908:

What you say about modern German Catholicism is not news to me altogether. What I might call the Döllinger-Kraus school seemed to have no suspicion that critical history involved a great deal more than a quarrel with post-Tridentine developments, or that it would end by bringing the very earliest dogmas and institutions under criticism and demand a revision of theological categories. The Gunther-Hermes school, like that of Blondel and Laberthonnière, was primarily interested in philosophy, and not stimulated by a consciousness of historical difficulties. I think the best description of “Modernism” is, that it is the desire and effort to find a new theological synthesis consistent with the data of historico-critical research. The Modernist is not, *as such*, a critic or historian, but a philosopher or theologian; but he works upon data received from the critic and historian. I think he is a “necessary evil”; for we have reached a time when the new data

* “L'Excommunication Salulaire.”

† He translated it himself, and it was published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin with an introduction by the Rev. A. L. Lilley.



IVY HOUSE, CLAPHAM.

have broken up the old synthesis ; and, provided the new syntheses are tentative, provisional, flexible, they are certainly better than chaos and unbelief.

But the first honour is certainly due to the historians and critics, and were I gifted and educated for that sort of work I should never waste my time over the fabrication of temporary syntheses. . . .

What we need is an understanding of the Catholicism of Erasmus—of the more or less unselfconscious system which was germinating in his mind (and Colet's, and perhaps Sir T. More's). It would be interesting to show the reform movement *inside* the Church (1) *before* the storm raised by Luther, with Nicolas of Kues as the central figure ; and (2) *after* this storm, and before the petrifying peace of Trent—with Erasmus as central figure. If the spirit of Nicolas and Erasmus had prevailed at Trent instead of that of Lainez we should not find ourselves to-day at such an impasse.

To the same :

STORRINGTON,

November 8th, 1908.

Obviously the reasons for staying in the Catholic Church are not the same as those for entering it. Graver notions, clearer intuitions are required for changing than for maintaining one's position. Believing the symbolic interpretation of Catholicism to be the true one, or that which must ultimately prevail, I believe I have a perfect right to stay where I am. But the Church has a government which at present views the symbolic interpretation as false. The government is not the Church ; but it has the right to make its own interpretation of the Church prevail over any individual interpretation and to exclude those who differ from it. In so excluding me I believe they would commit an objective injustice. I ought not, without necessity, to occasion such an act of injustice by opposing my own true interpretation to their false interpretation. This economy of silence is a duty to them, to myself, to the Church. But when circumstances make it a duty to proclaim, or not to deny, my interpretation, then I must submit—as I have done—to an objective injustice and an exclusion from the Church. That exclusion gives me liberty to speak and write in defence of what I conceive to be the true interpretation of Catholicism.

* * * * *

Undoubtedly we are approaching a crisis, and a reaction, and one or two years will show what direction things are going to take—whether Rome will perish or reform.

In January, 1908, Tyrrell had an article on the "Prospects of Modernism," in the *Hibbert Journal*, and a far more remarkable one in the *Rinnovamento* on "*The Home and Foreign Review*." He points out in Acton precisely that deficiency which had made itself felt in certain leaders of the recent movement, who put the *ne plus ultra* fence exactly in the place where their own outlook ended. With Acton history was irresistible, philosophy could be discounted.

In the course of the year 1908 he had various articles in the Italian periodical, *Nova et Vetera*. This was an organ of the Extreme Left; his articles in that place were mostly on matters of immediate interest, abuses of authority, etc.; questions in which he had more sympathy with the writers of that school than he had with their fundamental religious principles.

The most important of his articles in that place is that on "Socialism and the Parousia," in which he distinguishes that care for the interests of this life, which can be combined with a sense of its eternal value, from the utopianism which confines its aims to material and social improvement.

In the *Rinnovamento* of January, 1909, he writes a "Defence of Modernists" in answer to Professor Salvatore Minocchi. The article is no ingenious train of reasoning in defence of his own position, but a quiet acceptance of all its risks. Dr. Minocchi is as emphatically certain of the security of his position as Tyrrell is clearly aware of the difficulties of his own. But Tyrrell is equally sure that mere social religiosity will not serve humanity in place of religion; he holds that the best elements of socialism are derived from the Christ of the Gospels; he believes in no new-made religion, but only in one that grows out of the past; he maintains that the "Modernist experiment" should be tried to the very

end, were it only in the general interests of religious truth; he believes that death and decay precede resurrection; he hopes that, just because "the axe has been laid to the roots," because radical criticism is possible as it was not possible in the days of Luther, religious *transformation*—which is a greater work than religious *reformation*—is possible.

In answer to a criticism by Hakluyt Egerton, entitled "Father Tyrrell's Modernism," he left behind him, unpublished, another article on the subject.*

Therein he sets forth, once more, his cardinal distinction between revelation as experience, and revelation as theological statement. Faith and knowledge cannot be confronted, because their realms are not the same.

His last word on "Modernism" is contained in "Christianity at the Cross Roads," a book for which we have, in part, to thank Dr. Inge and his criticism in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1909.

3.

"MEDIEVALISM."

In his Lenten Pastoral of 1908 Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, addressed his flock on the subject of "Modernism," and selected Father Tyrrell for direct mention as the chief exponent of those errors; though admitting the spiritual value of many of his writings.

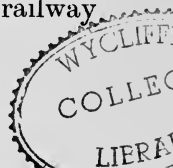
The Pastoral was, of course, addressed to the faithful of the archdiocese itself, and not to the universal Church, while, at the same time, the Cardinal Archbishop explained to his people that they themselves

* It was given as a lecture at King's College Hostel, March 26th, 1909, and entitled "Revelation and Experience."

were entirely free from the errors to which he referred. Hence, by the many Belgian faithful, who listened respectfully to the reading of the document, the name of Tyrrell was probably heard for the first time, and they may have passively wondered why they were warned against one who interested them so little.

A Pastoral, however, may be something besides a Pastoral, and the spirit and argument of this one can only be explained by the fact that the address of the Cardinal was, like speeches in the House of Commons, not directed chiefly to those who heard him, but to those whose opinions had for him a greater practical importance. He was known to have made certain efforts in Tyrrell's behalf, and those efforts, an English Catholic bishop once told me, had been very dangerous to his future career, he being not then a Cardinal. Now the "Pascendi" distinctly discouraged this kind of generosity in behalf of men of Tyrrell's school; hence a Pastoral to distinguish the views of the *episcopus benevolus* from those of the man to whom he had been over-friendly. The answer was "Medievalism."

In it Tyrrell restates, briefly, and with the lucidity that argument generates, the main thesis of his life's work, which had been elaborated in "Lex Orandi," "Lex Credendi" and "Through Scylla and Charybdis." The strictly philosophical portion of his reply, however, occupies but a small space of the volume, which is mainly a burning appeal to the Church to abandon her post of narrow security; to be Catholic in the true, and not merely the anti-Protestant sense of the word. He reminds her that she has to live for the world, and not the world for her, and that it is her task to bring up her children to spiritual manhood and Christian activity, and not merely to offer them a place, as in a railway



train, safe and comfortable in proportion to their inertness. He pleads for the right of the laity to have some part in the work of the Church, whose whole mechanism should be merely subservient to their good; but he pleads also for the dignity of priest and bishop, who should be live and responsible factors and not mere instruments of the supreme authority.

As for "immanentism," it is from St. Ignatius Loyola himself that he learned it; while as to "Modernism," if it is a heresy at all, it is [indeed] "the compendium of all heresies," an all-pervading principle, affecting the whole of Catholicism from end to end, with its distinction between the divine and the human element; the spirit and the embodiment; the permanent and the variable.

He warns authority of what that movement will become if driven forth:

Something much more violent and dangerous than Modernism; much more akin to the movement of wholesale revolt in the sixteenth century. Without being a prophet or the son of a prophet, I seem to see very unwelcome signs of such an eventuality.

Your Eminence [he writes in the first lines of the Conclusion] will you never take heart of grace and boldly throw open the doors and windows of your great medieval cathedral, and let the light of a new day strike into its darkest corners and the fresh wind of Heaven blow through its mouldy cloisters?

"Medievalism" became one of the most popular of the works of its author, though he himself regarded it as less important than some of the others. It was, in his mind, perhaps more eloquent and impassioned, but less thoughtful and constructive. It was written at high speed and great pressure.

Cardinal Mercier, in a letter of April 6th, 1908, gave permission for the publication of his Pastoral along with the reply, and added a word of exhortation. In a little more than a year the one whom he had first befriended, and then condemned, was carried to his grave in a

Protestant cemetery; while no Prince of the Church was there to speak over him such words of Christian hope and joy and exultation in the death of the just as the Cardinal Archbishop himself had the happiness of uttering later, in his panegyric of King Leopold of Belgium.

4.

THE "REMEDIES" OF THE "PASCENDI."

If it was necessary, even for an ecclesiastic in the exalted position of Cardinal Mercier, to disavow all sympathy with Father Tyrrell, we may well understand that lesser dignitaries had still stronger prudential reasons to manifest their sympathy with the prescriptions of the "Pascendi."

The monks here [wrote Father Tyrrell from Storrington, to Mr. Dell, September 2nd, 1908], formerly very kind and civil, have suddenly cut me dead.

The story of the change was as follows :

In May, 1908, I returned to Storrington after a long absence abroad; expecting to find things as I had left them. Father Tyrrell had exercised great care and delicacy in his relations with the monastery, from the time of the *Celebret* question, and the *Times* letters; but he went regularly to Mass on Sunday, and his friendship with the Prior seemed unaltered. I was, therefore, greatly astonished when this latter approached me, one day after my return, and told me that Father Tyrrell's presence in the neighbourhood was causing inconvenience to the community.

It is usually better not to impart irritating information when no practical advantage, but only a sense of anger and annoyance, can possibly result from it. Therefore, when Father Tyrrell returned to Storrington, at the beginning of August, ready to greet the

Prior at any moment, and expecting to be received as heretofore, I contented myself with hinting that he would no longer find the same welcome, and advising him not to call. But I added, what I really thought, that there was probably no essential change in the Prior's dispositions.

This pacific solution was not, however, practicable on the other side: given the instructions of the bishop, as I afterwards understood, and given the methods recommended by the "Pascendi." Therefore the Prior, no doubt unwillingly, but spurred by anxiety lest he should compromise his orthodox community by an appearance of fidelity to a former friendship with one who was now declared dangerous, took a chance occasion to write and say all that I had suppressed of his conversation with me. This letter was dated October 15th, 1908. He told Father Tyrrell that his presence in the same village was an injury to the monastery; and that his presence and that of his friends was also a disadvantage to his hostess. He seemed genuinely hurt at having failed to impress this view on me, and to regard it as a lack of consideration on my part to have thus continued to expose him to this inconvenience.

Father Tyrrell replied by sending a letter to the *Tablet*, which was not, however, inserted, to say that the fact of his former residence in the monastery in no way signified any similarity of views between himself and the Rev. Fathers, whose conduct, since the issue of the "Pascendi," had been strictly in accordance with the directions of the same. He sent a copy of the letter to the Prior, and told him he could do nothing more—the only thing that would have contented this latter being, of course, his departure from Storrington.

The further difficulties that supervened regarded,

directly, another rather than Father Tyrrell himself, and need only be referred to as having given rise to an angry correspondence between him and the Bishop of Southwark. With this latter there had been a passage of arms in the previous September, on occasion of the troubles of a certain priest of the diocese, denounced for "Modernism" by a fellow priest, as the result of a private conversation. This second affair, at Storrington, was, unfortunately, bound to rouse Tyrrell's anger, as he thought others were being struck to punish him. With some difficulty he was induced to soften the first draft letter, but the one ultimately despatched was more than sufficiently vehement.

It is difficult to see that this attempt to enforce a kind of civil authority in the name of religious discipline was happily conceived. It could hardly be expected of any Catholic to sin against the primary laws of loyalty in friendship, by falling in with a system of personal boycott, directed against one to whom hospitality had been offered. It may be true that Nicholas V., in time of cholera, threatened to excommunicate anyone from an infected district who came within seven miles of him;* but this is not an example that we are usually exhorted to follow.

The result was—(1) that Father Tyrrell was forced to give up Sunday Mass; (2) that an over-trying nervous system was further exasperated; (3) that a priest who had been his friend, and who might have been his chief comfort a little later, was no longer available when the crisis arose.

* See Pastor's "Lives of the Popes," vol. ii., p. 85.

CHAPTER XVIII

“THE CHURCH OF HIS BAPTISM”

Church of my baptism! Church of Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, Church, Liddon, Taylor, Leighton, Coleridge! Church of better-than-saints, why did I ever leave you? (To V., August 30th, 1906.)

It was neither the first, nor the last time that Tyrrell asked himself this question. “Who can dwell with perpetual burnings?” he had exclaimed in “*Medievalism*,” referring to the “unspeakable relief” it would be to him to return to the “Church of his Baptism.” The yearning was never, perhaps, stronger than at the time he wrote that book; a yearning that was not gratified, for reasons that are sufficiently clear from the same work. But his attraction to the Church of his birth, especially during certain years of his life, is a part of his intimate history.

In April, 1905, he wrote a short paper entitled “*Anglican Liberalism*,” in which he suggested the action which the Church of England might exercise in the religious movement of the day. He shows that Liberal Christians of all denominations are faced by the like problem, of how to reconcile

the demands of intellectual sincerity . . . with those of reverence for that authority on which the religious life of the masses so largely depends.

In the solution of this problem it seems to him, as an “outsider,” that

the character and conditions of Anglican liberalism are peculiarly favourable to such a labour of conciliation ; and that, for no mystical or supernatural reason, but simply in consideration of her origin, history and present circumstances, it may be the mission or destiny of the Church of England to mediate between those two conflicting interests of authority and liberty—represented by Greco-Roman Catholicism on the one side and by rationalistic Protestantism on the other. . . .

When we turn to the extremer sorts of Protestantism the authority and rulings of tradition are minimised ; the liberty of the individual is all but unfettered. The sense of tension between the two principles is slight ; the need of a synthesis scarcely felt. Only the more far-seeing and philosophical minds, and those well versed in the history of Christianity, are impressed with the conviction that an unfettered individualism is as false a simplification, as fatal to religious light and liberty, as an unqualified absolutism ; that, as a mere revolt against the latter, Protestantism is an unfinished work, and must go on to construct a substitute for what it has destroyed.

Moreover, while Roman, or at all events Greco-Roman, Catholicism is big enough to be pardoned the egotism of ignoring the planetary or planetoid bodies outside its pale, so that Roman Liberals excusably plan their “Church of the Future” without due reference to the needs of outsiders, Protestant liberalism, so far as it works out its synthesis without reference to full two-thirds of Christendom, is still less likely to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. In a word, Roman Liberals are too far removed from the Protestant standpoint, and Protestant Liberals from the Roman standpoint, not to suffer from certain limitations of understanding and sympathy unfavourable to an impartial balancing of rival claims. What is needed for that end, however, is not the indifference of a Gallo, not the cold objectivity of an outsider “holding no form of creed but contemplating all,” but rather a comprehensive interest in each of the opposing causes, that will not rest till it has reconciled them in some higher synthesis.

Such a comprehensiveness has been at once the glory and the shame of Anglicanism. By the very circumstances of its origin, as an independent offshoot of Western Christendom, it is a compromise between the Catholic principle of authority and the Protestant principle of individualism—a compromise and syncretism rather than a synthesis. Ambiguity has been the deliberate aim of its distinctive formulæ. It has preferred to sacrifice logical consistency rather than accept the fanaticism of unbridled authority or the

counter-fanaticism of unbridled individualism, and rather than face a premature synthesis of the two. . . . No other communion is so simultaneously conscious of both sides of the shield. We do not say that the Anglican clergy of the centre are the best educated or most learned in the world, but only that their education, taken together with their circumstances, their traditions and their sympathies, fit them beyond all others to deal with the problem of the synthesis between liberty and authority. Not only do they enjoy a comparative liberty of discussion without peril to their fortune or good name, but, in spite of the insinuations of the bigoted extremes, they can feel their position as enquirers a perfectly honest and loyal one, in a communion whose attitude towards unity is one of quest rather than of attainment, and which teaches that individual Churches, herself included, can err and have erred in matters of faith.

When we learn that the recent declaration in favour of freedom for Biblical criticism has been signed by over a thousand of the Anglican clergy, and has evoked a response beyond the utmost expectation of its originators, it is impossible not to think and hope that Providence may have destined the Church of England to bridge over the hitherto impassable gulf that sunders Protestant from Catholic Christianity.

The following letters were written in explanation of this article.

To V., April 30th, 1905 :

Here is the "Anglican Liberalism."

You quite forget that *for me* Anglicanism is not a "new religion" in any sense, but merely a recession from Romanism. The position I have come to these last years is in substance more Anglican than anything else; it is at least one which an Anglican can hold *honestly*, but which a Romanist holds only by an equivocation. Any other sect ties you to a spot—Anglicanism gives you a wide range. The alternative is individualism and disintegration. At present I feel drawn to a complete break with all my immediate past, and an attempt to find a little rest and quiet "before I go hence and be seen no more."

On May 7th to the same :

We are not likely to agree about Anglicanism. It is a question largely of our different antecedents and early sympathies and associations. For me it has all the illusive attraction of "the haunts of my childhood," over and above its more solid attractions.

Whatever step of deliverance one takes will necessarily be condemned by a certain number of one's friends and well-wishers ; this, perhaps, by nearly all. That attracts me, in a sense. One needs a perfect baptism and dying to the old. One cannot go on with a withered heart and a bitter taste in one's mouth for ever. The *rôle* of the *excommunicé* would harden me as much as the Jesuit *rôle* does—and that would be my *rôle* very soon if I left. Why should I hold on to a body which hates me, and whose exclusive claims I no longer admit ?

On May 8th to the same :

For my own self the Church of the “Christian Year” is (and always has been) my native air. . . . I think you forget that Anglicanism is a lower form of organism, and has no organ of utterance like the Pope. Every doctrinal grade is condemned by some other grade, but all have equal right there in virtue of her implicit principle of comprehension, and her claim to be seeking, rather than to have attained, the synthesis of liberty and authority and a rule of faith.

And on May 9th :

Your comments are good. But you and I may want utter transformations of the authority idea ; yet not L. or B. or other Liberal Catholics. Take infallibility from Rome, and what remains ?

The *true* Anglican is neither the dogmatic Protestant nor the dogmatic sacerdotalist ; but the illogical, vague middleman. Whereas the *true* Romanist is the dogmatic Romanist. If one accepts a sort of branch-theory, why should one live excommunicate if any one branch is willing to receive one ? “If they persecute you in one city, flee to another.”

Above all, for me it is not to “go over,” but to “relapse” ; to draw back to my former position, as when crossing a marsh one mistakes soft ground for solid. A Russian would, I think, be very glad to come to England as *nearer* a possibly unattainable ideal of liberty ; but an Englishman would certainly return from Russia with great alacrity and a better appreciation of benefits too lightly esteemed before. No, the only reason that weighs with me is the scandal reason. That has its limits, such as the supreme need of *spiritual* self-preservation ; the danger of greater *eventual* scandal, etc. ; but I should have to be absolutely sure those limits were transgressed to be justified. What one may do in the teeth of justice in moments of anger, God and the Devil know best ; *ipsi viderint*.

At the end of 1905 he received an invitation to address a society of Anglican clergymen, to which he replied, November 14th, 1905 :

To the Rev. Hubert Handley.

RICHMOND, YORKS.

DEAR SIR,

It is most kind of the "Quiet Twelve" to credit me with the ability of saying anything worth the attention of men so much better instructed and experienced than myself, and I feel there is some vanity and presumption in accepting so great a responsibility. Still nothing could be more congenial to me than, even for a brief space, to meet in unity of spirit those from whom I am divided only by the niceties of the letter; and thus to foretaste the Church of the Future.

As I am not quite the master of my movements, would you tell me if, in the event of some hitch, it would do if Mr. Lilley were to read my paper; and if not, *i.e.* if bodily presence is a *sine qua non*, how much notice I ought to give in the event of an impediment?

At all events will you pray that I may not say anything foolish, and may, if possible, further rather than hinder understanding?

The address took place later, on account of Tyrrell's movements.

Mr. Handley tells me that "in loyal obedience to his Church, though with regret amounting to pain, he abstained from companionship in our devotions, which were mainly the Anglican Litany," while those who were present "will ever remember, not only the power of the paper, but also, or even more, the wonderful dignity and simplicity of his bearing." The paper he read was that afterwards published in the *Rinnovamento*, April, 1907, "From Heaven, or of Men."

In the later part of 1907 his old and dear friend, the Rev. C. E. Osborne, preached at St. Paul's. Tyrrell went to hear him and wrote :

MY DEAR, DEAR OSBORNE,

It was a great delight to hear you last night and to realise how, like A. H. Clough's two ships, we had come by diverging routes to exactly the same point. I was quite "enthused" and filled with

prophetic dreams of a day when the growth of such views in both, or rather in all communions, would make reunion not so much possible as unnecessary. Our best hope is that these ideas are imposing *themselves*; that you and I and others are their compelled servants rather than their authors; that therefore they belong to the irresistible logic of facts and circumstances. If the bishops were to scythe down all visible liberal weeds, there would be a fresh crop up to-morrow, all the thicker for the mowing. When I talk of sulking in my tent and writing no more (as in my last Preface*) it is only because I feel that the movement will now look after itself and that individuals, having dislodged the boulder, can trust to its impetus to carry it down the hill. I confess I envied you the *rationabile obsequium* of your Evensong (on which your “Romanisers” are often so foolishly severe). The absence of offence is surely a great thing, not to speak of the presence of so much that is fine and expansive; and it is old enough now to have the halo of tradition, so utterly lacking to fabricated modern devotions.

Dolling’s shade must have been with us last night.

In November of that same year he received the following address from an Anglican association at Cambridge:

DEAR SIR,

We the undersigned, members of the Anglican Communion, Graduates of this University, who are in the habit of meeting to discuss Religious Questions, have been led by our gratitude for much that you have written to venture, although personally unknown to you, to express our sympathy for yourself at this time. It would not become us to offer any criticism of the present situation, but, in as far as it affects you personally, we desire to state that it is to us a source of grief.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Signed	{	H. LEONARD PASS, St. John’s College.
		WILL SPENS, Corpus Christi College.
		E. GORDON SELWYN, King’s College.
		G. H. CLAYTON, Pembroke College.
		W. L. MACKENNAL, Trinity College.
		S. C. CARPENTER, Gonville and Caius College.
		J. C. H. HOW, Trinity College.

* “Through Scylla and Charybdis.”

He replied to Mr. Leonard Pass, as follows :

STORRINGTON, SUSSEX,
November 25th, 1907.

DEAR SIR,

I am deeply grateful for the kind sympathy of yourself and your friends.

However rough on myself and a few others, I cannot but think that the present crisis is pregnant with good results for the cause of religion in general and for the abolition of things that are shakeable and shaken. I am sanguine enough to see in these recent Roman pronouncements and measures the death convulsions of a dying cause—dangerous for a moment to those near the bedside.

A movement that pervades all religious bodies, and presents such unity of spirit and aim, does not depend on a handful of individuals. It has produced them, not they it. Rome can extinguish any number of candles, but she cannot put out the sun ; nor do I believe that she will be able to pull down the blinds to any effectual extent.

Thanking you once more for your encouraging sympathy,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully, etc.

On November 28th, 1907, he heard from a very old friend, the Rev. T. MacClelland, Vicar of Exmouth,* to whom he wrote as follows :

STORRINGTON, SUSSEX,
November 28th, 1907.

MY DEAR MACCLELLAND,

It was a great joy to hear from you. The O.R.S.† is everywhere—even at the North Pole. I have a distinct photograph of you in my mind in the glory of your crimson-coloured gown coming down the sloping passage into the big schoolroom. Why you are fixed there I do not know. My contacts with O.R.S. have, naturally, not been many. Osborne is still one of my closest and dearest friends and fellow-thinkers of the broad Catholic democratic school. Stockley (W. F.) joined us some years ago, but is now too High Church for me. Johnny Stockley I met once, Avary Holmes (now Forbes) also. Above all, the old Doctor has written once or twice. I have not been in Ireland since 1879, and 26 years of Jesuit life isolated one from one's former world a good deal.

With the quiet High Church Anglicanism of Grangegorman level

* Then Rector of Little Torrington.

† Old Rathmines School.

I have the greatest sympathy—but none at all with the Spencer-Jones Ultramontanes; Rome’s vices without Rome’s excuses. For my own soul’s comfort I would gladly take refuge in some little country rectory of the type hereabouts; but I feel my work is to hammer away at the great unwieldy carcase of the Roman Communion and wake it up from its medieval dreams. Not that I shall succeed, but that my failure and many another may pave the way for eventual success.

I must study the map and see how Storrington and Torrington stand. This is my *pied-à-terre*; though I wander abroad a good deal.

Pray for me, dear Mac, and believe me,
Your affectionate old schoolfellow.

As far as my own observation extends, I should say that the desire for rest in the Church of England was at its high-water mark in certain months of the year 1908, after the writing of “Medievalism.” Cardinal Mercier’s attack, calling forth, as it did, the most impassioned and eloquent of his works in reply, perhaps tended to accentuate this disposition, and there may also have been other influences in the same direction. Anyhow the acuteness of the phase at that particular moment is the more marked in my memory, because it followed quickly on a contrary one in the early part of the year. I remember a remark he made in a moment of earnest conversation during March, 1908, the purport of which was that, for him, there was but the one Church, that to which he already belonged. Abbé Bremond, who saw a good deal of him about then, gained the same impression; and neither he nor I were among those with whom Father Tyrrell endeavoured to be cautious or “edifying.” It will be remembered, further, that it was on April 5th he made a suggestion as to saying Mass in private when he returned to Storrington.

In the following May, however, when I met him in London, after having been some months abroad, I

received exactly the opposite impression, and he appeared to me to be possessed with an almost feverish and angry desire to pass over and be at rest; a desire which he restrained chiefly because he felt it would not be fair or loyal to those with whom he had worked so long:

About this time an intimate friend of his, the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, being refused a *celebret* and referred from one bishop to another, determined to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and apply for work in the Church of England, to which he had originally belonged. In a letter, which Father Tyrrell wrote to one who regretted Mr. Fawkes's decision, he expresses his own opinion on the matter:

June 22nd, 1908.

I have been reflecting a good deal about your excommunication theory *apropos* of A. F. I quite agree that tactically it would be a mistake for us to work with ex-Romans in the Modernist cause. But, of course, I can never admit the principle of social penalties for religious convictions, in spite of Johannine authority for the practice. As, however, society inherits something of the principle from Catholic days, I suppose association with an ex-Roman might be construed as association with his ex-Romanism. But, if I am sure that Fawkes and N.* would not misunderstand my continued friendship, I can see no reason for, and every reason against, cutting them. As the excommunication principle is un-Christian in itself, I feel bound to go against it in every possible way. Also, if I think a man has made a mistake, I should lose all chance of getting him right, if I were to cut him. I should only make him bitter and hostile. Hence, even at the risk of scandal and misunderstanding, I shall make no difference whatever in my friendly relations with A. F. I am sure, moreover, that, in his case, the step is subjectively honest. He has never been a Catholic since he outgrew his crabbed Oratorian Ultramontanism—which was surely a poorer thing than Protestantism. He never professed to believe in the constructional hopes of Modernism. He remained with us only on

* Another priest, who had left the Church, but had not taken up clerical work elsewhere.

the principle of inertia, and waiting for the push of some event such as the refusal of a *celebret*. He will be a better and sincerer man in the Church of England. He is a man of strictly moral and honourable life, and one who fulfilled his priestly duties punctiliously and reverently—which is more than can be said of many of our clerical friends.

Thus he persistently upheld the right of each soul to find a spiritual home for itself on earth; and if he denied himself the same privilege, it was, at one moment, in great part from a sense of loyalty to friends and fellow-workers.

Yet, even had this motive been withdrawn, we may still question whether he would have taken the step he so often longed to take, and whether it would have led him into peace had he done so. Was it in him to find rest, when so many were yet wandering in the wilderness? And would the driving force that so often impelled him to bless where he would have cursed, and to curse where he would have blessed, have allowed him to refrain from utterances that would have secured him trouble in his new home, as they had done in his old one?

Of his last work he predicted that it would vex many and please none; and an article on “The Dearth of Clergy,” which appeared in the *Contemporary* of May, 1909, met with some of that disapprobation in Anglican quarters which he had foreseen.

The system and discipline of the Church of England might indeed have saved him from some of the difficulties he experienced in the Church of Rome; but they might not have saved him from such trials as those of the Rev. J. M. Thompson.

He came to see this more clearly as the year wore on. The Church of England would probably have given him a welcome; but he was at the crossways, and no Church could have afforded him a wholly

satisfactory home, nor could any Church perhaps have felt, *qua* Church, entirely peaceful in the possession of him. The problems of one Church are, at present, the problems of all Churches; and, in his last book, he suggests that the one to which he belonged might, even in virtue of her faults, be the most apt soil from which to raise the Church of the future.

In July he was invited to address the "Phratry," a society of Church of England laymen; and his reply is significant of the differences he felt in his own mind from those with whom he was yet so much in sympathy:

To the Rev. G. E. Newsom.

16, OLD TOWN,
CLAPHAM.
July 17th, 1908.

MY DEAR NEWSOM,

Let it be the second Thursday in November; and put me down for it in your programme. I will do what I can with the problem of the absolute necessity and the absolute impossibility of Churches. I feel more and more that great theological liberty is one of the conditions of keeping the laity. Another (and this is the most unforgivable of all my heresies) is the abolition of the priest class and the adoption of something like the Irvingite* system of unpaid volunteer ministrations. As long as priests make their living by the altar they will be suspected (even where they are not guilty) of self-interested teaching. This is a great source of the weakness of religion in all ages and nations; not only as bringing priests (and consequently their cause) into discredit, but as separating Church life from civil-life to the great detriment of both. The unpaid ministry was necessitated by the conditions of early Christianity and had much to do with its success. Modern conditions may easily necessitate it again, nor is it at all so chimerical or unworkable as it seems at first sight.

But I will not broach this abomination before your young men, lest, rising up, they should stone me with stones, in the name of the most sacred point of ecclesiastical tradition.

* He shared this opinion as to the Irvingite Clergy with many others—actually, I believe, they are not wholly unpaid.

The lecture on “The Necessity of Churches” was delivered November 10th, 1908, and on the next day he describes it to V. :

My paper was listened to with an interest and enthusiasm that mystified the reader. They are going to print it for private circulation. My lay audience (doctors, lawyers, bankers, etc.) were very anti-dogmatic, anti-ecclesiastical. It was rather fine to see how frankly and friendly they were faced by their clergy. The Bishop of Tokio—a man with a wonderful face and presence, lit up with the dignity of near death, spake as no bishop ever yet spake—with absolute faith. What a contrast to N. I wish you had been there. The seed sown in vain in our garden has got over the wall and flourishes next door.

Later on, January 18th, 1909, he writes to the same :

A long talk with Hensley Henson yesterday about the Church of England. I am afraid things are very hopeless there. Houtin and Loisy are right, the Christianity of the future will consist of mysticism and charity, and possibly the Eucharist in its primitive form as the outward bond. I desire no better.

On February 10th, 1909, he wrote as follows to an English clergyman, in explanation of his own ambiguous position :

*To the Rev. W. Carr.**

MY DEAR SIR,

As you surmise, I have long considered the possibility of a return to the Church of England under all its aspects. I have no doubt of its being an integral part of the Church Catholic. But for that reason it is to a large extent affected by the same difficulties and problems as Romanism—problems that exist for the layman as well as for the priest. It would be an easier but not a very much easier position. What keeps me where I am is a very personal motive. I think the attempt to “modernise” (odious word) Rome should be tried to the very utmost, be the issue kill or cure; and I know that my secession would be a serious blow to the party working for that end, and therefore should be avoided at the cost of any mere personal discomfort and privation. I do not see any hope of cure; but I do not see everything. And even could I see there

* Vicar of Barming, Maidstone.

were none, I still think that the battle should be fought to the finish in the interests of truth. Only complicity in a lie or imposture would force me to move ; and I do not see that my adhesion amounts to that. Of course, your friend is right. The *official* Church of to-day could not but excommunicate me. I have no more right to complain than when the *douane* seizes my contrabands. Still, if I hold the duty to be unjust I may try to evade it.

Thus moderately he expressed the difficulty of his position to one not wholly in sympathy with it ; the pain of the heart he kept to himself, and hid his wounds from public gaze. With full deliberation he remained outside the door that had been closed on him, though others would readily have been opened to receive him.

CHAPTER XIX

OLD CATHOLIC SYMPATHIES

IN the last chapter we dealt with a more serious and intimate matter than that which presents itself for treatment in this one. Father Tyrrell's passing relations with the Old Catholic movement were partly earnest, partly playful; as was his friendly intercourse with the leader of that movement in England,* whose career of religious adventure he followed with interest and amusement, sympathy and humour.

"Tyrrell," wrote His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier, in his Lenten charge, "at a distance of forty years, has made a new attempt analogous to that of the apostate Döllinger."

Tyrrell replied by a chapter in "Medievalism" on "The Apostate Döllinger," and by another on "The Vatican Definition." As this work seems to mark the epoch of his strongest attraction to the Anglican Church, so too, from about the same time, dated his interest in the Old Catholic movement, which he endeavoured to bring into relations with the English Church.

His idea was to promote an Anglican, Old Catholic *entente*, with the purpose, first, of counteracting the Romanising tendency in a certain section of the Anglican body; next, and in this the half-angry, half-mischievous tendency of his mind at the time is manifest—of frightening thereby and annoying the

* Dr. Mathew, Old Catholic Bishop.

representatives of tyrannical authority in the Roman Church ; lastly and chiefly, of forwarding a movement towards the reunion of Christendom. The rumours of his intention to join the Old Catholics were quite unfounded ; but these latter rightly claimed to have won from him expressions of sympathy and encouragement.

On April 11th, 1908, he wrote to Dr. Mathew, on hearing of his consecration :

BOUTRE,
VINON, VAR.

MY DEAR MATHEW,

I observe the old style of address, inside and out, until you give me explicit instructions how to proceed. It will be hard to feel quite comfortable with "My Lord Bishop" or with "Right Reverend Father in God," not to speak of D.D.; but I will try hard. Well, you are nothing if not surprising ! I thought it was to be Herzog and the Alts. Though I am miles from Jansenism I have the greatest respect for that plucky little Utrecht community. But I thought that Utrecht would faint at the idea of a wedded bishop. Perhaps they are not immovable in the matter. Naturally I look forward to your making yourself a thorn in the side of the Papists, and this you can do far better with the authority of the Alt-Kath. body behind you. I think you must use your pen in the cause a good deal, and translate the Alt-K. literature for the benefit of the Anglicans from whom you are likely to draw recruits.

When you have recovered the shock of consecration, please tell me how it all came about. I have been here for six weeks or so—in the deserts of Var, nine miles from anywhere ; I return to London about May, and will certainly demand your benediction and worship the top of your staff. They say I am to be promoted from minor to major excommunication, but nothing will shake my bulldog fidelity to the calf of my enemy's leg—"I will never desert Mr. Micawber."

On July 25th, to the same :

16 OLD TOWN,
CLAPHAM.

Again I was delighted at your *Guardian* letter and the backing you are getting in that eminently respectable journal. I think more and more that if you can get Herzog to approve of the idea of a return to the primitive "household" church and priesthood you

might inaugurate a new and important era of Church history. I have written an article on the idea for *Nova et Vetera*,* which I will send you as soon as it appears. You might write a more extensive and historically illustrated article or pamphlet on the same lines. The advantages are enormous and the disadvantages inappreciable and easily separable. There are heaps of . . . laymen, of all sorts and conditions, who would offer themselves for Orders of various kinds, and would be far more satisfactory ministers than those of a class priesthood. Cut off the pecuniary advantage and you cut off the rest of sacerdotalism, and all the doctrinal and other corruptions it entails.

On the *geographical* difficulty, raised by certain Anglican dignitaries, he wrote the following notes, sent to Bishop Mathew :

The whole *locus standi* of the Continental Old Catholics depends on the repudiation of the essential character of the geographical episcopate. If it is essential, then they are simply schismatics. They must either submit to Rome and to the Vatican decrees, or if they cannot in conscience do so they must forego their sacraments and disown their bishops and priests as usurpers. The same necessity presses one side or the other in those numerous regions where Roman and Orthodox jurisdiction overlap. Obviously, Old Catholics cannot allow as disputable a principle which is fundamental to their very existence ; nor, to speak only for myself, can I see that their position in a Conference that is prepared to rule them out of existence is a very dignified one. By all means let the S.S.W.† debate their right to exist ; but let it do so before inviting them as a Sister Church to discuss terms of intercommunion.

As repudiating the geographical principle the Old Catholics claim a perfect right to win and receive adherents in this or any other country, and to provide priests and, if necessary, bishops for those adherents. Pending negotiations for intercommunion they were quite willing to waive that right in regard to members of the Church of England who might wish to join their communion. But until some sort of intercommunion was established, that right, though waived, still exists. It is your exercise of that right in regard to those who neither were nor wished to be members of the Church of England that has offended some members of the S.S.W., who appar-

* "Il Sacerdozio-Affare" (*Nova et Vetera*, August, 1908).

† Society of St. Willibrord.

ently view as essential a principle whose repudiation is fundamental to the Old Catholic position.

A recent letter in the *Church Times*, signed "Lector," has drawn out with somewhat ruthless logic the grotesque but inevitable consequences of the geographical principle. Until the Archbishop of Paris, it insists, acknowledges the jurisdiction of the English Chaplain the ministrations of the latter are sacrilegious and his absolutions invalid. Anglicans in the Roman jurisdiction must either conform temporarily to the Roman faith, or else take their stand as unjustly excommunicated and forego their sacraments and Christian burial. No Roman Catholic in Ireland or in Canada, let alone England, can receive valid absolution. If they cannot in conscience conform to the Anglican faith they must live without sacraments.

When a principle issues in grotesque and spiritually mischievous conclusions it is time it were criticised or abandoned. If here and there a strong character can prefer his convictions to his sacraments and spiritual privileges, it is historically evident that the crowds are lost to religion when deprived of its ministrations.

There are principles and first principles; nor may a secondary principle interfere with one that is primary. Geographical episcopacy is an ecclesiastical law devised under circumstances that have passed away, for the government of an united Christendom that is no longer united; devised for the protection and not for the stultification of primary principles and divine ordinances. By all means let us appeal to the testimony of a once united Church as a rule of faith; but let us not apply to a divided Church a disciplinary law intended for a united Church and which there is no existing government to validate or enforce. In all that concerns divine faith and divine institutions we must appeal to ecumenical agreement; but in affairs of ecclesiastical law and discipline each body that has a right to separate existence has, by that very fact, a right to separate jurisdiction and self-government.

Until therefore the S.S.W. is prepared to accept a principle that is fundamental to your position as an Old Catholic, until it recognises the Old Catholic Communion as a Sister Church, it would be premature on your part to discuss the terms of intercommunion between those Churches. The previous question does not concern you. Your position is your answer to it.

On November 4th, 1908, he wrote a letter to Bishop Herzog, which occasioned a good deal of discussion when the latter published it, rather hurriedly, after Father Tyrrell's death:

To Bishop Herzog, O.C. Bishop.

I have long desired to write to you to thank you for the Lenten Pastorals you so kindly sent and which I have read with profound sympathy and I hope with spiritual profit. I have only hesitated because my position is a very delicate and complex one, and yet I could hardly write to you without explaining to some extent why I am at once in such cordial sympathy with the Old Catholics and yet feel it my duty to remain in my present very disagreeable position, deprived of the sacraments, and now (quite lately) excluded altogether from the Church—at least in this diocese.

Needless to say that I entirely deny the ecumenical authority of the exclusively Western Councils of Trent and the Vatican and the whole medieval development of the Papacy so far as claiming more than a primacy of honour for the Bishop of Rome; and this, I suppose, is exactly the Old Catholic position. Also I hold to the inherent autonomy of each diocesan Church, subject only to the authority of a truly ecumenical Council. Nor do I believe that the Pope can validly or lawfully sterilise the sacramental life of such Churches; or that their bishops derive their jurisdiction from him either by divine institution or by the decree of any truly ecumenical Council.

But on the other hand I see that Old Catholicism has been practically a failure; that, at the time, Romanists were too ignorant and unprepared for the movement; that it would have been wiser to have remained within the Roman communion and worked for the gradual formation of a more enlightened public opinion. Schism might have been inevitable eventually; but it would have been stronger and more impressive. Cut off (by one's own act) from the Roman Communion one loses all hope of influencing even its saner members. Sooner or later the historical lie of the Papacy must be realised by every educated Romanist, and in that day the whole Church will be Old Catholic. Providentially the existence of the Old Catholic Communion is a standing challenge and menace to Rome's pretensions. For that reason I am anxious to see it strengthened in every way.

However inauspicious and unfortunate in its first beginnings, I think that Bishop Mathew's enterprise will now be fruitful of much good, and I personally have done all in my power to counteract the evil consequences of the N. swindle.

Naturally the Anglican bishops were at first alienated. But the Society of St. Willibrord proves that their mistrust is overcome. It is most important that the Church of England should be made to

realise the possibility of a Catholicism without the Papacy, and that the pro-Roman movement of their extreme Ritualists should be checked.

Much good could be done by the mutual assistance of Anglican and Old Catholic bishops at their respective ordinations, and by the indiscriminate communion of the faithful, in case of necessity, at the altars of both Churches. Rome's policy is to insist on the invalidity of Anglican sacraments and so to frighten the ignorant and timorous into her own communion.

I need not say that I am a Modernist, *i.e.* that I believe that Catholicism can and must assimilate all that is best in the scientific and democratic tendencies of the age. I feel that it is just the Papacy that makes Rome so hostile and impervious to these tendencies, and that the Greek and Old Catholic Churches are still amenable and fundamentally sympathetic to the forces of modern life. For this reason I desire to see a fusion of Anglican and Old Catholic ideas. The Church of England, while holding the principle of Catholicism, has always opened her windows towards the rising sun. She has not succeeded in a logical synthesis of old and new. The two have struggled for primogeniture in her womb. She is half Protestant as well as half Catholic. But for that reason she is more alive—in a sense more Catholic. All this makes me feel that both communions—Old Catholic and Anglican—would be stimulated and fertilised by intercommunion; each giving of its strength to the weakness of the other.

And now in conclusion may I ask you to pray for me. The position I occupy is one of great spiritual danger and difficulty; but, so far, it seems imposed upon me in the interest of others. Nothing would gratify Rome more than my overt secession to the Anglican or Old Catholic Church, and that gratification would be based on a right instinct that by such secession I had justified her position and facilitated her designs.

With all possible respect and sympathy, etc.

The remarks in this letter on the Councils of Vatican and Trent caused more surprise, when the letter was published, than might have been expected, given the already known utterances of Tyrrell in other places.

In "Medievalism" he wrote:

All that the Fathers of the Church have said as to the inerrancy of General Councils and of sacred tradition is as nothing to what they have said as to the inerrancy of those classical pages of tradition

which we call the Bible. With all due deference to the Biblica Commission and the Holy Office, the hard and fast mechanical view of Scriptural inerrancy has yielded for ever to a much looser, more flexible and dynamic notion of inspiration. The inerrancy of General Councils must inevitably and *a fortiori* be reinterpreted with a similar latitude.

We have seen throughout that his treatment of the rights of theology and dogmatic pronouncement of any kind underlay his treatment of the authority of any particular council, or the binding force of any particular dogma. And he was, of course, aware that our proximity to the later councils enables us to see difficulties in their history which might be as apparent in that of earlier ones were we as familiar with it.

The following letter to Mr. James Penderel-Brodhurst, editor of the *Guardian*, gives a last account of this episode in his life :

16, OLD TOWN, CLAPHAM, S.W.

February 17th, 1909.

DEAR MR. BRODHURST,

As the Anglo-Dutch Catholic *entente* seems to be on its last legs, I should rather like to relieve my mind on the subject to a representative person like yourself. I have, as you know, watched the movement out of the corner of my eye with great interest. I had perhaps more distant visions than those immediately engaged—the vision of a sort of bridge or Jacob's ladder between the extremes of Romanism and rationalism, facilitating some eventual measure of unification. The more immediate gains I looked to were a strengthening of the Old Catholics in their stand for a non-papal Catholicism and their invigoration by intercourse with a Church alive to modern ideas and aspirations and problems in a way which they are not; then I wanted to see the Church of England in living communion with Continental Catholicism, to erect a lightning-conductor against the Spencer-Jones Ultramontanism, to rob them and their Roman abettors of some of their favourite traps for the ignorant, to strengthen the Catholic principles of Anglicanism, which must not be lost or overlooked in the coming work of reconstruction and reinterpretation. I should be sorry to see the Church of England simply Old Catholic, and the Old Catholic Church simply Anglican. I think each has much to gain from a fusion.

This *entente* would have facilitated another with the Orthodox and have helped to form a strong representation of non-papal Catholicism. This would have been a great step towards a united Christianity. The *entente* between Protestant and Catholic belongs to a remote future. We must begin by the union of neighbours and similars. Of course, I profoundly deplored the blunder of Utrecht over the incident. But I thought with the help of men of peace and good-will the evil might prove a *felix-culpa*. There was the envy of Rome, the sensitiveness of Anglicans, the stagnant obstinacy of the Old Catholics to contend with.

And now it seems that, for lack of two-pennyworth of patience and latitude, the scheme is to be wrecked, and the fundamental positions and principles are to give way to a purely ecclesiastical law fabricated for a condition of things that has wholly passed away. The law of territorial jurisdiction was made for an united Christendom. For a divided Christendom it is an absurdity. The outrageous letter of "Lector" in the *Church Times* three weeks ago is absolutely logical. If the Bishop of Salisbury's contention against Mathew is right, then Anglicans in France must take the position of the unjustly excommunicate and abstain from the Sacraments, unless their Chaplains are authorised by the Archbishop of Paris. No R.C. in England or Ireland ever receives valid absolution. When principles issue in Midsummer madness it is time to criticise and revise them. Are Anglicans in France to set aside the Divine principle of Communion in deference to an obsolete ecclesiastical law? Could it ever have been the intention of the law-givers to interfere with a higher law? The only hope of reunion is a firm disregard of what is merely positive and disciplinary when it interferes with what is Divine and fundamental; a determination to distinguish gnats from camels. What authority has an ecumenical law beyond that of registering the universal practice or convention? And when that universality is broken up and there is no longer one government recognised by *all*, cannot each government make its own convention? The mere fact that Roman arrogance refuses to recognise you, or the Greeks, or the Old Catholics, as part of the ecumenicity proves that the ecumenicity to which you appeal is not a government recognised by *all* Christendom. It is a government in retrospect, in prospect; but does not exist. The Greeks do not respect the territories of the Romans, nor conversely. It is mere fetish-worship to let such legality stand in the way of the very possibility of ecumenical law. On that rock then the Society of St. Willibrord has split. Of course, the Old Catholics will not respect a principle that makes them schismatical and forces them to

accept the Vatican Council; and that would force Roman Catholics here to accept the 39 Articles and Anglicans to abstain from communion on the Continent. And for that reason they cannot in consistency repudiate Mathew if he acts on the principle of personal jurisdiction, and sets up for himself. Tactically, it would be a blunder to do so during these pourparlers between Utrecht and England. But if they are broken off through the pedantism of scribes and lawyers, we must expect to see one more sect added to Whitaker's list, and so *solvantur tabulæ risu*.

CHAPTER XX

THE CHRISTOLOGICAL PROBLEM

IN his last book George Tyrrell treated two problems of which the second had always been with him, and the first had entered the field of his work and thought by sheer intellectual and moral necessity. He treated therein of Christ and he treated of the Church; of the Christological and Ecclesiastical problems. The second was his own theme *ex professo*; the former became his theme because no one can at present deal with fundamental questions of religion and ignore it.

Father Tyrrell was not, as we have seen, and as he himself often said, a Scriptural critic or exegete in the first-hand sense; yet neither was he to be classed with those who, however intelligently, simply accept the acknowledged results of criticism, which they incorporate with the rest of their knowledge. He was not satisfied with the mere acceptance of such results, he studied and sorted and sifted them, and, by close attention to the leading writers, was justified in discriminating, in forming his own opinion, and choosing his own guides.

The first point to be noted, in his relation to the problem of Christ and Christianity, is an obvious one, and yet, in spite of its obviousness, deserving of mention. That point is, *that he clearly and positively faced the problem.* In this he differed from a good number of Catholic, and also of Protestant, liberal

thinkers of his time. Of course those employed directly in Scripture criticism itself can scarcely do otherwise than tackle the difficulty, though even of these a certain percentage undoubtedly shrink from close contact with it. But of other advanced religious writers, it is to be remarked how many, ready to criticise church authority, the doctrine of infallibility, the rigidity of dogma, etc., have quietly shut their eyes and passed the Scripture question by. Among orthodox Catholics we find learned and scientific men, who are ready to upset as many pious legends as they come across, and are yet unwilling to look this more important question clean in the face; of learned men in the English Church not a small proportion have also shirked it. They may be justified in this evasion, but they must not blame those with more courage. And if some may be pardoned for avoiding a subject that is bound to be painful, those who profess to deal with it cannot be thus excused. To form their own views after an examination of the problem is one thing; to pronounce without such examination is another. It is more logical to suppress the critical faculty entirely, in every subject, historical or scientific, connected with the doctrines and practices and traditions of our faith, than to admit it in one place and exclude it from another. Tyrrell's conscience allowed him no protective methods in the pursuit of religious truth; though he has here and there recorded, in letters or conversations, the inevitable suffering induced by the process of criticism when it came to deal with the most cherished and central truths of the Christian religion. Our first questionings of the principles of established authority may be painful, but they cannot rend the soul as do those which regard the most vital facts of our religious life and belief.

To some extent we are paying, in this matter, a debt incurred by others in the past. A lack of restraint in the fashioning and defending of theological opinion; the weaving of pious, fantastic accretions to Gospel truth in the interest of intellectual fancy or slothful devotion, have combined to leave us a troublesome inheritance. Christ has been shaped to popular fancy in the past, as a certain school is endeavouring to shape Him to popular fancy in the present; He has been made, in convent chapels, to lead the life of a pious nun, as He is made just now, by certain philanthropists, to lead the life of a modern socialistic reformer.

“Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and their children’s teeth are set on edge;” we are paying for others the accumulated debts of truth and sincerity, as posterity will have to pay for us.

It is easy enough, in these days, to renounce definite Christianity altogether; it is yet easier to lock out troublesome questions and thus preserve the old beliefs; the hard task is that of those who, from sincere conviction, abandon neither, and, without any comfortable and final answer, without any outward assurance, without any recognised authority, die, like their Master, on the Cross Roads. An unfinished message is not, for that reason, no message at all; whereas a false ending can make no true future beginning.

The first of Father Tyrrell’s writings on the Christological problem dates from as early as 1900, when he produced a curious and brilliant little allegorical work, eventually altered and published under other auspices,* dealing with the Christological problem. It is the story of an attempt to civilise and moralise a tribe

* Father Tyrrell’s essay was given by him to his friend, Mr. A. R. Waller, who, at Father Tyrrell’s request, collaborated with him in using the *motif* in a pamphlet entitled *The Civilising of the Matafanus*, which was published under Mr. Waller’s own name only in 1902.

of gross and ferocious savages, the Walla-Washees, by one of their number, Shishi-Bamba, who is endowed with a kind of double personality through the hypnotic suggestion of a philanthropist of another and higher race. His life, as described, is one of painful struggle to utter a message which he himself only half understands, and which is still more perplexing to those to whom he addresses it. He has further to explain, not only his message, but himself, this latter explanation being complicated by his own divided personality; it is in the course of this twofold explanation that he makes use of his miracle-working power, a power really based on the fact of his having access to a world of knowledge hidden from those he would enlighten. Miracles, however, in themselves, would not have won him credit, save for the confidence inspired by his moral integrity.

The fluctuations of success and failure, with a predominance of the latter; the obstruction offered by the priestly caste, and the attempt to get fresh help from the higher race, are described; and then comes the last, and most important, portion of the essay, which describes the arrangements that Shishi-Bamba made for the transmission of his message after death, and the fate of that message in the hands of earlier and later followers. This part of the allegory is what justifies the second title in its later forms, of "An Essay in Religious Development."

The first difficulty was that of language—how to put ideas drawn from a world of higher culture into the rudimentary dialect of a savage tribe. The only thing that could be done was,

to take the language as it then existed, with its narrow vocabulary, its inflexible and ambiguous structure, its poverty of metaphor and symbolism, and to make the best of it, trusting that later ages

might be sufficiently intelligent to make allowance for its childish inadequacies, and to spell out its riddles and enigmas by the aid, not of a modern, but of an ancient and contemporary dictionary.

The part that symbolism would play in this record is explained by the fact that it concerns, not the world as known to the tribe in question, but an immeasurably higher world ; so that " the truth of the fact signified " could not be " considered voucher for the truth of the fact by which it was signified."

One of the chief sources of Shishi-Bamba's sad misgivings and forebodings was the thought of the future wranglings and misunderstandings these documents of his would necessarily give rise to. . . . His chief care was for the after-interpretation of his record. Had it been a mere historical account of the times, written for the benefit of posterity, little more would ever have been needed for its understanding than a knowledge of that primitive language and a logical faculty of analysis and of dealing with intrinsic evidence ; but since it would be rather a question of divining by a sort of sympathetic sagacity the transcendent realities hinted at under forms so crude and narrow, the true exegesis would in future ages depend, not on mere logical grammar and analysis, but on the growth of the savage mind and sympathy into conformity with higher standards and ideals. . . . Hence, not through any addition to the record, but through, as it were, an increased transparency of the reading mind, the truth would shine in more clearly and distinctly in later ages ; and what first was a blurred mass would begin to reveal the limbs and members of an organised body. . . . What was needed, therefore, for the continual correction and growth of this idea, was the continual correction and growth of their own civilisation. . . . It was then to a certain " spirit " that Shishi-Bamba left the interpretation of his record.

Shishi-Bamba is put to death, centuries pass, and we are invited once more to contemplate the condition of the Walla-Washees. They have grown into a huge semi-barbarous people, amongst which the Shishi-Bambites survive as a sect.

After the murder of Shishi-Bamba, followed by an attempted extermination of all his followers . . . these latter drew together into an ever more closely organised secret community. As long as

there were those who had known Shishi-Bamba directly, or else at only one or two removes from immediate discipleship, the precise adhesion to the record was not felt to be so urgently important. . . . But in course of time . . . the sole hope of preserving the mind and thought of Shishi-Bamba rested on the faultless preservation and the faithful interpretation of the document bequeathed to them. Hence the first movement might be described as a declension from a more vital to a harder and more literal reading of the doctrine. Another alteration was due to the fact that, during that same period of declension, it became more urgent and important to establish the claims of Shishi-Bamba to be the possessor of a special gnosis than to enter into the substance of that gnosis.

There follows a struggle between the orthodox and the innovators; and the former are strengthened in their opposition to the latter by the opportunity afforded to unbelief by any supposed defect in the record. These "orthodox" followers gradually cut themselves off from the rest of the world, and lose influence in proportion as they decline to be influenced. Yet they find some justification for their conduct in the one-sidedness of their opponents; they often win in the end though they lose for a time; but they sometimes fall into the error of their antagonists, and thus put themselves in the wrong.

In sticking to the *whole* of Shishi-Bamba's legacy—shell and kernel, sound and sense—they were infallibly right; and it was only when, following the false lead of their opponents, they claimed an equal authority for each part, torn away from the whole, which gave it its life and meaning, that they made themselves ridiculous.

This early essay is not, as will be seen, altogether untrue to the later development of its writer's mind on the same subject.

His interest in the work of the Abbé Loisy was early awakened; and he followed the vicissitudes of his career with affectionate sympathy. The first letter he addressed to him is dated November 20th, 1902:

CATHOLIC CHURCH,
RICHMOND, YORKS.

November 20th, 1902.

DEAR ABBÉ LOISY,

I need not say with what keen satisfaction I received and perused "L'Évangile et l'Église," which you were kind enough to send me. Its appearance, as well as that of the "Études Évangéliques" (which I have received from Baron von Hügel), was quite a pleasant surprise to me and to many who had little hope of any such publications from you under the present straitened circumstances. What especially pleased me in "L'Évangile et l'Église" is the manner in which you have assimilated and rendered helpful, instead of harmful, the somewhat disconcerting position of Weiss's "Predigt Jesu vom Reiche Gottes"—a book which had given me considerable pause. As perhaps the only adequate reply to Harnack's "Wesen des Christenthums" your book may, I trust, escape the envious attacks of those who keep the key of knowledge, and will neither enter themselves or suffer others to enter. I advised Mr. Sands, the publisher, to negotiate with Picard at once about an English translation. Harnack's book is in English and is swallowed whole by uncritical crowds; and there is no antidote. I need not say how ashamed I am of Père Prat's covert attack on you in the "Études." You have many sincere though fettered and timid admirers in the Society. I don't think that even its corporate attitude is altogether hostile; though, of course, it is determined by expedience and opportunism rather than by any interest in truth or religion. I suppose corporations are always immoral, or at least non moral, agencies. *Uculi omnium in te sperant*; your work is rooted too deeply in public intelligence and sympathy to be possibly uprooted now, by any tempest of ecclesiastical opposition.

With all respect,

Yours faithfully.

Another letter, of October 12th, 1903, shows his further advance in these studies :

RICHMOND, YORKS.

October 12th, 1903.

DEAR ABBÉ LOISY,

I am immensely indebted to you for your valuable gifts, and still more for the implied expressions of sympathy and friendship. I at once sat down to "Autour d'un petit livre," as obviously the one most intimately affecting your fortunes in the present painful crisis.

It is most courageously strong and bold, but in no wise angry or embittered. It offers, no doubt, many an easy handle to those obtuse or malevolent critics on whom, in the past, you have vainly wasted a great deal of tenderness and delicate consideration: *cæci et duces cæcorum*. But as an objectively valid defence of "L'Évangile et l'Église" it seems, in my poor judgment, absolutely convincing and unanswerable.

As to the "Le 4me Évangile"—I promise myself great profit and pleasure as soon as I shall have space to make it my principal study. I have just finished Holtzmann's quite wonderful "Johanneische Theologie" in his "Lehrbuch"; and also Schmiedel's "John," in the "Encyclopædia Biblica"; and shall, therefore, I trust, be not a wholly unprepared and *naïf* reader of your work. . . . Also, I have carefully read all you have hitherto published on this subject. To me this manner of reading the fourth Gospel is just the pivot, the cardinal point about which the whole battle between the causes of static and dynamic Catholicism must move. When I first read your essay on the subject in the "Études Bibliques," some few years ago, I felt I had come to a parting of the ways. Later I discovered that, of these ways, one alone was really open and permeable, and that a labour of radical reconstruction was the only condition of keeping one's Catholicism. Each day of reflection and study deepens that conviction, and also shows that seeming losses and impoverishments have been real gains in spiritual and religious richness.

"Le Discours sur la Montagne" I had already been following in the "Revue d'Histoire"; but am delighted to have a duplicate to lend. Needless to say, our older men *will* not read you, and our younger men *may* not. But whenever I lend your works to these latter, they are absorbed as water by a thirsty soil. These poor starved intelligences are in many cases hungering for bread and receiving stones. This is the most hopeful sign of coming redemption; the old teaching falls on dead ears; unconsciously, if not consciously, the young men are, and therefore the future is, with us. Only two days ago one of our ablest men, to whom your name was anathema, took your "Études" from my room in a spirit of hostile curiosity. Being fundamentally honest-minded, the result has been a complete *bouleversement* of his whole attitude. However grievous, the opposition of Bishops in these days can only advertise and underline your teaching. Strange that they should not see this. A sharp American publisher lately asked me to write a book for him *that would be condemned*; showing the market-value of such condemnations. Thousands read you, thanks to Cardinal Richard, who else

had never done so; none have been deterred except perhaps a few unfortunate seminarians—for the present. The hardest thing is the consciousness of ill-will and unkindly feeling on the part of fanatical orthodoxy, and of those who do not stick at ceaseless petty slander and misrepresentation for the greater glory of God—*venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum et viam pacis non cognoverunt*. I could wish, indeed, that the new Pope's encyclical had been less aggressively *black*. But *a priori* it is all we can expect just now. Perhaps a few blundering definitions and condemnations would do more for us than any amount of merely diplomatic and insincere tolerance.

With every expression of deep sympathy and gratitude.

The influence of Johannes Weiss was considerable in the development of his Christological position.

He writes to Baron F. von Hügel, December 4th, 1902 :

I have tried to put into words—in a footnote to an article that may appear in January*—what seems to me a possible synthesis of the Weiss and Harnack (*i.e.*, outward-future and inward-timeless) views of the Kingdom of God. The solution is on the lines of the Mysteries † article. Fichte makes a certain future *Zustand* the term for which the inner life of conscience is making—a change of nature connoting a change of environment; for the two are correlative. The Future Kingdom, given us in apocalyptic clothing in the Gospel, is, I suspect, the natural *development*, not merely extension, continuation, deepening, of that inner Kingdom of love which Christ describes *in its own terms*. His emphasis is on the life of love (as opposed to legalism) as being the true preparation for the future development of the spirit into something over-human in an over-natural environment. The *nature* of that development and of the pure will-world or society of spirits—all that he leaves *mysterious* and paints in terms of current eschatological fancies; but as to the *via*, he is clear and decisive.

The following passages are from a letter to V., March 21st, 1907, in answer to a double difficulty urged by his correspondent; first, why should the Gospels possess unique value as testimonies to the Spirit of Christ, which lives on in the Church, and

* "Religion and Ethics," see *Month*, February, 1903.

† "Mysteries a Necessity of Life"—*Month*, November, 1902.

can reveal itself as potently to later saints and prophets? Secondly, might it not be urged that other teachers and personalities would have been as influential as Christ in the religious life of the world, had they been made the text and subject of the same amount of commentary, of which Christ may have been the accidental, rather than the necessary occasion?

Your criticism [he writes], is just; but we are quite agreed. I only mean that for Christianity that apostolic revelation is normative and final in a certain sense. It can be "integrated" and "supplemented" by Juliana, etc.; but these can never bind us *de fide*. Of course, my wicked purpose is to force them back on the Gospel as the only thing that so binds us; and *that*, only as to its religious and prophetic value; not as to its theology as such. . . . My position is really very strong and impregnable. . . . Some way I feel an eternal ethical value in the Crucifix that is lacking to imbecile Madonnas and Josephs; and still feel that, *judged by its historical epochs and fruits*, the relation of Christ to God differs in kind from that of other saints and prophets. He has been in Himself, and in His following, the Incorporation of an Idea (or its triumph) in an unique way. In Him the balance of spirit against flesh tilted in favour of the former with a sort of finality that created a new order, a new level or plane of spirit-life. To have won the *latreia* of millions is nothing; but when the spiritual and ethical fruits of that *latreia* are so deep and rich, it seems to possess a sort of divine approval. Think of Juliana or À Kempis, or even Paul. *That* type will vanish with the New Theology. I agree that God speaks to us through every saint and prophet; but we need a greater immediacy and concreteness.

As time went on he drew ever closer to the position of the eschatological school, to which he gave such marked adherence in his last book. With later development and qualifications of that intellectual standpoint he had, of course, no opportunity of dealing; nor was he able to correct any exaggerated impressions of his views that were gathered from "Christianity at the Cross Roads." But the theory attracted him in virtue of its historical sincerity, its sober conservativeness,

and its possibilities of spiritual significance. Accepting, as he did, what seemed most destructive in its consequences, he yet found therein such an image of Christ as that to which the Church had been yet more true in her devotion than in her theology; in the hearts of her children than in the pronouncements of her doctors. Characteristically, the sceptical element of this conception predominates in his letters as the constructive element in his works—"Lex Orandi," "Lex Credendi," "Christianity at the Cross Roads."

To Baron F. von Hügel he writes, April 9th, 1909 :

Having finished Schweitzer and re-read J. Weiss very carefully (including his excellent little "Christus"), I realise better the full depth of the Loisy-Harnack controversy: and see my way more clearly. But I feel that my past work has been dominated by the Liberal-Protestant Christ and doubt whether I am not bankrupt.* However, I am writing what may serve as my September lectures at Oxford and sifting the question as thoroughly as I can. If we cannot save huge chunks of transcendentalism, Christianity must go. Civilisation can do (and has done) all that the purely immanent Christ of Matthew Arnold is credited with. The other-world emphasis, the doctrine of immortality, was what gave Christianity its original impulse and sent martyrs to the lions. If that is accidental we only owe to Jesus in a great measure what we owe to all good men in some measure. In the sense of survival and immortality, the Resurrection is our critical and central dogma. "If Christ be not risen," etc. If I cannot maintain that I will not stop at Campbell's half-way house.

Of the "New Theology" he wrote further to Mr. Lilley, in May, 1909 :

There is something common, flat and impoverishing [about it] that I can hardly explain. . . . If the Church must go it must be after a complete diagnosis; after every effort to prove her redeemable. Else the cheap destructive work will have to be undone and the old lies will thrive again on the carcase of discredited truth.

* This was a curious impression, since the distinctness of his view from the Liberal-Protestant conception was as marked in his earliest as in his latest work.

The Church's mythology and magic stand for tracts of experience wholly discounted by men like Lodge and Campbell; or they *may* do so; and I will not throw away the husks till I am cocksure that they are empty or else that their values are saved in the Church of the Future.

In a letter to the Rev. A. Fawkes, of June 3rd, 1909, he expresses the more negative results of those studies which had issued in his last work. Mr. Fawkes was not unsympathetic to the Liberal Protestant Christology, which, to the mind of Tyrrell, had proved itself more and more clearly a fallacious solution. Hence, in writing to this friend, he deals mainly with this position. He forces to the utmost the negative results of a rejection of this theory, and, according to his wont in private letters, depicts his own position in its worst and weakest and least defensible aspect.

In "Christianity at the Cross Roads" we find the same results of the eschatological theory set forth with all their startling or negative consequences; but there, they are also interwoven with that constructive theme which was his last tribute to Christianity and Catholicism, and the last expression of his faith, and, still more, of his hope. The letter sets forth the negative and sceptical process through which he had travelled, in all its ruthless reality.

As to "development" [he writes], we all want to claim Jesus. But I fear He belongs to the obscurantists. I see that Harnack is a legitimate development of the reformation—a clearer expression of its "idea" which was at first obscured by relics of Romanism, *e.g.* the Bible as an *external* rule of faith. I see it could not have come out of the Church had it not been in it. But was it not there as an alien element irreconcilable with the *Jenseits*, miraculous, magical religion of *Jesus des Apokalyptikers*? His ethic was not His own, but that of His contemporaries, except so far as distorted by His mistake about the *Parousia*. Eternal life, which was the substance of His Gospel, was *not* the moral life, but the super-moral. Morality was but its condition—like the Faith which shall be done away. He was not primarily but only incidentally an ethical teacher—of an

ethic He found to hand, but did not originate. He did not even originate the Apocalypse. His two discoveries were that the end was near and that He was the Messiah. The first we know was a mistake; the second may have been. Liberal Protestantism is the development of the ethic He adopted and exemplified in common with the prophets and saints of all times; but not of His Gospel, His Message. Of that, Catholicism is the development. Roughly that is how it strikes me more and more. Though the worship of Jesus gave great authority to His incidental ethic, I think it has perverted it in many ways. It is, after all, the dictate of the growing soul and conscience of humanity. If they choose to call this Christ then I suppose every good man is a Christian and the Liberal Protestant can honour Jesus as a convenient symbol of the enlightened conscience of mankind; though I fancy Socrates, as less of a visionary, would be more to their taste. Jesus would say that Harnack was *not far from* the Kingdom of God, but that a miss was as good as a mile; that "there was no difference between Protestants and savages; all would burn in hell alike." I hope I am wrong; but I feel I have been reading the Gospel all my life through nineteenth-century glasses, and that now scales, as it were, have fallen from my eyes.

In these last words he lets us plainly see all that this revelation had cost him; and yet the Christ that emerges from the critical process, and that we contemplate in the pages of his last book, is not other than the Christ who had ever been the object of his worship, and who had inspired the whole of his religious philosophy, as compressed into the cardinal theme of "Theology and Devotion."

It was still, as ever, the Christ that we pray to, that we love, that we worship, that we imitate; it was not the Christ who puzzles us by knowing things that would be useful to mankind and not revealing them, by crying out as one utterly overwhelmed with pain and agony, when all the time a part of his being is in supreme joy and delight. It was not the Christ who is tempted, without suffering thereby the least trouble or distress; who calls on His Father, as one abandoned,

but is more vividly conscious of that Father's presence even in His hour of greatest apparent loneliness, than we in our happiest moments.

It is not, then, the Christ of theological subtleties that we find in "Christianity at the Cross Roads," but it is the Christ of Catholic faith and worship; the Christ who labours with man as his yoke-fellow, sharing his struggles, his disappointments, his darkness, his ignorance; a partner in his sorrows, but more than a partner in his faith and his hope.

It is not a modern Christ, with modern theories, nor a socialistic Christ, with a scheme of civil renovation. For those who look to this life, to this world, to the human race in its purely human presentment, as containing all that they seek or care for, it is no Christ at all, but a deluded prophet. To those for whom, on the contrary, life is full of unexplored, ulterior meaning; for whom each act has an eternal significance; for whom social well-being is no end in itself; for whom the fundamental pathos of existence is more real than any of its evanescent interests, it is a Christ to whom the Catholic will cling, whom the Protestant will "lay hold on," whom even the Buddhist will recognise, as bringing that message of hope which can complement his lesson of despair:

Those for whom He is a living, indwelling Spirit, a fire kindling from soul to soul down the long centuries, who see the expression of that Spirit, not merely in the mortal life and thoughts of the Galilean carpenter, but in those of His followers who have been possessed by the spiritual and eternal personality of Jesus, have no . . . trouble in the face of criticism. It is no more to them that He was a first-century Jew in His mental outlook than that He was a man and a carpenter. What they live by is not His human mind, but His Divine Spirit and personality, revealed in conflict with His human limitations and with ours, and with those of all generations to come. . . . This idea of Jesus as the Divine indwell-

ing and saving Spirit seems to me the very essence of Christianity. Faith in Christ never meant merely faith in a teacher and his doctrine, but an apprehension of His personality as revealing itself within us.*

As to the pessimism of this last work, I will quote the words of one of its most understanding critics :

But Tyrrell is only a pessimist in the deep sense in which we might all pray to be such pessimists in order that we might be also such optimists as he. Unlike that of Buddhism, the pessimism of Christianity is provisional, not final. . . . Unlike the Hellenic idealism, it escapes the false antithesis of spiritual and phenomenal. "*I feel sure that the Apocalyptic Heaven, with all its colour and music, and light and happiness, is a truer symbol of man's spiritual aspirations than the cold constructions of intellectualism.*" And because of this correlativity of the spiritual and phenomenal, Catholicism rightly stands for incarnation, "*embodied immortality, sacraments, external worship, a visible Church.*" †

As to the charge of social indifferentism, also levelled against this work, he seems to have foreseen and met it in the following paragraph :

By faith man walks consciously in the light of eternity, and sees earth and its burden as from a distant planet, a speck in immensity. And yet he labours for the alleviation of its sorrows as they can never labour who need the assurance of success.

No one can say everything at once, and the theme of the book was too poignant to allow of an accompanying commentary of explanation ; or of qualifications to prove that other things were not all forgotten because the most important thing was being said. He did not stop to distinguish spiritual symbolism from pictorial allegory ; to explain his exact views as to the social amelioration of the race ; to state that if he found Gospel precedent for a certain form of obscur-

* "Christianity at the Cross Roads," pp. 269-271.

† *The Christian Commonwealth*, December 1st, 1909. Rev. J. M. Lloyd-Thomas.

antism and intolerance, he did not therefore regard such as abiding elements of the Gospel message. He contented himself with treating the main theme of the relations of Catholicism to Eschatology; and of the permanent value of Catholic Christianity in a world that was rapidly accepting the latest results of criticism.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

IN the words of the Abbé Loisy, already quoted, it is said that in "Christianity at the Cross Roads" is to be found a prophecy of revolution rather than reform. With this judgment, I think, Father Tyrrell would have been in agreement. If salvation was to come, and his book was a last expression of the hope that it would come, it would be wrought by no self-reforming government, by no modified concessions to the needs of the day. Rome's true evil was that she had inverted her destiny; being made to serve mankind, she was asking mankind to serve her. The only loyalty she inculcated was that of subject to ruler, she had lost her sense of the far more essential loyalty which the ruler owes to the subject. She had lived for herself, and not for the people; now it was time for her to die for them.

Reformation implies the restoration of what has been; revolution implies partial destruction as the prelude to what is to be. Reformation is wrought by the constitutional action of those within; revolution is brought about by forces within and without, too primitive and fundamental to be confined within any legal system. Man may work a reformation, only God can direct a revolution, and this precisely because it is not only destructive but creative and re-creative. This was undoubtedly the message of Tyrrell's last

book. The "idea" being ever greater in itself than in the consciousness of any man or body of men, will work its way by means of their vague, blind, often mistaken efforts.* Revolution will result from this struggle of the "idea" to new birth, in response to new environment; the shattering of old customs, the destruction of old abuses, are its secondary, and not its main result.

As Christianity had become to him essentially the "idea of Jesus as the Divine indwelling and saving Spirit,"† so the Church was "not merely a society or school, but a mystery and sacrament, like the humanity of Christ of which it is an extension":‡

"If Christ be more than a teacher, the Church is more than a school; if He be more than a founder, the Church is more than an institution—though it is both one and the other."§

Were it merely an institution, revolution would indeed be its death; not so when the institution is but the external element of a vital spiritual force.

To A. N., one of the many perplexed souls that turned to him, he wrote on February 6th, 1908:

As you know, I rightly or wrongly hold there is a limit to ecclesiastical as to civil authority—a time when resistance is duty and submission treason. If I believe the captain is unawares steering for the rocks I will not obey him. I am not infallible; he may be right; but I must go by my own moral certainties. Pius X. is in the same case as a mad father, who orders his children to burn down the house.

Your vision is that of hundreds of priests; to-morrow it will be that of thousands. That of Pius X. is as incoherent and ugly as that of a nightmare. Ours is beautiful, and—apparently—coherent. Is it realisable? Will it be realised? Well, visions that are given independently to so many are usually prophetic of a proximate parousia; they are the shadow of the coming event. That is my

* See in "Christianity at the Cross Roads"—"The Christ of Catholicism."

† *Idem*, p. 271.

‡ *Idem*, p. 275.

§ *Idem*, p. 274.

faith and hope. You will do better to vomit up "orthodoxy" altogether than to try to keep it down. You will never digest it. Your own similitude is quite just. Fancy yourself a Jew A.D. 30, and ask yourself what was the *true* orthodoxy of that day—Christ's or Caiaphas'. Then as now one hardly dared think of how much would have to go; none but the strongest faith could have believed that such loss would have been such gain. Can one call oneself a Catholic honestly? No, if Catholicism is a theory; yes, if it stands for that historical community through whose fortunes and fluctuations and errors and experiences the truth is slowly threshed out. In that view the present crisis is a normal step in that process, an assurance of vitality. Pandemonium may endure for a night—but peace cometh in the morning.

Tyrrell's great sorrow and disappointment had been the auto-centricism he found, first in the Society of Jesus, and next in the government of the Church. Of man, as man and not as beast, religion was the great universal need; to this need Christ, as manifestation of the Divine Spirit, had come to minister; the end of the Church was to perpetuate and diffuse this message. For this alone she existed; the servant and not the mistress of humanity.

I do not [he had written to V., September 22nd, 1901], with my present horizon, foresee that the Church will ever become to me what the Society of Jesus has become—a handful of dust and ashes. But the latter disappointment was just as inconceivable a few years ago—say this day ten years when I was made a priest. If 30 to 40 wrought such a change, what may not 40 to 50 bring forth? I agree that, like yourself, I am constitutionally religious, by habit if not by nature, but it is the very leaven of religion that works this ferment. The more I care about religion the less I seem to care about Rome and her worldly, intriguing, mercenary and materialistic spirit. It is only my present belief and firm hope that this morbid encrustation is separable from Catholicism that keeps me where I am.

It must be admitted that, as regards the mechanism and external government of the Church, the worst, that he here foresaw, did, in his opinion, come to pass; and I remember, only a short while before the end, he pointed

out a venerable and massive but rotten trunk, that we passed in a wood, and remarked that it was a symbol of the Roman Church.

Such repression of the true or the good as was due to ignorance and misguided zeal on the part of authority, he could bear with; but when he came to see how large was the part played by selfish motives in this work of repression, his patience gave way. To be ignorant, in a world so feeble and ignorant at best, was but a slight reproach, but to be selfish, this was the deadly sin. Catholicism was intended to be the "Heaven-sent answer to the problem of human life—the complement of man's nature, individual and social"—"the Church exists, not for her own sake, but for the perfection of human nature."*

I have the horrors on me [he writes to V., February 5th, 1904] and feel tangled in the arms of some marine polypus, or giant octopus. The Church sits on my soul like a nightmare, and the oppression is maddening; much more since these revelations of bad faith and cruel mendacity. I do not wonder that to Savonarola, and the medieval mystics, Rome seemed anti-Christ. The misery is that she is both Christ and anti-Christ; wheat and tares; a double-faced Janus looking Heavenwards and Hellwards.

In that same year he writes to an Anglican friend, the Rev. J. H. R. Abbott of Seghill Vicarage, Newcastle; August 2nd, 1904:

I do not think we have yet the data to answer the problem of the religion of the Future; but I feel more and more that it will be a more thoroughly Christian and more thoroughly "Catholic" form of religion than yet realised. The mistake would be to lay down conditions like St. Thomas and to say: "Except this or that or the other is secured to me I will not believe." We once thought (and how very naturally) that to decentralise the earth and turn it into a pebble by the sea-shore would spell chaos in religion. Yet surely our loss was gain. And so too evolution is proving all gain.

* "A More Excellent Way," February, 1896. "Faith of the Millions."

Three years later he writes to the Rev. J. M. Lloyd-Thomas, on the subject of a work by the latter, "A Free Catholic Church," and says :

March 6th, 1907.

Where I hesitate to join you is in the hope or feasibility of any sort of new communion constituted by those who may feel in conscience bound to stand away from their present position. I quite agree that there are limits to the duty of conformity and the fear of schisms ; that sometimes it is necessary to speak out and take the consequences as Mr. Campbell has done. But I think a man may do so just because he believes in his religion, not because he disbelieves in it—*e.g.* the first Christians really thought they were the true Israel, and the first reformers thought themselves the true Catholics. They were not schismatics in intention, but only because the parent body would not open the door to them. The deliberate schisms have seldom (I think) been spiritually fruitful. What may partly realise your programme will be perhaps a growing multitude of *excommunicés* from the various denominations, sitting, as it were, on the doorsteps all down the street, waiting vainly for readmission to their several homes ; bound by a strong spiritual bond, tighter than that of any external institution, and reacting powerfully for good, by their collective significance, on the more comfortable indoor folk. Yet I uphold (with Newsom) the duty of each man to stay within and work for his own household as long as he conscientiously can ; certain that in so doing he is working for a free, but still external and institutional Catholicism of the future, which is at least an ideal to be approached, if not to be attained. For my own part, I should be most sorry to squeeze all the members of the L.S.S.R.* into the mould of Roman Catholicism as it is now. I would rather labour to stretch and expand Romanism till it is wide enough to receive you all without damage to your individuality and spiritual liberty. If we all work that way for our respective communions (instead of leaving them) we shall best serve the interests of the true Catholicism. A new Catholicism would be a new sect. The fault of the old is that it is a sect at all. I do not want to condemn "converts" from one "ism" to another "ism." I am one myself, albeit of nearly thirty years' standing. But I am sure the justifying conditions obtain very rarely ; and that the result is often a grave spiritual injury both to the man himself, to the community he leaves, and to the community

* London Society for the Study of Religion.

he joins. Hence I will do nothing unnecessarily to procure my own excommunication, though I will never so much as equivocate to prevent it; and when it happens I will not join any existing body nor help to form a new one, but will stand on the doorstep and knock and ring and make myself a nuisance in every possible way.

To another correspondent, Bishop Vernon Herford, who was making an independent effort towards the broadening of Christianity by a separate foundation, he writes, August 18th, 1907 :

It is good of you to take my candour so kindly. But these are days of speaking out all round, and we may thank God for it. He knows that it is not any complacent satisfaction with my own thorny position that makes me defend it as long as it is at all in possession. In Chapter II. of my last book* I have put down my reasons for holding still to the old Churches. I do not put them forward as decisive or compelling; but only as plausible and needing to be rebutted. I confess they constitute a fair argument for being also a Brahmin or a Buddhist or a Mussulman—for indeed I freely acknowledge the divine right of every historical religion that has *grown* and not been fabricated. If your congregation was a reform *in*, and not *from*, such a growth; or if it had begun that way and was only cut off as Christianity was cut off from Judaism, or the Church of England from the Church of Rome, then I could regard it more easily as a living offshoot of the entire religious process. In short, I find no place in my system for *voluntary* schism of any kind, and I must wait till I am *expelled* from the Roman Church. I am wholly with you, therefore, as to the evil that has come of false “edification” and conformity. Men should be tolerated in the Church as long as they sincerely believe that they have a right to interpret her mind as they do. If they are not tolerated they should submit to excommunication rather than shuffle or pretend. I cannot say I believe in merely cutting down in *quantity* as you do. I feel sure that Le Roy (“Dogme et Critique,” Alcan, Paris) is right; and what we need is a new conception of the very nature of dogma. Taken as “theological statement,” I could no more recite your creed than that of Pius IV.

Then your objection that solidarity with tradition cuts both ways does not touch me at all. It is right and wholesome that, like

* “Through Scylla and Charybdis.”

Christ, we should feel ourselves involved in the sin and guilt of others. This is an inevitable element of the over-individual, universal life in others that delivers us from the danger of spiritual selfishness and self-complacency. I bear on my shoulders all the shame and wickedness of the Roman Church from the beginning, and I would not feel otherwise, though at times I hang my head and pray for death. It is not because I am out of harmony with Pius X., but because Pius X. is out of harmony with truth and righteousness, that I suffer at present. Were I not an R.C. I should not care what he said or did ; but the Church's life and honour is my life and honour. Isolated on the top of a glass pillar one would escape a great deal of suffering, but still more if one were dead.

I am quite sure that if the old Churches reform themselves it will be, as you say, after first having crushed the reformers. Our names will be blackened and our opinions quietly adopted. Officialdom must always save its face by such poor devices. But do you think human nature will ever be cured of such paltriness? What matter, so long as the seed bears fruit, what they say of the sower? Galileo is a heretic and yet the earth moves *even at Rome*. No doubt at all that Rome's officials to-day are the worst enemies of Christianity and religion. But could officials be anything else, except by a freak? Is it not by the conflict between the conservative and progressive principles that progress is effected? Had there been no Scribes and Pharisees there had been no Christianity. But the Roman Church does not consist of her officials, but of souls who love God and follow Christ.

About the same time he wrote to the Rev. Malcolm Quin,* a Positivist Minister at Newcastle, who had, in the course of his religious evolution, moved nearer and nearer to the Catholic Church :

STORRINGTON,

August 8th, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just read your Circular with keen interest and sympathy, and feel inspired to inflict upon you some of my reflections. There can be no doubt about it that we are both governed by the same idea of the value and significance of religion and of the

* Author of "Aids to Worship," and, recently, of "Catholicism and the Modern-Mind," a work in which he presents forcibly that "service" conception of the Church which Father Tyrrell ever upheld. Mr. Malcolm Quin has recently severed his connexion with the Positivist Church, and given up his chapel. He is occupied in the preparation of a life of Auguste Comte.

principles of its interpretation ; in other words, that we (*i.e.* you and I ; *not* our co-religionists) are making for the same Catholicism from opposite approaches. I am very ignorant about Positivism as a concrete society. But I suppose that what you consider the deeper, truer, and higher developments of Comte's thought and spirit, would be viewed by his revolutionary followers as the weaker, inconsistent, decadent side of his philosophy ; and that the clearer recognition of this cleft in the unity of your great Master's spirit is like to cleave his followers into two camps. I gather from the more domestic part of your Circular that the depression from which all institutional religion is suffering at present extends to your little body. I suppose it is idle to deny that the deepest root of this depression is confusion, uncertainty, lack of faith in ideals and spiritual values. It seems to me that "popular" Christianity has based its faith on sand, and that Positivism is still seeking but has not yet found a rock solid enough to reassure the waverings of average humanity. I ask myself : Is not your movement, like that of the Liberal Catholics, too academic, too philosophical to be ever a power with average humanity ? But we Liberal Catholics only ask liberty for our own as well as for the popular reading of Catholicism. We recognise that an universal Church should cater for every level. We only protest that the lower and more general should not be privileged at the expense of the higher, and that men of science should not be driven out of the Church—(for all this you might look at Chapter II. of my recent book "Scylla and Charybdis") ;—that there should be place for those who have outgrown the childhood forms of religion. Well, then, here we part company—so far, namely, as you would impose on all what must always and inevitably be "meat for the strong" ; that you are guilty of the same un-Catholic sectarianism as Rome is when she would diet the strong on what is milk for babes. Positivism is an almost purely rational religion. But the most rational men will always be a minority ; and even they are rational only by fits and starts.

Then I ask whether recent epistemology or science-theories ; whether the work of some of the pragmatists, and that of philosophers like Volkelt, James Ward, Poincaré, Adhémar, above all of Bergson, has not ruined the very foundation of Comte's trust in science ; whether that trust itself has not been a passing stage and not the final stage of man's growth ; whether finality is possible ? What, I imagine, is the permanent value of Positivism is its spirit of fearless criticism, its refusal of any arbitrary dogmatism in things of the spirit. If Bergson is as right as I imagine, the scientific construction of the world possesses a purely practical value, but is

the very furthest possible remove from theoretical truth. At all events, Comte's "first principle" is now in the crucible of discussion, and can no longer guarantee the rest and stability which it was designed to secure.

When you speak of "revolution" I am not quite clear as to your meaning. There is surely a sense in which revolution is the *sine qua non* of spiritual and social progress—understanding by "revolution" a change affecting the fundamental categories and methods of science; the fundamental laws and institutions of society. There comes a day when gathering experience, when the growing fullness of life, naturally and rightly calls for radical reconstruction; when new bottles must be found for the new wine. It is not too much to say that revolution is a law of life—individual and social. If, however, by revolution you mean a wholly or partly destructive and negative synthesis—one that misses and drops the values of the old; that does not explain and include them all in a higher unity, then, of course, I share your fear of revolution. Thus I would agree (to speak in figures) that the abrupt secularisation of the Church of Ste. Geneviève in Paris and its transformation into the Pantheon was a pseudo-revolution; a violation of the law of life. And the same is to be said of the whole secularisation of France. But here the blame attaches not only to the State but to the Church that has opposed the right and necessary sorts of revolution and thereby provoked the morbid sort.

I will join you against revolution if you will join me against reaction and petrification. So much so that my objection against the actual concrete Positivism (as a religion) is that it is a revolution in the bad sense—a schismatic breaking away of what should be and remain the more forward part of a general process. If Comte had remained (or become) a Catholic; if he had pushed his religious ideas, as a deeper interpretation of the same Catholicism of which official Catholicism is the only possible form for the backward multitudes, the immediate results might have been quite inconspicuous, but he would have sown seed in a soil where, in the long run, it would have borne far more abundant and lasting fruit. May I again refer to Chapter II. of "Scylla and Charybdis." It is as united to, not as cut off from, the savourless mass that the leaven does its work. You have cut yourselves off and you are helpless. Why don't you come in and help us? You, at least, who are beginning to see that the Christ and God of Christianity cannot without suicidal inconsistency be excluded from "the value-interpretation" which Comte applied to all the secondary and subordinate ideas of Catholicism.

The following letter to a French friend is in the nature of an *apologia* :

January 11th, 1908.

You must admit that you set me a difficult task in your letter of December 22nd ; the more, because I am so pressed with the same personal difficulties myself, and because circumstances have taken me out of the way of dealing with souls for some years. I can only tell you what I myself feel and aim at in these difficult and soul-starving times. First of all I believe in the Roman Church so far as it is Christian and Catholic ; I disbelieve in it so far as it is papal. I see two spirits in it, as in myself, struggling for supremacy—Light and Darkness ; Christ and Anti-Christ ; God and the Devil. At present Christ is thrown and Anti-Christ is upmost. I believe that the Pope is *de jure* supreme authority in the Church, but his authority, like Christ's, is spiritual not juridical—the authority of example and sanctity ; not of coercion and domination ; *non dominante in clero, sed forma facti gregis*. Christ said *Confirma fratres not filios or servos*. The practical and natural interpretation of the Vatican decrees is for me an intolerable heresy, but, I trust, not quite irremediable. All, then, I allow to the Roman See and Bishop is the *ex officio* duty of being the model and exemplar which it should be the duty of other sees to imitate freely ; and I look for the day when Peter, after his boasted fidelity and his manifold denials, *aliquando conversus, confirmabit fratres*. It is a long way off from that blessed cock-crow. So much then for my heresies.

Meantime it is necessary for me to make my personal religion as independent as possible of controversies. I view "religions" as aids to the developments of religion ; but it would be perilous to lean too much on such aids in these days of uncertainty. A Quaker repudiates such aids altogether and for everybody. So I am not a Quaker. But I feel each man should aim at an increasing independence of external aids. What I find in myself as the highest law and law-giver of my being, is a Divine Will or Ideal, which struggles to realise itself against a contrary and disintegrating tendency ; and does so dependently on my co-operation. I recognise it as the same will which moves every living creature, and indeed the whole world, towards its proper perfection and highest development. Religions can help me to name it, to imagine it, to understand it, to converse with it. I learn to call it Conscience, my better Self, the Holy Spirit, the indwelling Christ. As pervading or transcending all creation I call it the Eternal Father, source of all being ; as working in myself and in the hearts of men, I call it the

Holy Spirit ; as giving me an outward rule, model, example of idealised and divinised humanity in Christ (and in his saints) I call it the Son of God. And these three are manifestations of one and the same thing, or Will, or Spirit which I call God. For me the "natural" is what that Spirit fights against ; the "supernatural" what it fights for. "Forgetting those which are behind (*i.e.* the natural ; the already accomplished) I press forward to what is in front" (*i.e.* the supernatural which has yet to be attained, and which when attained becomes part of the natural ; becomes "dead" matter). My "nature" says : "Stop and rest on your oars ;" my "supernature" says : "To rest is to be dead." In "original sin," "the Atonement," in every doctrine that has lived and produced life, I try to find some eternal law of the spiritual life seeking imaginative expression. I know *e.g.* that my "nature" is essentially sinful, inert, prone, and is only redeemed when set in motion by the upward push of conscience or the Holy Spirit. The "grace of baptism" is a pledge of such an impulse to be mediated to me through the Church ; through the preaching of Christ and His saints. The Christ Who redeems me is God ; the Christ Who is within me. In the Crucifix He stands outside me that I may see, imaginatively, what I experience spiritually ; that I may see how God suffers Himself to be crucified and dishonoured and persecuted by me rather than abandon me to my "nature."

You will say all this is very "rationalistic." No ; the truths of religion are as infinite and mysterious as the Universe or as God ; but it is only in so far as I can "rationalise" or understand in my own terms some little corner of that mystery that I can live by it and utilise it ; just as it is only so far as we can press some little fraction of Nature into scientific form that we can control and utilise Nature. Thus what I *understand* about the Trinity amounts to Sabellianism. I am quite sure that Sabellianism is ludicrously inadequate ; but it is as much of the truth as is serviceable to me, and is true as far as it goes ; and I am not defining the Catholic faith but giving the categories of my own spiritual life—the form faith takes for my own needs. But indeed I need such categories less and less. It is all reduced to a dialogue with that (so evidently) spiritual and personal power within me which claims, every moment, my absolute worship and obedience ; which is as real and self-evident to me as the most constant impulses of my "nature" with which it is in perpetual and sensible conflict. My imagination is quite cured of the outside God ; for I feel that the inward spirit pervades and transcends the whole universe and reveals to me but an infinitesimal fraction of its Will and End and Truth and Nature.

I find most help in reading the Psalms and interpreting them into this immanent view of God, e.g. *In te Domine sperari*—all my hope is in this inward Spirit. *Tu est Deus fortitudo mea*—all fortitude and strength is the strength of Conscience; all weakness and feebleness is from an abandonment of Conscience. That is our Refuge, our Rock, our consolation in trouble. "Keep me as the apple of Thine eye; hide me under the shadow of Thy wings. If Conscience is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me." "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and what is there in earth that I desire in comparison with Thee?" Owing to counter-habits such meanings will be at first forced and non-natural, but very soon they come at once to the mind, and they are undoubtedly the hidden truth which the writer of the Psalms tried to express in terms of the "outside" God of the childish imagination.

That is my own line of thought and feeling. It may possibly help you to find your way towards what you want. In the most intimate things no two think and feel alike. At all events one must learn enough detachment from the Church to be able to keep one's soul in peace and feel that even if the ship sank one has a lifebelt.

The following is another, and more mystical *apologia*, addressed to "William Scott Palmer," August 23rd, 1908 :

Like you I am ruminating the results of a year's grazing. I can do it best leaning over a gate and watching a cow similarly employed—the most tranquillising influence in Nature. The world is too much with us; Nature, too little. I used to keep a Buddha under my crucifix—to the shock of my *confrères*. Henceforth I shall keep a cow—a sacred cow, emblem of the quiet weary East with its *Quand même?* "After all?"

One does not accept that world-wide world-old verdict on life. But one cannot ignore it. It is a fact that will not be laid; that rises up in the mad rush and roar of Piccadilly Circus and demands a hearing. Perhaps the presence of that haunting is the condition of any *positive* faith in life's value, and the faith of those who are quite free from it is folly and superstition. Perhaps the crucifix with its call to energy and suffering and progress is best understood beside the cold comatose Sakya Mouni. I feel more and more that as regards God and immortality man was made not to know but to hope. Hope, rather than faith; for faith is so hopelessly confounded with knowledge. There the Buddha is so right; for we do not, we

cannot know. And there the Christian with his theology-faith is so wrong, so poor, so thin, so shallow, so provincial. For him the fringe of mystery that lends life its dignity, its pathos, its humility is torn away, and replaced by a brick wall with nothing beyond. When I contrast the temper of Job, xxxviii-ix, with that of the ordinary cock-sure Christian I find it hard to believe in the steady development of the religious sense. Are our theologies more than an attempt to give shape and substance to one Hope? and are they not to be rated by a moral rather than an intellectual criterion—*i.e.* according to the quality, the elevation, and the "truth" of the Hope? The gods that we fashion are the measure of the Divine that is in us, whose face we dream of, but cannot see. I know we should not be frightened by the star-dust on these dark nights; that a particle of mind is more than an universe of matter, etc. But is there not probably some proportion, some relation of analogy? Or is it not merely that our spiritual conceit and self-importance have not yet been detected by a metaphysical Galileo? We are so young and cock-sure that from man to God there is but one or at most two steps—mineral, vegetable, animal, human (angelic), divine. Is it not infinity to one that as the earth is, quantitatively, to the universe of star-dust so, qualitatively, is man's spirit to the divine? All I dare say is that the divine has a human aspect which alone concerns man; just as it has a canine aspect which alone concerns dogs; but that it is as little human as it is canine. It is that all-pervading indwelling Power which moves dogs and men towards their proper perfection; which, for them, is the Divine Will. It is man's privilege to think of it; to wonder; to hope; to figure it to himself in terms of his own spirit. It is the Divine Will, because it is human nature, that he should do so: "He thinks he was not made to die: and Thou hast made him; Thou art just." We do not know nothing about God; but we know infinitely little. We can have no word of God, no revelation, except the ideal or eternal Man; the Christ. That is as much of God as we can ever see; but we can have the sense of the infinitely more and other that God is. It is only because He presents Himself to us as the Christ, with a human spirit, face, voice and hands, that we can speak to Him or deal with Him at all. Mystics think they touch the divine when they have only blurred the human form in a cloud of words. The best mysticism is to submit to the limitation *consciously*; to realise that our best God is but an idol, a temple made with hands in which the Divine will as little be confined as in our Hell—Purgatory—Heaven (*rez-de-chaussée; entre-sol; premier étage*) schematisation. For you and me this is an escape from the prison of theology into

the liberty of faith. But for the man in the street God and the idol fall together, thanks to centuries of theologism. Like you, I fear we must look for an "abomination of desolation" a *religio depopulata*, a desert of negation and materialism between the Egypt of the Past and the Jerusalem of the Future. My consolation is to recognise its necessity as a stage of purification. Tocqueville shows how the Revolution of 1789 could only rid itself of the evils of the Past by a temporary sacrifice of the interwoven values. The very names of the days and months and years were full of germs and associations. Excess is often the only road to moderation.

In the lecture on "The Necessity of Churches," already referred to (Chapter XVIII.), and afterwards published in the *Rinnovamento* of September, 1908, he treats the subject *ex professo*.

Perhaps I might say [he wrote to Professor Newsom on October 3rd, in regard to this lecture] that as cosmopolitanism impoverishes character by weakening nationalism, so general religiosity volatilises the solid loyalty that is evoked by our Church; I mean that a man without a Church is like a man without a country or a family—a poor, stripped, thin creature.

In the lecture, assuming the positive necessity of religion, he argues for the relative, rather than the absolute, necessity of a Church.

Thus by stages, which marked rather the fuller expression of his original ideal than any change in his conception of that ideal, he arrived at the views to which he gave expression in his last work. Therein he candidly avows that we have reached an *impasse*; that we know better what we want than how we are to get it; that we can point out the evils, but not create the remedy, just as we can sow or we can water, but we cannot give the increase.

Is this a confession of failure in regard to the Church for which he had lived? Yes, if it be solely of this world, made by man and dependent on man; no, if it be primarily superhuman and divine. In that case

man's extremity is God's opportunity;* and in the very darkness of our need is the brightness of our hope. Yet of this much he is certain; the Church of the Future will also be the Church of the Past. There will be no new-made erection, even after the revolutionary process is completed; the future will embrace and comprehend the past. Such is the mode of growth with which alone we are acquainted; though man cannot command the new birth, yet all his past activity contributes to it. "There is nothing new under the sun;" this is the lesson of history as of philosophy.

If then we still need a Church, and have yet no reason to expect a totally new one, on which of the existing ones will the fresh growth be grafted? He gives his reasons for believing that it is the Roman Catholic Church, with all her faults and inadequacies, that will serve this purpose.

In what was mistaken by some for a reactionary spirit he shows with what faithfulness this Church has preserved, even too literally, the Gospel tradition; he maintains that her very exclusiveness can be justified as a rejection of shallow indifferentism; he declares that her emotionalism represents a needful element that has been neglected in some other religions. The Catholic Church may not have known how to set forth her treasures, but she has at least kept them all, and not cast out essentials in her endeavour to suit each age; she has kept the ore, but she has not thrown away the gold, as some purer, but more limited, institutions have done. Above all has she maintained, in spite of worldliness, that transcendentalism of outlook which is of the essence of religion, if religion be more than a mere department of social life.

* "Christianity at the Cross Roads," p. 282.

Hence he finds the best hopes for the future of religion in

Catholic Christianity, which is more nearly a microcosm of the world of religions than any other known form; where we find nearly every form of religious expression, from the lowest to the highest, pressed together and straining towards unification and coherence; where the ideal of universal and perpetual validity has ever been an explicit aim; where, moreover, this ideal is clothed in a form that cannot possibly endure the test of history and science and must undergo some transformation.*

Thus he ends, characteristically, with no attempt to round off his message, with no effort at finality. To have completed his theme would have been to leave it without that suggestiveness for the future which is conveyed by the jagged ends of an unfinished building. He abandons the cause into Hands more powerful than his own, and leaves only a last utterance of the faith and the hope which, with all the accompanying scepticism, had at least been strong enough to claim and keep the service of his entire life.

* "Christianity at the Cross Roads," pp. 254-255.

CHAPTER XXII

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

FATHER TYRRELL spent the latter part of the year 1908 at Storrington, and the first part of the year 1909 at Clapham, paying also short visits to various friends, such as the Hon. William Gibson, the Williams', his very old friend Mrs. Hubert Burke,* etc. The winter of 1908-1909 was the first one, since he had left the Society, which was not spent partly abroad; rather an unhappy accident for his health, which had always been improved by the change.

He gave several addresses during the last year of his life, which need not be analysed here, as they will eventually be published. Amongst others there was one on "Science—Prayer—Miracle," spoken before the London Society for the Study of Religion, an essay of deeply mystical character. Another, on "Miracles and the Resurrection" was written for the students of King's College, London. His answer to "Father Tyrrell's Modernism" by Hakluyt Egerton was given in the form of a lecture at King's College Hostel, Mecklenburgh Square, on March 26th, 1909.

There was also a very remarkable essay, which he read on March 25th, 1909, to the Theosophical Society at Kensington Town Hall, called "Divine Fecundity.†"

* He had known her first intimately as Miss Florence Bishop. They carried on an amusing epistolary correspondence which was, unfortunately, destroyed.

† It was afterwards delivered also at Exeter College, Oxford.



FATHER TYRRELL, 1908.

It touches, in a new way, on an old theme which he had often treated, the relation of the individual to the universe, and showed how much he had yet to bring forth on such subjects if life had been spared him. His last chief articles were those on "The Dearth of the Clergy," in the *Contemporary Review* of May, 1909, and a long review of Baron F. von Hügel's great work, "The Mystical Element of Religion," which appeared only after his own death, in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1909. He also wrote frequent reviews and articles for the *Nation*, and in 1909 published a little collection of poems translated from German, Italian and French, "Versions and Perversions." *

At the end of February, 1909, he had a severe attack of influenza at Clapham of which he wrote me the following accounts :

CLAPHAM,

March 5th.

I am not to get up till Sunday. Chill is quite gone, but I get violent headaches at night still. Now this blessed doctor declares I am full of uric acid poison, and must knock off all butcher's meat, etc . . . and that it is only by a stitch in time, etc. I don't mind privation, but I hate complication. I am afraid he is right; but I think I should get another opinion.

This he did, and wrote again, March 25th :

The Pow-wow man yesterday pronounced me absolutely sane and strong. . . . He thinks I might be fatter with improvement, only not too fat, and that I should keep down uric acid as everyone else should. [The symptoms before noted] were the normal sequence of any temporary internal upset, etc., etc. The moral is that I will forsake beer and take to milk. I feel inclined to dun the local doctor for three wasted guineas and defamation of character. I have been "poored" for a fortnight.

Unfortunately, as events proved, the first diagnosis was the more correct one; and he was then actually in an advanced stage of Bright's disease. Careful diet

* Published by Elkin Mathews.

might have prolonged his life, but, as one doctor said, at the time of his last attack, the walls of the arteries were so thin that he was liable to a seizure at any time.

He returned to Storrington in April, and everyone remarked a change in his spirits and appearance. We had visits from Baron F. von Hügel and Mr. W. J. Williams during the spring, and in June he went to Oxford to give a lecture, and afterwards again spent a few days at Clapham. On July 1st he returned to Storrington for the last time, not apparently any worse in health than when he left.

July 6th was the fatal day. He had one of his headaches in the afternoon, but spent some hours smoking and chatting with Mr. Arthur Bell, a friend in whose society he always found much interest and amusement. He came in to our evening meal at eight. We were then habitually a party of five, including my sister Mrs. Sweetman Powell, her son and his tutor, Father Tyrrell and myself. Two other friends were also staying with us at the time. As Father Tyrrell took his place he turned to me and said: "I do not feel well." He took up the glass of milk beside him, drank a little, then left the room, saying he would have some tea later. He was then seized with violent sickness and took to his bed, not to leave it again.

His illness lasted ten days in all, from July 6th to the 15th. As it ran its short and desperate course it became apparent that it was in the nature of an apoplectic seizure, such as is often the culmination of Bright's disease. For two days and nights its fatal character was not recognised. Although it was manifest to the doctors that he was in a most unsatisfactory state of health (prematurely aged, as one of them said), yet it was not to outward evidence more than one of his extremely bad headaches; and during

the first forty-eight hours, and even longer, one looked to see him, at any moment, subside into sleep, from which he might awake revived, though shaken. Yet there were terrible pain and suffering, during those first days—more than later; and he told me that, in his worst attacks, it had never been equalled. As the illness gained ground the left side became increasingly paralysed, and the speech proportionately inarticulate. It was on the third day that the danger was unmistakable, though on the fourth day there was distinct improvement, with corresponding hope. From the fifth, and still more the sixth day, onwards, the case was practically desperate.

As I was with him, except at short intervals, the whole time, and as I was consequently able to understand his low, semi-articulate speech, as another, not following the illness from the first, could not do, I will not apologise for speaking in the first person, and giving the narrative exactly according to my own knowledge and impressions.

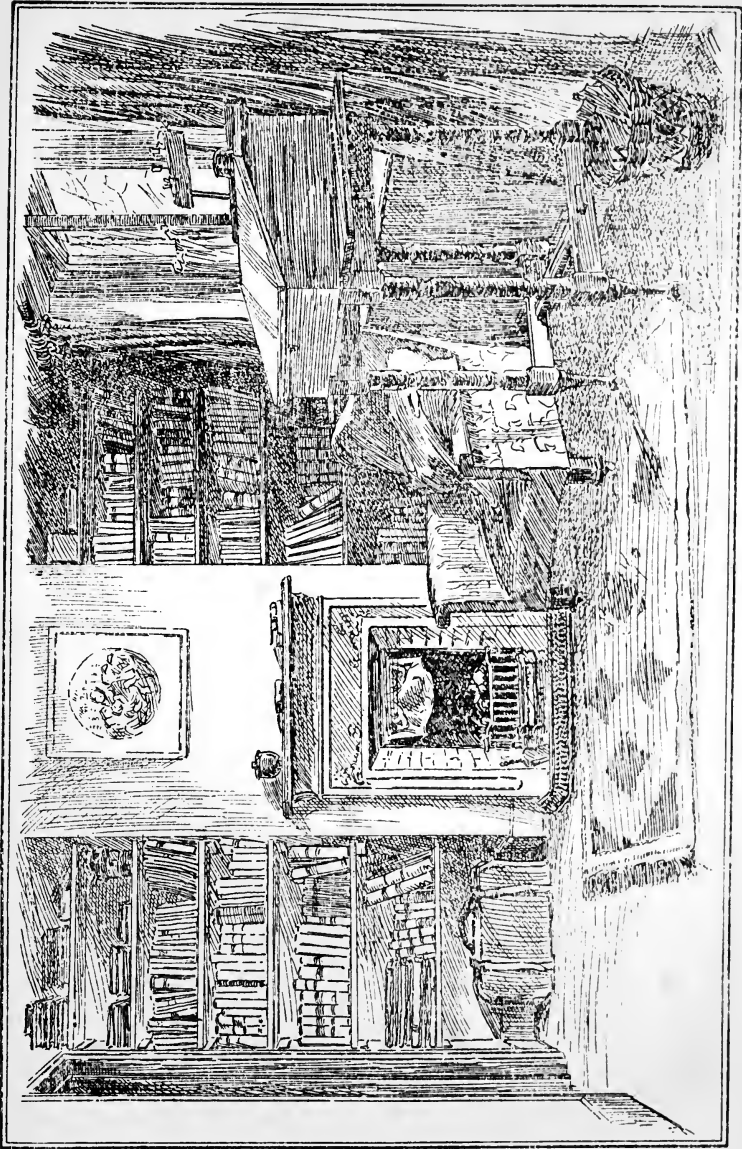
His mind was clear from first to last, except in recurring periods of semi-consciousness and coma, which took the place of sleep. As the illness progressed, the phases of unconsciousness lengthened, and he also got some real sleep; but my opinion was that, when fully awake, he was also quite clear and conscious. Until almost the very end he recognised everyone that came to see him, though, in the darkened room, his sight being perhaps a little troubled, he occasionally mistook one of the nurses for me, owing to our wearing the same colour. But he made no mistake when his attention was called to the person before him, and, when conscious, he greeted each one as best he could, up to the last stage of his illness.

Yet this mental clearness did not make it possible to directly consult him as to his wishes, nor ask of him any decision. Such a course was rendered impracticable by the acute pain, the extreme weakness, and the inarticulate speech of the sufferer ; also, until hope was quite abandoned, every kind of strain had to be avoided in the interest of possible recovery. During the first days one could obtain words of assent and dissent ; later on it became less and less possible.

Hence those in charge were faced with a problem which had to be resolved without actually questioning the one concerned ; and it was, furthermore, a case in which just those to whom one ordinarily turns in such crises were persons who could not be consulted. Even had he been in the hands of those personally convinced that he was in the wrong, and his ecclesiastical superiors in the right, it would surely have been an outrage on their part to put any positive compulsion on a helpless man in order to make him recognise his fault. A dying man may be helped and advised, but not driven or coerced, if the soul have any individual rights at all.

Some of his friends who considered him absolutely and entirely in the right thought, as I knew even at the time, and still better afterwards, that only one thing was needed—and that was to save him from ecclesiastical pressure ; hence they would have brought no priest near him unless he asked for one ; nor would they have encouraged him to do so.

But this also would have been to solve the question high-handedly. Since he was in a condition wherein one could not tell how far he realised his own danger, and in which it was practically impossible for him to take any initiative, not to give him the chance of



FATHER TYRRELL'S ROOM AT MULBERRY HOUSE.

"I want a nest with my books round me."

spiritual help would have been to deprive him of it ; to have thus acted would have been to exercise another, though a subtler, form of coercion.

It is, indeed, a form of coercion which has been not unfrequently exercised by those more intent on finding in the death of a man a tribute to the cause for which he lived, than on providing for that man every comfort that even his weakness may demand. Yet surely, if there be any time or place on earth where the personal consideration has a right to outweigh every other, it is the time of death and the death-bed. If our religious creeds and philosophies be naught, and the bright flicker of personality is about to be extinguished like the flame of a candle, as George Tyrrell's brother had endeavoured to convince him, then surely it may be allowed to pass into darkness with every last feeble wish gratified. If, on the contrary, those creeds be something, and the dying man is passing through the border-land to some or other great beyond, has anyone on earth a right to prescribe for him the way in which he shall make his transit, or to withhold from him any opportunity he might desire for making it more peacefully ?

What if such desires be the result of weakness ? In weakness we are sometimes more enlightened than in strength. In strength we are self-satisfied, whereas in weakness we know our needs ; and it is need that drives man forward when contentment would make him lie down and rest. In the strongest and most self-controlled man the eternal child lies hid ; in sickness and at death the walls of self-defence give way, and that child stands revealed once more, an integral part of the man's nature, with its weakness and corresponding rights, with its more limited mental force but keener spiritual vision. To forget the child

in the man is as unjust as to forget the man in the child; there are times when the strongest long to have their helplessness recognised. Better to err in endeavouring to gratify a want that does not exist than to neglect one that cannot express itself.

Hence if it be unjust to put a man into the hands of those who would morally compel him to feel and own himself wrong, it is surely unjust, on the other hand, to force him to think himself in the right; to make no account of the questions or apprehensions or regrets which may arise at such a time. Should a man even desire, in his weakness, to retract what we regard as his solemn life-message, who are we to dare to hinder him?

And now that fast the storm of life subsides
I first perceive how great the whirl has been.

By some the hour of death is regarded merely as a period of diminished intellect and enfeebled will; but according to another view, which can still take full count of the former, it may also be a moment of supreme crisis and keen vision, in which the fading of immediate interests allows a fuller light to play upon the fundamental acts of life.

To a friend under doom of death Father Tyrrell wrote on October 7th, 1908:

STORRINGTON, SUSSEX.

MY DEAR CLUTTON,*

I feel it is quite futile to ask how you are, or indeed to say anything at all. Only I would not have you think that my silence means anything except the sort of respect for what is beyond words to alleviate. I have long ceased trying to explain the confusions and catastrophes of life in any coherent way. What I cling to still is the belief that most lives are justified by one or a very few moments that bring out the best in us. The rest is mere padding and sawdust. If that is not true, I do not know what to think;

* The Rev. Henry Clutton—died January 18th, 1909.

for utilitarian standards are mere moonshine. A few hours of endeavour and endurance on the rack or the cross have an absolute value that will last when all our works are obliterated like scratchings on the sand. I know I shall feel this when my turn comes.

You are a tough man, and will go through your ordeal like a Christian stoic. But that does not mean you will suffer less. I feel it is unreal to talk when I am not on the rack myself; but I honestly believe what I say. Tell your sister to let me know how you are.

To go through an ordeal "like a Christian stoic" is to go through it with few words; and it was not his semi-speechlessness alone that made Father Tyrrell act in the same way. If his tongue had been wholly free, and his mind as vigorous as in his best days, we should still have had no "last words" in the conventional sense of the term. "Last words" imply a sense of mastery of the situation wholly foreign to a nature such as his, with its abiding sense of the littleness of man, of the feebleness of his best efforts, of the inadequacy of his greatest philosophies. He had, at once, too much scepticism and too much faith for any parting speech; he gave us neither a retractation nor a declaration of rectitude. The chief character of his death-bed was its note of child-like abandonment, as of one passing forth from the little known to the less known; but passing forth in trust as well as fear.

This abandonment was shown also in that confidingness which was ever highly characteristic of him; he seemed to me to have complete certainty that those around him would understand and do what he required. His response to the action I took on the fourth day, when he was still well capable of manifesting his inclinations, was a confirmation of this impression, and of my belief that I had not mistaken his wishes.

It was on the third day of the illness that I asked

Baron F. von Hügel to assist me with his advice. He came down on July 9th, and stayed to the end. That some priest ought to be summoned, unless his condition improved, seemed to us as unquestionable as the fact that he had never left the Catholic Church, nor joined another, nor declared his detachment from all Churches; it remained then to get him one who, while fulfilling his duty as minister of the Church, would respect his individual liberty, and, as far as possible, understand his position.

It is needless to name the one selected; he came on July 10th, which was the fourth day of the illness. Father Tyrrell was sleeping when he arrived, and Father D. went therefore to talk things over with Baron F. von Hügel. During his absence the patient awoke, and I at once summoned the priest; the sick man's pleasure on seeing him was too evident to be mistaken, and it was then he asked Father D., in my presence, whether he thought that "S—— would give him absolution?" I then said, "As S—— is not here, will Father D. do?" Father Tyrrell smiled, and with the old spirit of mischief remarked, "Yes, he is as bad as me." For a few minutes I stayed with them both, because Father D. wished for an interpreter as he could not well understand what Tyrrell said. But I then left them together, remaining in the next room with the door open, where I could hear the voices, though not what was said.

Father Tyrrell spoke long and consecutively, undoubtedly making his confession, and Father D. gave him conditional absolution. After he had gone away, Father Tyrrell, who was very much brighter, said to me, "He won't let me die without the sacraments;" he also said other things that, unhappily, I could not quite understand.

Father D. was not able to remain, and went away with the promise to return if required.

That afternoon an improvement, which had appeared in the morning, became very marked; and Dr. Lee, who had formed an unfavourable opinion two days before, became much more hopeful, but insisted on absolute quiet, and freedom from any visitors. Miss Norah Shelley came that day from her home at Clapham, where Father Tyrrell often stayed in her parents' house, and remained till the end. Mr. William Tyrrell and his wife were also frequently in the house, and were such friends and strong helpers to the sick man and to myself as to inspire a sense of gratitude which can never be extinguished. My sister, Mrs. Sweetman Powell, was also to be counted, in those swift and terrible days, among the brave-hearted friends. But until hope was abandoned, and farewell visits were allowed, none but those in charge had much access to the sick-room.

The improvement of that day was not maintained; on July 11th the patient was worse again, and on the 12th so much worse that I first wired to Father D., but then took a decision which cost me much more thought and perplexity than anything I had done hitherto. Father D. could not arrive quickly, and a kind of syncope on the morning of the 12th warned us that the end might be very sudden. I therefore made up my mind not to wait for the priest I had summoned, but to call in the Prior of Storrington, and ask him to administer Extreme Unction. His recent attitude towards Father Tyrrell made this action somewhat questionable. Was it fair, to Father Tyrrell himself, to invite the attendance of one who had asked him to leave the place and shown himself, of late, quite unfriendly? Was it just, on the other hand, to call in a priest to do what

was essential, and yet give him as little freedom and latitude as possible? I made up my mind to accept these evils, rather than to run the risk of our patient dying without the last sacraments of the Church. I explained to Father Tyrrell what I was about to do, but he was too little conscious to understand me.

When the Prior came, I told him that Father Tyrrell was unconscious and had already been to confession; the Prior read over him some formula of faith, with special reference to the Pope, and anointed him. Father Tyrrell opened, and extended his hands (or perhaps only one hand, I cannot remember) for the anointing. After the ceremony the Prior bade him farewell, and asked him to press his hand if he would like him to return. Father Tyrrell did not respond, and whether he understood the question I cannot say. On the previous day, the 11th, the Prior, on hearing of his illness, had written to me and sent him a message that he was praying for him; which message I had given him at the time.

The Prior would not give the Viaticum, as he thought the patient was not able to swallow; on leaving he asked if he might return and visit him, but to this I did not consent, though he would have been recalled had Father Tyrrell become more fit to receive Communion.

The last days may be best described in the form of a journal:

July 12th.—Extreme Unction at the hands of the Prior. Farewell visit of Mr. William Tyrrell, whom the sick man recognised and affectionately saluted; visit of K. C., another friend, who was also cordially recognised.

Father D. came later that same day, but did not see him, as he was sleeping well and quietly.

In the evening Abbé H. Brémond arrived. There

was, fortunately, an interval of perfect consciousness, in which the two friends greeted each other lovingly for the last time. Then, with perfect simplicity, as though he had never been anything else but confessor and spiritual guide to the dying man, Abbé Bremond became to him, for the time, just a priest of the Catholic Church ; spoke to him, comforted him, and absolved him. During the remainder of the time Abbé Bremond frequently repeated the absolution and recited the prayers for the dying. At other times, throughout, I said beside him the *In manus tuas Domine*, and the first line of the *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua*, etc.; the crucifix was often held to his lips.

July 13th.—Increasing weakness and unconsciousness. Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., called and asked to see him. I told him all had been done that could be done, and asked if he came with any special intention. To this question he gave no answer. As his visit, now that the case was pronounced desperate, could do no physical harm, I did not refuse admission, and I told Father Tyrrell he was there, but I did not leave him alone then, nor on the next day when Father Pollen repeated his visit. He had not been one of Father Tyrrell's specially intimate friends in the Society ; so I had no reason to think that Father Tyrrell would have wished to be placed in his hands.

This visit was made the subject of much inaccurate surmise and statement in Italian Catholic papers. First, when the news arrived (and it seems to have been wired to Rome at once), that a Jesuit had visited him, it was suggested that Father Tyrrell had expressed deep sorrow for his "apostasy." Later on, when facts were known which falsified this assumption, it was asserted that Father Pollen had not even been allowed to enter the room. Both reports were false.

July 14th.—Unconsciousness the greater part of the day; friends came and went; (Mr. Lilley was one of them, having come down from London that day); prayers were said from time to time. The breathing became very troubled; but sedatives were not given until that night.

The last conscious moment occurred between 7 and 8 p.m. With a sudden movement he raised himself, looked towards me, and threw out his arm with a cry of distress. I spoke to him and put the crucifix to his lips; Abbé Bremond was called and gave absolution. Father Tyrrell then sank into unconsciousness, or semi-consciousness, till the end.

July 15th.—At 9 a.m. the last change came. After a few moments of slow breathing he just bent his head and died—there were present two nurses, Abbé Bremond, and myself.

* * * * *

That morning I unfolded the "Will," which had been in my care for a considerable time, but which, during the last few months, he had kept in his own desk.

It was as follows :

I GEORGE TYRRELL of 34, Newbiggin, Richmond, Yorkshire, declare this to be my Last Will.

I BEQUEATH to Miss Maude Petre, of 16, Pitt Street, Kensington, London, W., ALL my manuscripts, copyrights, royalties, and letters, and papers of literary interest, with full power to publish or destroy such letters or papers as she thinks fit, AND I APPOINT her my Executor for such purpose. AS WITNESS my hand this 27th day of March, 1905.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

SIGNED by the Testator in the presence of us present at the same time, who in his presence and in the presence of each other have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

EDWARD LAWLESS, Clk., Newbiggin, Richmond, Yorks.
JOSEPH FISH, Clk., Newbiggin, Richmond, Yorks:

CODICIL (*August 7th, 1907*).

I ALSO BEQUEATH to the said Miss Maude Petre (now of Mulberry House, Storrington, Sussex) all my money and personal effects, to be kept or disposed of by her according to my desire expressed or understood.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

January 1st, 1909.—If I decline the ministrations of a Roman Catholic Priest at my death-bed, it is solely because I wish to give no basis for the rumour that I made any sort of retraction of those Catholic principles which I have defended against the Vatican heresies. If no priest will bury me, let me be buried in perfect silence. If a stone is put over me, let it state that I was a Catholic Priest, and bear the usual emblematic chalice and host. No notes or comments.



GEORGE TYRRELL.

Knowing how many conflicting reports would be certain to arise, I sent the following letter to the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*:*

July 15th, 1909.

SIR,

To obviate any danger of false reports, I am anxious to give you promptly certain details regarding the last days of Father George Tyrrell, who died in my house this morning.

He was taken suddenly ill on Tuesday, the 6th, and became at once partly inarticulate, although I myself could distinguish a good deal of what he said up to nearly the end.

When his condition became graver I decided, on July 10th, in accordance with my own views and those of Baron Friedrich von Hügel, to send for a priest of the diocese of Southwark, one of his friends.

This priest, being assured by us that, on account of the physical condition of Father Tyrrell, he could come to no clear understanding with him, had recourse previously to the evidence and testimony of Baron von Hügel, who perfectly knew the general line of thought and could interpret the present dispositions of the sick man.

* Published in the same, July 16th, 1909.

In answer to his questions, the Baron was able to reply that, according to his certain knowledge (1) Father Tyrrell would wish to receive all the rites of the Church; (2) he would be deeply contrite for all and any sin or excess of which he had been guilty, as in other matters so in the course of controversy, but (3) he would not wish to receive the sacraments at the cost of a retraction of what he had said and written in all sincerity, and still considered to be the truth. The aforesaid priest acknowledged his clear understanding of these points, and then proceeded to the interview. Father Tyrrell talked at some length, probably making a confession after which he received conditional absolution. On Monday, the 12th, his condition became so much graver that it seemed advisable to have no further delay, such as would have been necessitated by sending again for the same priest. I therefore asked the Prior of Storrington to come and give Extreme Unction, Communion being out of the question, owing to the absence of the power to swallow. He came at once, and performed the Sacred Rites in my presence, Father Tyrrell being conscious. On the 12th, his intimate friend, Abbé Bremond, arrived and had the opportunity, in a moment of very clear consciousness that evening, of speaking to him, accepting such confession as he could express by signs, and giving him a last absolution. He also attended him to his very last moment.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

M. D. PETRE.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE RESTING-PLACE

ACCORDING to what has usually been taught, the Church regards the last act as the decisive one; the outlaw, the libertine, the tyrant, the apostate, are all her own children, whatever may have been their past, if they die with her seal upon their brow.

This is what Father Tyrrell had done. Whether those around him had acted right, or wrong, in what they did at the time, and what they did afterwards; whether the priests who absolved and anointed him were wise or mistaken; whether he had said and written, in the past, worse or better things than had been supposed; he had received the last Sacraments, and received them consciously and willingly, from those possessed of full faculties for their administration.

It, therefore, had not occurred to me that his right to Catholic burial would be questioned; and there was some justification for this, which proved a false security, for, on the very day of his death, Dr. Amigo, Bishop of the diocese, wrote to the Prior of Storrington, asking for particulars and adding that he supposed "they will want a Catholic funeral, and that he may have it as he received absolution." He added, however, that he was not satisfied, and desired to receive all particulars before giving his approval.

It would seem, from this letter, that the one difficulty

was as to whether Father Tyrrell had made a retraction or not. Later on, in the course of the discussion, it was rendered abundantly evident to the Bishop that the sick man's condition was such as to put such retraction out of the question, had he been ever so willing to make it.

Meanwhile, his friends were discussing the place of burial. We were not altogether inclined for Storrington, where he would have rested amongst those who had not, of late, made him welcome. I suggested the Catholic cemetery at Brentwood, where my own family were buried; and we entered into negotiations with the priest-in-charge, who, however, could not at once give a definite answer as the rector was away. We partly abandoned the idea in favour of Storrington before receiving his reply; but the result of opening negotiations with Brentwood was that we thus came into relations with the arch-diocese of Westminster, as well as the diocese of Southwark.

On July 16th my letter appeared in the *Times*, and Dr. Amigo wrote to me, the same day, to say that, "unless Father Bremond or Father D. could assure him in writing that Father Tyrrell made a definite retraction, he could not allow his being buried with Catholic rites."

At the same time his Lordship telegraphed to the Prior of Storrington:

No Catholic burial unless retraction attested by priest in writing.

I wired to the Bishop in reply:

Think my duty respectfully to warn your Lordship scandal of your refusal will be enormous to numbers in and outside Church. What you ask was impossible in case of speechless and weak man. Canonical right to burial since he received sacraments. Should spare nothing to explain all in Press if refusal maintained.

To this I had an answer the following day :

If Baron von Hügel's statement in your letter to papers is correct Catholic burial impossible unless Tyrrell made some verbal or written retractation which can be published.

The Prior, who declared himself anxious to save the situation, asked leave for a Catholic funeral without solemnity and received the same answer.

I then asked the Prior if he could at least sell us a corner of the cemetery, in which Father Tyrrell might be buried independently of his services. He replied that it was not possible.

Mr. William Tyrrell and his wife also made an appeal to the bishop, without success.

Our next attempt was with the Archbishop of Westminster. He was abroad, but after some pressure we received a reply from the prelate-in-charge that if our difficulty arose from the refusal of the Bishop of Southwark they could not deal with it in Westminster.

We were about to renounce all idea of a Catholic funeral, when, by an accident, we had occasion to renew our efforts.

Our application at Brentwood had not been withdrawn, and, by what proved to be a mistake on both sides, we thought that the priest-in-charge at that place would be able to undertake the burial. Abbé Bremond and I went down there on Sunday, the 18th, chose the site of the grave, and then, by the priest's advice, proceeded to London to obtain authorisation.

On Monday, July 19th, we went round from one dignitary to another on our fruitless quest. At Archbishop's House we saw two ecclesiastics and explained the position. Abbé Bremond, on his part, attested that no priest on earth would have asked a sick man in Father Tyrrell's condition to make a retractation. I, on my part, urged that if, as they declared, it was

my letter to the *Times* which caused the scandal, the just and logical course would be to excommunicate the one who had written it, not to ostracise the dead body of the one about whom it was written, and who had nothing to do with the writing of it.

On leaving, I asked to have a clear answer from the Archbishop himself, without which we could not rest contented. That reply came eventually ; a refusal to grant the required permission :

Unless the Bishop of Southwark signed a certificate that deceased was entitled to rites of Church.

We went on to the house of the Bishop of Southwark, where we renewed our statements. His Lordship was closeted with Father Sydney Smith, S.J., when we arrived, and desired that the latter should be present at the interview. He supported Dr. Amigo in his refusal, and seemed, indeed, to experience less difficulty in the decision than did the Bishop, who appeared greatly grieved, and was obviously not free to act save in deference to higher orders.

We took our leave, and went home to make arrangements for the funeral in the parish cemetery at Storrington.

I think I am justified in saying that we have here a quite unique case of the refusal of Christian burial.* Indeed, I asked later, in a letter to the *Tablet* of August 28th, 1909, whether any parallel instance could be cited ; a question which remained unanswered, though there would have been many willing to answer affirmatively had it been possible.

The plea that there was no recantation cannot be maintained, for, whether he would have made it or not, three priests had proved that he was not in a state to be

* Be it remembered that, in the mind of the Catholic Church, *Catholic* burial and *Christian* burial are one thing.

asked for it. The plea drawn from the letter to the *Times* was null, since Father Tyrrell did not write it.

A still stranger plea was made in defence of the ecclesiastical authorities later on, when Tyrrell's letter of November 4th, 1908, to the Old Catholic Bishop, Dr. Herzog, was published by the latter on his own behalf. It was then triumphantly stated by a Catholic paper* that the bishops had, at last, convincing proof of the rectitude of their decision.

But if Father Tyrrell had denied the very existence of God on November 4th, 1908, instead of raising doubts as to the ecumenicity of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, what would that have had to do with his death-bed dispositions?

On the whole, then, it may be said that Father Tyrrell's friends were bound to demand Catholic burial for his body, whether they agreed, or did not agree, with his views; and whether they themselves desired for him this Catholic burial or not. It seemed to them to be his right, and they demanded it accordingly.

The bishops, on the other hand, if they took what seems to have been an unprecedented decision, acted, doubtless, in obedience to orders from Rome; and acted, certainly, in accordance with the spirit of the "Pascendi."

Meanwhile, the body lay in the little room where he had worked and suffered, awaiting its last resting-place. With the greatest courtesy and kindness the Rector of Storrington, the Rev. Arthur Faithfull, placed himself at our service to make all possible arrangements.† The site was chosen in a corner of the

* See *Tablet*, October 30th, 1909, and subsequent letters and remarks, November 6th and November 13th.

† Readers will, of course, be aware that, by the law of this country, the parish cemetery is available for the burial of persons of any creed.

cemetery, and I purchased, in the name of Mr. William Tyrrell and myself, one large enough to accommodate the graves of relations or friends, so that, later on, other Catholics might be laid beside him. The funeral had been deferred owing to the many difficulties, but it was at last announced for the morning of Wednesday, July 21st. Then arose the question as to what prayers we should have, and who was to say them.

The old Catholic custom in England, in the saying of public non-liturgical prayers, has always been to ask a priest to recite them, if one be present; to ask the chief layman, if no priest be there; and a woman may say them in the absence of a Catholic layman.

As Abbé Bremond was to be present, he was therefore the proper person to recite whatever prayers were to be said. Had he not been there, it would probably have been Mr. William Tyrrell, or Baron F. von Hügel on whom the duty would have fallen. Had no Catholic layman been present, I should unhesitatingly have performed the duty myself.

As to the prayers, we had no wish to compose a new service of our own, we were perfectly satisfied with those of the Church, from which we omitted the absolution, which only a priest could give, and which, as no priest was *officially* present, could not be fitly given.

We arranged that no words should be spoken over the grave but those of Abbé Bremond, in order to avoid anything in the way of a protest.

There were present the following :

Mr. and Mrs. William Tyrrell and their two little daughters.

Mrs. and Miss Chamney—aunt and cousin of Father Tyrrell.

Baron F. von Hügel, and his daughter, Countess Salimei-Hügel.

Mrs. Sweetman Powell, Mrs. Ralph Clutton, Miss Maude Petre, and the servants of Mulberry House.

The Rev. Basil Maturin, who was the only other Catholic Priest.

The Revs. Dr. Caldecott, R. P. Farley, A. Fawkes, Bishop Vernon Herford, Hubert Handley, A. L. Lilley (with Mrs. Lilley), C. E. Osborne.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Miss Katherine Clutton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dell, Mr. Edmund Gardner, the Hon. William Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Grech, Mr. F. Rooke Ley, Mrs. David Limond, Miss Mary Luard, Miss Helen Lucy, Mr. Percy Lucas, Mr. Henry New, Mr. Harold Powell, Miss C. Ryley, Mr. W. J. Williams, Miss Dora Williams, Mr. James Walker.

We gathered in the garden, outside Father Tyrrell's room, and there Abbé Bremond spoke the first words :

Before we bear our friend's body from the home where he spent some of the last years of his life, and where he died, I will say one word.

Catholic burial has been refused him by our ecclesiastical Authorities, and we will make no comment on this decision, accepting it in silence, as he would have told us to do. We wish for nothing that would suggest a schismatic or sectarian attitude, such as he abhorred. But we cannot let him be borne to the grave without prayers, and I, as his old and intimate friend, will say the last Catholic prayers over his body, and will bless the grave,* in the Parish Cemetery, wherein he is to lie. And when we have laid him to rest, I will venture to speak a few words while you stand around the grave, such words as I believe he would like me to utter. And we are going to ask that I, though unworthy, may be the only one to speak on this occasion, and that we may avoid the least shadow of suspicion that we desire any kind of manifestation. His friends of another Church will understand our wish, and their silent presence will be the highest form of sympathy.

* He meant by this that he was going to sprinkle holy water on it. Many Catholics habitually sprinkle holy water on their beds, before going to rest.

We walked through the little village in perfect silence—and over the grave Abbé Bremond spoke the following words :

You see the place we have lovingly chosen for him, since another place was refused to us. You see the place. He used to like it, and, many a time, when he was living in the Priory, here he came, reciting his breviary in the very same path beside which they have dug his grave. As you see, it stands half-way between the two Churches, the one in which he died and the other in which he was born. On this side, separated from us by a tiny wall, the Catholic Church ; on the other, the Church of Keble, of his friend of friends, Dolling, and so many of you who have been so discreetly kind and so courageously true to him. You would have kept faithful to him in spite of all intellectual discrepancies, had they been much greater than in fact they were. Still, you knew how deep was his reverence for the old Establishment through which not only Newman, but Manning himself testified that the Holy Ghost had been and was still working for the greater benefit of England.

When I speak of this, his reverence, I feel I do not say enough. He loved it too, not only as the home of many of his friends, not only as the home of some of the millions for which he ever cared so much, but also as the home which seemed to await him, promising to this wandering and exiled pilgrim of eternity, with some of the sacramental ordinances which were for him of so great value, the strength of a religious brotherhood and a sense of rest. So it was, and we need not try to conceal it, twice bound to tell the plain and entire truth in speaking of him who feared nothing in this world, except the faintest shadow of a lie.

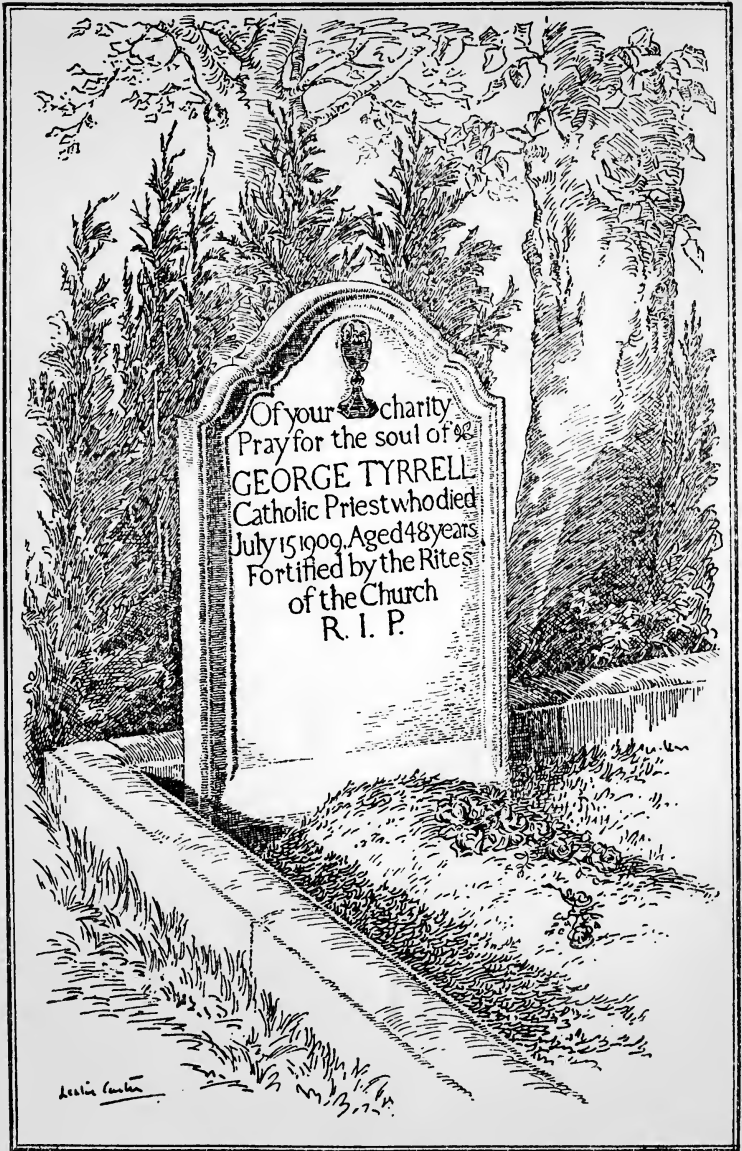
In our endless walks, either here or in Richmond, I remember with what tender eagerness he used to enter into the village churches, slowly moving under the ancient vaults as one who loved to evoke the echoes of his childhood, deeply realising the peaceful and soothing poetry of your liturgy, the splendour of the English Bible, the scholarly and refined liberalism or the quiet unpretending devotion of your clergy. No greater mistake could have been committed about him than the mistake of those well-meaning opponents who looked upon him as the modern apologist of private judgment and of individualism in religion. He wanted a Church, both from the sense of the necessity of a social organisation of the Christian idea, and still more, perhaps, from his profound belief in, and his intense love for, the sacramental side of religion. No dogma was dearer to his heart than the dogma of the communion of Saints, of which I

confidently repeated to his dying ears the sweet, short and simple formula: *Credo in communionem sanctorum*. Of his sacramental aspirations we have a touching proof in the paper dated January 1st, 1909, in which he states his wishes about his own funeral. There he says that he wished nothing to be written on his grave, except his name and the fact that he was a Catholic priest, to which was to be added the emblem of the Chalice and the Host—of which we have his own rough sketch.

The spell which the Anglican Church exercised over him during his last years was much more than the ordinary sweetness of the recollections of childhood. Both his heart and mind, both his intellectual and devotional aspirations, inclined him towards a Church; and so it came to pass that, while the leader of the Tractarian movement deeply felt the fascination of the Roman Church, this greatest of later Catholic leaders in England felt the fascination of a Church which was no more his own. But he did not yield to the spell; and this is the hard-won victory of his faith, the splendid and long-significant testimony which both his writings and his interior life render to the Church of Rome. Bear with me, dear unknown friends who loved him so well: we, his confidants of every hour, we to whom he openly said the worst that was in him and sometimes did not entirely succeed in hiding the best, we knew the pathetic struggle which seemed, at times, to absorb his activities, and we knew, too, without the slightest hesitation, what would be the end of the struggle. We knew that, for him, the Roman Catholic Church, as a fact, stood for the oldest and the widest body of corporate Christian experience, for the closest approximation, so far attained, to the still far distant ideal of a Catholic Church. Long before he had written it, with his mastery and pregnant command of the English tongue, we knew that the very word "Catholic" was music to *his* ears, and summoned before *his* eyes the outstretched, all-embracing arms of Him Who died for the *orbis terrarum*.

These last words of his seem to me to describe exactly what was his position towards Catholicism. He clung to the Church of his conversion with the same deep-rooted conviction and the same love with which he clung to the Gospel and to the Divine person of our Lord. The most admirable book, soon to be published, which occupied his last months—which shortened his precious life—will stand as a lasting monument of his faith. The book is called "Christianity at the Cross Roads." Let me read just a few sentences of it:

"Notwithstanding and partly because of these developments" (our friend writes of the first part of his work, and refers to the



“ If a stone is put over me, let it state that I was a Catholic Priest, and bear the Chalice and Host ” (Last Will)..

dogmatic teaching of the Church), "it is impossible to deny that the revelation of the Catholic religion and that of Jesus are the same, not only in substance, but largely in form. . . . It was in the form of such a tradition that He necessarily embodied His Gospel, and the Catholic Church has preserved the earthen vessel with its heavenly treasure, while those who have broken and cast away the vessel seem to have lost much of the treasure. Ought we not still to keep it, while carefully distinguishing it from its contents?"

Before leaving him, will you allow me to address him a last farewell in the name of his many French, Italian, and German friends, saying which, I mean, indeed, the learned ones who had found comfort in his writings and who were devoted to him, although they might not have agreed with all he said, but I also mean, and quite as much, the simple people whom he knew when living with me in Provence, or in Brittany, and who loved him at once. Although he kept nearly silent when amongst them, he divined, with his quick Irish sense, what their meaning was, and they, on their side, felt by a sort of instinct that he was both a big man and a man of God. I wanted to say this, because, although his special message was to the educated, his constant and tender care for the "little ones" of Christ, and the ignorant hungry millions, seems to have been one of his essential characteristics.

As for our own personal loss, it is beyond words. He was the one to whom we turned in all our anxieties, and to whom some of us, at least, owe it that they kept faithful to the Church and to Christ. To realise that we shall never hear him again on earth would entirely darken our lives, if he had not taught us his own bitter, but triumphant, optimism, and the present duty of hoping against hope. Hope! This must be our parting word and feeling, and I feel sure he would have liked me to end these few farewell words by the lines of the Christian poet he loved so much :

"Prisoner of hope thou art—look up and sing
 In hope of promised spring ;
 As in the pit his father's darling lay
 Beside the desert way ;
 And knew not how, but knew his God would save
 Even from that living grave ;
 So buried with our Lord, we close our eyes
 To the decaying world, till angels bid us rise."

* * * * *

Three days later the Bishop of Southwark wired to the Prior of Storrington :

Do not allow Bremond to say Mass.

CHAPTER XXIV

CONCLUSION

“NATURAM expellas furca tamen usque recurret.” This was a favourite text with George Tyrrell, and not an inapt one as expressive of his own destiny and life, with the insistent task from which he could never escape. “As one fated,” he described himself, to follow the line begun, “though it should lead him to break the hearts of half the world;” and, as he did not add, though it should lead him to break also his own.

It was for the fulfilment of that task he became a Catholic and then a Jesuit, it was in the pursuit of one leading aim he underwent, first the discipline of self-repression, and then the pain of self-liberation.

That aim was the religious service of mankind.

We have followed him through his young days of unbelief; days in which he realised that the human ideal is inevitably, also, a religious ideal, and that man without a faith representative of spiritual, of abiding, of eternal values, tends lower than the beasts of the field, whose spontaneity is also their innocence. As for the ideals of material and social improvement, or even of purely ethical value, his critical and sceptical constitution forbade him to find in them rest for his soul, or satisfaction for his mind. He felt all the convincing force of the pagan presentment of life, and he recognised that to that presentment no opposition could be offered save from a transcendent standpoint, and by the counter-presentment of an ideal compre-

hending and surpassing the logic of material well-being, the æsthetic glory of sense.

He had gazed into the depths to which man might descend when robbed of that ideal, and he knew that he did not gaze alone, but in the company of all those who could make that descent if they found nothing to restrain the vital energy of passion but the *dicta* of moral custom or social convention. With all the force of personal conviction and experience he gripped the old truth, that man cannot be truly man unless he be also, in some sense, divine. Yet in himself, unaided, man cannot attain his own higher destiny ; because he is great, he must seek help in something greater.

Tyrrell had lost the faith of his childhood, but he now set forth to seek it anew ; a quest he would scarcely have begun for himself alone, but which he undertook because he felt that his destitution and his need were the destitution and the need of countless others. Having regained that faith his aim, henceforth, was to share it with all he could, and he gave himself to the Church in order, the better, to give himself to the highest interests of mankind.

Henceforth the course of his life, with whatever faults, or mistakes, or accidental divergencies, was a logical sequence from the original premiss. He submitted whole-heartedly to religious authority so long as he believed that his own self-repression promoted the triumph of his end ; he revolted as soon as, in his opinion, continued submission would have entailed the sacrifice of that end.

If we were to sum up, under one word, the question on which George Tyrrell was eventually at war with ecclesiastical authority, it was that of authority itself ; and if we were also to set forth, in one word, the charge that he brought against it, that charge would

be one of *selfishness*. It was with those elements of self-seeking and self-interest which he found in the Church that his quarrel chiefly lay; in so far as she was not the handmaid of mankind she was not what she was chiefly made to be. The symptoms of this more than superficial selfishness were to be found in her intellectual tyranny as in her civil ambition; but chiefly in that conception of ruler and ruled, shepherd and sheep, which reversed the true relations, and demanded more loyalty and self-sacrifice of the subject than of the superior; of the faithful than of their teachers.

Yet how is the Church to be governed if one man may take on himself to correct her? This is a hard question, the difficulty of which George Tyrrell fully recognised. Nor was he of those so happily sure and certain of their own opinion as to play the part of martyr or fanatic, or to rejoice in the singularity of their position. Singularity was distasteful and intimidating to him. His answer would have been, not: I am right; but: *Ich kann nicht anders*; the answer which the prophet must ever give, though men may call him true or false.

Whether he was right, or whether he was wrong (and such work cannot be achieved without scandal), this, at least, even the most orthodox cannot deny, that special men have been raised up under the New, as under the Old Law, to rebuke even the Lord's Anointed, and that amongst their contemporaries there will ever be those who assert, as well as those who deny, the truth of their mission. Nor will even the true prophet be necessarily free from all personal imperfection in the delivery of his message; the lives of certain past saints have yet to be written.

George Tyrrell may sometimes have rejoiced to think

that the days of gilded biographies have gone by, and that his faults were too manifest alongside of his virtues, his weakness alongside of his strength, for his name and memory to serve, later on, as conventional models for the repression of new life.

As for his message, that very incompleteness, which left it open to criticism, left it open also to fulfilment. His words went no further than his vision, and his vision could not embrace what God had not yet shown.

He was certain of the necessity and the paramount importance of religion; he was certain, also, that religion cannot live in the clouds, but must be incorporated in a Church; yet what the Church of the future would be he did not attempt to foretell. He knew that she could be no mushroom growth, no man-made dwelling; that she must be comprehensive of past as well as present, and must not deny any true achievement of humanity; but more intimately he did not describe her. He gave his reasons for believing that the Church to which he belonged contained the seed of the Church of the Future; yet this too would depend on her casting off that corporate self-interestedness, which was fed on an unconscious retainment of the Ptolemaic as against the Copernican system, and which tended to lead her back from monotheism to monolatry.

That he was rejected after death by that Church in whose arms he breathed his last sigh, in whose defence he wrote his last words, was significant of his whole religious history. In a certain measure men get what they ask for. He had asked for a place wherein he could work for others, and not for one in which he could take his own rest. On his tomb might have been inscribed the words he traced in his Breviary:

“Thou shalt see the land before thee which I will give to the children of Israel, but thou shalt not enter into it.”

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

“ A PERVERTED DEVOTION ”—FIRST CENSOR

Ex commissione A.R.P.V. examinaui articulum a P. Tyrrell prov. Angliæ in *Weekly Register* Dec. 1899. scriptum et hæc de eo dicenda censeo ;

1. *Thesis* in hoc articulo propugnata est ; Agnosticismus quidam moderatus in proponendis fidei mysteriis ac præcipue in exponenda existentia reprobatorum, igne materiali inferni, æternitate pœnarum, servandus est, *i.e.* abstinendum est a rationibus congruis et analogiis ex rebus creatis desumptis. Ergo tum P. Castelein, S.J., tum ejus adversarii male egerunt de numero reprobatorum disputantes.

Thesis doceri revera a P. Tyrrell patet ex multis locis articuli ; v.g. dicit : “ Si analogiæ debiliter illustrantes [faintly illustrative] rationis proponuntur tamquam explicationes adæquatæ et satisfaciens difficultatis quæ hisce futilibus facilitationibus [futile alleviations] tantum aggravatur, subito resentimus, merum rationalismum in mysteria fidei intrudi, respuimus talem, qui se dicit theologum [would-be theologian]. ” Utique verum est, ratione inveniri non posse adæquatam et positivam explicationem mysterii proprie dicti, quæ positive ex notione subjecti demonstrative ostendat ei prædicatum [mysterium] convenire. Sed falso asserit, illustrationes et analogias ex ratione petitas aggravare difficultates contra mysterium. Sed pergit auctor “ Si conceditur intellectus constricti et angusti esse eo stupefieri quod idea absoluta rerum quas Deus solus novit, nobis ex nostro parvo angulo immensitatis [from our little corner of immensity] intelligibilis non sit—tamen major gradus perversitatis [obliquity] mentalis et moralis in eo existit, qui in dogmate inferni non experitur, intellectum perplexum fieri, affectus nostros contrariari, persuasiones nostras [sentiments] violari . . . ibi non possum videre nisi malum, confusionem, stultitiam. Non sum obligatus credere doctrinam de inferno non apparere crudelem, et injustam, vel rationem nostram invenire posse probationem positivam, sicut invenit defensionem negativam. ” Secundum auctoris igitur ideas, Dei providentia non est tantum incomprehensibilis, sed non

est intelligibilis, et homo ex rationibus congruis et analogiis ex ratione petitis sibi persuadere nequit ne negative quidem, ita ut difficultates contrarias hac ratione vanas esse ostendat, doctrinam de inferno esse justam et rationi non contrariam; sed tantum ita negative eam defendere potest, ut dicat [contra objicientes] doctrinam esse revelatam. Idem innuit, quando dicit, in conflictu duorum v.g. attributorum Dei, obscurius ex clariore interpretandum esse; sed bonitatem Dei esse clarissimam, justitiam in pœnis inferni obscuram, insistendum igitur esse in bonitate divina. Aliis verbis pœnas damnatorum ex ipsa natura justitiæ in Deum læsæ et natura hominis explicari non vult, sed ex alio dogmate revelato. Maxime vero, quæ sit Patris Tyrrell thesis, ex fine articuli apparet. [The censor here quotes in Latin, inaccurately, from the concluding paragraph, in which it is said: "In a saner spiritual philosophy, born of a revolt against materialism—the last and lowest form of rationalism—a base is found for a certain temperate agnosticism, which is one of the essential prerequisites of intelligent faith," etc.]

Censura infligenda huic thesi hæc est: Contradicit communi agendi rationi omnium Patrum et theologorum probatorum, qui semper rationibus congruis et analogiis e rebus creatis desumptis etiam profunda Dei mysteria illustrare studuerunt; ea ex ratione naturali non demonstrarunt quidem, an et quid sint, sed evincebant ea sanæ rationi contraria non esse, non solum ex eo quod dicebant ea esse revelata, sed ex eo quod demonstrabant difficultates rationis nullius momenti esse. Contradicit etiam communi doctrinæ Patrum et theologorum; docebant enim ex fide quærendum esse intellectum et credere nos jubebant ut intelligamus. Contradicit denique ipsi Concilio Vaticano, quod sess. 3. cap. 4. de fide et ratione dicit: "Ratio quidem fide illustrata quum sedulo, pie et sobrie quærit aliquam Deo dante mysteriorum intelligentiam, eamque fructuosissimam assequitur, tum ex eorum, quæ naturaliter cognoscit, analogia, tum e mysteriorum nexu inter se et cum fine hominis ultimo. . . . Inanis autem [inter fidem et rationem] hujus contradictionis species inde potissimum oritur quod fidei dogmata ad mentem Ecclesiæ *intellecta et exposita* non fuerint, vel opinionum commenta pro rationis effatis habeantur."

2. Etiam in modo quo, thesim evolvens, explicationes theologorum de existentia reproborum, de æternitate pœnarum, de materialitate ignis inferni rejicit, quædam *censuranda* sunt. P. Tyrrell maximum mysterium in eo ponit quod peccatum pœnis æternis puniatur; quod qui cum resistentia contra gratiam moriuntur, inferno abdicuntur. "Durum est" inquit, "cogitare, Deum sibi complacere in homine disposito, ut inconscius divini characteris [bonitatis] in se

oppositionem contra dogma fidei [de reprobis] non sentiat.” . . .
 “Nos aperte dicamus, si homo quis agit cum tanta crudelitate tranquilla et deliberata, cum quanta Deum doctrina communiter de prædestinatione admissa agere asserit, morte puniatur oportet.”
 Sed multi theologi adeo mysterium non inveniunt in doctrina de æternitate pœnarum, ut eam ratione demonstrari posse doceant, et in eo consentiunt omnes, quod natura peccati mortalis et justitiæ divinæ bene perpensa, hæc doctrina rationi valde consona sit. P. Tyrrell contradicit igitur communi theologorum sententiæ etiam hac in re.

Non solum omnes *explicationes solitas materialitatis ignis infernalis* rejicit dicens eas non oriri nisi ex semirationalismo illo, qui delectatur in describendo res spirituales terminis ex materia, ex chimica et physica desumptis; et ex timore, ne hæc ecclesiæ doctrina mysterium fiat [Cf. hac de re No. 1.]; sed etiam rejiciens sententiam S. Thomæ de alligatione ad ignem, quædam erronea profert; scilicet eam rejicit, quia 1. ignem materialem sua operatione propria disintegrandi materiam privet, et 2. pœnam moralem loco physicæ inducat. Sed falsum est exigere in igne spiritus cruciante operationem propriam disintegrandi materiam; item pœna ignis in spiritum inflictæ non potest esse nisi moralis, utpote in voluntate producta, ita ut voluntas doleat et crucietur. Sed hæc voluntatis pœna est moralis.

3. In loquendo de *æternitate* pœnarum aliquid profert, quod certe hæreticum censi debet, nisi verbis illis sensu prorsus inusitato utatur, durationem damnati in inferno esse *totam simul*, non successivam. Nam de fide est, solius Dei durationem esse totam simul. Male quoque ibidem devotis irridet, qui “æternitatem sibi fingant sæculum ad sæculum addentes gaudeantque quando identidem in calculando fatigati [breathless] cessant, et exclamare possunt *æternitas modo incepit*.” Et male citat S. Thomam [loco non indicato], cum quo dicendum esset, “ibi adesse æquivalens quoddam temporis successivi [protracted], seu successionem [protraction] temporis esse aliquid pœnalitati indifferens, pœnam æternam comparandam esse potius homini, cujus caput vel membrum abscinditur, quam carceris damnato.” S. Thomas enim in Summa Theologica 1. qu. 10. a. 3. ad. 2. asserit in pœnis æternis esse transmutationem et proin successionem et tempus [aliqui auctores utique hoc verbum *tempus* sensu lato sumendum esse aiunt, prout apponitur æternitati non vero ævo], et 1. 2. qu. 67 a 4 ad. 2. Quodl. 8. c. 18. diserte successionem pœnarum propugnat, quam alii auctores negant; attamen etiamsi pœna remaneat immutata eadem, tamen cum abscissione capitis comparari nequit, quia ipsa sensatio pœnæ seu conscientia

semper durat eadem, dum in abscissione capitis sit transiens tantum. Hac igitur in re P. Tyrrell errat. Et modus, quo tractat methodum illum æternitatem fidelibus explicandi, Missionariis et ss. Exercitiorum Directoribus adeo familiarem, vere scandalosus videtur.

4. Quum vero *controversiam de numero reproborum inter P. Castelein et adversarios Redemptoristas* attingit, parum secundum charitatem loquitur. Patrem Castelein jocosè nominat hominem miserabiliter debilem [sadly weak] in devotione Inferni doctrinæ, inclinatum versus SS. Cor et Anticalvinistam [of a strong Sacré Cœur and anti-Calvinistic bias] qui in *nequitia* cordis sui numerum reproborum diminuere velit, postea tamen se corrigit dicens, se respectum habere bonitatis ejus. Sed durius et malitiosius cum adversariis ejus agit: "nolumus," inquit, "determinare, utrum adversarii ad eorum numerum pertineant, quorum devotio in maxima quæ potest esse miseria maximi qui potest esse numeri reproborum acquiescit." Huc etiam pertinet, quod eis devotionem Inferni attribuat, quam in præmio satis explicavit, cujusque excessum in Tertulliano ejusque asseclis cerni posse dicit. Ubi, quum definitionem devotionis dare velit, quæ etiam devotioni SS. Sacramenti et SS. Trinitatis conveniat, recedit a communi theologorum sententia, quæ eam definit cum S. Th. 2. 2. qu. 82. a. 1. "voluntatem quamdam prompte tradendi se ad ea quæ pertinent ad Dei famulatum" [mediante tali vel tali cultu]; P. Tyrrell vero eam dicit inclinationem [attrait] specialem versus articulum doctrinæ catholicæ congruentem cum specialibus et personalibus necessitatibus subjecti. Sed sustineri nequit, estque expressio male sonans, catholicum ejusmodi inclinationem in ipsas pœnas damnati in se spectatas habere, sed potius dici potest, ferri eandem in justitiâ vindicativam Dei. Ceteroquin ita P. Tyrrell expressionem illam explicat; sed cur tunc præfert eam quæ est male sonans et non loquitur de devotione justitiæ Dei? quæ expressio etiam ipsa satis singularis est et tantum supposita definitione Patris T. recte intelligi potest. Etiam erroneum est, nisi supponatur definitio eadem devotionis, dicere devotionem SS. Sacramenti vel sacramenti pœnitentiæ non esse necessariam catholico. Nam inclinationem specialem præ aliis in hæc sacramenta habere non obligatur, sed tamen habeat voluntatem se tradendi divino servitio etiam colendo hæc sacramenta, opus est.

Atqui hæc quidem sint satis de valore dogmatico assertionum P. Tyrrell. Quæ sunt falsa, erronea, male sonantia, vel scandalosa, certo universam bonam ascetim promovere nequeunt, sed quædam ei positive nocent, v.g. quando semper potius divinam bonitatem quam justitiâ in explicando dogmate de Inferno respiciendam esse docet. S.P.N. in Exerc. præc. ad medit. Inf. aliter docet.

APPENDIX II

“ A PERVERTED DEVOTION ”—SECOND CENSOR

Ut admodum Reverendæ Paternitatis Vestræ prompto animo iussa facerem, qua maiori licuit diligentia, examini subieci articulum, cui titulus, *A Perverted Devotion*. Inspectis autem omnibus quæ in eo traduntur, iudico in Domino articulum continere doctrinam falsam, temerariam, erroneam; theologiæ scholasticæ ac summis ipsis Doctoribus, haud omisso Aquinate, imo ipsis Pontificibus Summis, ac porro Ecclesiæ Patribus, ipsique Ecclesiæ injuriosam; male sonantem ac piarum aurium offensivam; scandalosam, proximam hæresi et quodammodo hæresim sapientem, si omnino hæretica dici non debeat. Breviter singula declarabo. Hæc tamen objective loquendo. Spero autem fore ut quamvis gravissime errando, bona fide articulum Auctor exaravit: vellem omnino, ut ita esset. Ex dictis autem infero, novo exemplo in perspicuis poni quod toties dictum est: parvam scientiam, præsertim cum quadam præsumptione et curiositate (quæ vitii intemperantiæ, ex D. Thoma, pars est), conjunctam, in gravissimos errores sæpe sæpius inducere.

P. I. Auctor *in sententia* ait:

Devotio videtur significare specialem quamdam inclinationem affectionemque animi erga particulare aliquod Catholicæ Doctrinæ caput, quatenus hoc personalibus mentis animique necessitatibus respondet. *Per se* proinde externam nullam determinatamve piam praxim includit, quæ ab ipsa delectabili dilectaque veritatis contemplatione distinguatur. Hæc assertio, uti intelligitur ex D. Thoma, 2.2. qu. 83., est prorsus arbitraria: et quatenus devotionem facit dependentem a personalibus necessitatibus, prout ab auctore intelliguntur, est certo falsa et inducens in errorem, uti ex illis, quæ mox subdit auctor, intelligitur. Quod vero ait, nos non teneri ad habendam devotionem erga SS. Eucharistiæ Sacramentum, si de vera devotione sermo sit, ab omni abhorret veritate, seu est theologice erroneum.

P. II. ait: Datur *devotio quædam erga infernum*, quæ nihil est aliud, quam derivatio quædam devotionis erga attributum justitiæ Dei.—Est propositio *male sonans*, quæ abusu verborum peccat; resque ad fidem moresque spectantes præter et contra receptum loquendi morem proferuntur; idque dicitur, quod piis et religiosis auribus indignum videtur.

Post: *Happiness in Hell*, ab Ecclesia damnatam, jam habemus: *Devotion to Hell*, quæ non minus damnabilis est.

P. III. ait: Quandoquidem devotio sensus est, natura sua cæcus, tendensque ad sensus alios omnes excludendos, ad tyrannidemque in

mentem rationemque exercendam ut solus dominetur, perversioni excessibusque obnoxia est, egetque subjici trahique ad harmoniam cum reliqua Catholica Doctrina. Hinc sequitur hæreses nihil esse aliud quam perversas devotiones, uti exemplo est, præ aliis, rigorismus . . . Tertulliani.—Est propositio, si de propria devotione sermo esset, theologice falsa et temeraria: in sensu vero auctoris est falsa tum ontologice, quia sensus ille, si esset, a cognitione et contemplatione dogmatis dirigeretur; tum historice, cum non omnes hæreses, uti de protestantismo certissime constat, ea semper ratione aut natæ sint aut viguerint, ac Tertulliano ipsi alia prorsus labendi causa fuerit aut occasio ut critici perhibent. Cf. vitam Tertulliani apud Migne, P. XV.

P. IV. ait: A perversa devotione erga infernum caritas abest prorsus ac fides ipsa prope annihilatur. Non enim effectus ipsa est divinæ veritatis, quæ nobis ignota est, et quando manifestabitur, quidquid modo, prout a nobis concipitur, crudele et absurdum videtur, prorsus evanescet; sed contra effectus est cujusdam rationalismi theologorum *in arcana fidei* se intrudentis, voluntatisque irrationabiliter trahentis mentem ad assensum, ac demum silvestris cujusdam propensionis personalis, defectusque cordis ac sensus moralis; quæ proinde quasi forti fide ac zelo divinæ justitiæ personata gaudet ac sibi blanditur de crudeli illa severitate, quæ in doctrina de inferno videtur esse. Negari enim nequit doctrinam hanc, ut nobis proponitur, videri crudelem et injustam; nec ratio potest pro ipsa invenire aut positivam demonstrationem aut negativam defensionem.

Quod hic dicitur, est ex falso supposito: est insuper falsum et Theologis ac Theologiæ Scholasticæ, quin Summis ipsis Pontificibus, qui eam laudibus sustulerunt, graviter injuriosum; in ore Socii Jesu prorsus scandalum ingenerans. Quæ vero eodem loco dicuntur de gaudio beatorum, ob reproborum tormenta, sophistica sunt et ab auctore non intellecta.

P.P. V., VI., VII.—Sepositis pluribus, quæ incidenter dicuntur quæque iisdem notis ac præcedentia debent inuri, auctor ait: "Quod diximus de perversa devotione erga infernum, dicendum etiam est de modo quo explicantur miseriæ hujus vitæ, permissio peccati ac prædestinatio; quæ explicatio in causa est, quare fides in pluribus vacillet. Et sane ubi inter duas revelatas veritates conflictus esse videtur, proprie judicium esset suspendendum, *donec dies elucescat*, etc. . . . Sed quoniam mens nostra ita connaturata est, ut ejusmodi temperamentum, quo fides in pluribus servaretur, raro admittat; saltem clarior veritas norma esse deberet obscuriorem explicandi, et non secus. Et sic, in re nostra, divina sapientia et

bonitas revelata deberet doctrinam de inferno et de ceteris explicare, et non e converso, uti communiter faciunt ascetæ, oratores ac Theologi Catholici, non secus ac calviniani.” . . . Est doctrina falsa, sophistica, temeraria, non solum privatis Catholicis ac Doctoribus, sed ipsi prorsus Ecclesiæ injuriosa, et liberalismum sapiens in materia theologica.

P.P. VIII., IX., X., XI., XII.—Ea dicit auctor de natura pœnarum inferni, de earum æternitate, de numero damnatorum, ut aut blasphemet quod ignorat, aut pervertat theologorum, Patrum et Ecclesiæ doctrinam ut possit blasphemare: quare notas fere omnes præcedentes meretur.—Spectatim vero hæc propositio: *One would not think at first sight that the precise mechanism by which the pains of sense are produced was a matter of vital moment; still, if indeed it be a revealed point, we are willing to believe that material fire is the agency by which the fallen angels are tormented, etc.*: quatenus videtur dubitare de materiali realitate ignis inferni, tum est falsa, temeraria, et theologice erronea, tum videtur esse proxima hæresi, cum doctrina opposita ex clarissimo fundamento Scripturarum ex Patrum ac Theologorum unanimi fere consensu, paucissimis prorsus exceptis, sic communiter in Ecclesia tradatur, imo etiam ab ipsa tradatur Ecclesia, uti patet ex Actis Concilii Florentini in disquisitione *de igne Purgatorii*, ut una videatur requiri Ecclesiæ definitio, ut sit *de fide catholica*. Item, ironica illa altera propositio: *Still, we may more than suspect that this lax theologian, sadly weak in devotion to the doctrine of hell, and with a strong Sacré Cœur or anti-Calvinistic bias, etc.*; est male sonans, piarum aurium offensiva, injuriosa non solum fidelibus et Ecclesiæ, sed ipsi SS. Jesu Cordi blasphema.—Item: *God will save His word in all things. . . . Thus we can hold. . . . That somehow good shall be the final goal of ill*; quæ, cum in sensu auctoris non possint referri ad bonum divinæ gloriæ, sed referri debeant ad bonum damnatorum, efficiunt, ut propositio sit sapiens hæresim aut suspecta de hæresi, si non est formaliter hæretica. Auctor videtur pertinere ad unam ex classibus Misericordium, qui tempore Augustini errabant, et quos Augustinus ipse valdissime oppugnat in *Enchiridio*, c. 66, *seqq.*, *De Fide et Operibus*, c. 14, *seqq.*, *De Civitate Dei*, lib. 21, c. 17, *seqq.*, quo ultimo in loco Augustinus varias illas misericordium classes enumerat. Imo modo illo suo loquendi indefinito Auctor videtur instaurare Origenistarum errorem in Œcum. Const. II. damnatum. . . . Ceterum professio fidei de æternitate pœnarum inferni habetur in Symbolo Athanasiano.

PP. XIII. et XIV. ait: “Hujusmodi doctrina rationalistica de inferno (*quæ tamen, uti monuimus, in Ecclesia et ab Ecclesia ipsa aut asseritur aut etiam credenda proponitur*) ipsis Ecclesiæ filiis anxietatis

causa est ; iis vero qui ab Ecclesia desciscunt, utut bonæ sint voluntatis, est scandali occasio ; fuit etiam defectionis sæculi XVI. præcipua ratio. Huic autem malo, in saniori spirituali philosophia agnostica, ex rebellionem contra materialismum exorta, remedium est : quatenus, admissio temperato agnosticismo, sic teneantur quæcumque sunt revelata, ut simul fateamur in divina sapientia ac bonitate, quæ ceu norma accipiantur, dari modum quemdam altiozem, qui quæcumque revelata sunt in harmoniam redigat, et quod rationi nostræ crudele aut absurdum videtur, planum reddat et acceptabile. Quare studium Apologetarum fidei in id unice debet incumbere, ut quæ fidei sunt relinquuntur intelligenda in tempus illud quum, immixtione omni rationalismi perpurgata, nova illa veritas, quæ lucem afferat, manifestabitur." . . . Hæc doctrina quoad priorem partem est historice falsa, et Theologiæ Scholasticæ, Patribus et ipsi Ecclesiæ injuriosa. Remedium vero quod suggerit, primo quidem est valde suspectum, cum simile quid perhibeat, quod in Germanis theologis a Pio IX. et Concilio Vaticano fuit damnatum. Tum doctrina novorum Agnoitarum, a Positivismo nonnisi nomine fere differens, etiam philosophice falsa est, nec proinde remedium illud potest afferre, quod Auctor somniat ; præsertim cum, uti Auctor videtur supponere, ea doctrina in re nostra eo tendat ut omnino finale bonum ipsorum reproborum sperandum sit. Tandem ea doctrina illudque remedium contraria sunt praxi constanti tam Theologorum, quam Patrum Ecclesiæ, qui non solum fidem asserebant, sed, invocata etiam ancilla ratione, et declarabant, et a telis adversariorum defendebant. Quapropter hæc etiam articuli pars doctrinam continet, falsam, temerariam, injuriosam toti Ecclesiæ et, in sensu Auctoris, hæresim sapientem aut de hæresi suspectam.

APPENDIX III

To the Very Reverend L. Martin, General of the Society of Jesus.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

June 11th, 1904.

YOUR PATERNITY,

I have never entered upon any labour more unwillingly or with a heavier heart than upon the composition of this wearisome letter. Every pretext for procrastination has been welcomed, and if to-day at last I take pen in hand it is only because the sense of an imperative duty unfulfilled has become so urgent and uncomfortable as to render any other work impossible for the time being.

Your Paternity will remember that, as a first step towards the

relief of my conscience, I wrote to you on the 8th of last February and explained how "I came here* at my own wish in May, 1900, that I might have leisure to study and consider the problem of my relation to the Society; and to ask myself whether my disillusionments were such as were risked in the very nature of my contract with her (as e.g. if a man were to marry a woman and afterwards find out that he had deceived himself or been deceived as to her morals, her dowry, health); or, whether the disillusionments were such as to make the contract null and void *in foro conscientie* (as e.g. if a man were to take passage in a ship for the West and to find she was going East); and then to ask myself if this mistake were due to culpable credulity on my part, or to culpable or inculpable misrepresentation on the part of others; and if so, of whom?"

I went on to tell your Paternity that after some months of deliberation I had provisionally communicated my practical conclusion to the Rev. Father Colley, then Provincial of the English Province, which was: "that as far as I could then see I felt no inward obligation whatever towards the Society *in foro conscientie*; that *secluso periculo scandali*" (i.e. could I have walked out without hurting souls by the *appearance* of evil) "I needed no dispensation from her claims on me, and could, if challenged, justify this conclusion in the eyes of all right-thinking men. I admitted that my external and apparent connection with the Society entailed clear duties of natural justice, and abstention from any action injurious to the Order, such e.g. as to publish books under my own name without ecclesiastical censorship; or to give any sort of disedification to interns or externs."

I went on to say that subsequent reflection had not weakened but confirmed me in the conclusion that I had thus put before Father Colley, and that though for the sake of others "my wish would be, were it possible, to endure this false position indefinitely, yet I felt it was becoming daily more anomalous and difficult both for myself and the Society. Not to speak of the hurt to my inward sincerity and outward candour, it seemed to me that my helpfulness to others should not be largely sterilised by obligations to an Order leagued with those who are doing everything to make faith impossible for multitudes of the most sincere and religious intelligences of these difficult days; and who are (perhaps in all good faith and honest error) preparing disaster for the Church in the social, political, moral and intellectual orders. As externally a Jesuit I could do nothing to help such troubled souls, save by way of stealth and as though to speak the truth were a crime."

* To Richmond from London.

Finally I said that in thus "disburdening my conscience preparatory to any further step to which it might presently compel me, and in revealing my state of mind to your Paternity, I was removing at least one element of insincerity in my present position."

To this your Paternity, laying aside so many more pressing matters, most kindly replied at considerable length in a letter begun on the 15th and finished on the 17th of February, and divided into six points. Of these, the first is a profession of your Paternity's unqualified belief in my good faith and sincerity both as regards this and a previous transaction.* The second point insists that in past disapprobations of my work and writings your Paternity acted, according to the Institute, on the verdict of appointed censors, and would have been just as prompt to accept their verdict had it been favourable to me and adverse to your Paternity's private judgment. In the third place your Paternity informs me that the verdict of these Jesuit censors was more than indorsed by that ecclesiastical authority which should be our rule of right judgment and action (*a qua omnes debemus sumere normam et judicandi et agendi*); that Cardinal Vaughan had spoken more severely than the Jesuit censors; that the Cardinal Prefect of the Index and other Cardinals, nay, Pope Leo himself had spoken in terms of the gravest displeasure of me and of my methods; and that as to the mind of the latter you could tell many other things that could not be trusted on paper. (*Hæc, inquam, Leo XIII., de quo multa alia possem dicere quæ Ræ. Væ. incredibilia viderentur, sed ea omitto quia non ejusmodi sunt quæ chartæ tradi debeant.*) From all which it follows that I am wrong in supposing that the Society is "leagued with those who are making faith impossible for millions," since it is leagued solely with ecclesiastical authority, at whose bidding, you go on to say, it would change its whole *ratio agendi* to-morrow if so required.

Then, fourthly, you do not think that the reasons I allege are enough (objectively considered) to release me from inward obligations to the Society, since the bulls, constitutions, rules and ordinations of the Order were from the first clearly put before me; nor was I so lacking in intelligence that after seventeen years to reflect upon them I could have made my solemn profession in substantial ignorance of their import. Only on the supposition that I really believed the Society to be "leagued with those who make faith impossible for millions," or because I accept my ideas of the Society from those ex-members whom it has justly dismissed (an allusion, I suppose, to

* Nunquam dubium ullum habui de candore et sinceritate animi Ræ. Væ.

Chez les Pères, etc., about which I wrote to your Paternity—a malignantly ungenerous satire, but only too well founded in fact) or from malcontents or disloyal members, could I justly consider myself free from my vows. Fifthly, you tell me that my reasons are insufficient to procure release *in foro externo*. Lastly, you remind me that the government of the Society not being parliamentary or democratic it follows that its subjects can form no possible *prudent* judgment as to its actions and methods; that those behind the scenes are abundantly satisfied that all is right, and that only in trusting their judgment shall I be acting prudently. With this, your Paternity invites me to appeal to Peter, to whom it is said: *Pasce oves meas*, and *Qui vos audit me audit*, and to learn from that infallible source whether the Society is sailing East or West.

This letter, as that of a man profoundly convinced of the rectitude, nay of the infallible rectitude, of his cause, produced in me that momentary feeling of doubt which the expression of sincere convictions, counter to our own, always produces. I wrote therefore (February 23rd, 1904) thanking your Paternity for the "promptitude, generosity, and moderation" of your reply, and saying that "it had determined me to reconsider the whole question once more with all possible diligence." "The 'cumulative argument,'" I went on to explain, "which leads to such a conclusion (*sc.* as that of my previous letter) is matter not for a letter, but for a volume; and I thought that as I could not tax your Paternity's patience by saying everything, it was best to say nothing—the more, as I felt that discussion would be futile, owing to the divergence of principles and assumptions of which your kind letter gives but further evidence. If eventually my conscience should impose a sacrifice to sincerity, then I will try to set forth my justification in the form of an open letter to your Paternity. Whether that plea will be—as it ought to be—*canonically* sufficient, I do not know; but if it is not amply sufficient to remove all reasonable scandal and to satisfy all right-thinking and honourable men, you may rest assured it will never be written. Pray do not think that I should be so irrational as to seek justification in any local or temporary defections, however deplorable, of individual members of the Society from the standards of morality. All such disappointments, were they never so great, are risked in the very nature of the contract. The real question concerns the influence exercised by the actual spirit and principles now governing the corporate action of the Society on the minds and consciences and characters of those who are brought within the sphere of that influence. Let me add that I do not for a moment doubt that there is a substantial accord in views and methods

between the Society and the ecclesiastical party dominant at Rome in recent years ; and this, for obvious reasons. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of your Paternity's courtesy in answering me from the midst of so many more important occupations and anxieties ; nor of my respect for the depth and sincerity of those convictions with which I find myself so little in agreement."

I thought it well to bring all this to your Paternity's mind as explanatory of the drift and purpose of what follows.

Let me first supplement my brief reply of February 23rd by a few further comments on your letter of February 15th-17th, which, as I have already implied, reveals a difference between us in first principles and assumptions, in the whole method and manner of approaching matters, that both explains the sincerity with which we can respectively hold to quite opposite conclusions, and also the impossibility of our ever reaching an agreement save through a criticism of assumptions which is practically out of the question.

From the second and third points of your letter it is clear that you consider my complaint against the Society to be in substance, or certainly in its main motive, a personal one ; that it has to do principally with the troubles between myself and your Paternity arising out of my article on "A Perverted Devotion," and with many subsequent difficulties connected with my writings. This is a complete *ignoratio elenchi*. I do not pretend that I have not felt most keenly the restriction of my literary liberty, and the sterilising of my activity in every other direction ; but in the measure that I have grown to realise the essential divergence between the corporate spirit of the Society, between its aims, interests, sympathies, and my own, I have freely conceded the relative justice, however I might question the wisdom, of the treatment I have received. Nay more, as far as the English Province is concerned, I have wondered and others have wondered at the freedom of action and utterance that has been allowed me. I confess that at the time I felt insulted by the frivolity, ignorance and violence of the Roman censors on whose verdict you avowedly based your sentence of condemnation and silence. But I soon saw that not only were all the leading men of the English Province and numberless other competent and reputable theologians at one with me both as to the perfect orthodoxy of my article and as to the childish incompetence of the *censuræ*, but that even your Paternity was somewhat anxious to shift the entire responsibility (as you have now done explicitly in the second point of your letter) on to the shoulders of these anonymous censors, and to disown those somewhat disreputable documents which, if published, would bring down upon their authors a deluge of well-merited ridicule.

The only value I attach to the "Perverted Devotion" episode, and its like, is that of contributing to my final conviction that (co-existing with a decided preference for reactionary ideas) there is not in the Society, as I had long hoped and tried to show, such a tolerance for progressive ideas as is to be found in the more capacious bosom of the Church at large ; but that on the contrary, and counter to some of the ruling ideas of its Founder, the Society has come to exist and work solely in the interests of that unqualified intransigence which constitutes the Church's gravest danger at the present moment.

When I became a Catholic in 1879 it was with a desire to live and work for the conviction I had then reached, in my own search for light, that Catholicism was, at least potentially, the solution of that religious problem which was so pressing in that *milieu* from which I had come and from which I have never been separated in sympathy. In the approved histories of the origin of the Society I read how, in opposition to the intransigence of the old religious Orders of his day, Ignatius Loyola felt the need of elasticity and accommodation to the changed conditions of a new world ; how he saw that the great end—the glory of God and the good of the Church—should control the means, to the sacrifice (*not* of principle or right, but) of any mere tradition, custom or positive enactment, standing in the way of man's greater spiritual good. I saw how in this spirit he conceived the idea of an Order whose first principle should be elasticity and accommodation ; whose rules, if any, were to be valued as mere exemplary applications of the spirit that made them, and might unmake or remake them ; an Order paradoxically (as it then seemed) exempt from choir, from habit, from obligatory austerities, from ceremonial, from all that fettered the flexibility of the older Orders ; an Order which, with a view to reconcile the claims of religion with those of the new learning, made learning no less than virtue a condition of solemn profession. I read how these liberal and progressive principles were distasteful to the conservative instincts of the older Orders, and how much jealousy, slander and opposition they stirred up against the Society. And I saw how this common-sense intelligence, adroitness and elasticity saved to Catholicism nearly half of Europe. Nor was it only from these approved expositions of Jesuit origins, but from the common though now baseless belief which has survived from that period both among Catholics and Protestants, that I gathered the impression that the Jesuits are to-day what they were then—men keenly alive to the religious problems of their age, and devoted before all things to the reconciliation of faith and knowledge.

It was under this impression and principally to work for this end that I entered the Society in 1880 rather than any other religious Order. I believed firmly that the Society was moving with the sun and not against it. As being at that age naturally incapable of criticising so widespread and generally accepted a belief, I do not consider I was culpably credulous or imprudent in acting upon it; nor do I accuse the Jesuit authors of such books, or my superiors past or present, of any conscious insincerity in maintaining so venerable and creditable a tradition and repeating the time-honoured formulas of a spirit that has long since departed. I entered the Society, not only with a full belief that it still was what it had been at the first, but with a strong bias to find things as I expected. Sorely as this faith of mine was tried through three years of ascetical, and seven years of scholastic, training, it was stubbornly maintained; and your Paternity will bear witness that I not only attained a certain pre-eminence both in the philosophy and theology of the Schools, but that I was a Thomist *supra coetaneos meos*, beyond what is lawful for a Jesuit, and even forfeited my professorial chair at Stonyhurst (1896) in this very cause. Truly, it was Thomism "with a difference"; but of that difference your Paternity had no suspicion, and you were scandalised simply at my reputed Thomism. All this, lest you should say: *Blasphemat quod ignorat*. It was only in later years, when I endeavoured to go back to that world of real life, which I had left that I might labour for it; and when I began to apply all this laboriously prepared medieval apparatus to the mental and moral needs of to-day, that my long suppressed suspicions rose up and leagued together into a growing conviction that I had embarked in the wrong ship. Through all those years my best thought and intelligence went to the interpretation and defence of the Society's methods and institutions, and if I was never satisfied, yet I always hoped and believed, though more faintly as time went on, that further experience and reflection would prove that I had not run in vain; nor did I ever abandon any position willingly or without struggle and reluctance.

When I first began to write I sincerely believed that the broader and more sympathetic line of thought, as being truer to what I deemed the original spirit of the Order, would meet not merely with toleration, but with favour. What I did not see is that the Order is now ruled by a contrary spirit. It has not been merely the steady opposition offered to my own writings, but far more the whole action of the Society of recent years in relation to progressive Catholicism, the patronage it has accorded to the school represented by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, *La Verité*, *La Croix*; and to writers like

Abbé Maignen, Bp. Turinaz, Père Fontaine, not to speak of Sig. Spadoni; its intrigues connected with bogus Americanism, with the Washington University, above all with the case of Abbé Loisy, that has convinced me of my mistake. I must now admit that the Society's instinctive opposition offered to my work is true to the actual spirit of the Order as it now exists; that the poverty of the reasons given in defence of that opposition is really quite irrelevant. Not progress as formerly, but reaction and intransigence is the cause for which the Society now exists and works.

This in conjunction with much else, and not any personal grievance, is the substance and ground of my complaint against the Society; what it is *in itself*; not what it has been *to me*. Moreover, every man who enters an Order, deliberately accepts the risk of being at times misjudged and misgoverned through the fault or the error of his superiors, nor would the occurrence of such an eventuality in any way release him from his contract. As I now understand the present aims and interests of the Society, I feel less inclined to believe there was any misgovernment at all in my case, those aims being diametrically opposite to the aims I was serving.

Certainly it was unnecessary to inform me, in your third point, that Cardinal Vaughan, the Cardinals of the Index, and Pope Leo XIII. himself were quite at one with the Society in their attitude towards the broader and more progressive Catholicism. I suppose you wish thereby to disprove my assertion that the Society was leagued with those reactionaries "who are preparing disaster for the Church." I, for one, never mistook the purely diplomatic character of the vaguely liberal utterances of the recent Pontiff, or supposed that they could be dictated by any sort of miraculous understanding of problems whose data could not possibly have come within the range of his studies. And the same holds good of the eminent Cardinals in question, who as a body are as strange to the nature and reasons of the complexities of the educated classes as it is well possible for men to be. The clerical education to-day at Rome is in substance the same as it was in the sixteenth century; it considers men Doctors of Theology who know literally nothing of Biblical criticism, of patrology, of history, ecclesiastical and profane, of any *living* subject whatsoever; whose sole equipment is the scholasticism of St. Thomas. It would be indeed strange, or even miraculous, if such men had an intelligible answer to questions whose very terms they had studiously made themselves incapable of understanding.

And yet your Paternity implies some such miraculous enlightenment when you propose to me the judgment of these ecclesiastical

officials as claiming, not merely outward practical obedience, (which within due limits every Catholic must allow), but also inward speculative assent grounded on the words of Christ: *Qui vos audit me audit*—"He that heareth you heareth Me." As for the "grave displeasure" of Pope Leo XIII. and his almost "incredible" utterances about me, which your Paternity dares not trust to paper, I should be more impressed had I the slightest reason to suppose that His Holiness had ever read a line of my writings or troubled himself to ascertain my meaning. The days have gone by when Rome refused to condemn a man unheard. Doubtless the version of my views presented to him by the fanatical mischief-makers in his entourage was such as to merit the condemnation of any man in full possession of his faculties—such a version probably as your own censors gave of my article on "A Perverted Devotion."

Nor, again, when I remember the recalcitrant attitude of the Society to the Thomistic revival inaugurated by Leo's "*Æterni Patris*," a recalcitrance that elicited utterances of the gravest displeasure on the Pontiff's part, and led to the stern rebuke implied in the letter "*Gravissime nos*," can I quite believe that the Society is wholly blind to the more qualified sense of the words: "*Qui vos audit me audit*."

But it sometimes seems to me that as interpreted and applied by Jesuit theologians this text is not only the sum and substance of the Gospel, but by giving divine and miraculous authority to every official action and utterance renders the rest of the Gospel and even the consensus of the Universal Church superfluous as a criterion of what is true and right. I say "miraculous," for to attain truth otherwise than through natural and orderly means is to attain it miraculously. As this extravagant conception of authority has been chiefly elaborated in the Society through (what I believe to be) a false reading of St. Ignatius' "Letter on Obedience," and as it was all but imposed on the Vatican Council through the energy of Jesuit theologians in the service of Pius IX.'s desire of absolute, irresponsible, personal infallibility, and as there has since been a steady endeavour on the part of the same school to remedy their partial but distinct failure by interpreting the designedly ambiguous decree in its narrower and more extravagant sense, I feel bound to make some comment on the theory of authority in question.

Needless to say that as a Catholic I accept the doctrine of the Vatican Council, which teaches that when the Pope speaks ecumenically in the name of the whole Church his authority is identical with that of the whole Church; and that Ecumenical Councils are not the sole and necessary means by which the mind of the whole

Church finds utterance. I do not pretend, as is the wont of many, when their orthodoxy on some detail is questioned, that the claims of the Pope and the Church to infallibility are so luminously self-evident that none but the ignorant or the insincere can resist them. The *prima facie* evidence seems to me so much the other way as to make Catholicism (as popularly put forward) a highly paradoxical position for any open-minded man who reads widely, observes impartially, and thinks carefully. But faith is in the non-apparent, in things not seen but believed, in the sense underlying accidents that give the lie to every sense. Of the bases of my Faith I am not going to give an account here. They are certainly not those of the rationalistic apologetics of your seminary text-books which often play straight into the hands of infidelity.

Again, to the professedly non-infallible decisions of Popes, Congregations, bishops, local councils, etc., I admit that besides silence and practical obedience a certain sort of obedience of judgment, such as Ignatius demands from subjects to superiors, is due. In my "notes" to the "Testament of Ignatius Loyola"* and elsewhere on many occasions I have defended this principle *ex animo*, against those who would interpret "obedience of judgment" as a suppression, not as a perfection of one's own mind; as a negation, not as a refinement of criticism; as an insincerity, not as a more scrupulous sincerity of the understanding. When Ignatius spoke, not of *cæca* but of *quædam cæca obedientia*, he meant not the blind witless obedience of the soldier (justified only by rare crises that must be met with prompt collective action), and which is educationally valueless, mechanical, unspiritual, unsympathetic, but a blindness to those narrow self-centred aspects of a question which bias the mind and blind it to those more general aspects and interests which those in authority presumably can and do take into consideration. For it is only by such a sincere and intelligent agreement of mind, not by a dull unquestioning neutrality, that a permanent, enlightened, and cordial conformity of will can be secured. Those who confound this "obedience of judgment" with military mechanical obedience stultify the entire argument of his letter. "I call you not slaves, but friends," says our Lord, "for the slave knoweth not what his master doeth."

It was just this slavish unintelligent military obedience—the correlative of the dark absolutism of the Spanish monarchy of his own day, of the Russian Autocracy of ours, of the Mystery-government of Secret Societies—that Ignatius wished to exclude, believing

* Sands and Co., London, 1899.

(naïvely) that the same stick-like, corpse-like conformity would be better secured by the perfection than by the annihilation of the reason. Obviously when his Society grew from a small apostolic band of spontaneously united friends, recruited only from men of mature years and formed mind and character, who could be dealt with as individuals and governed freely and spiritually, and became a vast ecclesiastical militia of mentally and morally average men, pressed into the work ever more and more indiscriminately, and who had to be dealt with in the mass, such individual and "internal" government, such community of minds and plans, became an impossibility. Military organisation, military obedience, became the order of the day; and the doctrine of "blind obedience" was misinterpreted in the interests of absolutism. Who has any right to understand the decrees of God? Yet it is He Who speaks through superiors: *Qui vos audit me audit.*

To the non-infallible decisions of the Church I believe there is the same (proportionally) mental obedience due as to the command of any lawful authority; there is a duty of studious consideration and of a carefully self-suppressing impartiality, and even of an honest endeavour to make out the best case for the decision, and to allow it the benefit of every doubt, always under the reservation laid down by St. Ignatius of the rights of perfect intellectual sincerity.

But of a mitigated quasi-infallibility, of a miraculous special providence as the basis of this inward obedience due to these professedly fallible tribunals I know nothing. The claims of the universal Church are of another order altogether; what belongs to the Whole as Whole can belong in no degree to any separate part. Strive how I will, I cannot bring myself to believe that when authorities almost ostentatiously despise the natural means of arriving at a just judgment, when their every utterance is fresh proof of their mental incompetence, when there is not the slightest reason for supposing them to be the recipients of miraculous guidance, that then in "hearing them I am hearing God."

Let us have done with this uncritical exegesis once and for all. The words "heareth Me" must be taken either with or without limits. Surely not the latter, which would imply a blasphemous claim to unconditional infallibility in every department of thought and action. If then the former, what are these limits? They are vaguely enough defined in the case of papal and conciliar infallibility. But to lower ecclesiastical authority they are applied with an indefiniteness that is more convenient for the rulers than for the ruled. Are we to suppose that when St. Paul bids slaves see Christ in their

masters he means to teach the divine right of slave-owners and to attribute to them a miraculous charisma of slave-management?

It was to His Apostles that Christ said: "He that heareth you heareth Me"; to men whose office and gifts were in many ways unique and not transmitted; who were credited with miraculous inspiration, with gifts of healing and wonder-working. If the same words are applicable to their successors, it must surely be in some limited sense, since Popes and Bishops do not pretend to be inspired, or to speak with tongues, or to work miracles. And if they are applicable to others as well, to all who possess any sort of authority, civil or ecclesiastical, it must be in a still more limited and secondary sense. Let us then know clearly and definitely what these limits are, and do not ask us to regard every official utterance whatsoever as a divine oracle binding us to inward assent under pain of anathema.

Neither in the government of the Apostles by Christ, nor in that of the Church by the Apostles, is there the slightest trace of that dominating, autocratic, arbitrary rule which the text in question is so often adduced to justify. This dictatorial regimen was imported from the State into the Church in a military age, when no other conception of government was possible and before men were ripe for the liberty written broad over the face of the Gospel. If Churchmen still cling to it after the age has abandoned it, they must expect to be cut off more and more from the general life and to be regarded as a *gens lucifuga*, wedded to principles subversive of the existing bases of social order and progress.

To say then that I am no more convinced by the opinions of the late Pope or of Cardinal Vaughan than by those of your Paternity's censors, and that I regard the former opinions identically with the latter as "disastrous" to Catholicism in many ways, is no proof that I hold unsound views as to papal infallibility or as to the inward deference due to non-infallible utterances under certain conditions. It only means that, in my belief, the said conditions are unfulfilled in the present instance; that the natural means of arriving at the truth have been neglected; that these decisions have betrayed a complete ignorance of the data and the *status questionis* of the problems to be decided.

Moreover, in my reply of February 23rd, I said that the reasons of the "substantial accord in views and methods between the Society and the ecclesiastical party now dominant at Rome in recent years" were "obvious." This I must explain.

It has been the acknowledged aim of the Society to develop in theory and practice those claims of the Papacy which were disputed and denied by the Protestant Reformers; and to establish that

conception of the Church as an imperial theocracy which was formulated by St. Thomas Aquinas. Working zealously for this end the Society could not but be singularly favoured by the Papacy and receive abundant privileges in return for the obloquy and opposition it ever incurred at the hands of recalcitrant bishops, fighting for some degree of independence and unwilling to be mere delegates of the Pope in the same sense that a Jesuit Provincial is the delegate of your Paternity. Rome, in her battle with ecclesiastical nationalism and episcopal independence, found a sympathetic and understanding servant in a highly centralised Order, shaped on the military model, with an absolute government demanding blind unreasoning obedience as to the voice of God; not as to the collective mind of the members as voiced by the ruling authority; not with any respect for the *vox populi* as being the *vox Dei*. That quasi-democratic conception of the Church's authority got some colour from the notion that the united episcopate or the ecumenical Council was the organ of infallible utterance. To insist that this notion was wrong, that the episcopate was supreme only as headed by the Pope; nay that the Pope had no absolute need of their suffrage, that God's Spirit speaks not directly to the collective heart of the whole Church but to the Pope and through him to the passive and purely receptive mind of the Church—this was the Jesuit theology which triumphed all but completely in 1870. Spread over the whole Catholic world; exempt from episcopal control; accountable only to the Pope; privileged with absolving powers beyond the secular clergy; getting hold of the laity by the popularity of their easy casuistry, and of their "spiritual direction," by their retreats and sermons—the fruit of a leisure and scholarship denied to parochial clergy—seizing upon the young by means of colleges and schools; getting at the clergy as theological lecturers, and as the fabricators of text-books in the interests of Ultramontanism, what wonder if the Jesuits proved themselves invaluable and indispensable in the cause of the Papal claims and of Roman centralisation? What wonder also if, to those who wholly or in part disputed the right or expediency of this extreme centralisation, the Society has always been an object of suspicion and dislike and has needed the powerful protection and patronage of him whose ends she was serving? One would pardon much intolerance to a zeal (however mistaken and fanatical) for theological truth and orthodoxy, or for right observance and discipline. But is it purely such a zeal that is the motive of that systematic espionage and delation which reports to Rome every little sign of theological independence or initiative, every little deviation that might suggest a life diffused in the

members and not merely centralised in the head of the ecclesiastical organism? Is it not rather a zeal for centralisation, for mechanical uniformity, for military absolutism, for the "Jesuitising" of the Catholic Church? For my present purpose it is not necessary that I should give further proof of the affirmative. It is enough that I subjectively am convinced that this is the true secret of this ceaseless mischief-making, this denunciatory zeal for which the Society is more dreaded than honoured. It is not wonderful then that there should be a great identity between the Society and the authorities at Rome; that the former should consider itself, and should be very generally considered, as something apart from the other religious Orders—as it were, a special organ of the papacy developed to meet the emergency created by the revolt of the sixteenth century.

All this admits of a very specious presentment. In your letter you but speak in all simplicity the traditional language of the Order about the blind obedience of the Society to the Chair of Peter, and its willingness to call black white and white black at the Pope's bidding. But when I remember the episode connected with the letter "Gravissime nos" of Leo XIII. I cannot help wondering whether what St. Ignatius says of the obedience of individuals may not be applicable to that of the Society herself in regard to Rome:

"Oh! how great an error it is, and one which belongs to such as self-love has blinded, to account themselves obedient when by some means or other they have brought the Superior to that which they desire. Listen to St. Bernard, a man eminently experienced in this matter: 'Whosoever,' says he, 'endeavours either openly or covertly to have his Spiritual Father enjoin him what he himself desires, he deceives himself if he flatters himself that he is a true follower of obedience; for in that, *he does not obey his Superior but rather the Superior obeys him.*'"

It is because I believe that the accord between the Society and the Roman authorities is so largely artificial, economic and diplomatic, that your Paternity's appeal to the approval of the latter adds for me no independent confirmation to the judgment of the former; and that your invitation to me to lay my cause against the Society before the Pope sounds just a little hollow and cynical, as if one should lay a valiant wager having first secretly certified himself as to the result. Hence I must be content to appeal, not to the secret courts of Rome, but to more accessible tribunals, whose verdict moreover is of more lasting consequence to me.

Against much of the preceding you will rightly object the various recent frictions between the Society and the Roman Authorities; the number of its enemies amongst the Cardinals and

other rivals for the Pope's ear; the anti-Regular (especially anti-Jesuit) and pro-secular trend of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, all tending to imperil the existence of the Society and to make it more and more wholly dependent on the personal good-will of the Pope for the time being.

Of this the reason is not far to seek, since it is the inevitable result of that "purging of the episcopate" for which the Society has laboured so hard and so long. As long as there was any possibility of anti-Roman recalcitrance or independence on the part of a considerable number of the bishops, the Society's anti-Gallican or anti-national influence was unconditionally acceptable to the centralising party at Rome. But in the measure that bishops have been steadily selected in view of their known fidelity to the Jesuit theology of the Papacy, of their willingness to be mere delegates of Rome, instruments rather than men, chosen by preference from the ranks of mediocrity and nonentity that they might be more wholly passive creatures of the hand that raised them from the dust; in a word, in the measure that the constitution of the Church has been "Jesuitised" and bishops reduced to the condition of Jesuit "Provincials," the services of the Society have grown more dispensable and their not infrequent conflict with episcopal authority has come to mean a conflict with the delegated authority of the Papacy itself, not, as before, with a possible anti-papal authority.

But all this only proves that the Society is more interested than ever to prove itself useful and indispensable to the cause of Roman centralisation; that it dares not show favour to, or tolerance of, any progress or vitality originating elsewhere than in Rome; that its only chance is to out-Herod Herod in the cause of intransigence and reaction; and that therefore there can be no sincerity in its appeal for confirmation of its words to a voice which is but the echo of its own. It is still too necessary to Rome to fear a rebuff in any matter where it can serve the centralising interest.

Turning now to the fourth part of your Paternity's letter; first you say that having had the constitutions of the Society put clearly before me both in my noviceship (1880-2) and then in my tertianship (1892-3) and being possessed of the usual degree of intelligence I cannot pretend that my simple vows (1882), still less my solemn vows (1898), were vitiated by any "substantial" error as to the nature of the contract. Then you add that if, on the other hand, the Society were really what it is represented as being by some of its *dimissi* or even by some of its malcontent members I should be free of all obligation both in conscience and *in foro externo*.

With this latter assertion I only partly agree. Every human

institution is liable to corruption of two kinds, accidental (or superficial) and substantial (or fundamental). That few or none should live up to the ideal of their calling, that numbers should fall immeasurably below it or altogether away from it, is a contingency risked by everyone who joins a religious Order. True, a man does not usually leave the world to find its quintessence in the cloister; he rather seeks associates who will lift him up and not pull him down; and so far as such edification rather than work or battle or penance drew him to religion I think there is a point when the corruption of the Order might be said to constitute a non-fulfilment of contract on its part whereby he would be freed.

Even had such edification, rather than a desire of working for a certain cause, been my principal motive in joining the Society, I could not pretend for a moment that its disappointment of my young and inexperienced expectations in this respect was such as to constitute a breach of contract.

In spite of its somewhat perilous boast to the contrary, the Society is just as liable to moral and spiritual corruption as any other Order; has been very corrupt in certain parts, at certain times, and is at present anything but edifying in some of the Latin Provinces. In its vaunt that it alone of the Orders has never been reformed, the "minima societas" would do well to remember that it is the youngest of all the great Orders; that if it has not been reformed, it has been suppressed; that never to have been washed is a very doubtful privilege. Moreover it waits seventeen years (instead of two or one as was the case with the old Orders) before binding itself to its members inseparably; and thus is enabled easily to shake off its disreputable members and keep a fair name. Of late this liberty has been curtailed by Rome at the plaint of bishops cumbered with worthless priests hastily ordained and as hastily discarded by the Society. This just enactment, together with the wise introduction of provisional vows into the older Orders, will make, with an equality of advantages, a possibility of fairer comparison of results in the future.

As for "Chez les Pères" and other books by the same scurrilous and contemptible writer, it is idle to deny that, if not all true with the truth of history, they represent what Jesuitism can sink to and has often sunk to under certain conditions. But if the mere existence of such men in the Society, as are there portrayed or caricatured, were an argument against Jesuitism, their existence in the Church would be an argument against Christianity—which it surely is not. Scandals prove nothing unless they can be shown to result *per se* from the principles according to which the Order is governed,

i.e. unless it can be shown that as a rule good men become less good or bad, and that bad men become worse. But this cuts both ways; for neither can the Society claim credit for the goodness and holiness of many of her members, unless it can be shown to be a *per se* result of her methods. It would indeed be strange if I had not met many men of high character, of genuinely Christian spirit, in the Society. But where will not one meet with such? Presumably, moreover, most of those who enter a religious Order, however blindly, do so because of some more than usual drawing towards religion and morality; so that one would naturally expect to find a higher percentage of good men there than elsewhere. Again, the conscientious man will naturally be observant of religious rules and practices. But it does not follow that these observances have made him more conscientious, or that they may not insidiously have perverted his moral principles and lowered his spiritual tone, or that he might not have been a much better man in other surroundings. No argument therefore can be drawn from the existence either of scandalous or of edifying Jesuits, except so far as the scandal or edification is the fruit of Jesuit principles.

And of these principles you say I had ample opportunity of judging; since the *Examen Generale*, the Bulls and Constitutions, were laid before me as a novice and at various periods during my seventeen years of pupillage prior to my solemn profession in 1898.

This, however, is to assume, somewhat naively, that the present spirit by which the Order is now actually governed, the ethical principles implied in its corporate life of to-day, can be gathered simply from an inspection of the literary documents embodying the spirit of its Founder 350 years ago. It is to forget that institutions and ideas grow and develop, and that developments may be false as well as true. A Protestant would refer you to the Bible as to the fundamental constitution of his Church, but I do not suppose you would allow the appeal as relevant. You would rightly say: "Let us examine the principles implied in the corporate life and action of your Church, the Spirit by which it is actually animated at the present time. Are they Scriptural or anti-Scriptural?"

I have already indicated what it was in the Spirit of St. Ignatius that drew me to the Society—something very much akin, as it has always seemed to me, to the spirit of Father Hecker, the Founder of those Paulists who are now assailed and delated by the Society on accounts and charges almost verbally identical with those brought against Ignatius by the Inquisitors of his day.* It was a certain

* See my notes to "The Testament of St. Ignatius."

liberality of spirit ; a turning from the outward to the inward, from formalism to reality ; a respect for personality as shown in his belief in interior individual government, in contrast to drill and *en masse* government ; or again, in his desire to let the soul deal directly with God ; an understanding that flexibility is the condition of life, and that a good end should never be frustrated by a blind conservative worship of an indifferent or prejudicial means. Now I freely allow that if these principles, gathered by me from the story of Ignatius and his foundation, were asserted not obscurely in the "Spiritual Exercises," in the "Summary of the Constitutions" and similar documents, there were many other things to be found there not easily or obviously reconcilable with the same. Like every pioneer of a new method, Ignatius never attained to a perfect inward consistency, but strove to combine with those principles which constituted his originality others derived by education and tradition from Spain of the sixteenth century, with its military spirit, its despotic polity, its contempt of personal liberty of thought and action. It is these traditional elements of his mind, rather than those original and personal elements, that have been developed into the existing Society.* Of this discord I was sensible from the very first. Yet it needed long years of experience of, and reflection on, Jesuitism to satisfy me, first, that the two sets of principles were irreconcilable, and secondly that the latter and not the former constituted the spirit of the actual living Society of to-day ; that the Society on paper was one thing, the Society in flesh and blood another.

Surely you do not suppose that raw school-boys of from 16 to 18 years of age (such as, with rare exceptions, your novices are) can possibly form any competent judgment as to the existing Society, its aims, spirit and method, from a perfunctory semestral rush through the "Examen and Bulls," or can be thereby guarded against that "substantial" ignorance which will render vows null and void. If to criticise any institution justly we must both intellectually and educationally be able to stand outside it and see over its walls, it is hard to imagine how any young man could, from a mere study of documents, attain to a final and binding judgment about so complex and many-sided an institution as the Society of Jesus—one on whose merits and demerits the whole world, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, is divided. For not only will his experience of it as a concrete reality be a matter of slow growth, but if he is spiritually

* See my Preface to the English translation of M. Joly's "Ignatius Loyola" (Duckworth and Co).

alive his standard of judgment, his moral and religious principles, will undergo a process of development. As a fact, however, most novices are only too content to believe what they are told and to ask no questions—a convenient docility that the Order could not well afford to discourage.

But surely at my solemn profession in 1898 I knew what I was doing?

Excellently well. So much so that on the eve (February 1st, 1898) I wrote out a clear statement of my mind and intentions. First, using the same examples as in my letter to your Paternity of February 8th, 1904, I said that my position was *at least* that of a man who had married a woman only to find out too late that her pretensions to character were false, but was still bound to stand by a contract involving such risks. Then, that I was not certain that the error might not later prove to be “substantial.” But as the “simple vows” I was then under included a vow of accepting solemn profession I was not morally free to decline profession which was simply an explicitation of that former act and not really a new and distinct act. Moreover, the doctrine of Aquinas about the solemnity of vows being now discarded, it seems that, before God and in conscience, solemn do not differ from simple vows, but only in certain dispensable ecclesiastical consequences; hence I incurred no new degree or kind of obligation whatsoever *in foro interno*. Altogether, though I felt I was on the way, yet I had not arrived then at my present state of clear conviction, and should not have been justified in such a decisive step as the refusal of profession involved.

And now, postponing the remaining points of your Paternity’s letter, let me select a few points in which, as it seems to me, the principles of the Society are opposed to the principles of common morality, to the Gospel of Christ, and even to the spirit of its Founder, Ignatius of Loyola.

I have already noticed that while the Society retained for a brief period its first character of a small band of like-minded men, spontaneously united for a common end and recruited only by men of mature years and formed character, the Founder’s original idea of “internal” government, of dealing individually with each individual and not by general rules, of trusting to unity of spirit rather than to external uniformity, to spontaneity rather than to juridical compulsion—was fairly feasible and to some extent realised. But the success of the idea was its death. Partly through pressure of ecclesiastical authority needing in many directions the service of so competent a militia, partly through the corporate desire of every such institution to increase and multiply its numbers and influence,

the Society either was given or undertook more work than it could accomplish, trusting merely to the supply of voluntary recruits of the quality needed. With this began the system of associating men of a more mediocre quality as "coadjutors"; and presently it was necessary to fall back on that sort of "press-gang" system by which to-day the ranks, not only of the Society, but of most of the popular Orders and of the secular clergy must be recruited under pain of speedy exhaustion. I mean the method, of which I shall have more to say, of artificially forced vocations, by which young children are gratuitously educated and shaped for the service of the Church.

The result of all this could not but be, as it was in fact, the growth of a select company into a large body of men of ever more mediocre calibre, spiritual, mental and moral; for whom the method of free individual government became in every way impossible, and that of military absolutism ever-increasingly convenient and necessary. Of the corruption of the Society this, I think, was the fundamental cause, operative even before the death of its Founder. I say "corruption" not in the gross and quite irrelevant sense, but as indicating the decay of the essential idea. Henceforth it was the traditional side of Ignatius that was to develop and increase, while the original side decreased and perished. Heartiness and promptitude of obedience—the distinguishing note of the Society that was to have been—was no longer to mean an intelligent sympathy as with the will of a friend, but a blind, witless passivity in the hands of a divinely-inspired autocrat. It was to be not only the mechanical obedience of soldiers, but an obedience imposed on conscience and enforced by a claim to divinity on the part of the commander. True, it was not to be rendered to a *patently* sinful or criminal order. But here the doctrine of "obedience of judgment" was easily manipulated in the interests of absolutism into a doctrine of suppression or distortion of judgment. "Omnia justa esse sese persuadendo;" they must *persuade* themselves that all commands are just; the sinfulness must be "manifest," irresistibly evident. This is a long step beyond military obedience, which could only demand at most a sacrifice of judgment as to questions of practical expediency; not as to questions of principle and morality.

But in the sixth point of your Letter you ask me to set aside my own moral judgment in criticising the Society, on the grounds that I cannot command so wide an outlook as those who are in the secret of its government—cannot therefore tell what is right or wrong in its action, and must blindly trust to the wisdom and integrity of its officials. True, I cannot tell the moral aspect which a question presents to your Paternity, but as long as a certain

course of action presents itself to my moral sense as wrong or unfair or dishonourable, that *for me* is God's judgment in the matter and binds my conscience—be it never so false a conscience. If the mysterious secrecy, so necessary for absolute unconstitutional government, makes it impracticable for your Paternity to alter my moral judgment by a fuller revelation of the data, you must not be surprised if I answer you according to my lights with a "Non possumus." If I was right in trusting my own moral judgment when I joined the Society, I cannot be wrong in trusting it now in criticising the Society. That first criticism was based necessarily only on what I knew and saw, not on what I did not know or see. If I was not rash and temerarious then, why am I so now? Believe me, the world's moral sense will rightly judge the Society by its manifestations, not by its secrets—*Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos*.

What with, on one side, the extraordinarily decadent casuistry of the Jesuit moralists with which we are all more or less saturated during our pupillage; and, on the other, this appeal to the unknown and unknowable data on which the moral judgments of authority are formed, the cases in which the sinfulness of a command is evident are almost impossible if the moral sense of superiors and not one's own—if the absolute standpoint, and not the relative—is to be the criterion, and the result can only be a paralysis, through disuse, of the subject's own conscience.

It is only fair to say that your Paternity is consistent to this conception of obedience when *e.g.* you say (Point 2) that you obeyed your rule in acting on the verdict of the censors irrespective of your own judgment, having been equally ready to obey in an opposite sense had they so judged. Or again (Point 3), that you are quite ready to turn round at any moment with the Roman authorities and adore the gods you are now burning. This were admirable (though even then within limits) were expediency alone concerned; but what if truth and justice are involved? Can censors, or Cardinals, or even Popes so easily relieve their conscience of its inalienable responsibilities?

Such a view of obedience is, as far as I can see, profoundly immoral, contrary to the free spirit of Christianity, and is, I think (though it matters far less), a complete corruption of the first idea of St. Ignatius Loyola. If free spiritual obedience is, as he says, "the one virtue which plants all other virtues in the soul and fosters them when once planted"—since in truth there is such solidarity and organic unity between all parts of moral goodness that we may take each in turn as cause of all the rest—this blind "secret-society" obedience may as easily prove the root and sus-

tenance of all vices, by subjecting the supreme rule of conscience to the irresponsible will of another, and destroying the faculty of independent moral judgment.

As might be expected, this substitution of military, witless obedience is destructive of all spiritual sympathy and accord between the governing and the governed. The army and navy are not more noted than the Society for widespread dissensions and murmurings against the regulations of officials; so that as far as obedience of will and judgment are concerned, disobedience rather than obedience is its "distinguishing note." Nor can this well be otherwise when men of mature judgment are treated as minors and governed by a voice from the dark. Necessary for rare crises, military obedience is never educative or conducive to spontaneity. Only in the measure that men understand the why and wherefore of an order, and the end to which it is directed, are they mentally formed to work for that end spontaneously, as persons, not as instruments. It is not therefore merely as something "diseducating," but as a necessary result of the principles by which the Society is governed to-day that I refer to the generally prevailing relations of discord between the governors and the governed. It is a fault of the system, not of individuals; a fruit of the observance rather than of the breach of the rule.

Granted that the Society was to grow from a select company, as first designed, to a vast international militia, it is difficult to see how the character of its government could have long remained free and fraternal and not have become, as it did, absolute, military, dictatorial. Unlike the Church, which exists primarily for the spiritual good of her several members, to which end all her other ends are medial and subordinate, the Society like an army exists primarily for a work to be done, for a collective end, to which the spiritual welfare of her several subjects is but medial and conditional; much as to the general of an army the health and well-being of each soldier is desired merely as a condition of victory, not as though the soldier were also a person and an end. Hence the absolutism that would be inexcusable in the Pope is not only excusable, but inevitable, in the general of an ecclesiastical army. Yet the dictatorship, that is good for an emergency, is unhealthy as a permanency. Even the soldier has a life outside his barracks in which he is a man and not merely an instrument. As a fact and by force of his position his personality is disregarded and crushed to some extent; his judgment, his will, his feelings count for nothing; his work-power is all that counts; he is a physical force, not a moral or intellectual force. Still he is more than a soldier; he does not, like the

Jesuit, deliberately, as a matter of religion and principle, merge his whole life in his profession, nor of set purpose disown his personality and rights as a free spiritual individual. The ultimate sanction he yields to is that of physical coercion, and the service he renders is but the service of his body. But his soul is his own, to think as he likes and feel as he likes. The absolute authority of your Paternity is not supported by means of physical, but of moral and spiritual coercion; by an appeal to our faith in the Divine Right of your authority. "He that heareth you heareth Me;" the will and judgment of the Superior is to be identified with that of God, and therefore to be substituted for our own.* Indeed, an absolutism in spiritual government could be maintained by no other hypothesis, since absolutism must rest on some means of coercion, spiritual, if not physical, sufficient to overbear the dissentient mind and will of the possibly recalcitrant subject. But this spiritual sanction, unlike that which is merely physical, empowers the ruler to control the whole life, internal as well as external, of the subject whose personality is, *de jure* at least, thereby abolished. This would indeed be, as the Rule says elsewhere, not to destroy but to perfect our will and judgment, were it true, in the crude sense assumed, that to hear the Superior is to hear God; and if the words "Qui vos audit" and their like referred to official position and not to personal gifts and graces. As interpreted by Rodriguez in his exposition of the Rule they would not only justify the preposterous doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, but would extend such right to the inward life of the spirit. Moreover the same exegesis assumes that a right to govern in God's name and place means a right to govern without respect for the intelligence, freedom, and personality of the subject. God does not so govern us; He has given us these faculties to use in His service, not to crush and repudiate. I do not deny that there is a sense in which all social order is the will of God, and in which we may see Christ in every magistrate and obey him for God's sake, *i.e. pro bono publico et divino*, though without hurt to our personality and inward liberty; but the circumstances which have led the Society to substitute, for a personal, a military government extending to the subject's will and judgment, and to base this absolutism on the divinity of the Superior's will and judgment, have produced (as *e.g.* in Russia) the most unqualified despotisms that it has ever yet entered into the heart of man to devise, the worst and

* *Proposita sibi voluntate et judicio Superioris pro regula suæ voluntatis et judicii quo exactius conformentur primæ et summæ regulæ omnis bonæ voluntatis et judicii, quæ est æterna Bonitas et Sapientia* ("Sum. Const." 31, et alibi passim).

most profoundly immoral forms of government that the world has yet known. For the essence of all vice and immorality is the destruction of spiritual liberty.

From this fundamental corruption—the insensible result of inevitable circumstances—derive nearly all those other features of the Society's government which offend one's moral sense.

Plainly, blind uncriticising obedience is the correlative of such absolute authority, and to the securing of such obedience most of the Society's spiritual training is directed; no other virtue seems to matter much in comparison. Better, it would seem, a man should be chaste, charitable, truthful because he is told, than for any personal appreciation of such virtues. Most of the childish absurdities of novice-discipline (which the mature Jesuit laughs at) are useful simply as violations of intelligence and common sense, and as training the novice not to seek for rationality in orders, but to believe without seeing. He is told to admire saints who watered dry sticks for years in obedience to their Superiors; but he is not told that such Superiors were abusing and profaning their authority, which was given them for the honour and service of reason, and not for a plaything. Your Founder trusted ("Sum. Const." l.), as Christ our Lord trusted, rather to an inward spirit than to an outward law for securing unity of mind and purpose between rulers and ruled; but to-day the Society limits this inward working of the spirit to the production of a passive docility and receptivity; to a complete obliteration of all personal will and judgment, by which the subject's spirit is made as formless wax to be stamped with the impression of the Superior's will and judgment. A dead mechanical uniformity is substituted for an active vital unity or harmony of soul with soul. Even were the Superior's mind verily and literally God's mind in the sense pretended, yet imposed thus violently from outside, and substituted for the subject's living mind, it would stifle and kill rather than quicken and perfect the spirit. Hence in opposition to the domination and absolutism of pagan rulers Christ took His disciples into His secret confidence and slowly and patiently shaped their minds into living active conformity with His own. But all the spiritual training of the Society is directed to humbling, degrading, and depersonalising the mind of the subject; to denying its right or its ability to enter into the mind of its rulers.

Consonant with the necessity of maintaining a blind faith in the voice of Superiors as being the voice of God, is the tendency in every way to exalt the conception of the Order as a Divine Institution, an *Ecclesia in Ecclesia*, something unique and apart from all other Orders, the special *protégé* of the Blessed Virgin and of

the Heavenly Powers; the tendency to encourage and reward the most fulsome flattery and adulation in its members and friends, to repress rigorously as sheer disloyalty even the best meant criticism suggestive of possible failures and limitations; the tendency to exalt official at the expense of personal qualifications; to distrust and undermine the ascendancy of mind and character; to give office to grateful and manageable mediocrity rather than to possibly independent-minded competence; the tendency (justified by Plato in his ideal republican tyranny) to discourage friendship and mutual confidence among subjects and to attach them to the central authority, not as an adhesive mass, but as separate units; the tendency to assume that subjects possess no other inward qualification or virtue than that of passive obedience and therefore to trust to external conditions rather than to virtue for their good behaviour, to believe in coercion, legislation, espionage, protection, rather than in spiritual spontaneity. Consonant also is that system, already alluded to, of artificially forced vocations, which gives the Society children to work upon, instead of grown men of formed character and personality such as Ignatius wished to gather round him. A word or two as to these points.

I am satisfied that it is folly to judge societies and institutions by the same ethical code as individuals; that the former are not altogether free agencies; that a "collective" mind, spirit, or will is not directly responsible for its character as are those several minds, spirits, and wills, past and present, that have contributed to its formation. Still as an educative principle, as a standard of judgment and sentiment, this corporate spirit reacts upon and characterises the individual spirits of the present and future, and may be qualified according to the moral tone it imparts to them. So far as a Society has a "Self" at all, it must be self-assertive, self-complacent, proud, egotistical; that is to say, its members will do all they can to promote its interests, to increase its good name, to defend it and to exalt it. One of them may lawfully seek his own, but all may and must seek the Society's good, even at the expense of his own; yet the Society collectively seeks its own good. Every soldier will hold it a point of loyalty to praise his own regiment and promote its good name; he will *wish* to think it the best regiment in the army. He may be modest as to his own merits, but he feels that to boast of his regiment is no offence against modesty. But a sane and healthy loyalty, far from blinding a man, will make him keenly critical of his regiment and observant of its defects and weaknesses, and will check any sort of dangerous complacency and optimism. Nor will it allow him ever to forget that

his own regiment exists only for the sake of the army and that the wider interest must ever have precedence. Were the colonel and officers to make no distinction between loyal criticism and treasonable grumbling; were they steadily to punish the former and to reward adulation with the praise of loyalty; were they to foster a sort of sectarian spirit hurtful to the harmonious unity of all regiments under one commander-in-chief, this spirit would surely be one of corporate pride and arrogance, and could not but react injuriously on the moral tone of every man in the regiment who should approve of it and submit to it. I do not know how soon the "minima Societas" (as Ignatius called it in all sincerity, and as it still calls itself with somewhat ostentatious humility), intoxicated with its first successes, began to stiffen with the rigidity of spiritual pride, but surely it fell from Heaven like Lucifer with the publication of the *Imago Primi Sæculi*, that most appalling outburst of corporate self-complacency, which would have proved fatal to its claims in any but an age of religious pedantry and hollow-heartedness. In a pagan empire, in a Cæsar or a Sardanapalus, such a spirit would be understandable, but hardly in the Society of "Jesus," Who warned his Apostles so explicitly against the fashions of worldly and secular despotisms and their rulers. Even Churches humble themselves at times and cry *Peccarimus*; they confess their need of correction and reformation. They can afford to do so, because their members are not their servants, are not merely instruments for some ulterior work, but the recipients of their services and ministrations; because their government is not military but professedly spiritual; because they do not deny to their members all right and power of criticism, or claim control over every department of their inward life. But your Society must *per fas et nefas* lay claim at least to a practical and *de facto* infallibility; it cannot afford for a moment to allow that it has ever done wrong or could need reform. *Aut sint ut sunt aut non sint* is the expression of a pride which is a *conditio sine qua non* of its existence as a spiritual militarism.

"The Society may break," said the *Civiltà Cattolica* a few years ago, "but it will never bend"; thus betraying a crude ignorance of the first law of life, and also of the fundamental principle of St. Ignatius, which is that of flexibility and accommodation. But, indeed, the Society may dread something worse than breaking, and that is, decay, decrepitude, gradual exhaustion.

From the noviceship onwards all measures are taken to foster, not a healthy loyal *esprit de corps* of which no one could complain, but a most uncritical idolatrous fanaticism and party-spirit in the plastic minds of the young men. They are taught that those who die in

the Order are infallibly saved ; that even in outsiders an esteem and reverence for the Society is—like a devotion to our Lady—a mark of predestination. They are taught to regard pro-Jesuit and anti-Jesuit as synonymous with orthodox and heterodox, Christian and anti-Christian, Catholic and anti-Catholic. If any man criticise the Society it is implied that he is secretly immoral, perhaps a Free-Mason or a Jew. Those who leave its ranks, even at their own request, are said to be “ dismissed ” ; and it is insinuated by eloquent and charitable head-shakings and pursing-up of sealed lips, or even whispered to those who will spread it abroad, that “ they went out from us because they were not of us,” because they were ill at ease in such sacred surroundings.

Then in the “ Menology ”—a book which utterly shocked my moral sense even in those early days when I was most anxious to blind myself to the Society’s limitations, and against which the decency and common sense of the English Jesuits at last revolted some six years ago—your novices and scholastics are shown how that of all religious Orders the Society is the celestial favourite ; how it is the bodyguard of our Lady ; how she appears with a stern countenance to waverers and bids them enter (or remain in) “ the Society of my Son.” They learn how in spite of Popes and Prelates it secured its proud title of Society of Jesus ; how the opposition it encounters is wholly due to its conformity to the character of Christ, and emanates exclusively from the wickedness and worldliness of its critics and opponents ; how its unpopularity is the heritage of the Saints—“ Blessed are the persecuted ”—and the special grace won for it by the prayer of Ignatius. If the righteous are always persecuted, surely the persecuted must always be righteous ; if those who bear the name of Jesus are hated, obviously it is for His name’s sake they are hated—for piety is never very critical. And if Christ was not only persecuted, but died and rose again, well, do not the suppression and restoration of the Society mark it more than ever as predestined to fulfil the type of Christ—even though Christ’s Vicar, Clement XIV., has to play Pontius Pilate in the drama ? Justly as Pascal scourged this corporate vanity with the biting lash of his irony, I do not think he understood how necessary it was to a government claiming to be grounded on the Divine Right and on the practical inspiration of rulers—a claim to which a spirit of criticism is fatal, and for whose maintenance blind and blinding adulation must be identified with loyalty and imposed on conscience as a duty. So far as the opposition offered to the Society by the episcopate, the secular clergy, the other religious Orders is aroused by this spirit of corporate conceit, it can hardly be explained away as

a participation in the sufferings of Christ, even were it endured with meekness rather than requited to the last farthing. Nor is it only with the mind of Christ that this braggart boastful spirit is in manifest contradiction, but also surely with the mind of your Founder, whose "minima Societas" was designed to help and serve, not to despise and supplant the secular clergy. True, men are naturally and everywhere disposed to drive loyalty to the extreme of sectarianism, to turn rational reverence into foolish idolatry; but to foster instead of checking this disposition, to utilise it as a force in the interests of absolute authority, is to offend gravely against the instincts of morality and Christianity. That the reaction of this general spirit on the individual mind must be and is prejudicial to sound judgment and wholesome sentiment goes without saying. To make a duty and religion of a bias and prepossession is treason against intellectual sincerity. Indeed to explain the blindness of "a good Jesuit" to the limitations of his Order one cannot fall back on the usual alternatives of unintelligence or bad faith; for when "wilful blindness" is canonised as a virtue, honest criticism becomes a sin. Thus, I do not doubt that in all good faith your Paternity and many a good Jesuit would consider it morally wrong even to open the question that I have opened here.

A near penalty of such corporate self-complacency is incorrigibility. The first condition of progress and improvement is a confession of fault or of fallibility. What has descended from Heaven, like the New Jerusalem, in a state of final perfection has only to maintain the *status quo*, to resist alteration of every sort. Whenever the Society yields it is only to external pressure; it is only because the age is corrupt, the world has gone astray. She works to bring the age back to those conditions for which she was constituted. Her attitude towards progressive Catholicism is necessarily one of intransigence and reaction. In theology, philosophy, letters, etc., her *Ratio Studiorum* is the ultimate irreformable standard. She has said the last word in Ascetical, in Moral, in Mystical theology. How could she afford to allow that she had aught to learn from the Age? And so her intransigence must be put forward as orthodoxy, as the true Catholicism, while progressive ideas must be banned as unsound, suspect, heterodox. Rooted in the very heart of the Church at Rome she stretches her arms and tentacles through every fibre of its organism, gripping it fast as ivy grips the oak and forbids its expansion. A due balance of conservative and progressive forces is the needful condition of the Church's growth and life. But as in its own constitution the progressive tendency is minimised to extinction, so in striving to "Jesuitise" the Church and shape her to her

own image and likeness the Society bids fair to sterilise her expansive forces and bind her limbs in the grave-clothes of rigid unreasoning traditionalism.

But this is so precisely my main and general grievance against the system that I need not make a special point of it. I entered what I thought was a Society devoted to the progressive and expansive interest, and I found myself in one sworn to the cause of reaction and intransigence.

When once personality comes to be held at a discount, as is the case under every absolute government; when (physical coercion being impracticable) the only inward disposition desirable is a certain passive obedience, an absence of all personal will and judgment, a receptivity in relation to the official mind and will, it follows that conduct must be regulated more and more from without, and ever less confided to spontaneity; and that trust in character must give place to trust in "protective" methods, in espionage, in external morality or legalism.

Plainly the soul must not be tried or tempted above its strength. Till the faculty is formed it must be helped and protected from outside. But the sole end of all such help and protection is its ultimate independence and spontaneity. All sound education recognises that any degree of help above what is necessary is really a hurt; that a child always carried will never learn to walk. Temptation, the opportunity of wrong-doing, and by consequence a certain risk of actual wrong-doing is a necessary condition of all moral growth; we learn by experience and by blunders for the most part. Thus and thus only can personality be developed. Good conduct that is shaped merely by external circumstances is no more personal than the writing of a child whose hand is held and directed by its teacher; it is not self-movement, but mere passive propulsion. The Society wants good conduct of this passive kind; it does not want personality; it is quite content with the more or less coerced results of protection; with the negative goodness that comes through lack of opportunity of evil, or through ignorance of evil, or through blind, inert submission to external direction—the submission of a corpse or of a walking-stick, as your rule explains. Your notion of spiritual training consists in surrounding the soul with an artificial environment adapted to its feebleness, instead of developing its inward powers of self-adaptation so as to make it more and more independent of the accidents and variations of its environment. Your novice-ship trains the candidate among conditions which prevail nowhere else on earth, not even in the other stages of Jesuit life. It is a preparation for nothing. When the young Jesuit passes to the

Seminary, or into the Colleges, or out on the mission, he enters as a helpless babe into a new world. You trust to "practices of piety," but of ethical training, of character-building, there is none. On the contrary, we were taught to beware of merely "natural virtues," of "goodness for goodness' sake," and not for the sake of some super-natural and revealed motive. We were told that the personal love of God was the only worthy motive for being truthful or honest or pure—as it were, out of friendship to God, and from personal affection towards His will which was thus and not otherwise. We were not told that God was Truth and Justice and that to love Him under any other aspect was to degrade Him to the image of man and make Him the object of a sentimental affection infinitely below the love of Truth for 'Truth's sake and Justice for Justice' sake, which is nothing else than the love of God for God's sake. Thus too the sentimental love of the flesh of Christ is set higher than an understanding sympathy with His strongly ethical spirit and with the causes and principles for which He lived and died. Hence, a contempt and total neglect of true moral training and character formation; all your energy goes to the cultivation of this sentimentalism (which you fancy is the love of God) by artificial, wearisome, and finally ineffectual appeals to the pious imagination, to the mercantile heaping-up of merits and indulgences, to the routine of practices, saint-worship, confessions, communions. When other young men are battling with the world for better or for worse, rising or falling, using or misusing the natural opportunities of self-formation, the Jesuit of the same age is being carefully fenced away from all the conditions of moral growth and vigour. If there is any manhood left in him it is in spite of and not because of your methods; it is because your fences break down and your vigilance flags, and your prefects and syndics grow weary and slumber, and above all because the Spirit of God is stronger than the stupidity of man. As far as your system goes it can only result in crippling the mind and character. After three years of exclusively ascetical training, after all your annual retreats and semestral triduos, after all your daily meditations and examinations of conscience and your periodical spiritual directions, manifestations, exhortations, your multiplied Masses, Confessions, Communions, what have you to show as an average in the way of character and of independent morality? How far can you or do you *trust* your men? Dare you take away the props and splints and crutches with which you have held them in position for so long, and not feel certain that they would tumble to pieces for lack of those protections, because your system ignores the fundamental law of life; because it demands instruments and not

men ; blindly passive and not intelligently active obedience ; the destruction not the development of personality and character ?

Is it not notorious that the schoolboys whom you train on these principles and who do not (as so many do, in whose interest the training of all is shaped) pass from the forcing frames of your colleges to the hothouses of your novitiates, but are abruptly thrust forth into the world for whose conditions they are wholly unprepared—is it not notorious that these boys come to grief morally and religiously with a frequency that points unambiguously to a fault in the method of their education ? Even the few who turn into good Catholic laymen show their goodness more by a regularity in external observances, and a reverent clericalism that abstains deferentially from all intelligent interest in religion as in an exclusively clerical preserve, than by an energetic participation in the Church's activity. Hence in such a crisis as is now upon the Church in France one looks in vain to the countless Jesuit *alumni* for any independence and initiative in the hour of need. They have been trained to follow the clergy blindly, to obey passively, not to question or criticise. Can they be expected now to lead, or even to help in an enterprise from which they have been warned off as too sacred for lay hands to meddle with ?

Yet these are the cleft fruits of your college-training. But what of the others ? If instead of being taught in time, and when failures are far less disastrous and far more remediable, to grapple with some measure of those very temptations to which they will be exposed in the world—temptations against faith, against purity, against truth, against honour—boys are not only kept away in an artificial environment from every possible occasion of buying their experience, but are kept in ignorance of the very existence of such temptations, what results can be hoped when they are abruptly plunged, all ignorant and unpractised, into the very midst of evil ? You teach them to venerate the purity of a St. Aloysius but you do not let them know what purity means. It is as though you exhorted them to temperance and yet hid from them the existence of intoxicants and intoxication. And would to God it were purity and not prurience that you strive to cultivate in them ! For in this matter the "protective" method is more pestilential than elsewhere ; and instead of an inward will-power, which gradually steels the senses more and more to libidinous appeals and makes a man scatheless in the midst of flames, your insane "run-away" asceticism, by finding lust-fuel in ever remoter occasions and "occasions of occasions," ends in producing a susceptibility so morbid and horrible that you can find it matter of praise rather than of shame that a young boy

should view his own mother as a danger to his chastity and fear to raise his eyes to her face. It matters little whether this trait of St. Aloysius be historical or not; what does matter is that it represents the Jesuit idea of purity.

Nor is a boy very well prepared for life's battle whose conception of religion is as of something distinct from morality, as consisting in a routine of observances—prayers, devotions, confessions, fasts, Communions—as in the main a matter of passive obedience to the Church. Unless his religion is intelligently connected with his moral life and interests; unless he is taught to see and feel its necessity for himself; to obey it lovingly and understandingly, not blindly and slavishly, he might as well, or better, be without it altogether.

And by "understanding" I do not mean the scraps of dogmatic instruction he may derive from catechetical instructions, or perhaps the few controversial sophisms with which he may be prepared to encounter heterodoxy—all on the assumption that faith is identical with theological information; but I mean an intelligent grasp of the fundamentals of all religion—a felt realisation of the value of the higher life—a genuine religiousness of heart and mind.

Here as elsewhere your divorce between religion and ethics works fatally. Your Suarez has taught us that supernatural grace has nothing to do with ethical perfection; that this latter is "merely natural"; nay, your whole asceticism harps continually on the worthlessness of merely natural virtues, as something pagan, accessible to man's effort. But "grace" is a perfectly invisible unverifiable quality of the soul—the seed of a glory that is to blossom out hereafter, but which here lies hid save to the eye of God. Hence Suarez tells us that a man of careless life in every way who just avoids "mortal sin" and yet frequents the Altar weekly is a diviner creature, more full of God, than one who strives to and attains to the moral pattern of Christ yet communicates more seldom. This *tour de force* is no doubt valuable as solving the difficulty raised by the fact that so much moral goodness in the world is found apart from all use of the sacraments, and that, on the other hand, priests and religious and other frequent communicants are not very sensibly superior in ethical tone to their less favoured neighbours. Also it is not so plain that moral goodness depends on priestly ministrations, as that this mystical sacramental goodness must do so, in which case the priest is all but indispensable for salvation.

As a theological paradox this would not be worth taking seriously; but as a practical principle of education it is flagrantly anti-Christian and immoral. The morality of Christ was the direct, necessary,

proportional expression of his supernatural life. A good life, a noble character, right ideas, true sentiments, strong well-ordered affections—these are “the good works” that men are to see in us and thereby recognise us as children of God. These are the fruits and effects to which the sacraments are but means. Yet with boys in your colleges and with men and women in your churches you deal as though sacraments were the end and purpose of all religion; and morality, at best, a condition. One need only reflect a moment to understand the enervating, decadent, superstitious consequences of such a theology. Boys brought up on that system are not likely to go forth into the world with much moral fibre or grit beyond what they may have saved in spite of the system.

It is in the interests of these boys' faith and morals that Catholics are asked to send their children to your schools even, if necessary, at some sacrifice of their temporal prospects. Yet it is just on account of their faith as well as of their morals that I should fear for your pupils. For nowhere do you more assiduously apply the “protection” fallacy than to this matter of faith. Faith you define as the passive obedient acceptance of a miraculously revealed theological orthodoxy. It is the acceptance of an intellectual system standing in relations of solidarity to every other department of human knowledge, which therefore must be ruled into conformity with this divinely guaranteed department. Without discussing this extraordinary idea of faith, which you have popularised through your theological schools and almost forced upon the Church, I need only observe how consonant it is with the principle of absolutism as applied to the government of man's inward and spiritual life; how it means not a living growth of many minds into harmony through the sameness of the Spirit dwelling in them all, but a mechanical uniformity imposed from outside; a “general mind” not gradually assimilated by, but substituted abruptly for the individual mind; how the only inward personal element in such a faith is a passive receptivity of the Church's thought, not a thinking of the mind itself.

Obviously it is only by wholesale “protection”; by forbidding men to think or look or read; by discouraging all lay interest in religious problems that this vast system of theology with all its scientific and historical dependencies can be saved from unfavourable criticism. So logically is it all knit together that to undo a single stitch brings the whole thing to pieces.

They blame you unjustly who complain that you do not prepare your boys for all the difficulties that may be afterwards urged in their hearing against this complex body of orthodoxy; for mani-

festly they would need to be equipped with an encyclopedic omniscience. You do far better not to wake their interest at all; and to tell them to "put away" any difficulty from their minds as a temptation of the devil. Many are saved perhaps by that run-away method. But for most is not this very conception of faith, as identical with theological orthodoxy, an almost certain pitfall in these days when the "protective" method is simply unworkable; when, unless a man forswear all human intercourse, he must perforce have intellectual difficulties thrust on him at all times from all sides?

No boy is more unprepared to face temptations against faith and morals than one who has been brought up on the "protection" system; whose independence has been repressed rather than developed, who at the age of sixteen is still a boy of eight or ten in point of character—just as the average Jesuit remains a schoolboy to the end of his days.

A more unpleasant adjunct of this "protective method," which runs through your whole system of education spiritual and secular, is the use of espionage, of secret delation, and other inquisitorial tactics in the interests of government. One looks for this in Free-Masonry and secret societies; or in a despotism like modern Russia or medieval Spain; but not in the *Schola Christi*. To be "visited" at prayer and other spiritual duties, to have one's correspondence (incoming and outgoing) inspected, to be informed on by others, all struck me, when a novice, as singularly discordant with the freedom of God's service. But I was told that we consented to these infringements of personal liberty by a personal act of renunciation, which therefore covered them all with a new cloak of liberty; that we did so as a protection against ourselves, as when a man fetters his limbs and throws away the key. Plausible as this sounds, yet is the "protective" principle any better because it is applied to us suicidally by our own act? Is our power of will and of self-determination weakened or strengthened by such procedure? Does the one free act of renunciation do for us what the continual exercise of self-government would have done?

But unfortunately these "vigilance" methods are too convenient and necessary to the weakness of absolute government not to be quickly perverted from this alleged use to that of an instrument of government. How completely the Society is governed to-day by these secret methods your Paternity knows better than I can tell you. I can hardly conceive any institution more profoundly immoral than that of the *Synlicus*; the secret informer who reports the sayings and doings of the community to the Rector, or of the Rector to the Provincial, etc. The result of this government by

secret delation could only be what it actually is—a profound mutual mistrust among the members; a feeling of insecurity and isolation; a general friendlessness and lack of affection. This last is further fostered by an asceticism which canonises the unnatural as supernatural; which aims at a substitution of a general love, with no assignable content or determination, for any particular and personal affection; which tells men that the love of God does not perfect but destroys all natural feeling for relations and friends, and puts in its stead a sort of rational calculating regard which will deal with them just according to their spiritual desert or supernatural utility without any respect of persons. Add to this all the jealousy and paltrinesses of people living in a narrow groove, each for himself and his own little work, and it is not surprising to find that Jesuits are as a rule utterly hard and affectionless towards one another; that the Order can ill stand Christ's great criterion: "Hereby shall men know that you are My disciples, if you love one another." Might one not rather say: "Behold how these Jesuits hate one another!"?

My only aim being to exemplify a certain spirit by some more or less random instances of its endless manifestations, I will content myself with one other point of which I promised to speak.

Not only are spontaneous "vocations," by which men of formed character join the Society, far too rare and exceptional to keep up the necessary supply of recruits, but the more resisting, less pliable, material they offer is not at all desirable in large quantities where personality is at a discount. Hence what I have called the "Press-gang" system, which is simply the "Church-boy" system. You take these poor boys from their parents at a very early age and educate them deliberately *for* the novitiate. You say they are free, and so they are to some extent. But how often does it mean facing social disgrace and parental anger and disappointment if they break away before the end of their school course and declare for liberty? And then does not the "Spiritual Father" of the College assiduously foster the vocation which, as a rule, has no other germ than a promise of such mental aptitude as may be useful to the Society, and an absence of any positive immorality? Ask almost any little boy of that rank of life if he would like to be a priest and a Jesuit, and he will say "Yes." On such a base the "fostering" process works—a process of continual "suggestion," by the assumption of the desired issue as a settled futurity. St. Paul thought continence a rather rare gift, *Non omnibus datum est*; you think the absence of notable incontinence sufficient. *If possible* the boy leaves college for the noviceship ignorant of the laws of generation. Once there it is not hard to get him through his two years of probation, and to

let him vow perpetual chastity and celibacy in this same ignorance. The common sense of all mankind and their sense of justice cry out "Shame!" on the transaction and laugh at the supposed validity of the fraudulent contract. You, not so. Your theological quibblers have made out the necessary case for validity, and Rome is coaxed into silence, if not into acquiescence. Men will sometimes go on to the age of thirty or thirty-three, when the study of Moral Theology first opens their eyes to the meaning of their manhood. And this is what you aim at! This is freedom! Poor boys incapable of the most rudimentary criticism are passed from college to the noviceship, when, at the lips of the same men who have been their oracles since childhood, they learn the unique glories of the Jesuit vocation, the deplorable loss entailed by falling away from it. It is not said that apostates are lost for ever, but, what for boys is much the same, that those who die in the Order are certainly saved; that to leave it is to resign the certainty of salvation. And then the "Spiritual Exercises" are naturally given in such a form as to make the Jesuit vocation the only possible issue for one who does not wish to write himself down a caitiff, a monster of hardheartedness. Moreover, he is told that as surely as it is God's Providence that has predestined and shaped his life to this high calling, so surely are all fears and questionings temptations from the devil, not to be listened to under peril of spiritual ruin. That is how the matter is presented to the boy's own mind, and one sees how little moral freedom is left to him. If he goes, it is nearly always more or less in bad faith and with a sense of taking a lower spiritual platform, of sinning against the Holy Ghost, if not of breaking with religion altogether. Many, however, of the novice-apostasies come from the initiation of the novice-master himself, whose judgment is thus substituted for the boy's, and is formed often on very sane unmystical businesslike considerations. Then the boy is told that he has not, that he never had a vocation, and is "consoled in the Lord" (as you phrase it) and sent about his business; how he squares this new ruling of the Divine Will with his previous subjective convictions is not apparent. There is, however, I believe a theory of "temporary vocations" mooted in some quarters, which may bring relief.

Tied fast by vows after two years, the schoolboy is still carefully nursed and kept strictly within the Jesuit world and in the blindest possible ignorance of a wider one during the long years of his pupillage. An outside impartial view of the Society and of his own position is for him a psychological feat of the extremest improbability. Yet necessarily as time goes on, and his studies advance,

and his experience widens a little with his work, he will, in the measure of his intelligence, begin to exercise his long-strangled critical faculty on the problem. But every year that the awakening is delayed hampers his moral freedom more and more. Use and wont and many personal considerations make an uprooting a painful process; nor is it easy to start life on quite new lines at twenty-three or twenty-five years of age. And is he not "vowed" to the three Evangelical Counsels and also to his promise to go on to "profession"? Is it not his own fault perhaps that he has "lost his vocation"? Most of his spiritual counsellors will tell him so. And so, as a rule, he either goes out with a false conscience, feeling, in imagination, the brand of Cain upon his brow; or he goes on with an equally false conscience. If he should be exceptionally clear-minded and strong he will either go out in good faith and face all that is entailed by a broken career; or seeing the initial mistake he will stick on and try to make some sort of a life out of the circumstances into which fate has thrown him. Fortunately the great majority yield passively to the "fostering" system and lose all power or inclination to criticise their "vocation"; but I have witnessed so many painful instances of the awakening process, with its wretched consequences to character and career, that on this account alone, were there no other, I can regard the Society as little else than a man-trap, a dangerous snare set for young souls in the early paths of life, resulting in the ruin of their happiness and spiritual health.

This is the point on which I personally feel the most strongly, though it is one which in no way touches my own case; and so I have kept it to the end. For it is needless for me to go on indefinitely, as I might, adding new illustrations of the workings of a spirit everywhere the same. I must, however, record my abhorrence of the treatment meted out to the lay-brothers of the Society. You take these young men in, *ad ministeria domestica*, to do the work of household servants, and as far as the rule goes they are not to learn to read or write nor shall anyone teach them, but they are to serve the Lord "in holy simplicity." Notwithstanding this "holy simplicity" and the blank ignorance which the rule desiderates, you demand of them the psychological feat of an hour's meditation every morning and two quarters of self-introspection in the course of the day; and this is the *substance* of their religious life. Your Paternity knows as well as I do that even for the priests and scholastics of the Society, with all their mental training and reading, this feat is so beyond the average powers of human nature that the said times of meditation and examination of conscience

are mostly wasted in slumber and distraction by the observant, and are more profitably employed *aliud agendo* by the less scrupulous and regular. No one, neither superiors or others, imagines that anything whatever comes of these solemn silences in the life of the average lay-brother; "if he sleep he will do well"; if not, his thoughts will go in search of interests more human than divine. Yet this is the *whole* of his spiritual and inward life, as far as your Rule is concerned; nothing is to be done for his mind or for the development of his intelligence. He is to work like a dog in a mill, year in and year out, at the same monotonous unprogressive employments that can afford no possible occupation for the mind. He has none of the variations and multiple interests which fill the life of a scholastic and still more of a priest; he has no prospects, no career before him; no work that grows. The domestic servant has his outings, his courtships, his friendships, his prospects of a home and family to raise him above the dulness of his lot; but your lay-brother has no such mitigation. He may be spiritually dead; but so long as he works, no one cares. To face a life so unnatural and inhuman, he would need a spirituality far stronger and deeper than that of the priest or student, in order to keep his starved affections and violated passions from breaking forth in rebellion against all those vows and obligations which he has taken upon himself with so little intelligence and true freedom. Grave as are the disorders resulting from this institution, the wonder is they are not still graver. And this, again, is in spite of the system; it is because, thanks to modern civilisation, you can no longer procure and preserve that sort of animal mindlessness which the Rule desiderates in lay-brothers; it is because the native goodness of the human heart, the native common sense of the human mind, refuses to be strangled by your fatuous and soul destroying regulations. Numbers of lay-brothers I have known who put us priests to shame in a thousand ways; and if the remainder furnish a sad spectacle to those who reflect, one's own feeling towards them is that of profound sorrow for the victims of an unnatural and iniquitous system. Much as I should deprecate State interference with true liberty of association I cannot but wonder whether it would be an interference with true liberty if the government were to protect the simple and uneducated against being seduced into permanent contracts whose nature they cannot possibly understand.

Advisedly I have passed over the common charges on which the uncritical adversaries of your Order build so much. In the matter of truth-telling the Society's doctrine (that of St. Thomas and St. Augustine), is not lax, but far too strict, and therefore to some

extent self-defeating and favourable to laxity of practice. A purely verbal or literal veracity is at times so impracticable, so irreconcilable with the spirit of veracity, that refuge must be sought in the doctrine of equivocation, which really prejudices sincerity and honour very seriously. If in practice the standard of truthfulness is lower among Jesuits than among the Catholics of the country in which they live (a fact for which I see little evidence), this would only illustrate the general law that veracity is the child of liberty; that despotic rule fosters a spirit of evasion; that lying is the refuge of the weak from their pursuers. Candour and confidence on the part of the government is met by a like spirit of frank fearlessness on the part of the subject. The emphasis on the merely venial character of the sin of lying, the casuistical minimisings of the duty of veracity are no monopoly of the Society of Jesus. So, too, all religiously earnest, not to say fanatical, men to whom the identity of morality and the Divine Will is not quite so self-evident and axiomatic as it ought to be, are prone to sacrifice moral principle in the interests of what they deem God's cause; to soil their souls for the salvation of souls, or for some ecclesiastical interest which they identify with God's cause—in a word, to do evil that good may come. A somewhat fanatically militant body like the Society, devoted to the service of the Church, is peculiarly exposed to this temptation, and no doubt yields to it right and left. But in theory the Society condemns the principle as emphatically as anyone.

Indeed all that sort of criticism which implies that the Society is ruled by deliberately immoral men for consciously wicked ends may be dismissed as mythical and childish. Its worst result is to hinder true and sober criticism; and by its easily demonstrated extravagance to foster the belief that no other sort of criticism is possible. If its worst enemies have been its flatterers (inside and outside) the Society's best friends have been its uncritical slanderers. Because one or two were ill-aimed, all the sharp arrows of Pascal (*sagitte potentis acutæ*) scarce weakened you, when else they had slain you. Blessed indeed are you when men shall speak falsely of you, for then you can and do at once put in your claim of being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

I have, then, endeavoured to criticise Jesuitism rather than the Jesuits, principles rather than men. If I have refused to credit the system with the merits of the many excellent men who have lived under it, I have also refused to credit it with those corruptions that belong to human nature as such; I have striven in both cases to determine what is *per se* and what *per accidens*. Were I judging the Society's claims, not as a religious but as a "learned" body, I should

proceed no otherwise. I should not credit her with the learning of those many able and brilliant men who, in the teeth often of much contradiction, have often distinguished themselves as astronomers, or chemists, or historians, or antiquarians, or in departments for which no provision is made in her curriculum. Nor should I, on the other hand, blame her for the results of individual idleness and stupidity. But I should look to what I considered the *per se* results of her present philosophical and theological education, which are such as not merely to disprove her claims to be a learned body, but as to prove her to be the very bulwark of theological obscurantism, the chief obstructionist in the way of that work for whose sake I was first drawn to her ranks.

In fine, what I see in Jesuitism is just the counter-extravagance of Protestantism; on this side, liberty misinterpreted as the contempt of authority; on that, authority misinterpreted as the contempt of liberty. The Society's boast is to have stayed the spread of Protestantism and to have saved half Europe to the Church. Its success has been its ruin; its action has been met with reaction; in buttressing authority, it has crushed liberty and established Absolutism. And as a result Protestantism lives still to protest more than ever. Doubtless the *via media*, the true synthesis of liberty and authority, is still to seek, and, while that is the case, the Catholic Church will choose Jesuitism rather than Protestantism. But for all that she is getting heartily weary of it, and it may be regarded as a dying cause.

If the aim of this letter were to hasten its death it would certainly be an ill-calculated blow. It is not necessary, as its adversaries think, to attack the Society, for the irresistible causes of its decay are in the psychological atmosphere of the age. It is only necessary to wait. A violent suppression would have all the reinvigorating effect of a martyrdom, and might only be followed by another restoration.

True, the Society's influence in the Church is still enormous and disproportionate—it is felt in the seminaries of the clergy, in convents and convent-schools, among the women you direct, the children whom you educate, the congregations you minister and preach to, the multitudes who read your writings, theological and ascetical. Yet vast as it is quantitatively, it is a dying influence; it depends largely on the success of "protective" methods daily more unworkable. Knowledge and criticism are in the air, and steal even through the chinks of convent doors. Educated men and women no longer believe in you; no sane lover of rational and moral freedom can defend you. Most fatal of all to your prospects is the

spread of education and independence among women ; since it was through mothers, sisters, and daughters, through nuns and the pupils of nuns, that you held your own when male intelligence had learnt to laugh at your pretensions to wisdom and divine authority. But of all symptoms of your near exhaustion the surest is the revolt of your own children against you, of which this letter is but a casual manifestation. What I have said here is what a hundred Jesuits are saying every day, and what hundreds will be saying in a generation or two. Choose boys as early as you like, blindfold them as tightly as you can, but you cannot prevent the temper and spirit of a free age filtering unconsciously into their minds through what they must eventually read and hear, unless you immure them in solitary cells.

My aim, therefore, is only to show why, for me, subjectively, the Society has ceased to exist ; and to justify my assertion that she is travelling against the sun and not with it, as I had believed, and that therefore my contract with her is null and void. You tell me in the fifth point of your letter that my reasons are not such as Canon Law would regard as invalidating. But I do not need the Catholic Church's judgment about first principles of common morality ; for I must be a competent judge in such matters before I admit the Church's claims at all. If I cannot trust my moral principles in so elementary a matter, how can I trust them when they tell me I *ought* to obey the Church ?

Should I ever ask you to dispense me from my non-existent and only apparent obligations it will be for your honour to do so ; for your shame and condemnation to refuse. At the moment of writing it is not quite clear to me that the circumstances oblige or even would justify me in separating myself outwardly from the Society and publishing this defence of my action. The point (for there is one) at which fear of scandal, of paining others, ceases to justify silent endurance is not easy to determine ; fear of self-illusion as to the duty of speaking out is not always quite idle. But should any circumstance end this indecision, be sure that no fear of ecclesiastical violence in the way of unjust censure, suspension or excommunication will deter me for one moment from appealing, not to the "man in the street" or to popular judgment, but to the uncorruptible tribunal of educated public opinion.

It seems to me, in conclusion, that I have not altogether run in vain, or wasted my life, if I have done no more than win to my present clearness of moral conviction through many tribulations, struggling free from the briers and brambles of a false system in which my feet were early ensnared. It is a good life's work to have arrived by personal experience and reflection at the solution of so

plausible and complicated a fallacy as that of Jesuitism. Even though I end, weary and exhausted, at certain commonplace principles which are the public heritage of my age and country, made current-coin long since by the labours of others, yet it seems to me that I possess them and feel them in a way that they never can who have had them for nothing, who have not worked their way through to them.

E come quei che con lena affannata
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva
Si volge al perigliosa acqua e guata :

even so do I look back with a sort of terror to the black wood in which for so many years I was lost and from which God in his mercy has brought me forth to the light of liberty.

Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est de laqueo venantium ; laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.

I remain

Your Paternity's servt. in Christ,

G. TYRRELL.

(Ended. 26, VI., 1904.)

APPENDIX IV

TO THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS

September 2nd, 1905.

YOUR PATERNITY,

As I cannot help feeling that your account of my motives for asking release is perhaps too curt and inadequate to make my request seem at all reasonable in the eyes of the Sac. Congr. of Bishops and Regulars, I think it well to send your Paternity an outline or summary of my position, which I wrote about a year ago. As my former letters have already given you the substance of the document, it is not at all necessary that you trouble yourself to read it ; but it might facilitate matters were you to put it, or a competent translation of it, into the hands of those who are to decide my case. It is not confidential or personal. It would be indeed too much to hope that it might ever influence the Society in any little way so as to save others being compelled to do as I have done. It is enough that I have discharged my conscience.

With best wishes and prayers for your recovery.

Your Paternity's servant in Christ, etc.

APPENDIX V

TO THE PROVINCIAL OF THE ENGLISH JESUITS,
FATHER RICHARD SYKES

RICHMOND, YORKS,

September 4th, 1905.

MY DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,

It might be as well when you come here to make no allusion to Father Farmer about my impending departure, as it will only distress him prematurely and as I want to get away, when the time comes, under cover of a visit to London. I heard from His Paternity on Saturday, who has referred my request duly to the Congr. of Bp. and Reg. But as the plea which he sent seemed to me rather inadequate I sent him by return a full statement of my case which I had written a year ago. It was only the need of haste that hindered me from transmitting it in due form through your Reverence, from whom I wish to keep no secrets in the matter.

May I take this occasion of saying that nothing particular has lately supervened to determine me in the step? It is merely that this sterile life cannot go on for ever; that five years is long enough to have waited for some better understanding. I had once thought of asking two concessions which might have made it possible to go on. One, that I might pass some months of the year in London, both for the sake of my studies and to keep in touch with my friends there; the other, that under the Provincial's approval I might suggest my own censors and treat with them instead of being subject to the caprices of anonymous censorship. For my line of thought and study is one in which only four or five men in the Province are at all competent, from the nature of the case. I do not say this because of what censors have disapproved but just as much because of what they have approved and passed. The three censors who passed "Lex Orandi" showed as little sense of its drift as the one who condemned and abused it; and the same is true of articles which have appeared in the *Month*. It is no doubt some sense of this which has caused Father Gerard to dispense with my services altogether. Your thirty censors being what they are, the chances are about ten to one against my being competently criticised on the anonymous system; so that I am practically reduced to silence as far as *legitimate* utterance goes. Could I have chosen and dealt direct with my censors I should have been most grateful for their assistance; for I assure you I do not *want* to make mistakes; nor do I think myself infallible; I have always been amenable to

friendly and reasonable criticism, as perhaps even Father Knight would have to allow from his experience. With such concessions I could have endured the embarrassments of a false position for the sake of peace and for the sake of others. But it gradually became clear to me that the deliberate policy (I do not say this querulously ; for from their standpoint, which is not mine, it was a very wise and reasonable policy) of supervision was to sterilise my life and reduce me to silence altogether ; and so I did not prefer a request which could only be denied. For both parties concerned separation is best under the circumstances.

This little explanation will save you an interview when you come here. Besides, in a business of this kind everything should be in black and white.

APPENDIX VI

TO THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS

January 24th, 1906.

YOUR PATERNITY,

I thank you for your long letter all the more because you recognise that there is *so* little hope for an agreement. I feel bound in candour to retract and apologise for the suspicions expressed in my letter of December 31st, 1905. I think, however, I wrote *conditionally*: "If I do not gravely misinterpret your letter." Moreover, I quite understood the extreme difficulty and perplexity of the case. Also Your Paternity has to consider the Society at large and the ecclesiastical authorities, and not only me. Seeing that (unfortunately) such "intrigues" are notoriously accepted at Rome as legitimate methods of management, I don't think the supposition was altogether monstrous and without probable basis. Still Your Paternity's direct denial settles the matter. But the question of the origin of the difficulties in prospect does not really affect the fact of their existence ; intended or not intended the result would be the same—a confusion of issues and the substitution of a greater for a lesser scandal, of a quarrel with the Church for a quarrel with the Society. Besides this reason for refusing secularisation and preferring suspension there was another more cogent and effectual. There were several in the Society and several outsiders whose judgment I was bound to respect, and who (I say it with all deference) understand the religious conditions over here better than is possible for even the best-informed foreigner. These were convinced that my secession would have a very disastrous effect on many "weaker brethren." When I saw that Your Paternity made

light of such apprehensions and was apparently eager to get rid of me, I thought I might justly shift the whole responsibility on to shoulders so willing to bear it, and assure my friends that the separation would be Your Paternity's act and not mine. Besides, the position of one who is thrust out for conscience' sake is stronger than the seceder's. For these reasons I have determined to content myself with putting before Your Paternity all the opinions and ideas which, you admit, I cannot alter.

As to the *Lettera Confidenziale*, it is hardly worth while offering an explanation that falls so short of your requirements. Still it would be unjust not to exonerate the S.J. of all responsibility. But you would not, I am sure, wish me to repudiate what I should not have written had I not sincerely believed it. Am I to deny or pretend to deny the existence of the common difficulties enumerated in the first paragraph quoted by *Il Corriere*? Have not the authorities themselves admitted all these things? Am I to say that Religion is primarily theology and *not* eternal life? Am I to say that Catholicism is *not* something greater and grander than can ever attain adequate expression in its history or its institutions, however they may progress? I should be contradicting the Scriptures and the greatest saints and doctors of the Church. If I am ever unfortunately forced to make the said letter public the whole religious world will justify me and condemn Your Paternity. Even those *altissima dignitate constituti* are not exempt from panic and sensationalism, and I cannot but think that if Your Paternity read the paragraphs with your own eyes and not with theirs he would see very little to quarrel with. Still I recognise that Your Paternity has to satisfy these same dignitaries, and that for that purpose my proposed explanation is quite inadequate. Let me in conclusion request that matters may be expedited, as far as conveniently possible, one way or the other.

APPENDIX VII

LUDOVICUS MARTIN, PRÆPOSITUS GENERALIS SOCIETATIS JESU

OMNIBUS QUORUM INTEREST ET IN QUORUM NOTITIAM HÆ
LITTERÆ VENERINT.

Datum Romæ die Februarii 1^a, ann. 1906.

Salutem in Domino sempiternam.

Quamvis P. Georgius Tyrrell per plures annos in Societate nostra vixerit et in ea etiam professionem emiseric, tamen facultate a

Sancta Sede specialiter ad id nobis concessa, eundem justas ob causas liberum ab omni obligatione erga Societatem nostram dimittimus; manet vero suspensus a sacris Ordinibus exercendis vi Decreti "Auctis Admodum," § iv., Nov. 4th, 1892, donec a S. Sede alio modo ei consulatur. Præterea manet obligatus ad votorum solemnum substantiam servandam, quantum in novo statu fieri potest, sub obedientia Ordinarii. Neque eximitur obligatione votorum simplicium, de quibus loquitur Urbanus VIII. Br. *Vota quæ Deo* Jan. 25th, 1631, et Br. *Honorum dignitatumque*, Feb. 26th, 1643.

L. MARTIN, S.J.

APPENDIX VIII

TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FERRATA, PREFECT OF
THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF BISHOPS AND
REGULARS

April 7th, 1906.

EMINENTISSIME,

Die 5^o, Oct.* 1905, scripsit mihi R. P. Generalis "Saera . . . Romam mittat," etc. Distuli tamen quærere episcopum receptorem. Interea vero instabant amici tum intra tum extra Societatem ne ipse voluntarie discederem, sed potius ut, tota mente de Societate Patri Generali patefacta, eidem onus imponerem me sive dimittendi sive retinendi. Quod tandem feci per epistolam die Dec. 31^{mo} ad Rev. Patrem Generalem scriptam; qui cum a proposito meo me dimovere non potuerit me invite dimisit et omni sacro ordine suspendit. Satis ergo cum feci et amicis et propriæ conscientiæ liberum me judico ut nunc petam solutionem plenariam a votis et obligationibus et secularisationem perpetuam.

Ratio ut antea manet integra unica et fortior sc. ne gravius scandalum eveniat. Quod enim suspensus a sacris maneat sacerdos contra quem nulla gravis culpa moralis asseritur, et de quo tam plurimi bene sentiunt, est, apud eos qui circumstantias non intelligunt nec intelligere possunt, causa murmurandi et loquendi contra auctoritatem ecclesiasticam, et maxime contra Soc. Jesu. Ex alia parte periculum est ne illi, qui ad auctoritatem in hac re defendendam circumstantias explicare conantur, id ita false et perperam faciunt ut mihi necesse sit talium narrationem conficere et typis mandare, id quod veritati et justitiæ magis quam caritati et convenientiæ conveniet.

Proinde peto facultatem sacrum faciendi; sive per secularisationem perpetuam sive per licentiam extra ordinem.

G. TYRRELL.

* The date was October 12th, not 5th.

APPENDIX IX

TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FERRATA

May 4th, 1906.

EMINENTISSIME,

Plures hebdomadae elapsae sunt ex quo scripsi S. Congregationi vestrae petens facultatem sacrum faciendi ne obmurmurationes contra auctoritatem ecclesiasticam orientur. Id scripsi mox reversurus in patriam et ad amicos. Ne quidem respondere dignata est. Interea reversus sum, et scandalum quod avertere volebam est factum. Vestra res agebatur, non mea. Pro me majus lucrum est haec pati quam missas facere; majus detrimentum censura conscientiae et Dei quam censura hominis. Satis pro officio feci; rem amplius urgere nolo. Proinde, deposito sacerdotio, cum id Deus vult, statui, ad scandalum praedictum aliquantulo mitigandum, narratiunculam totius negotii cum documentis conficere atque in lucem edere ut ostendatur auctoritates saltem bona fide mecum egisse et rationis speciem habuisse in jubendo, sicut et ego in recusando, quod, pro mea conscientia, fuisset locutio contra mentem et peccatum.

Unum restat petendum, licentia accedendi ad sacramentum altaris ubi occulto fieri possit et sine admiratione fidelium. Quod si denegare vultis, statim acquiescam in iudicio vestro.

G. TYRRELL.

APPENDIX X

SECRETARIA DELLA S. CONG. DEI VESCOVI
E REGOLARIROMA,
18 *Giugno*, 1906.

M. ILLUSTRE E REVMO. MONS. COME FRATELLO,

Mi reco a premura di partecipare alla S.V. Revma che la Santa Sede attese le ragioni da Lei addotte, concede che il P. Tyrrell sia accolto nella Diocesi di Malines ed autorizzato a celebrare la Santa Messa, colla condizione però che il medesimo P. Tyrrell prenda formale impegno di non pubblicare nulla in materia religiosa e neppure di tener corrispondenze epistolari senza la precisa approvazione di persona competente designata dalla Signoria Vostra. Intanto mi è grato profitare di questa occasione per dichiararmi con profonda stima.

Della S.V. Illma. e Revma.

Divotissimo per servirla,

D. CARD. FERRATA Pref.

AL REVMO. ARCIVESCOVO.

MALINES.

APPENDIX XI

LETTER TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

July 20th, 1906.

Cur tollis animas nostras?

YOUR EMINENCE,

You will receive in a few days two copies of a printed, though not published, letter which I have been compelled to address to the Holy See in the person of the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. It is of the utmost importance (and I throw the whole responsibility on Your Eminence), that the said letter should be translated to His Holiness by someone whose competence and honour are above suspicion. I wish His Holiness to be informed that, in putting this letter before him, I am not seeking any redress or soliciting any sort of answer; but, on the contrary, am explaining why I should consider it idle to seek such redress or to engage in further negotiations or correspondences.

I have, however, for the relief of my conscience, determined to address His Holiness a little later in an open and public letter, in which, without waiting for further evidence of what to me has been evident for years, I will frankly announce to all those who, through any writings of mine, have been drawn towards or preserved within the pale of the Roman Church, that so far as they have supposed my life's work to be approved by that Church's official guides they have been utterly deceived; that it is merely diplomacy or opportunity, the desire for proselytes of any sort at any price, on the part of those officials, that has prevented or still prevents the utter condemnation of me and my books. Allowing thus freely that my whole apologetic, my whole attempt to reconcile Catholicism with modern exigencies, and to find some answer to the most urgent questions of to-day, is repudiated by that very Church which I would defend; I will proceed, in this open letter, to gather together all those difficulties which, through years of painful epistolary correspondence with troubled souls, I have been trying to solve in my poor way; I will cast them into the form of a syllabus of clearly defined, unambiguous questions, to be answered either by Yea or Nay; and I will turn to His Holiness and say: *Cur tollis animas nostras?* Tell us plainly what we are to say. We have a right to look to Your Holiness for positive as well as negative guidance; for construction of truth as well as destruction of error. The whole world, inside and outside the Church, is going astray for want of

clear guidance on these definite points. Since you possess the knowledge, you cannot and dare not withhold it. Tell us then, to the satisfaction of those who can neither make head or tail of those solutions, which satisfy only the ignorant or thoughtless, plainly what we are to say. Of what use is a beacon, if it is not kindled at the moment when it is most needed? All eyes are on Rome, but her light is out. Of what use is personal and independent infallibility and divine assistance, if life and death questions, clamouring for insistent answer, and involving the loss or gain to the Church of thousands of the most deeply religious intelligences of the day—if such questions are to be referred to laborious commissions, whose lengthy deliberations issue in a pair of critical platitudes once in four years?

Cur tollis animas nostras?

In the face of such questions as I shall put, silence or an indefinite answer will be equally impossible; equally fatal to all belief in the honesty, candour and good faith of the Holy See. We shall therefore hear the truth and learn exactly where we stand; and we all agree that that is supremely desirable.

I owe this last service to the Church, as a strict duty of reparation to all those whom I have unintentionally deceived through so many years as to the real mind of the Church's official guides. I am determined they shall know the truth as clearly as those guides themselves know it.

Your Eminence's servant, etc.,

G. TYRRELL.

INDEX

- AMIGO, Bishop, ii. 313, 341, 365, 436, 446
 'Among the Korahites,' ii. 54, 55
 Ancestry of Rev. G. Tyrrell, i. 26
 Anderledy, Father, i. 243
 "Anglican Liberalism," ii. 366
 "Apostle of Naturalism, An," ii. 60
 Aquaviva, Father, i. 239, 252
 "Are Churches Necessary?" ii. 417
 Arnold, Matthew, ii. 398
 "Authority and Evolution," ii. 102
 "Autour d'un petit livre," ii. 394
- Baker, Rev. G. S., i. 90
 Balfour, Right Hon. Arthur, ii. 10, 59
 Bartoli, Padre G., ii. 352
 Batiffol, P., ii. 262, 290
 "Beati Excommunicati" ("L'Excommunication Salutaire"), ii. 203, 345, 356
 Bell, Mr. Arthur, ii. 422
 ,, Rev. James, i. 9
 Bellarmine, Cardinal, ii. 335
 Benigni, Mgr., ii. 294, 340
 Benson, Dr. Charles, i. 52, 57, 58 *seq.*, 80, 90; ii. 372
 Bergson, ii. 411
 Besten, Brother, i. 184
 Blondel, M. Maurice, ii. 45, 89, 90, 175
 Blount, Father Charles, ii. 32
 Blunt, Mr. Wilfred, i. vi; ii. 442
 Bonomelli, ii. 265
 Boudon, Henri Marie, i. 213, 230
 Boulger, Vaughan, i. 52, 69
 Bourne, Cardinal, ii. 182, 240
 Bremond, Père Henri, ii. 71, 265, 305, 431, 441
 Brodhurst, Mr. James Penderel, ii. 385
 Burke, Mrs. Hubert, ii. 420
 Butler's Analogy, i. 95
- Caird, Dr. E., ii. 221, 442
 Campbell, Rev. R. C., ii. 398, 408
 Caradonna, Father, i. 181
 Carlisle, Mrs., i. 4, 28
 Castelein, Father, ii. 113
- "Catholic Apologetics — A Reply," ii. 100
 "Catholic Scripturist, The," i. 157
 Catholic Union, The, ii. 147
 Censure, ii. 119, 451, 455
 Chamney, Albert, i. 35
 ,, Arthur, i. 228
 ,, Ellen, i. 35
 ,, Fanny, i. 46, 51
 ,, John, i. 31
 ,, Mr., i. 5, 35
 ,, Mrs., i. 5
 ,, Mrs. John, i. 25, 95, 104
 ,, Robert, i. 9, 34
 ,, Sophia, i. 51
 ,, William, senior, i. 25, 31, 40
 ,, William, junior, i. 29, 33, 40, 51, 279
- "Change of Tactics, A," ii. 49, 60
 "Christianity at the Cross Roads," ii. 213, 353, 360, 399
 Christic, Father, i. 157 *seq.*
 "Church and Liberal Catholicism, The," ii. 150
 "Church and the Future, The," ii. 142, 188, 210
 Clutton, Miss Katherine, ii. 442
 ,, Mrs. Ralph, ii. 442
 ,, Rev. Henry, ii. 427
- Cobbe, Miss Frances Power, ii. 16, 50, 59
 Colley, Father Reginald, ii. 138, 169, 227
 Comte, Auguste, ii. 411
 "Conferences on God," Lacordaire's, i. 224
 "Contents of a Pre-Adamite Skull, The," ii. 54
 "Cramming and Other Causes of Mental Dyspepsia," ii. 54
 Cruise, Susan, i. 5
 Curé d'Ars, Life of, i. 155
- D., Father, i. 180, 247, 262, 277
 "Dearth of Clergy, The," ii. 375, 421
 "Defence of Modernists, A," ii. 359

- Dell, Mr. Robert, ii. 127, 442
 Dens, Peter, i. 130
 Dillon, Luke, i. 7
 ,, Mrs., i. 4
 ,, Susan, i. 8
 ,, T., i. 5
 Dimissorial Letters, ii. 253, 502
 "Discours sur la Montagne, Le," ii. 395
 "Divine Fecundity," ii. 420
 "Docens Descendo," ii. 159
 "Dogmatic Reading of History, The," ii. 180
 "Dogmatisme Moral, Le," ii. 91
 Dolling, Father, i. 82, 83, 127, 138, 143, 151, 169, 194; ii. 173
 ,, Miss, i. 143
 Döllinger, ii. 347
 Donnelly, Bishop, i. 132
 Dowd, Rev. James, i. 115
 Druzicki, Father, i. 223, 230
 Duchesne, Abbé L., ii. 58, 89

 "Ecclesiastical Development," ii. 61
 Egerton, Hakluyt, ii. 360, 420
 E. L., i. 261
 Encyclical "Æterni Patris," i. 242
 ii. 44
 ,, "Pascendi," ii. 323, 333
 Erasmus, ii. 358
 "Essay in Religious Development, An," ii. 391
 "Ethics of Suppression in Biography, The," ii. 60
 "Études," ii. 267
 Eucken, Professor Rudolf, ii. 89, 93
 "External Religion," ii. 69, 225
 Eyre, Father William, i. 257; ii. 32
 Eyres, Dr., ii. 21

 Faithfull, Rev. Arthur, ii. 440
 "Faith of the Millions," ii. 47, 162
 Farmer, Father Henry, ii. 32, 131
 Farm Street, ii. 46
 Father-General of Jesuits (Father Martin), ii. 42, 127, 225 *seq.*, 274, 458, 499, 501, 502
 Fawkes, Rev. Alfred, ii. 263, 374, 399, 442
 Ferrari, Cardinal, ii. 316
 Ferrata, Cardinal, ii. 242, 298, 300 *seq.*, 503, 504
 Féval, Paul, i. 155, 170
 Fichte, ii. 10
 Flynn, Father Joseph, ii. 32
 Fogazzaro, ii. 270, 290
 Forbes, ii. 372
 "For Truth's Sake," ii. 287
 "Foundations of Belief, The," articles on, ii. 59

 Free will controversy, i. 272
 "From Heaven or of Men," ii. 319, 370
 Funeral discourse, ii. 443

 Galileo, ii. 410
 Gallwey, Father, ii. 263
 Gardner, Mr. Edmund, ii. 442
 ,, Dr. Percy, ii. 221
 Gerard, Father John, ii. 119, 162, 170
 Gibson, Hon. William, ii. 266, 313, 420, 442
Giornale d'Italia, Article in the, ii. 335, 338
 Gore, Dr., i. 158; ii. 10
 Gout, M. Raoul, ii. 208
 "Grammar of Assent, The," ii. 57, 211
 Grangegorman Church, i. 94, 97, 126
 Grech, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 442

 H., Father, i. 245, 267
 Haldane, Mr., ii. 10
 Halifax, Lord, ii. 154
 "Handful of Myrrh, A," ii. 39
 Handley, Rev. Hubert, ii. 370, 442
 "Happiness in Hell," ii. 113
 "Hard Sayings," ii. 61, 66, 94
 Harnack, Adolf, ii. 394, 396, 399
 Hebrew Sizarship, i. 60, 123, 125
 Henson, Canon Hensley, ii. 377
 Hepburn, Father, i. 189
 Herford, Bishop Vernon, ii. 409, 442
 Heron, Mr. George, i. 19
 Heron, Mrs., i. 19 *seq.*, 29, 31, 50, 68, 92
 Herzog, Bishop, ii. 380, 383, 440
 Hogan, Rev., i. 108
 Holtzmann, Dr. H., ii. 220
 Housman, Mr. Laurence, ii. 26
 Houtin, Abbé Albert, ii. 290, 293
 Hudson, Father William, ii. 32
 Hügel, Baron F. von, ii. 45, 69, 85 *seq.*, 429, 441
 Humphrey, Father William (S.J.), i. 167
 Hunter, Father (S.J.), ii. 13, 32
 Huysmans, ii. 52

 Inge, Dr., ii. 360

 Joint-Pastoral, ii. 150
 Joly, M. Henri, ii. 142
 Jones, Father James, i. 168; ii. 32
 Joyce, Conway, i. 6
 Juliana of Norwich, Mother, ii., 112, 113, 397

 Kant's Ethical Rule, i. 133
 Keble, "Christian Year," i. 207
 "Keeping up Appearances," ii. 60

- Kegan Paul, ii. 52
 Kerr, Rev. H. Schomberg, i. 168, 172, 176
 Kidd, Benjamin, ii. 59
 King, Dr., i. 134, 135
- Laberthonnière, Père, ii. 89, 264, 270, 290
 Lacordaire, Life of, i. 155
 Lagrange, Père, ii. 339
 Laing, Samuel, ii. 165
 "Lamentabili," The, ii. 318, 323
 Lancicius, i. 173, 184, 222
 Lawless, Edward, ii. 32
 Lebreton, Père, ii. 317
 Le Gauchier, i. 222, 223
 Leo XIII., i. 269; ii. 43, 152, 231, 235
 Leopold, King, ii. 363
 Le Roy, ii., 290, 349, 409
 "Lesson from the Skies on Universal Benevolence, A," ii. 54, 55
 "Letter to a Professor," ii. 140, 193, 249
 "Letter to the General of S.J., A.," ii. 233
- Letters to—
 Abbott, Rev. J. H. R., ii. 407
 Bourne, Cardinal, ii., 309
 Bremond, Père Henri, ii. 11, 45, 50, 51, 72, 73, 75, 76, 77, 80, 84, 118, 127, 133, 140, 186, 263, 310
 Brodhurst, Mr. James Penderel, ii. 385
 Carr, Rev. W., ii. 377
 Chamney, Mr. William, i. 279
 Clutton, Rev. Henry, ii. 427
 Dell, Mr. Robert, ii. 300, 306, 363
 Dimnet, Abbé, ii. 164
 Dolling, Father R., ii. 174
 Fawkes, Rev. Alfred, ii. 399
 Ferrata, Cardinal, ii. 302, 326, 503, 504
 Gout, M. Raoul, ii. 209
 Handley, Rev. Hubert, ii. 370
 Herford, Bishop Vernon, ii. 409
 Herzog, Bishop, ii. 383
 Housman, Mr. Laurence, ii. 26
 Houtin, Abbé Albert, ii. 293
 Hügel, Baron F. von, ii. 45, 51, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 119, 129, 143, 174, 175, 183, 187, 189, 192, 194, 196, 203, 208, 220, 225, 236, 242, 263, 266, 268, 292, 294, 296, 308, 316, 332, 338, 339, 341, 346, 349, 396, 398
 Leger, M. Augustin, ii. 339
 Ley, Mr. F. Rooke, ii. 149, 152, 153, 155, 159
 Lilley, Rev. A. L., ii. 184, 211, 240, 318, 339, 398
- Letters to (*continued*)—
 Lloyd Thomas, Rev. J. M., ii. 408
 Loisy, Abbé, ii. 350, 394
 Longman, Mr. C. J., ii. 317, 318
 MacClelland, Rev. T., ii. 372
 Martin, Father, ii. 228, 232, 234, 238, 245, 249, 250, 254, 458, 499, 501
 Mathew, Bishop, ii. 380, 381
 Merry del Val, Cardinal, ii. 505
 Newsom, Rev. G. E., ii. 376, 417
 Nun, A., ii. 304
 Osborne, Rev. C. E., ii. 370
 Palmer, William Scott, ii. 415
 Pass, Leonard, ii. 372
 Petre, Miss M. D., ii. 143, 267, 325, 326, 421
 Pilot, ii. 154
 Prothero, Mr., ii. 197
 Quin, Rev. Malcolm, ii. 410
 Sykes, Father Richard, ii. 236, 309, 500
- Tablet*, ii. 221
V., ii. 2, 3, 4, 6, 14, 16, 17, 21, 22, 30, 38, 46, 48, 51, 52, 62, 78, 80, 131, 132, 134, 135, 136, 138, 139, 142, 143, 144, 157, 162, 163, 166, 170, 171, 176, 192, 201, 206, 208, 225, 226, 228, 233, 244, 253, 256, 257, 258, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 270, 283, 285, 291, 292, 298, 301, 305, 307, 308, 310, 311, 312, 313, 328, 333, 347, 348, 349, 350, 368, 369, 377, 397, 406, 407
 Vaughan, Cardinal, ii. 173, 174
 Waller, Mr. A. R., ii. 142, 175, 186, 193
 Ward, Mr. Wilfrid, ii. 10, 56, 99, 104, 105, 109, 215
Weekly Register, ii. 128, 158, 159
 Williams, Miss Dora, ii. 10, 11, 25, 270
 Williams, Mr. W. J., ii. 219
 Wolff, Dr. Emil, ii. 355, 356, 358
 Xavier, Père, ii. 323, 324
- Letters from—
 Colley, Father, ii. 172, 173, 175
 Hügel, Baron F. von, ii. 69, 85, 88, 89, 92, 94, 95, 206, 295
 "L'Évangile et l'Église," ii. 353, 394
 "Lex Credendi," ii. 203, 267
 "Lex Orandi," ii. 176, 210, 268
 Ley, Mr. F. Rooke, ii. 442
 "Liberal Catholicism," ii. 49, 102, 221
 Liberatore, Father, i. 243
 "Life of de Lamennais, A.," ii. 60
 "Life of St. Ignatius," ii. 78
 Lilley, Rev. A. L., ii. 184, 442
 Limassol, i. 169, 176
 Limond, Mrs., ii. 442

- "Lippo the Man and the Artist," ii. 60
 Loyd-Thomas, Rev. J. M., ii. 408
 Loisy, Abbé, ii. 90, 215, 251, 290, 339, 349, 353, 393
 "Long-expected Visitor, A," ii. 54, 55
 Low House, St. Helen's, ii. 34
 Luard, Miss Mary, ii. 442
 Lucas, Mr. Percy, ii. 442
 Lucy, Miss Helen, ii. 442
 Lyall, Miss Sophy, ii. 17
 Lynch, Miss, ii. 104, 117, 139, 142, 231, 280

 M., Father, i. 242
 MacClelland, Rev. T., ii. 372
 Malta, i. 180
 Manning, Cardinal, ii. 156
 Manresa House, i. 195 ; ii. 34
 Masseurs, Brother, i. 184, 189, 190
 Mathew, Bishop, ii. 379 *seq.*
 Maturin, Rev. B., ii. 442
 " Dr., i. 97, 124, 137, 143
 " Frank, i. 123, 138
 Mazzella, Cardinal, i. 244 ; ii. 43
 "Medievalism," ii. 360
 Menology of S.J., i. 185, 192 ; ii. 484
 Mercier, Cardinal, ii. 299, 360
 Merry del Val, Cardinal, ii. 197, 243, 505
 Meyer, Father Rudolf, ii. 128, 226
 Meyers, Mrs., i. 10, 52
 Middleton College, Cork, i. 86, 90
 "Mind of the Church, The," ii. 210
 Minocchi, Dr. Salvatore, ii. 325, 356
 "Miracles and the Resurrection," ii. 420
 Mivart, St. George, ii. 113, 147, 169, 344
 Montagnini revelations, ii. 340
 Montalembert : "Monks of the West," i. 119
Month, The, ii. 47
 Moore, Dr., i. 86, 88
 Moore, Mgr. Harington, i. 4
 "More Excellent Way, A," ii. 49, 332
 Morris, Father, i. 182, 199, 204, 211 *seq.*, 229, 257
 "Much Abused Letter, A," ii. 307
 Mulberry House, ii. 314, 346
 Murri, Romolo, ii. 325, 328
 "Mysteries a Necessity of Life," ii. 193
 "Mystical Element of Religion, The," ii. 97, 421

 "Necessity of Churches, On the," ii. 377
 Neil, Mrs., i. 36
 New, Mr. Henry, ii. 442

 Newman, Cardinal, i. 111, 137 ; ii. 45, 56, 58, 207, 209, 215, 220, 337, 344
 Newsom, Rev. G. E., ii. 376, 408
 New Theology, The, ii. 398
 Nicholas V., Pope, ii. 365
 Nietzsche, i. 93
 North, Dr., i. 33, 43, 52
 "Nova et Vetera," ii. 62
Nova et Vetera (Review), ii. 347, 350
 Nugee, Father, i. 151

 O'Connell, Daniel, i. 5
 "Oil and Wine," ii. 167
 Osborne, Rev. C. E., i. 123, 144 ; ii. 370, 372, 442
 "Our Duty to Fallible Decisions," ii. 103
 Oxford Lectures, ii. 192
 Oxford, Mission House at, ii. 34
 "Oxford School and Modern Religious Thought, The," ii. 56

 Palmer, William Scott, ii. 415
 Palmieri, Father, i. 244
 Pantheon (Paris), ii. 412
 Pass, Mr. Leonard, ii. 371, 372
 Patton, Arthur, i. 81
 Peacocke, Archbishop, i. 131
 Perry, Father, i. 277
 "Perverted Devotion, A," ii. 79, 98, 112, 451, 455
 "Philosophy of Action," ii. 90, 91
 Pius X., ii. 43, 197, 280, 332, 405
 "Plea for Candour, A," ii. 200, 284
 "Plea for Habeas Corpus in the Church, A," ii. 147
 Pollen, Father J. H., ii. 432
 Portarlington, i. 19
 Porter, Father, i. 162
 Powell, Mr. Harold, ii. 442
 Powell, Mrs. Sweetman, ii. 422, 442
 Prat, Père, ii. 394
 Prélôt, Père, ii. 268
 "Programma dei Modernisti, II," ii. 356
 "Prospects of Modernism," ii. 359
 "Prospects of Reunion, The," ii. 49, 61
 Pseudonyms, ii. 176, 188, 193
 Purbrick, Father, i. 191, 194, 279

 "Quatrième Évangile, Le," ii. 395

 Rampolla, Cardinal, ii. 147
Rassegna, The, ii. 225
 Rathmines School, i. 52, 57, 62, 80
 "Reflections on Catholicism," ii. 319
 "Relation of Theology to Devotion, The," ii. 98, 105, 163, 213, 318, 400

- "Religion and Ethics," ii. 193
 "Religion as a Factor of Life," ii. 140, 142, 186
 Retreat, Last, ii. 81
 Retour, Baron de, ii. 91
 "Revelation," ii. 213
 Richmond, ii. 130 *seq.*, 258
 Rickaby, Father Joseph, ii. 59
 "Rights and Limits of Theology, The," ii. 196
 Riotta, Father, i. 174, 177
 Roche, Father William, ii. 33
 Rodriguez, i. 165, 170
 Roothaan, Father, i. 239
 Rose, Père, ii. 265
 "Round *versus* Russell," ii. 60
 Ryder, Father H. I. D., ii. 157
 Ryley, Miss C., ii. 442

 Sabatier, Auguste, ii. 221
 " Paul, ii. 257
 St. Alban's, Holborn, i. 152
 St. Beuno's, ii. 30, 34
 St. Etheldreda's, i. 153
 St. Helen's, ii. 34
 Salmei-Hügel, Countess von, ii. 441
 Savonarola, ii. 407
 Scaramelli, i. 222
 "Science, Prayer, Miracle," ii. 420
 Scott-Holland, Canon, i. 128
 Scotus, i. 271
 "Semper Eadem," ii. 210
 Sidgreaves, Father W., i. 277
 Shelley, Miss Norah, ii. 430
 Shelleys, The, 257, 313
 Skerries, i. 33
 Smith, Father Sydney, ii. 131, 162, 439
 Social Evolution, Article on, ii. 59
 "Socialism and Catholicism," ii. 60
 "Socialism and the Parousia," ii. 359
 Society of St. Willibrord, ii. 381, 383
 "Soul's Orbit, The," ii. 83
 "Spiritual Exercises, The," ii. 77
 Stockley, W. F., ii. 372
 " John, ii. 372
 Stonyhurst, i. 233, ii. 40
 Storrington, ii. 266, 310, 313
 Storrington Priory, ii. 311
 Suarez, i. 243, 269
 "Summa Theologica," i. 155
 Sykes, Father Richard, ii. 236, 253, 500
 "Symposium on Immortality, A," ii. 30, 53
 Synthetic Society, The, ii. 10, 98, 208

 T., Father, i. 246, 255
 Talbot, Dr., ii. 10

 Tepe, Father B., ii. 32
 Territorial jurisdiction, ii. 386
 Thomas Aquinas, St., i. 130, 242, 269, 274, ii. 41, 45, 164, 269
 Thompson, Rev. J. M., ii. 375
 "Through Art to Faith," ii. 102
 "Through Scylla and Charybdis," ii. 203, 211, 315
 Thurston, Father Herbert, ii. 33
Times, Articles in the, ii. 335, 337
 Tintagel, ii. 244, 258
 "Tracts for the Million," ii. 165
 Turmel, Abbé Joseph, ii. 349
 "Two Estimates of Catholic Life," ii. 102
 Tyrrell, Elizabeth, i. 3
 " Frank, i. 3, 28
 " F. H., i. 3, 26
 " Gerald, i. 3, 4, 28
 " Henry, i. 3, 8, 28
 " Judge, i. 3
 " Louy, i. 48, 62, 76, 140, 227, 279
 " Mary, i. 6, 49, 67, 76, 86, 88, 89, 95, 99, 117, 138, 143, 170, 227, 231, 278
 " Melinda, i. 7
 " Professor Robert Yelverton, i. 3, 52, 115
 " William, i. 9, 24, 52, 57, 68, 74, 76, 95, 113, 117
 " William (Foreign Office), i. 3, ii. 258, 430, 441
 " William Henry, i. 4, 6, 8

 Urquhart, Miss Harriet, ii. 310

 Vaughan, Cardinal, ii. 43, 169, 171
 Verschoyle, John, i. 114
 "Versions and Perversions," ii. 421
 Viollet, Paul, ii. 270
 "Vita Nuova," ii. 193
 Vow-Sermon, i. 219
 Vows, Taking of, i. 220

 Waldy, Dr., ii. 19
 Walker, Mr. James, ii. 442
 "Walla-Washee Tribe, The," ii. 142, 390
 Walsh, Archbishop, ii. 240
 Ward, Dr., ii. 57, 58
 Ward, Mr. Wilfrid, ii. 10, 56, 98 *seq.*, 157, 211, 222
Weekly Register, The, ii. 44
 Weiss, Johannes, ii. 394, 396
 Wexford High School, i. 134
 White, Dr. A., ii. 196
 White, Dr. Newport John Davis, i. 73, 80, 147

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>“ Who Made the Sacraments ? ” ii. 58
 Will of Father Tyrrell, The, ii. 433
 Williams, Miss Dora, ii. 10, 257,
 442
 Williams, Mr. W. J., ii. 207, 257, 296,
 442
 “ Wiseman, his Aim and Methods,” ii.
 101
 “ Witnesses to the Unseen,” ii. 58</p> | <p>W. M., i. 90, 91, 100, 108, 142, 143,
 147
 Wolff, Dr. Emil, ii. 355

 Xavier de Fourvière, Père, ii. 311, 322
 363, 430, 438

 Zamoyska, Countess, ii. 175</p> |
|--|--|

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