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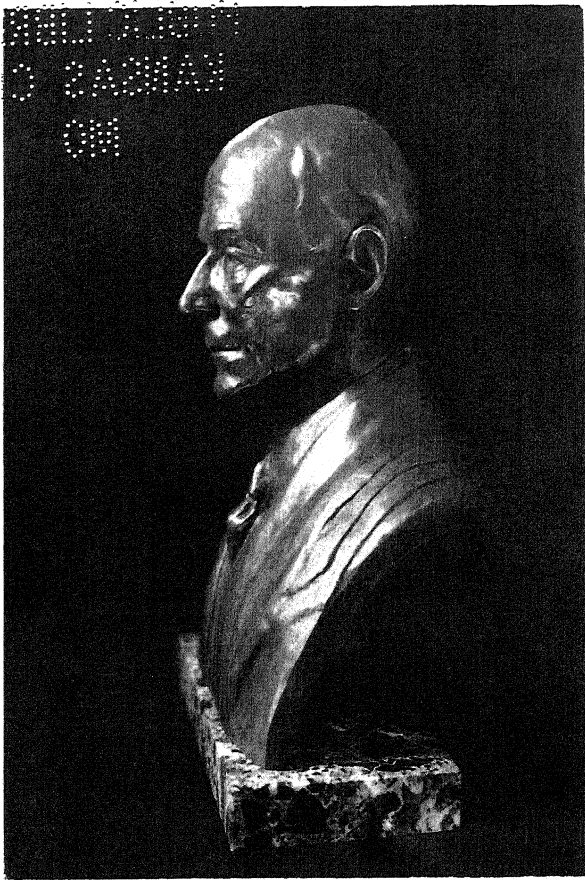
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
WILLIAM LAURENCE SULLIVAN

*"So at the end of the long journey
I have come to this: the first article
of my creed is that I am a moral
personality under orders."*

—WILLIAM LAURENCE SULLIVAN



RICHARD R. SMITH
NEW YORK 1945



BUST IN THE SULLIVAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL
Germantown, Philadelphia
By Elizabeth R. Pollock

SCHOLAR
PREACHER
FRIEND OF ALL IN DISTRESS

HE FORSOOK THE SHELTER OF AUTHORITY
IN THE PERILOUS SEARCH FOR TRUTH

From the William Laurence Sullivan
Memorial Tablet

All Souls' Church, Unitarian
Lexington Avenue at Eightieth Street
in the City of New York

PREFACE

THIS is the personal account of a soul in transition from Catholicism to liberal Protestantism.

Here the chief North American Catholic Modernist, the term used to designate some liberals within the Roman Catholic Church, confesses his spiritual debt to the nurture of Mother Church, describes the intellectual and moral tensions which tormented him and a few of his fellow-priests, and leads us to the threshold over which he took his departure from Catholicism.

Dr. Sullivan loved the Church of his Irish parents. He was ordained to its priesthood at the age of twenty-seven, became a member of the Paulist community of men, and then conducted missions throughout the country. He taught Dogmatic Theology at St. Thomas's College in Washington, D. C., and was an ardent Catholic up to the time of the publication in 1907 of the Encyclical of Pope Pius X which demanded unquestioning allegiance to medieval dogma and practices. There was then only one course open to a mind and to a conscience such as Dr. Sullivan's and that was withdrawal from that Church. All his life long he delighted in pointing out to Protestants the excellencies of the Catholic Church; but when he came to write this *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, he did not remain on the defensive. In some of the passages herein he has given us the anguish of appraisal that only a sensitive soul can feel, and a genius at writing portray.

From 1909, the date that he declared his independence, there followed three lonely years of illness and poverty

during which time he wrote *Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X* (1910) and *The Priest* (1911).

He became deeply influenced by the writings of James Martineau, the great English liberal, and in 1912 he entered the Unitarian Fellowship for the Ministry. In this ministry he served, until the end of his life, as its most honored and eloquent preacher.

Dr. Sullivan died before he had completed the writing of the entire story. It breaks off at a point of great turmoil where he had to make the decision that he often mentioned as one that cut his life in two. He said that there was no one to go out to, and in fairness he had to leave behind forever those he loved.

Two years prior to his death, he published an article in *Contemporary American Theology*, compiled by Dr. Vergilius Ferm (Round Table Press), entitled "The Moral Will and the Faith That Sustains It," with which, by special permission, this book closes. In his own matchless words there we find both the end of his personal story and a clear setting forth of his radiant faith in "those sure things which sound to your soul a conquering cry of supreme and final confidence."

This is the rare story of the spiritual pilgrimage of a great soul. Here is an invitation for you to journey with him.

MAX FRANKLIN DASKAM

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
April, 1944

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UNDER ORDERS

Chapter I

THE LONELY QUEST

THIS is not the kind of autobiography that consists in a succession of incidents. Few incidents in my obscure life deserve having anybody's attention called to them or building the mausoleum of a book to commemorate them. There is only one reason that can relieve these pages from the charge of intrusiveness or superfluity—and it is that they tell the story of a lifelong religious search. This has been the activity to which, with an almost unshared dedication, I have given whatever intellectual and spiritual capacity I have.

A religious search is a lonely labor. It is like a flight over an ocean or a desert. Its main preoccupation is not the collecting of interesting episodes as one floats along, but the keeping of one's wings aloft and the reading of one's course by constant sun and steadfast stars. And at the end one's concern is to leave a few words of guidance, if one can, for other voyagers soon to take off upon a like adventure. So it is that I presume to describe a journey of many years in the hope that one or two travelers who are making or are destined to make a substantially similar effort of discovery, may gain a measure of confidence from contact with a life that has known their difficulties and has not been spared their storms. It is, I recognize, a daring hope. For each of us is, as it were, a sphere by himself; and it rarely happens that the deep inner discourse of one wakes to music the chords of another moving in a different orbit. Nevertheless

the religious seekers—people whom I have in mind from first to last—even though they may not be able to apply directly to themselves the story of another, are after all united in a sort of fellowship of expatriates; and it is hardly possible that they should find in a comrade's experiences a record wholly alien. Perhaps the very telling of the tale may hearten them for the morrow and establish the faith that their long wandering will not end in pathless wilderness or by lonely sea, but in some home of peace one day; or even in the finding of the priceless treasure which no rust nor moth consumes.

Of course I have no private illumination withheld from others, nor any peculiar wisdom strangely bestowed. I have nothing indeed to inculcate upon anybody, no lump or package of doctrine, no secret attainable only to initiates, no difficult formulas which it requires a Mahatma to comprehend. Nothing of this! So far as I allow hope of any kind to centre upon this narrative, it is that it may stimulate inquirers to discover what is inside themselves; that it may point to a closed door in the serious reader's own inner life and suggest that he open it to see whether he has not been in possession all along of an inheritance nobler and an equipment richer than he had suspected. In some such sense Socrates, if I may use so exalted a similitude, told his hearers always that he had no discoveries of his own to transfer to them, but that his aim was to help them to look into themselves and to bring into clear vision what they found there, for it was well worthy of discovery and its proper place was in the light.

First let me linger for a moment on these religious seekers, grown today to so great a multitude. Who are they? Why are they out in the open when they might be under a roof? What is it they are looking for which seems so hard to find? They come, let me answer, from a wide variety of origins. The stately house of orthodoxy has produced most

of them; the talkative assembly of liberalism a good many; the disdainful sect of negation and unbelief more than we are likely to suppose; and even the worshipful company of those stupendous persons who in this country call themselves the civilized minority contributes its share. All these systems and associations are unable to hold certain of their members—and these by no means the worst. The personality pattern they have had stamped upon them, the habits of thought, the loyalties and antipathies, the pre-formed outlook and the ready-made maxims in which they have been trained, break up, lose their hold, and vanish away when the remonstrant disciple discovers that these moulds and forms and phrases do violence to his inmost life and constitute an irksome artifice which falsifies him, rather than a joyous guidance which develops and fulfils him. When this happens, it produces a psychological situation of extraordinary and sometimes tragic interest. The individual is then at war with his world, and not only with his world in general, but with his most intimate, most endeared, most imposing and authoritative world—that world of his which has given him his world-view, his deepest thoughts, his characteristic standards of judgment and turns of mind. The conflict is all the more acute and painful because he is a lonely little atom and his system is great and powerful.

Worse still: his affections have gone deep into the soil of his spiritual home and spread themselves about its structure like ivy upon an ancient tower, and these affections rise up in protest against havoc-making reason and against conscience which in its protest is so mercilessly severe. There is an inner war, that is to say, as well as an outward. He has to fight not only against an organization visible and set in array but against principalities and powers unseen and unremitting, and the leader of the attack that he has to bear is none other than himself—him-

self in his fixed habits and old loyalties, in his inheritance that runs in the very current of his veins, in his comradeship with those past and present who have laid a commission upon his heart and delivered a torch into his hands. This is his battle; to this consolidated pressure he must stand opposed—and alone. What wonder that as he endures the shock he finds his will growing more hesitant even as his new intellectual light grows more clear! This is because a personal act of will, a moral decision, is the loneliest thing that exists. Knowledge is shed abroad everywhere. Anybody may dip his cup into that great sea and take out what he can. It is a public appropriation from a public store. But what the man himself must do as a moral being, what ordering he shall make of his life, what allegiance he shall choose, what cause he shall cleave to—this is decided in that solitude where his soul in authentic presence lives with no other companion than the Final Authority which he recognizes as supreme. Into that austere chamber he at first hesitates to enter, for to enter it means commitments and dedications which are probably irrevocable; and the many forces, comfortably at home in his heart and memory, cling to him and draw him back lest the irrevocable act disturb them and drive them out. So he casts up the pros and contras for a weary while, trying desperately to take his artificial self for the true one and to dismiss the true one as a usurper or a tempter. In this state of indecisiveness many a man spends his life or wastes it. For he will not follow the Final Authority until every protest of the heart is stilled—and that can never be, for the heart in most men has a fiercer energy in protesting than the will in commanding.

And when this initial action of his civil war has been fought out, when he has determined to carry forward the whole conflict to decision, when he stands prepared to save his soul neither in Jerusalem nor in Samaria but in

arms dislocated, his body burnt to ashes, and his name traduced by professional liars. Nor is it safe to think upon a Huss, carried upon a pallet into the presence of his clerical judges because he was too weak to stand, and there uttering his great defiance—the prelude to his sentence to the flames. And on another day there was a death which gave to history the symbol of a cross, and that, too, is dreadful, and in its excess and extravagance to be set aside. To cover up in forgetfulness all these aberrations, and to acquire a sagacious fastidiousness and professional level-headedness, is “high religion”—free from superstition and fragrant with the latest flowers of culture.

Eloquent advice, but almost completely wasted. The religious seeker will not have it, and the reason no doubt is that the very fact that a search is religious forbids it to end in a discovery which is trivial. Religion, if worth the name, is the last refuge of seriousness. It created tragedy before it inspired beauty. It gave man a sense of responsibility and awe before it stirred him to ecstasy or promised him consolation. And if frivolity is one day to destroy man, his lost memory of majesty will linger over the scenes of his adoration.

The religious seeker clearly sees this, or obscurely feels it. He knows, at all events, that he has something more than a temperament. He is convinced that he has a soul; and he is well aware that, with a soul, the tragic element enters into life—a dim magnificence and rocky grandeur from which comes a voice commanding sublime obedience and promising far-off and costly fulfilments. Therefore, the meagre cleverness of men who have never brooded over the face of the deep, who really know nothing at all but are skilful in playing upon the pipe of phrases, leaves our seeker more diverted than instructed. To him this “high-religion,” to which nobody belongs, is only another name for the humorless and dismal swamp into which an

unspiritual culture flounders to its death. He will go on with his search until he finds something more than a phrase, something greater than a pose; and if he is not to have the joy of a great fellowship but must plod on to the end alone, he will accept it rather than join the worldly or academic dilettanti who think to wrest from Destiny life's iron secret by distilling shallow experience into tinkling words. The religious search has indeed its temptations and dangers, but frivolousness is not among them.

But when our seeker has struggled upward to this level of insight, he still has his main purpose unfulfilled. He needs a new personality-pattern and life-philosophy, if we may continue in the high-priestly language of the learned. Hard as it was to put off the old man, he has the harder task of creating a new. Where will he get a pattern and a philosophy fit for a man who has a memory of magnificence? And the answer, frequently given to him, is that these valuable commodities are provided, if anybody can provide them, by psychologists, philosophers, and theologians. These experts spend their lives in studying the schemes offered for human guidance, and by practised discrimination they are skilful in selecting the best. Apply to them, therefore, to repair the damage of dislocation and the loss and pain of secession from the ancient shelter. Suppose that, moved by this naïve advice, the seeker consults these oracles—what is his chance of success? Very slim. No one in his senses, of course, expects a psychologist or a philosopher to be discerning in the problems of the spiritual life. It is a rare fortune to find one of them who knows even the alphabet of the spiritual life. But surely we might expect that, whatever the form might be in which they expressed their conception of the highest human life, a soul and a soul's experiences should have a place, and even the central place in it. But as things go, the chances are that an inquirer will find his psychologist

completely unacquainted with Psyche, and engaged in heavy dalliance with Eros—and not Plato's Eros but Freud's.

And so, instead of being treated as an intelligent and moral being with needs and tensions peculiar to such, the seeker for light is regarded as sick, merely because he is human, and his simple wish to know what a true man ought to make of his life is connected, somehow, with the clinical symptoms of eroticism. For, this sort of psychologist holds everybody who desires to rise above the level of the "normal" animal to be disordered, although by an extraordinary partiality he never holds himself to be disordered. From this kind of counsellor, the religious seeker will escape as soon as ever he can. Hag-ridden by a monstrous simplification, this expert has nothing to say to anybody who knows the difference between concupiscence and aspiration. For the seeker refuses the monstrous simplification that would reduce the noblest part of history to concupiscence.

Or our psychologist may be a client of behaviorism, that reduction of the personal to the physiological, which has swept like a contagion through the learned faculties of America, to the amazement of scholars elsewhere and to the discouragement of such Americans as had hoped that in our vast academic system there might be some small corner where culture could find sanctuary. But apparently it is the ambition of no small number of our doctors never to disseminate ideas without vulgarizing them first. "Psychology is a physical science," the behaviorist will tell his consultant; "and therefore your psychological experiences are physical facts." And with that, all hope of help dies a violent death.

And if it is a philosopher that is approached for counsel, again the seeker is fortunate if he does not meet a like disillusion. Here also is the lurch to the dehumanized. The

philosophers do not accept a man, they must "account" for him. He is not to be taken just as he is. He is to be drawn and quartered so as to fit an aerial theory of what he ought to be, and what he ought to be is determined by the little light and much darkness in the philosopher's head.

Actually and manifestly, man is an abyss of mystery with lights of glory flashing upon the gloom. Capable of terrifying degradation but never able to love it; visited with majestic presences—aspiration, heroism, pity, and self-obliterating love—and forced to love them. He is a being not with a destiny but with a vocation, and the key to the vocation is what he is compelled to revere. Torture him, mutilate him, disfigure him by all the engines of classroom theorizing, yet there he remains, turning from what he is to what he is not but may be and should be; called by the ideal, commanded by the higher, summoned by what transcends his mortal moment and his present self. He is real but unrealized. He has a house but not a home. He has satisfactions but not fulfilments. Not otherwise, therefore, can he be understood at all than by reading his text in the light of his context, by bringing together his words of broken prophecy and the full discourse that completes it, by lifting his hopes to the level of his needs.

Philosophy, then, should partake of divination when it meditates upon man, for it then deals with no brute fact, which once for all is given, but with a spiritual energy, which leaps loose from every "given" in its strain and outreach for a Perfect of which every boxed and bounded fact is only a half-faded sign, only a phrase heard from afar in a foreign tongue. The divination, however, is rare. And always in default of true oracles, the pseudo-prophet tries to solve a real difficulty with an artificial enigma. He has before him, in the religious seeker, a psychic dynamism active in the quest for an adequate stimulation and a congenial end. And he offers him speculations in which there

is no stimulation, and an end which is alien to the dynamism and destructive of it. The man, that is to say, the human person charged with power, the spirit driven onward beyond the barriers, not only of its present moment but of its present state and circumstances, is left undiscerned and uninterpreted, and is invited to shut itself up in a prison where the dynamic cannot live and the essentially human has nothing to do but die.

This, at least, is the unnatural and helpless state of the prevalent philosophy in this country. The result is that the last place to go for moral and spiritual direction is our Upper House of the intellectual life, for it has become a mortuary. And if a man enters there looking for zest in living to the top of his nature, keeping within him something of immortal youthfulness, and keeping before him a reality which will forever freshen and renew that youthfulness, he will meet with a deadening chill; and if he stays there long, he will be stretched upon a slab among the rest of the cadavers. America, which is so young and vigorous, has had the hard fate of being inoculated with a philosophy which is senile, and we have by no means seen the end of that misfortune.

One cannot help regretting that our materialist-minded philosophers do not oftener fall in love. In that event, their iron inhumanism might glow with the healthy irrationality of rapture; and only by a trifle of the irrational and a spark of the ecstatic can a human soul ever in this world be understood. Certainly no clanking pedant, harnessed and bolted in the steel of logic, has ever understood it or ever will. Auguste Comte, the great Positivist, who made metaphysics and religion his devil and fact his God, might well be a lesson to many of our philosophers.¹ * When Comte had done a great deal of dull writing upon

* The references to the superior numbers appear in the Addenda, page 171 ff.

his partiality, he not only fell in love, but crashed into it. And while he made an immortal fool of himself with the charming grass-widow, Clotilde de Vaux, himself being a grass-widower, the lady certainly made him human. Afterwards, as he proceeded to draw up the creed, the worship, the sacraments, and the hierarchy of the Positivist religion, he grows warm and fervent; he reaches above leaden facts to imagination and aspiration; his very style improves, and his spiritual system—travestied copy of Catholicism though it is—partakes somewhat of its majesty and tenderness. Comte did not travel very far, it is true, upon the road of the elect, but he had stumbled into it through his enlarged heart and heightened sympathy. He ceased, at all events, to be non-human, and, even if our American naturalists and materialists followed him only so far as that, it would be a great gain. In their present state they must be dismissed as guides to the full life of a human being.

There remain the theologians as preceptors of our seeker. But of these we shall have much to say in the remainder of this book, and we need not long delay in considering them now. One thing, however, may be pertinent in this place concerning them. They will never understand the religious seeker until they come to look upon him, not as a possible convert, but as converted already. And what he is converted to is the plain and homely virtue of sincerity. He has, likely enough, plenty of dark spots in his soul, but that jewel shines on his forehead. He has had his fill of make-believe. He has seen as much of artful manoeuvre as he can stand. If anybody at all is to help him, that helper must speak to him the straightest of straight talk. There is a good deal of the Puritan in this seeker, but not the Puritan's insistence upon Levitical nonessentials, nor his old-Hebraic disposition to hack Agag to pieces before the Lord. But, certainly, of the Puritan's parsimony in mere embellishment, and of his pungent insistence upon telling the

truth, and of his conviction that religion is not to be accommodated to us but ourselves to it, he has a great deal.

If, therefore, the theologians lapse into those discreet reticences which in their science are called "economy," they have not much chance to lead a consultant very far.² The best thing that theologians can do with such a person is to forget their institution and its tradition, forget that they are churchmen, forget all pious diplomacy—forget them utterly—and remember only that the seeker is a soul aspiring to be as complete and sound a soul as he can, a man who, very probably, would decisively set a soul in the highest place of all, and make churches, churchmanship, and institutions secondary and ministerial to that supreme end. Hence, these exaggerations of religious language, these exuberances of devout fancy which have made themselves as much at home in the sanctuary as a surplice or a cassock, he cannot endure without pain and revulsion. There is, in fact, something harshly primitive in this man's dread of getting himself soiled with untruthfulness and pretense. At considerable cost, he has made up his mind not to live his one life with a double mind, and no invoking of imposing authorities, no rebuking him with the names of an Augustine, an Aquinas, a Calvin, or a Newman, will for a moment divert him from his straight, narrow, and stubborn way.

Let us put a point on this while we are about it. A bishop of high church inclination returned from the Lausanne conference on Christian unity.³ To the reporters, before he left the ship, he expressed his great joy that the representatives of the many churches, gathered at Lausanne, voted to make the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed the doctrinal foundation of the united Christianity that was to be. On this solid base of true doctrine, the one church of their dreams should rest. But the bishop did not say that this theological faith is, in fact, impossible for a

world-wide church. For in Lausanne itself, a brother bishop of his said openly that there would be many ministers of churches represented there who could not give assent to all the articles of these creeds; and, indeed, our enthusiastic bishop himself has, among his own clergy, men who cannot assent to all of them. To speak, then, of a vote which decided creedal uniformity, but to be silent upon plain facts which make the vote nugatory and the uniformity impossible illustrates the "economy" which must be got rid of by capital operation before the inquirers we have been describing can be intelligibly addressed by the economists.

And while we are on the pleasant subject of bishops, let us go to the greatest of them for another illustration. A few years ago the Roman Pontiff Pius X. declared from his lofty chair that the Hebrew patriarchs, in the solemn moments of their lives, dwelt devoutly on Mary Immaculate.⁴ Now it will surely be no derogation from Catholic faith or piety to say that not a single intelligent subject of His Holiness can possibly believe that. For that Seth, Noah, Methusaleh, and the rest of the remote worthies of the patriarchate, who are not known to have been burdened with pious thoughts of any kind, should have solaced their devotion by contemplating the Virgin, not born till thousands of years later, and not officially declared immaculate till 1854, is a proposal so enormous that no faith possible to man could stand the strain of it. Obviously, the statement of the Pope was a luxuriance, a tropical overgrowth, and like the heretical bishop's fervor about Lausanne, it was meant to be not serious but only edifying. And once more, such a contrivance for edification is to the unchurched and dischurched of no value whatever, and of no effect except one wholly unfortunate.

Let our final illustration of theological obliquity be taken from the whirlwind of bigotry that swept the coun-

try at Mr. Alfred E. Smith's candidature for the Presidency. From end to end of the country, the sects gave tongue that no Catholic should be allowed to enter the White House. Even the church journal of the Unitarians, besmirching the noblest tradition of that liberal body, joined in the coarse and dangerous cry. The hullabaloo implied that a Catholic was not a true citizen of the Republic, but half-citizen and half-alien, disqualified, whatever his private merit or public service might be, from a station to which all others born here might aspire. And anything more stupid and more ruinous than that, who can imagine?

Now there exists among us a Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, representing most of the religious denominations in America. This body has not been slow in speaking out upon a great number of public questions, none of them so grave as this one was. Yet its influential voice was mute in that whole storm of odious sectarian hatred. And when a letter was addressed to it, appealing for a just and Christian dissuasive from the bigotry that was disgracing American Protestantism, the answer was returned that no such action was likely because the matter was political, and therefore, improper for the Federal Council's intervention! We must, I fear, admit that in the theological mind a chronic disease is rooted, produced by the chill that results from sitting too long and too subserviently in the shadow of institutions. Until it is cured by moving into the sun, most religious seekers will not come near for fear of the infection.

I hope I have not overpraised these seekers for a faith. They have their faults, some of them irritating. Certain of them, for example, remember their grievances too long. In this infirmity they sometimes strike back with too violent a stroke of the knife at the institution they have abandoned. Usually, however, this is a transient mood, seldom

outlasting the first winter of their discontent. Others of them, though not many I think, are flighty. When they are, they will run after anybody who wears a turban, or a loincloth, or a professor's mortarboard cap, or someone who has a provincial reputation, as though he were a predestined torchbearer for mankind. This sort of inane acolyte does not deserve the name of seeker, although he may assume it. In the mysterious dispensation which provides a place for all types, weird as well as noble, they seem to have been meant to administer a possibly wholesome vexation to the thoughtful, and an indispensable support to the charlatan.

Notwithstanding these aberrations, I should like to bear witness that in a fairly long acquaintance with seekers after religion, I have found very few who were invincibly juvenile, fewer still who were egotistical, and none who was persistently frivolous. And I do not know of any large body of people, including the academic and the ecclesiastical, of whom I should care to say so much. Further than that, I have seen in these inquirers, not once but over and over, one most noble quality which would be enough to make me love them—a cheerful readiness, or at least a courageous willingness, to pay a costly price for fidelity to principle. The heroic age is not ended so long as men and women, in the pure search for what is divine, hear all manner of evil said about them falsely, are used despitefully, and meet the accusation that they are of Beelzebub and misled by the prince of devils. These injustices are done to them, driven into their hearts, and continued sometimes over their graves. Yet seldom they endure them otherwise than greatly. They do not stand at a wailing-wall and howl about them. They do not take them as an occasion for execrating the cosmos, or for posing as rebels racked by a malignancy at the heart of existence. This theatricalism they leave to philosophers who get praise and

pay for exhibiting it—philosophers, by the way, toward whom the cosmos has been remarkably easy-going and benignant.

The end of it all is that the host of seekers find plenty of people to talk to them ineptly, but very few to guide them wisely. And so they go forth from their old association with scrip that is often empty and with staff that is as often frail, eager for at least two or three companions among whom the sacred Presence may be known; and if they are favored not even with these, believing that there must be some worthy place in life for such as have not been untrue to the divine tradition nor forgetful of the loneliest One of all, Who, in the midst of a crowded city that had seen and heard Him, and out of His own company of selected friends who had walked beside Him, found not one to stand by when the darkness fell, and horror and desolation and fearful death.

For this reason there may be some slight usefulness to them in a humble book like this. Slender as its wisdom is and scant its learning, it yet describes how one of themselves carried on his search, as they are carrying on theirs. My way, indeed, is not one that many of them perhaps would follow. It may even be that I may say, now and then, what will hurt some of them. But I shall not linger in mere negation, nor take any joy in mordant censure, nor conceal an opinion which in truthfulness I should without compromise express—this I can promise and do promise.

The evening is too near for me now to be much mindful of what men may say, what motives they may impute, what easy praise or easier blame they may take it into their heads to speak. In the sunset-shadows deepening on my path, all these noises are lost in silence, and how profound that silence! One life has passed by. Here is the story of its strife for the soul's peace, and the mind's truth. That is all.

And now some words of Dante, whom I have loved so well, rise in memory. Near the beginning of the *Paradiso*, he says that his boat, as it has cleaved the waters of his prodigious journey, has had a "singing keel," and by that sign whoso will may follow him. And a little later he mentions the mighty burden of his poem: *la concreata e perpetua sete del deiforme regnō*—the inborn and inextinguishable thirst of man for a kingdom in God's likeness.⁵ Singing keel there is none here, but that spiritual thirst, yes! And if this life of mine will add its mite to the centuries of testimony to the existence, the intensity, and the nobility of that thirst, and to the reality, wonder, and glory of the kingdom, I shall with heightened expectancy await the Daybreak, in the pure radiance of which only one strife will survive—who will love most ardently, and who will hasten fastest to do the Higher Will.

Chapter II

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

THIS history, as I have intimated, is the history of a man born in Catholicism, reared in it, and dedicated to its religious ministry, but destined to meet the shock of doubt and the crash of disillusion; who took his departure from the system, entered the ranks and ministry of a liberal fellowship, the Unitarian, knew once more the forever repeated story of how far every spiritual idealization is from its institutional realization; and, at the end, contrived for his spirit such sanctuary as his light permitted and as this mortal scene of our precarious peace allows.

The story begins, naturally, with childhood, and with the enlarging of the imagination and the quickening of the affections which are produced in a sensitive child by the stateliness and picturesqueness of the Catholic mystery.* At the age of four or five I began to go regularly with the family to the Sunday Mass. The spectacle was, of course, unintelligible at that tender age; but although it gave very little to apprehension, it gave a great deal to feeling and imagination. The dark doings of the ministrant at the altar, the darker words in an unknown tongue, and the bursts of singing in Latin from the choir spoke absolutely nothing to my childish mind; but an awe not far from terror and a solemnity that somehow spoke of love and tragedy brooded over the event and most certainly touched

* For the chronological setting see the appendix "Outstanding Dates in Dr. Sullivan's Career."

me with its sombre and splendid majesty. I got an impression of mighty wonder and the feeling that this worship possessed an awful and final authority. We were there not because we had nothing else to do, nor because we were going to be entertained; we were there because tremendous things surrounded us and mighty things awaited us and prodigious things were above us. Those rites evoked a vague sense of sublime destinies and magnificent deliverances. The final word was there, the ultimate safety, the highest excellence, all dim as if looming through vast clouds and dark, but all profoundly stirring too, as if a veil ever lifted to show us our hope fulfilled and our final joy bestowed. However vaguely a child may take hold of such impressions, this was, I am sure, implicit in them, as it is in every *mysterium*, pagan or Christian, which dramatizes instead of rationalizing and discoursing upon man's loftiest concern, which is the winning of help from the Unseen, and his deepest hunger, which is for sublimity and ecstasy and awe.

To the child and to the child-mind at any age the majestic suggestion of the incomprehensible is immeasurably more impressive than comprehension. The sum of two and two is, indeed, four, but it is just that and nothing more. With the addition the mind is satisfied. But feeling and imagination can never be satisfied. For them there must never be a goal, a completed and finished fact with no remainder lost in twilight, no fringe that spreads indefinitely far into shadings, indefinitely varied and fine and faint. The child and the childlike perish in a world immured within walls made up of two plus two. Their folklore, their legends, their myths, their poetry and tragedy prove it, and their religions confirm the proof. Something, and that the greatest thing, escapes rationalization. If truth is a mere fact, then reality is greater than truth, and life is larger than logic or mathematics. Many philosophers have said as

much, but the child lives it and demands it. And Catholicism gives it. Let her theologians rationalize the mysterium as roundly as their stark syllogisms enable them to do (and we are soon to see how poor a job they make of it); yet, it is not the strength but the weakness of Catholicism that lies in Aristotle's logic; her genuine and amazing strength resides in her power to stir the waters of the Abyss within us, in her capacity to dramatize the eternal, in her solemn fervor in evoking from the inscrutable a grandeur that answers to our deep sunken distrust of "mere fact" and in filling the heavy gloom that covers us with divine actions and tremendous presences, beautiful or malign, that satisfy our immemorial hopes and fears. Obscurely but substantially, all this was borne in upon me as in childhood I observed the pageantry of the Church. Out of the dim grandeur there soon came clear ideas and definite duties. Perhaps the first idea was that of sin, and the first duty that of avoiding it. I think I am correct in remembering that my chief notion of God was that He was first and foremost a dread Punisher of transgression. There was no "right for right's sake" about the business. That was too thin and pale. And there was no treating moral wrong as bad taste or as a lapse from accepted proprieties. That was incredible and contemptible, as indeed I still think it is. And as for regarding sin as a superstition in the manner now establishing itself in the senile branch of liberalism, that would have been utterly abominable and of Satan himself, as it is very likely. No, at the heart of the preoccupation with sin and its penalties there was a sense of reality, of man's earthly warfare, of soldierly responsibility which to this day I believe to be sturdy and robustly true and wholesome. It is indeed a harsh thought to put into a child's mind, but no harsher than the world he has been brought into nor the lifelong conflict that awaits him there. Nor was there anything morbid about it. Rather it was taken as

a matter of fact and a matter of course that there was an enormity of evil in the world, that it battered at our doors, and that it might for a time break in upon us—though not without our cooperation—and work its will as a usurper established in power. But forever above it was the final Conqueror and true King, God the irresistible, who, in the appointed time, would loose His retributions and dreadfully smite Belial and all his servitors.

The heroic element in this no one can fail to see. The danger in the misuse of it by stupid or sensational preachers and confessors is no less evident. There are sermons on hell, given at retreats for young people, which are as outrageous in morals as they are in good sense and good taste. When I was seventeen or eighteen years old, I made a retreat with other youths of like age, and heard a sermon on hell which reached the highest pitch of diabolism possible to such an exercise. The preacher first impressed upon us what it was like to live buried in fire. We were to imagine the fiercest fire of the most inflammable substances known—kerosense, for example—a whole infernal province, an entire hellish cosmos of it, leaping, roaring, wild and lurid, with the damned in the midst of it. The fire of hell was worse than that, and the writhing reprobates, shut up within it, had a sensitiveness far more acute than ours, for the one and only refinement left to them consisted in an unimaginably exquisite capacity for pain. Bad enough; but it was a mere introduction to the climax. The climax was the eternal duration of the torture. The preacher bade us picture a robin alighting on the great granite church in which we were gathered, and giving one peck of its beak at the massive stone. Imagine next that the robin, its life miraculously prolonged, returned after a thousand years to give one peck more at the granite pile. Continue the process. The robin returns for one, and only one, stroke with its bill, every thousand years. Well then, the mighty

structure of the church would be leveled with the ground and hammered into dust from these fillips of a little bird, a thousand years apart, and still the appalling fire would be wrapped round the damned, running along the fibres of their nerves, flaming into their lungs instead of air, rushing through their veins and arteries instead of blood; hell would be just beginning. This extraordinary physiology would exist, of course, only after the reunion of soul and body at the resurrection.²

No doubt a shiver or two agitated us at this eloquence. Certainly a thrill of flattering appreciation stirred us for the skilful allegory of his reverence. But there the effort most likely ended. For, by good fortune, we had no neurotic lads among us, as far as I know, whose nights might be haunted and their days disturbed by morosely brooding over a scene so appalling. We were healthy young barbarians, and while we had no conscious doubts of the thing thus held up before us, our fundamental soundness probably whispered a faint word that lingered in the depths of our minds until we should be mature enough to give heed to it—and the word was Humbug. But, of course, our conscious solace at the moment was that while hell was all that this rhetoric pictured it, we should never land there. We should contemplate it from a safe distance and perhaps, as Thomas Aquinas says, find our celestial felicity augmented by a glance, now and then, at the poor devils forever burning but forever uncombust.

One feature of such terrors, however, is very serious indeed. It is that they are invoked to terrify reason and to pervert conscience. For, among the iniquities certain to thrust us into the furnaces below is doubting a single article of the Church's creed or resisting a single exercise of her authority.³ And if doubt, which is assent with hesitation, passes into denial, which is the refusal of assent and the expression of dissent; then, if that state persists, there

is no hope of escape at all. Now this is a position of remarkable interest, worth a moment of consideration. The assent of the mind to any proposition is a rational act; if so, it must be done in a rational manner, in accordance, that is to say, with the nature of rational processes. But it is of the nature of reason to give assent or withhold it, according to the sufficiency or insufficiency of evidence. If we are moved to assent or dissent on grounds irrelevant to evidence, our action is also irrelevant to reason, and hence it is not assent or dissent at all.

Suppose then that a Catholic, having reason, determines to exercise it. Suppose, further, that he exercises it on some article of his faith or the authority which is the foundation of his faith. He gathers evidence in the case with the best good-will in the world, and begins to study it with the highest confidence that he will find it intellectually as solid as his theological belief in it is serene. But, as he studies what he had previously only accepted, or at most half-studied, he sees, let us say, that the evidence is inadequate—a discovery which may frighten him, but which has been arrived at, as all discoveries are arrived at, by the use of his chief instrument of discovery, reason. At least let us conceive him as saying: "If belief is the assent of the mind, and if assent is not of the mind, in the event that it does not rest upon evidence accessible to mind and sufficient to win it and hold it, then I must say that this doctrine has not enough warrant to justify my mind's acceptance of it."

So far his processes are as natural as breathing, as inevitable as his erect stature or his having a nose in the middle of his face. But suppose, finally, that he tells his confessor of his change, and that his confessor warns him that if he goes on in this way he will end in the fires of hell. A doubt against the faith, the ghostly counselor warns, is to face hellward; and a denial of the faith, or a single punctum of it, is to ensure arrival at damnation everlasting.

Now what have we here? We have, it is clear, an effort to secure assent, which is mental, by grounds of assent which are not mental, but, on the contrary, disturb and destroy mental action, namely emotional agitation, an imaginative storm, an incitement to horror, dismay, and panic. If the confessor by such threats persuades his penitent to profess belief in that which he has just been unable rationally to believe in, his assent is not an act of the mind; therefore it is not an assent in any true sense whatever. And so we have the extraordinary outcome that, in such a case, faith is saved by turning it into non-faith, and assent is preserved by becoming something that is not assent. This is the irrational result of the irrational menace of hell-fire brandished over the operation of an inquisitive intelligence. It is remarkable that clever men do not think out so obvious a conclusion but continue fetching in hell to check a growing mind. They might as reasonably announce fire-balls from the sky to check a growing body. The growth in the one instance, as in the other, is inherent in the nature of things. Nothing can stop it but death.

Sin and its punishment, I said, were the first clear ideas that grew into form out of the early formless grandeur impressed by Catholicism upon my childish mind. The second notion that became distinct was of the Church as an imperative loyalty; as the instrument of highest blessing here and assured salvation hereafter; as a house of grace and a home of glory.

To a Catholic, who yields his soul to saturation in his faith, that conception of the Church is of a depth and power that is next to impossible for a Protestant to understand. The Church is his aristocracy and romantic love; his household, where he mingles with the holiest of all the ages, children, like himself, of a mother solicitous and majestic, nurse of saints, yet mindful of her sinners, and keeping in her heart memories incomparable, as far back as the

age of martyrs and the missions of the Apostles. When she takes him to her embrace, he ceases to be a casual atom of humanity; he becomes an heir of the ages, a citizen in the commonwealth of God; his name thence-forward is entered in the vastest brotherhood ever known on earth, and written through this august mediation in the book of life above. The Church has saved civilization and will save him, for her mission is to save. She has destroyed error and will preserve him from it, for her calling is to be militant against the seductions which would ruin souls, darken Christ, and defy God. For the mind she has light, for the heart tenderness, for the imagination magnificence, for the soul sanctity, for death consolation and a ministration of an immortality of beatitude. Where is any likeness to her to be found? Where any rival fit to stand beside her in his heart? Nowhere while time shall be. Attachment, therefore, loyal and proud sonship and obedience perfect altogether, and perfect, most of all, when it is costly to be obedient, are his debt to her—the first, the last, the heaviest of all his debts.⁴

It is a tremendous thing, this institutional idea and ideal; deeper and of greater power to elicit loyalty than was known even in Israel—the appointed monopolists of Jehovah's favor. It is at once beautiful and terrible; beautiful, pedagogically, as providing the individual with a world, giving to him who has no history a sense of history, and to him who is nameless an adoption into a family of the illustrious; and terrible, morally, because endangering personality by the prestige of overwhelming authority, and annihilating that solitude in which, by preference, the still small voice that is mightier than earthquake and rushing wind makes itself heard for the guidance of aspiring man.

There is no solitude of character for the Catholic. The Church is jealous of inner light and private leading. She must choose the road and count the steps. On her arm the

seeker must forever lean; only with her must he converse by the way; and at her command he must reject ideas of the mind and attractions of the moral sense, if she disapproves them. She keeps vigilance over his reading, keeps guard over the door of his studies, and stands with a warning look beside him as he forms his judgments of history, of sacred texts, of philosophy, and even of devotional theory and practice. She limits him in fact, and limits God in principle; for in no other way than by explicit or implicit agreement with her tenets can God perform His work of perfecting the world of men. Unique in her nature and incomparable in her jurisdiction, she is, like the Logos of Philo's thought and the Fourth Gospel's, the bridge of glory by which alone there is transit between the Most High in His abundance and human souls in their need. With great splendor round him then, her disciple may lie down and rest in life or death. She keeps her sentry-watch to protect and save him. But let him be irked by her perpetual tutelage and fretted by her unrelaxing hold upon him, and he soon will know how harsh and swift her stroke can be, and how well practised in smiting, as in blessing, is her dread right hand.

The child, however, and Catholics generally, have knowledge of the Church only in her beneficence and stateliness. And great as she is, so great in proportion to their capacity is their trust in her and their loyalty to her. The Catholic is reared, not in loyalty to moral law directly and formally, as such, but to the Church with whom alone the moral law is safe and clear; not in devotion to humanity, as an explicit and separate ideal, but again to the Church, for by her alone can humanity reach its temporal and eternal end. God and Christ are, of course, the supreme objects of his devotion; but them also he follows as the Church presents them. Who then can wonder at his clinging to her, and exalting her as God's perfect work, Christ's

continued presence, the Holy Spirit's commissioned agency, the ark of salvation, the teacher of the nations, the pillar and ground of infallible truth?

In all this there is something sublime! Who will deny it? There is always something sublime in loyalty to a cause that is greater than ourselves, in a love that approaches rapture, in a trust that is innocent of misgiving. It is no less true that in every such exuberance there is peril—peril because it is radical and passionate.

I remember that when I was twelve or thirteen years old, I read of the sins of bad Popes and certain excesses of the Inquisition and I understood how heavy a reproach the Church suffered on these accounts, and was very angry at the Church officials who had not destroyed the documentary evidence of these scandals but had left them for hostile eyes to read.⁵ It may be humiliating now to perceive how little the sovereignty of pure truth meant to me then; but how could it have meant anything? Never in my life have I heard a Catholic sermon on truth, pure and simple, impartial and equitable; but on "Catholic truth" and on the Church as the spotless guardian and infallible teacher of truth, I heard many. On the threshold of my mind, therefore, stood the figure of the Church shutting off every other view, permitting nothing to pass which did not bear her seal and superscription. The idea that I was trifling with a lie in wishing that the authorities had buried out of sight compromising evidence did not enter my head for a moment. The welfare of the Church, her good name and her white shield were my dominant concern. Every gain to her was a gain to truth, and truth suffered if she did. There could hardly be a conscience more false nor one more inevitable.

Of the same twisted fashion is the normal, and, as it were, axiomatic judgment of the Catholic mind upon heretics, schismatics, and those who, having once belonged to

the Church, depart from her. These people, if sane, must be culpable. The offspring, indeed, of heretics and schismatics, who had nothing to do with their fathers' rebellion, may be saved because in their invincible ignorance they are not guilty of formal sin against the light. But the original seceders have little chance of escaping eternal hell; and those who secede now are beyond the pale where mercy and salvation dwell in strict enclosure. It could not have been truth nor love of it that led them out. That is in the nature of things absurd. It could not have been study, reflection, and experience that caused a change of conviction in them. No; they did an act morally wicked in going forth and, as the classic way of putting it says, in losing faith. Therefore, this, their culminating sin of open revolt, must be the result of preceding moral disintegration. And the two chief reasons given for their atrocity are pride and immorality. Grotesque and infantile as the generalization is, it is fetched forth on every occasion of a lapse from orthodoxy. Döllinger, the greatest Catholic historian in modern times, "that glory of Catholic learning," as James Bryce calls him, left the Church in 1870 because he could not believe in the just-defined dogma of papal infallibility. He was then seventy years old. Does he get credit for an act of honor, for convictions rooted in an incomparable knowledge of Christian history? Never! His learning seduced him into Satanic pride. And Reusch, Friedrich, Schulte, Langen,⁶ who went out with him, all princes of scholarship, and all priests, Satan also made them captive in the same snare of Satan's own sin, "pride of intellect!" Did Luther have any genuine torment of conscience which no romantic or sacramental observances could assuage? Not at all. Katharine von Bora, whom he married, accounts for his rebellion.⁷ He fell in flesh before he collapsed in spirit. And so down the list, a list greatly lengthened in our day of priests and lay-folk who leave

the Church, some of them to endure cruelest hardship, some to starve to death as Ermoni did in Paris.⁵ One and all sinned against the Eternal. Their hearts were corrupted, and their souls perverted by withstanding God in pride or by offending Him in profligacy.⁹ A fortunate few are, now and then, let off more easily on the ground that they were crazy. But a genuinely pure motive in any of them, a compulsion of honor and veracity, obedience—and a costly obedience—to the Higher Law, No, never! But if a Protestant leaves the church of his birth to become a Catholic his motives are the highest. The contrary process is always of the lowest.

Intellectually this is indeed puérile; morally it is abominable and sinful. Nevertheless, in the Catholic mind it is an invincible prejudice, and in some Catholic minds it becomes an obsession, which it is no extravagance to call insane. Any abdication of personality, in point of fact, is mad; any unconditional self-surrender to an institution is immoral. But in just such a ferocity of attachment a large part of humanity is educated: the Russians, for example, to Bolshevism; the young lamas, to the Tibetan form of Buddhism; the pupils of the Koranic schools, to Islam. The creation of an independent moral personality, after an indoctrination so profound, is an agonizing labor which cannot but leave a lifelong scar upon one's soul.

I remember well my first short step toward a judgment not completely Catholic. It was while I was studying in a Catholic college. Our class teacher was going over with me a paper which I had written as an English exercise. He pointed out a sentence in which I had expressed abhorrence at the cruelty of the Inquisition.¹⁰

"Do you mean that the Church was wrong in punishing heretics?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

“Look out for yourself, young man,” said he, sending me back to my seat.

So there I was, with whatever I had of a moral nature protesting against torture, in danger of collision with the Church, and warned, in brief but significant words, that the moral nature must contrive to develop itself circumspectly lest it slip into the last awful ruin. A trivial incident, indeed, yet significant of the kind of conflict that results as one tries to emerge from unconditional surrender into personal fulfilment. That process is, with a Catholic, no serene balancing of proofs and disproofs as one sits in an easy chair in academic tranquillity. It is tearing loose the conscience from fixed habits of unquestioning obedience. It is learning to construe a new language upon which a curse has been pronounced from a source that makes curses fearful. It is doing an action which the mighty voices that from childhood have made us shudder have forbidden, under penalties the thought of which has made us quake. The Church rivets our passion-charged loyalty to her from our earliest days. The Church idea grasps the roots of our inner life at their age of tenderest growth. The habitude of trusting her in all our deepest need and most sacred experience is stamped, as with burning iron, upon the soul before we can choose what we would trust, or measure alternatives, or discern the consequences of thus binding the mature man by the anticipatory pledges of the nursery.

So powerful is that early grip that many a Catholic, grown sceptical in the course of the years (how many of them I have known)—so that he jests at the dogmas of the Church, and pours his scorn upon the proofs of them—is held fast by the tightened hand of forty years before and fears to cast it off. And some others who have cast it off, and who, if their minds could be read, are disbelievers utterly, ask for reconciliation on their deathbeds. For then,

with the sinking of their faculties, and with that tired giving-up on the part of the will which is so common a feature of the last collapse, they yield to the strongest force ever exerted upon them, a force psychologically too dominant to be completely extinct, however long quiescent, and they give themselves back to the arms that carried them first. These last minute conversions are hailed with devout joy by the faithful, but they are less significant than they appear to be. On the deathbed, the time for intellect and will has gone; the time has come for relapse into habituations acquired before intellect and will ever take the helm; for now there is no other substitute, and the waves are high, the dark shoals are near, and some pilot the fallen voyager must have.

Here perhaps it will be pertinent to tell of a death of another kind. David Hillhouse Buel was a priest of the Jesuit order. He became president of Georgetown University, as high a post, no doubt, as an American Jesuit can occupy. At an age not far from sixty he left the Catholic Church. That is a cruel time for re-beginning life in a cruel world, and Dr. Buel fell upon hard days. One winter day he called upon me in New York. He asked for no help; he was too proud a gentleman for that; but he was in need of help, it was easy to see. He came to ask whether I could assist him in earning his living. He said he was ready to take any kind of work, even if it was that of a guard in a subway train. I asked him, presently, if he was sufficiently protected against the winter's cold.

"Well," he answered, "I have this overcoat, the gift of a friend, and that is pretty nearly the sum total of my possessions."

Despite his resolution, his voice trembled and his eyes filled as he said it. Pride and profligacy!— the classic postulate of fat and comfortable men sufficing to explain such a man, and to dismiss his heartbreak! From time to time I

saw him afterwards, and was concerned for his manifest and increasing frailty. It was no great surprise, a few months later, to be summoned to his chamber of death. There I heard that the Catholic physician who attended him had gone to a nearby church in charge of Dr. Buel's former confreres and warned the Fathers that, if they wished to reconcile their old comrade, they must hurry, for death was very near. One of the priests posted off at once. He approached the dying man with an appeal for his reconciliation and with an offer of the last sacraments. Buel could not longer speak though his mind was clear. To every exhortation he shook his head. After a quarter of an hour of unavailing petition the priest took his departure, and next day the courageous man, harassed so long and wearied so piteously, entered upon his rest. He was not widely learned, though solidly drilled in the syllogistic training of the seminaries, which is so poor a substitute for learning. Nor was he eloquent, for he had lived most of his life as a schoolmaster. But he was a *man*; and as he had been soldierly in the battle of life and character, soldierly he remained as he closed with death. I should add that his funeral service was read by a high Anglican. I shall never forget how dismal and flat it was. The clergyman despatched the service in a singsong, half-hearted recitative, destitute of power or beauty, as affectation must always be. And when he finished the lection, off he went, out of the house, without a word upon that sturdy life and heroic death. But forgetting all the Roman failed to do and all that the Anglican failed in doing, let me salute David Buel, who outshines them both, beaten often, but a conqueror at last.¹¹

To finish now my early years, let me say that I approached early manhood strictly observant of the Church's ordinances, much given to devout exercises, reading widely for one so young, and with especial delight in the Church's

history, very proud of the Church's triumphs, exultant at the superiority of her evidences over the rival claims of shattered and uncertain Protestantism, and beginning to feel an attraction for the high honor and noble labor of her ministry. This desire for the priestly state, which had now and then visited me, leaped into irresistible determination from the reading of one work, famous in its days, and meritorious still, Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. The set that I read consisted of twelve volumes, one for the saints of each month. I went through them all, with an ardor and delight the most intense I ever felt from a book. There was the Church in action through the ages, as represented by her *corps d'élite*, the saints; a story marvelous as well as full of marvels, over which streamed the banners of unearthly heroism. As was natural to an adolescent boy, it was the heroic that shook the very soul of me; the heroic in the penitential saints who made so fiercely-fought a conquest by themselves, and the heroic in the martyr saints who, by their defiant death, conquered the cruelty of savage chieftains and Roman Caesars.¹²

Never had such a fire dropped upon my heart; never a door opened to such a realm of splendor, brilliant with its host of laureate victors, and loud with triumphant song. Above all the Church's heroic age par excellence, the first three centuries, thronged with the multitudes that died for Christ by city-mob or Roman law, enkindled me. My confirmation-day was then drawing near, and at confirmation Catholic children usually take another name in addition to their baptismal one. I took for mine the name of the early martyr, the story of whose fortitude as he perished by fire, had stirred me most,—St. Laurence. There are other fires beside that which heated thy gridiron, if gridiron there was, courageous Patron! ¹³ Bear me witness that I have known something of their burning! Alban Butler's histories decided my vocation. From the day I read them I

never swerved from the decision to take holy orders. And so ends the first period of my life.

Let me sum up the impressions made upon me by Catholicism in the rosy dawn of my most susceptible season. First, I was seized with the overwhelming importance of religion. Next, I was made aware, and acutely so, that life is a warfare, that the ranks of evil never cease firing, and that I must face them and not surrender. Finally, the lesson was driven into me that, in every need, strength was to be recovered and healing administered by the Church, the indispensable refuge and the first loyalty of life. For the greater part of these lessons I am grateful and shall ever be. If it was austere, yet love softened it; if it was narrow, loyal affection enlarged it. At all events, I am grateful that I was not subject in my early years to the pseudo-psychological pedagogism which shrinks from saying "No" and "Thou shalt not" to a child, even when he is stamping about in his most vicious moods, and which encourages his forlornly empty head to imagine that he is expressing his personality when he is only venting his intolerable temper.

Grateful, too, I am that I was not reared in the practice of fiddling and enfeebling devotional practices. I never was taught by nuns who, saintly though they surely are, are given to those forms of trivial religiosity. These excesses of somewhat sickening piety were not so common then as now. We had no St. Expedit, the intercessor of instantaneous speed in answering prayer, no Infant of Prague of God-knows-what efficiency in doing wonders for us, no Anthony of Padua for finding lost things, and no Little Flower to sugar the cake of our devotion. Do not offend God, perform your religious duty and be true to the Church—these were my main outfit of instruction, and the substance of them, however I have enlarged their terms, left a mark which will last, I hope, as long as I do. There

was, indeed, an occasional gust of icier air. I remember well what a secret, if slightly dangerous, thrill I got from, one of the Jesuit scholastics who taught me in college. The month of May had come with its special devotion to Mary. Some of the class proposed, and we all approved, that we purchase and set up in our classroom a statue of Mary and provide flowers for it every day of the month, these charges to come out of our all but empty pockets. But other classes had done it—why shouldn't we? The scholastic, our class-teacher, answered, when we asked his permission: "You fellows haven't much money. I doubt if some of you have enough to get a sufficient daily luncheon. Why spend the little you have on flummery?"

There had been no flummery in my bringing up, either in church or at home, and after a moment's fright at his boldness my heart warmed to the radical.

Chapter III

SEMINARY YEARS

NOTHING need be said of my college years, for they brought no inward change or significant development of spirit. This only will I say of them, that they left with me an admiration which, with a full heart, I express for the devotion of my Jesuit teachers to their hard task. They gave their best to us generously and in a spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of devout remembrance. And their example was by no means fruitless. The moral tone of the student body was, I have no doubt, remarkably high. I never saw an instance of irreverence or disgusting coarseness in my fellow collegians. Tiffs and jealousies, of course, there were now and then; at rare times a burst of mild profanity; and once or twice, perhaps, a case of mean bullying. But all this was trifling. In every serious moral respect that company of growing lads and young men reached as lofty a standard as probably could be found anywhere in the world in similar circumstances. They lived at home, it is true, for we were a day college; and undoubtedly that helped toward decency. I am not sure that I should be correct in giving equal praise to Catholic colleges with students in residence and in the vicinity of large towns. But, speaking of what I actually observed, I repeat that my comrades in Boston stood high in moral credit, and much of this wholesomeness was due to the example of our laborious and faithful teachers.¹

It was when I entered the diocesan theological seminary

at Brighton, Massachusetts, that new habits began and new prospects opened. Here, naturally, the training of the candidates bore exclusively upon the life of the ministry, and the whole effort was to make us personally and professionally competent in the discharge of it.²

First and foremost came our spiritual cultivation. We were taught the practice of meditation; and the first half hour of every day was devoted to it. Besides, we made a daily visit to the chapel, which was another period of recollection; and in the evening we listened to spiritual reading for half an hour, usually from the life of a saint, but at certain seasons from a book of formal instruction in the devout life. Then too, the year of study opened with a week of retreat, and each step in the taking of the various orders of the ministry was preceded by another week of retreat.

It will be seen from this that the Catholic church takes seriously the preparation of the soul of its aspirant to her clergy. Would that Protestant seminaries followed her example! It has never failed to give me a sense of dismay to see how many of them are content with administering the pedantry of the minister's office to their students, leaving almost unnoticed the systematic freshening and fortifying of their souls. There is no species of training that I ever underwent to which I owe more than to the habit of regular periods of inner solitude. Solitary we must be in life's great hours of moral decision; solitary in pain and sorrow; solitary in old age and in our going forth at death. Fortunate the man who has learned what to do in solitude and brought himself to see what companionship he may discover in it, what fortitude, what content. By a great blessing I had an aptitude for these hours of quiet reflection and grew to love them, and with increasing use I loved them ever more deeply. To be alone and still and thoughtful bestowed upon me the richest joy I knew; and for this priceless cultivation I shall be thankful always.

There was, however, one hurt to my deepest feelings that arose from our seminary meditations. The custom in our morning meditation was for the president to read out a passage from a meditation book for perhaps five minutes. Then came silence as we gave ourselves to reflection upon the passage read. One Advent our president selected for his book a desperately shabby work by a French ecclesiastic which contained, for the whole four weeks of the Advent season, a set of meditations on the life of Jesus in the womb of his Mother. All that the Lord foresaw, then all that he purposed, all that he resolved to do and to suffer, was told and retold in laborious detail. The horribly bad taste of the thing staggered me, young bigot though I was, and I marveled that a man like our President, Father Hogan, well known in Europe for his liberal opinions (for most of his life had been spent in France), could have himself endured and then inflicted on us so grotesque and unseemly a mass of nonsense.³ I made up my own meditations that Advent—and tried not to listen to the drivel of the book.

On the intellectual side of our seminary life we were not conspicuously fortunate in our professors. Father Dowling, who died archbishop of St. Paul, was good in church history, and had an excellent knowledge of it and a genuine enthusiasm for it.⁴ My first intimation, a faint one however, of what historical criticism meant came from him.

In Scripture we had a strange man who was then beginning to write upon Biblical subjects. Darkly he would hint at appalling problems in Scriptural study, and mysteriously suggest that fearful dangers beset the Catholic scholar who dealt with them. He appeared to be heavily burdened with his risky vocation as an expert in the Bible, like a man standing under a tree in a thunderstorm, in foreboding of the bolt that will kill him. I knew him well in later years, and always there was in him that apprehension of disaster. He walked through life as if behind every bush a marks-

man was leveling a rifle at him and pressing dangerously upon the fatal trigger. For a good while I took this to be a mere eccentricity, more or less amusing. I was to learn how solid a reason he had for his uneasiness. But he never disturbed our orthodoxy in the classroom. How many delicate subjects he left untouched I was not to know for years to come.

In dogmatic theology, perhaps the most important of our studies, we had a young priest just arrived from France, and absolutely destitute of English. So all his lecturing was in Latin, and very good and fluent Latin it was. The Latin recitations of most of the students were of a kind to break a grammarian's heart. The youthful professor's scholarship was infirm, and in the vast area of patristic learning of the history of the councils, and of the diverse theological schools that have clashed and fought through the centuries, he had hardly set foot.

In moral theology, the science that prepares the confessor for his task, we had a saintly old man, perfectly prosy, who, in his turn, was not bowed down by the burden of scholarship.

Our staff indeed was of no blazing brilliance. But a luminary there was at the head of the house. Father Hogan had taught theology for thirty years in Paris, and some of the ablest men in the Church of France revered him as their master. He was a liberal, but orthodox, I suppose; and of his scholarship there could be no doubt. He taught no regular class but on certain days, set apart for oral examination, he came in as examiner-in-chief. A doomed student would rise and be asked a question. The victim would glibly answer just as the class-manual said the answer should be. "So?" Father Hogan would say. "Now it seems to me"—and then would come his criticism of the thesis, sometimes subtle, sometimes pulverizing, and at the end with an ironic, "Sit down," he would end the suffering of

the stammering and shipwrecked victim. Then another mouse would come forward for the cat to play with once more. As I observed the old gentleman's method, it dawned upon me what the situation was. He was using reason in free play; we were learning by senseless rote.⁵ And I got the clear impression that this was the trouble with our reciting and also with our instruction. We were to learn the book, but we were not stimulated to give our minds a chance at independent criticism and reflection. It was, of course, out of the question that our independence should trespass upon dogma. But even on the hither side of dogma we had a good deal of room for the exercise of our own intelligence. Yet, even there, we never were encouraged to think things through, nor, in any true sense, to think at all.

The seminary was a place for immature minds which were to be kept in immaturity. The Church was mature, and that was enough. We were exactly in the position of infants who had only to repeat the words of an infallible parent. The method served well enough for practical purposes. For, in the leaden quiescence of a parsonage and in the humdrum of parish rites, what was the need of a mind? Indeed, there was latent in our thought the sense that an independent intellect, determined to study religion profoundly and impartially, would encounter peril. A good priest should be on guard against many things, but chiefly against himself, lest, in affirming his own personality, he should take a step beyond the enchanted circle of awful authority and so be lost.

I became irked by this prolongation of babyhood, and by this incessant round of memory recitations. I longed for a method of study fit for a growing mind. I wished to wrestle with problems on the basis of evidence. I was dissatisfied with the sheeplike submission to the letter of the book which satisfied nearly all the students of the house. The day would come, I was resolved, when I should delve

into these matters, now so superficially treated, and be prepared to meet heretics and rationalists on their own premises, and refute them for the honor of invincible Catholicism.

In my third year of seminary I concluded that the battle ground of faith in our time was Holy Scripture. To Scriptural study, then, I must betake myself if I was to be an apologist up to date. And since in this field "German higher criticism" was the cry that told where the fight was raging worst, I set myself the task of learning German, so as to be full-armored when the charge should sound. My one year of German in college had left little knowledge of the language with me or with anybody else in the class, for our ageing teacher was obviously sick and tired of teaching. Day after day he fell asleep at his desk, while we carried on our tricks, as schoolboys forever have done at so happy a windfall. Worse than his somnolence, however, was his contempt for us. He called us tramps; said that he ought, in conscience, to advise our parents to stop spending money on our useless schooling; and in general gave us to understand that we were to him a nuisance and a thorn in the flesh. Well, then, we would see him hanged before we should learn his German. So we learned it not, and our year was a waste. But in the seminary, German became to me a necessary equipment for the apostolate, and I went at it in spare time and made rapid progress in it. When Father Dowling heard of this, he encouraged me, telling me at the same time, to my astonishment, that only one member of the faculty read German, "the scholar's language" as Dowling called it.⁶

Such were some of the elementary signs of an awakening mind. But always my first concern was, as it was supposed and intended to be, the cultivation of the spiritual life. To that great end I gave much more time than the rule required—and gave it with joy and with much reward.

I found myself, after a year or two, hindered by the set framework of meditation, according to which one was directed: first, to reconstruct imaginatively the scene pertinent to the subject of the meditation; then to think about it so as to see with the intellect what was involved in it; then to make personal application of it to one's own needs and feelings; and, finally, to pass on to "affective prayer," whether of appeal or adoration. The mechanics of the process began to trouble me. More and more I felt drawn to the simple opening of the mind in the Mighty Presence, to yielding myself to Its leading, and to uttering the filial word which the great communion spontaneously inspired. When I did this, there was a deep happiness in meditation, a pure elevation of the spirit in which all lesser concerns fell away, leaving only the consciousness of a supreme and glorious kinship, attended, indeed, with immense responsibilities, but glowing with the radiance of immortal life and love. I mention this, not as an idle addition to my narrative, but because of its incomparable influence upon events that were to come. For it was from these hours of contemplative stillness, which though still were intensely active, that came the strength for later decisions and the commanding authority for a hard obedience that awaited me.

Let the materialist psychologist make what he will of contemplative prayer. He knows nothing about it. And his whole *a priori* outfit of erotic obsession and psychological aberration, fetched in to "explain" it, is an enormous ineptitude. His desertion of Psyche and his ponderous dalliance with Eros, and his conception of the normal animal, so impatient of any human experience which is above that of mud-turtles, make him unfit to understand the unique and unfathomable mystery of man. But so long as he continues to use his own fundamental terms without ever defining them, and so long as he carries on his persistent reduction of the higher to the lower, of the unique to the common—

a perfectly senseless process always; so long will he fumble with the sublimer life of man and cover up its light with artificial darkness. If to clarify the mind, purify the motives, and fortify the will, if to grow in every power of personality, and to learn what in life is nobler and what baser; if this is to be abnormal, all I will say is may heaven cause the abnormality to increase and multiply. And just those great bestowals it was that came to me from those priceless hours alone with the Alone.

Toward the end of my third seminary year my mother died, my wonderful mother, the very substance of whose soul was made of sacrifice and fortitude. Strong as granite was her resolution, unconditional and uncompromising her devotion to whatever and whomever she loved. Out of an elder age she seemed to come with her soldierly soul, her inexhaustible courage, and her immovable fidelity to the light as it was given her. She and I alone had been left of our family, and we were bound together in closest and deepest love. She was not a pious woman, and my father had had no piety at all, in the usual sense of the word. Both were alike in an uncomplaining acceptance of life and duty as they came. Idleness and feebleness they both despised. They reared me sternly, with true affection for me but with no extravagant display of it, and I am grateful for it now. Their Catholicism had not a bit of sentimentality in it, for they had none. They interpreted their religion as a school of courage and decency—that, and no more—and in that parsimony of emotional religiousness they trained me. My mother died instantaneously on a Sunday afternoon. One of my first questions on arriving home from the Seminary was whether she had gone to mass that morning. She had not. A terrible situation! The Church's moral law is that to miss mass when one is able to attend it, is a sin deserving hell. She had had no time for repentance, so swift was death in striking her. Was

my mother then——? The blasphemous question actually intruded itself upon me; and while I was not without fear for the answer, I found refuge in the thought of God's uncovenanted and uncalculated mercy. But the fact that I gave anxious thought to the hideous apprehension shows how completely the python embrace of Roman orthodoxy held me fast, and how deeply its poison-breath had infected me.

My mother's death left me free for a step in life that I had long desired to take—to enter a religious order. From the beginning of my determination to work in a spiritual ministry, I coveted the greater sacrifice and the more strict religious life of a monastic or semi-monastic community. With my obligations to my mother at an end, I could carry out the cherished purpose. Without delay I applied for admission to the Paulists, and the next September I was at their house of studies on the campus of the Catholic University in Washington.⁷

An unusual piece of history is connected with the origin of the Catholic University. The money that founded it was given by two sisters, the Misses Caldwell of Kentucky who were wards of Bishop Spalding of Peoria. He persuaded them to devote a large part of their inherited fortune to establishing a university which should crown the system of Catholic education in America. The first university building erected was for the postgraduate study of priests; it was called both Divinity Hall and Caldwell Hall. A beautiful portrait of the elder Miss Caldwell hung in the entrance. Both ladies married foreigners of title, the elder becoming the Baroness de Mérinville; the younger, the Baroness von Zedtwitz. Within a few years an extraordinary thing happened. Both sisters left the Catholic Church. The Baroness de Mérinville, invited to an audience by Leo XIII, when the alarming report of her probable defection began to circulate, accepted the invitation, and in

person withstood the appeals and the arguments of the Pontiff—a remarkable manifestation of character. When I had gone in a like departure, I received a letter from the Baroness von Zedtwitz, now alone surviving of the two, expressing her hearty congratulation. She told how bitterly she and her sister had regretted giving their money to the University, but, she added, if only the school should send out other students to do what I had done, there would be a measure of consolation for their gift. I answered her letter, of course; and in a few weeks I received word from her secretary saying that the baroness had died, and that my letter was almost the last she had been able to read. Then she informed me that the pious rumor was spreading in Europe, and would very likely reach America, that the Baroness von Zedtwitz had been reconciled to the Catholic Church on her deathbed. My correspondent gave me her authority to deny the report. She had been with her mistress to the end, and there had been no reconciliation and no desire for it. Once in her last illness the dying woman had seen a clergyman, a Lutheran pastor of the neighborhood, but never a priest. And so went out of the world the ladies by whose money the Catholic University began its career. It is hardly necessary to say that the portrait of the Baroness de Mérinville was removed from the hall, and in place of it was hung an ugly portrait of Cardinal Martinielli, papal delegate to the United States: a gain to orthodoxy, no doubt, but certainly a loss to art.⁸

The University, when I arrived, was still in the backwash of a great storm. Its rector, Bishop J. J. Keane,⁹ had not long before been deposed by order of Leo XIII. Bishop Keane was deeply revered, and the indignity put upon him had created anger and disgust, especially among the clerical students. Everybody blamed Satolli, the papal delegate of the time; and one of the first things I heard at the University was a burst of profane wrath at that man's machina-

tions and at the aged Pope's unworthy weakness in yielding to them.¹⁰ Never in any Catholic life have I seen more dangerous signs of revolt than then. Men compared Keane and Satolli vastly to the disadvantage of the latter, and asked how long our best men were to be booted about by professional Curialists whose only superiority was their irresponsible power. Bishop Keane, however, took his degradation without a murmur. He went to Rome and stayed there a long time, subject, so we heard, to further insults. He was charged, we were told, with the heresy of semi-Pelagianism, which, in common speech, means trusting human nature too far and cultivating its independence too well. This semi-Pelagian nonsense took deep root in the Vatican, and was regarded there as America's peculiar danger! Not a great while later it was made the basis for the condemnation of a nonexistent heresy called Americanism, one of the most foolish acts Rome has done in recent times. In the course of my first year in Washington, Bishop Keane returned to this country and visited the University. He was received with an expression of enthusiasm. In his address to us he said that he had had one great consolation in Rome. He had heard from the lips of Leo XIII the confession that the charges against him were false, and the Popè, rather late in the day, to be sure, expressed to him his sympathy for all that he had suffered.

The notion that Bishop Keane was a heretic of any kind was ludicrous. He was orthodox to the last syllable of dogma. He did, however, love his country, wished it respected, and believed that the American character had qualities of vigor and independence worth admiring. He tried, no doubt, to get out of the heads of Catholics the notion that they were aliens in this country and that the heretics about them were so many enemies leagued against the truth—and the lesson was needed. In my day I have heard priests, born in this country, refer to their non-

Catholic fellow-citizens as "*the Americans*"; and if Bishop Keane helped to destroy this ruinous stupidity, he did well. If he fell victim to Roman intrigue because of it, he is but one of a long line that went down under the same stroke with as little cause. Bishop Keane was not a scholar—far from it. Baron von Hügel, a liberal Catholic who met him in Europe, was shattered by his lack of knowledge and lack of interest in Biblical problems, then and now so grave a matter for Catholic orthodoxy. But he had an extraordinary charm and was the most gracious of gentlemen. On the other hand, his enemies who achieved his downfall, Satolli and Schroeder, the German professor of dogmatic theology at the University, had very little charm and made poor figures beside him.¹¹

At the University I attended four courses: dogmatic theology, apologetics, church history, and Scripture. The new dogmatic professor had just arrived from Rome with a name for brilliant parts. To my delight I saw that the subject of his year of lectures was *De Verbo Incarnato*, the Incarnate Word. At last, I thought, babyhood is ended. We shall have a profound and scientific treatment of the chief question of all. We shall hear Christ's deity vindicated against modern objection, the Scriptural and philosophical objections to it answered, the Catholic statement of it established on reason's firmest base. Great expectations destined to a total and most mournful collapse! Incredible as it sounds, the man went through the entire year without a reference to the Scriptural difficulties and with no concern with any sort of difficulty that might not have dated from the thirteenth century. Instead of making the course of some earthly use to us, he spent wearisome days in grand Latin lectures upon the manner in which the second Person of the Trinity "proceeded" from the first, upon the relations of the three Persons to one another, and upon this

beautiful problem: *de vita Verbi in sinu Patris*, the life of the Word in the bosom of the Father.

It was the most fatuous exhibition of highly elaborated nonsense possible to man. But that is the way they do it in Rome, for that is the way Thomas Aquinas did it seven hundred and fifty years ago. The modern world, *isti moderni*, as with intense scorn the professor used to say, has no right to ask more. How disgusted I was it would be hard to tell. But what I can tell is how the disgust reached its climax. One day the professor turned from a eulogy of Aristotle to take a fling at Plato. "Plato," he said with a scornful smile, "*Plato philosophus non fuit. Poeta fuit.*" "Plato was not a philosopher. He was a poet." That finished me. How I was restrained from bursting out with a protest then and there, only the angels, who sometimes hold back the fiery-hearted, may know. But the statement that Plato was no philosopher was so miraculously idiotic, such a masterpiece and prodigy of barbarism, that I felt shame for the Catholic University and shame for the outrage done that day to the intelligence of man. I dragged on in the class through the year, traveling through the Trinity as if it were our familiar backyard, observing how words could be strung together to annihilate thought, and marveling how a man could live with his body in the nineteenth century and his mind in the twelfth, or the tenth, or the fifth. This, however, I must add in that professor's praise: he changed remarkably as his Roman training grew more distant. Three years later he would not have said Plato was no philosopher, and, I doubt very much that he would have lectured *de vita Verbi in sinu Patris*.

In Scripture we had something of an oddity in the chair. He had dipped his fingers in the sea of criticism, evidently liked the feel of the water, and seemed always to be wondering at himself for not jumping in. He was, in his fussy and pompous way, extremely outspoken. I remember his

discussing one day the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, in which Leo XIII recalled Catholic scholars to a safe method of Biblical study and to a very rigid standard of Biblical inspiration and inerrancy.¹² Our professor had serious reservations to make in accepting this encyclical—a dangerous thing then and wholly impossible now. He told us that the *Providentissimus* was not an infallible utterance of Leo XIII, Pope and universal teacher, but the private opinion of Joachim Pecci, the theologian. Joachim Pecci was Leo's family name. "Joachim Pecci, the theologian, of course has a right to his opinions," he said, "but, we are theologians too, and have a right to ours."

Today, after the massacre of Modernism, such temerity from a Catholic chair would be intolerable. From the courses in Scripture I received no noticeable push toward radical criticism; but a considerable clarifying of the problems to be studied I did receive, and it helped me on. There was an incidental spice in this teacher's lectures which gave us unfailing delight. He spent his summers in Europe, and frequently a good part of them in Rome. A born gossip and lover of gossip, he picked up in Rome pungent stories of the dignitaries of the Curia and other great ones of the ecclesiastical world, and these he would pass on to us with much relish. Nothing scandalous was in the yarns. They showed only the human side of the mighty—their foibles and eccentricities—and they relieved for us many an hour of dull exposition. Dr. Grannan stood in no awe of grandeur; neither, I am afraid, did we.¹³

Of the class in apologetics the less said the better. The professor was only beginning those studies himself; and it was not to be expected that he would lead us far. But in church history we had a competent man who later became rector of the University, Dr. Shahan.¹⁴ In his seminars he would assign to us subjects for research; and in that work of collecting evidence, acquainting ourselves with bibli-

ography, estimating the value of sources, and coming to personal conclusions upon debatable points, I began to get some idea of a scholar's task and a small measure of practice in doing it.

Meanwhile in the Paulist house I rejoiced in the longer time devoted to silence and recollection. We had two meditation periods a day instead of the Seminary's one, and on every first Friday of the month studies were dropped, and we spent the whole day in strict retreat of complete silence. I read largely in devotional literature and deepened my happiness in the cultivation of the inner life. Our domestic superior was narrow and harsh. It was impossible to please him. If our job was to sweep and scrub a stairway, as it often was, there was always an imperfection in it to his cold and glaring eye. No doubt we did it well enough, but he thought the conceit should be taken out of us, and he certainly tried hard. But that was a small thing, and in the joyous fraternity of the student body we were about as happy as it is possible for human beings to be. A radiant time, beautiful to look back upon and tenderly to be recalled; its cares so few, its friendships so deep, its fresh young hopes so high! As long as I live *meminisse juvabit*.¹⁵

But there were omens gathering in the sky. We caught rumors of Rome's growing stringency against Catholic scholars, of the implacable reactionary Cardinal Mazzella's dominance over the mind of the ninety-year-old Pope, and of indication that a regime of intellectual terrorism was on its way.¹⁶ We were prepared to believe it when the *Testem benevolentiae*, the papal letter condemning Americanism, fell upon us like a bombshell. The condemnation was a direct hit at the Paulists, for this terrible Americanist heresy was said to have originated in their founder, Father Hecker.¹⁷ The *Testem benevolentiae* was to me an abominable document, sufficiently snaky and insinuating to bring lasting reproach upon my beloved Paulists, but yet

not outright enough to declare Father Hecker's life and Institute completely blamable. I interpreted it as the revenge of Latin ecclesiastics for our country's recent defeat of Catholic Spain. I hoped, with all my indignant heart, that the Paulist superiors would act with manly independence and not grovel before this act of outrage. I could not see that they were called upon to take any action at all. Why not let things quietly go on as before? It was preposterous to think that Americanism, as a heresy, existed or ever had existed. And when I learned that the Paulists, in consequence of the Pope's letter, had suppressed the biography of Father Hecker, I was struck to my deepest depth with shame.

A few months later I took priest's orders.

I dare say it will be hard for some of my readers to understand, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that despite the sparse symptoms of liberalism thus far mentioned, I was ordained as fervent in orthodoxy as any man could be. Liberal I was—in the sense that I detested the slavemind and held crookedness and slyness in abhorrence. But doubt of the official faith, there was absolutely none. Rather, I was aflame with eager desire to spread the saving truth of Catholicism. The sins of Popes and prelates I knew from church history; the unwisdom of some of their policies I recognized from present history; the inadequate education of priests I had observed in my own experience, short as that was. But all this touched no doctrine of the Church. The divine element in the Church was my chief concern, and I believed it to be without spot or blemish. The human element clung to the outside of the heavenly vessel, but it never tarnished the inestimable treasure within. In a flood of joy, and with a hunger of zeal, I entered upon the ancient ministry.

Chapter IV

PAULIST MISSION PREACHER

AFTER another year at the University, in order to gain a degree, I entered upon the career of mission preacher, and long had been impatient for it to begin. Preaching I loved, and the special character of mission preaching called for a fervor which was well suited to my temperament. Up and down the country I went, preaching night after night upon the mission subjects of Salvation, Sin, Death and Judgment, with fierce young energy laboring to convert and reclaim, to fortify and sanctify the souls of men.

I hope it is proper for me to say that as I began this chosen work I was a very innocent person. I had seen nothing of gross sin, and from my own sheltered life and the studious habits cultivated even from my lonely boyhood, I had felt but little of the shock of temptation. It was, then, an appalling revelation which the confessional, in both great cities and country districts, flung upon me. The horrible animalism, the terrifying weaknesses, the relapse after relapse of these poor creatures, who in thousands streamed in for yet one absolution more, might have shaken my trust in human nature had I not sharply reminded myself that my business in life was to fight this evil, not to whine or wail over it. I had read that Cardinal Newman, after having heard confessions for a certain time, refused to hear any more, so outraged was his sensitive soul by the horrors poured out upon him. I added this to my other grievances against Newman, a man who had never



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inwardly touched me, for reasons that I may yet mention. If that was the sort of world it was, very well, let me know it just as it was, without allowing it to lessen my zeal or to induce a hopeless indifference.

So I fought the harder, however slender the effect might be. But this sad new knowledge had no little effect upon me. Without directly willing it, my preaching grew sterner, and my moral judgments more swift and harsh. It was as if I had determined not to arrange any kind of secret truce with the enemy with whom I was in open war. This required that I should hold evil as evil everywhere and in whomsoever, without respect of persons or station. A wrong was not to be sprinkled with perfume because it was a Pope that committed it. Beastliness, treachery, and lying were just that, and did not become something else because they were done to promote some ecclesiastical purpose. I became what I suppose may be called a moral realist, and no doubt often approached the position of a moral absolutist. "Where evil is, God is not," was my principle, and I regarded a minimizer of evil as often worse than the original transgressor.

About this time, it was, that I read Lord Acton's essays and letters; and that event is one of the most decisive in my life.¹ In the glorious scholar's moral inflexibility, in his absolute refusal, Catholic though he was, to relax the severity of his standards in favor of a Pope or even of a canonized saint, in his abomination of the Inquisition and of the Popes who favored it and legislated for it, in his wrath at the devilish action of Pope and Curia in decreeing festal celebrations when they heard of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and in his castigation of all who made themselves active falsifiers in order to cover the crimes of churchmen or to recommend the claims of churches, I had found the man whom I had been in hunger to discover.² Newman's subtlety and Caiaphaslike rigor of churchmanship had long

offended me. Manning's shady diplomacy and his use of such a creature as Talbot³ as his Roman agent had disgusted me; the evasions and the silences of churchmen and theologians, and their disposition to put a fair face on cruelty and even to whitewash Alexander VI had hurt and outraged me.⁴ But Acton, the unshaken oracle of right as the canon of historical judgment to which every institution and every lord have to submit, I took to my inmost heart, and I have kept him there ever since.

What actually was happening to me, though I knew it not, was that I was beginning to change the whole map of my inner life. The Church had been my Absolute. Now the moral law was becoming my Absolute.

Faults enough I had; too impetuous I knew I was, for one thing, and too inclined to tie knots in my scourges; but as a student, as a preacher of righteousness, and last of all, as a follower—however poor a one—of the victim of churchmen and their subservient mob, the Crucified, I had not a doubt that I was correct in giving the place of primacy, in all my judgment of men and opinions, to the Absoluteness of Right. There was no alternative but to permit a progressive degradation of conscience by partial interests and subtle masters of compromise, the way of ruin altogether. My choice was made, but I was far from knowing yet how far the principle of the moral law as the supreme judge of thought and of institutions should carry me.

A step or two, however, I took even then toward crisis. For example, I abhorred the Inquisition, the debased theologians who provided a theoretical foundation for it, and the modern commentators who furnish a variety of excuses and palliations for it—mostly, I felt, a mass of lies. The Popes who authorized and extended it I regarded as guilty of murder; the monks who administered its cruel law I held as on the level with torturers and assassins; and such

things as the granting of indulgences for fetching fagots to the fire that burned a heretic I believed to be a systematic debauching and brutalizing of the soul of a continent, and the worst apostasy from Christ that had ever been committed. When, in missions to non-Catholics, a question would be asked concerning the Inquisition, my answer was unequivocally and even fiercely in this sense. And if I thereby incurred one of the condemnations set forth in the Syllabus of Pius IX, it gave me no slightest concern or scruple. Sanctified murder I would not be gentle to, however high the authority that would like us to be gentle to it.⁵

I began to observe in the spoken and written words of men what attitude they took to this brutality of the Inquisition, and if I found them disposed to benevolence toward it, as I usually did, never again could I admire them, never again trust them in any matter of morals. And so, when I read once in Newman that the dreadful crimes attributed to Jehovah's prompting in the Old Testament gave, by anticipated example, a ground for the severities of the Inquisition, I laid the book down, determined that, as a moral teacher, Newman was finished for me. For no antiquarian document can ever justify heartless savagery; and if the Old Testament tries to justify it, so much the worse for the Old Testament. Such was my first *non possum*,⁶ the earliest of the absolute affirmations of my moral nature in the face of tradition.

In my first year as missionary I was several times in Nashville, where the bishop, whose name was Byrne, took some notice of me and felt, I believe, very kindly disposed to me.⁷ I preached often in the Cathedral and had many conversations with him. Once he gave me an interesting bit of history of the Vatican Council and its consequences. I knew nothing of the Vatican Council of 1870 except that it defined the dogma of the Pope's infallibility. When

we studied in theology the tract on the Roman Pontiff, we were simply told that a few bishops at the Council were opposed to defining that dogma, not because they disbelieved it, nor because they denied that it had been believed through the centuries, but only because they thought the definition just then inopportune. How false these statements are, I was later to find out when I read the downright disbelief in Papal infallibility and in its existence in past centuries, expressed by Bishops Hefele, Strossmayer, Dupanloup, Kenrick, and others, who took part in the Vatican Council.⁸ But at the time I speak of, I took it for granted that the usual explanation of the opposition to the definition was correct.

Bishop Byrne told me that in 1870 he was attached to the Cathedral staff in Cincinnati. The head of the archdiocese of Cincinnati was Archbishop Purcell, one of the most celebrated prelates in the history of the American church.⁹ Purcell attended the Council and was one of the opponents of Papal infallibility. Shortly before his arrival home, upon the indefinite adjournment of the Council, the citizens of Cincinnati made preparations for a great reception to him. A large hall was engaged, certain eminent men in the city were to voice their greeting to his Grace, and he was to respond. The Archbishop arrived at his residence on the day before this public meeting. He went to his room at once, said Bishop Byrne, hardly greeting the cathedral priests who welcomed him. He seemed to be deeply troubled. He ordered his meals sent up to him and remained in strict seclusion. The priests heard him walking up and down his room by the hour. Next day, the day fixed for the public celebration of his return, he did not appear at table, saw no one, and continued walking the floor. All this was abnormal, and presently became alarming. Finally the priests took counsel together and concluded that they must discover the reason for his strange behavior. They

entered the Archbishop's room and told him of their anxiety concerning him. He answered that he would be frank with them. It was his intention to go before the great audience that should soon meet to honor him and tell them the whole story "of that damned Council," as Bishop Byrne reported his words. In the highest alarm, the priests pleaded with him. They reminded him of the scandal he would create, of the disastrous consequences to himself, and of the uselessness and mischief of such an act of revolt. At last he yielded; and before they left the room he promised to say nothing but the usual conventionalities of such an occasion.

His sorrow and chagrin at the outcome of the Council were no more intense than were felt by Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, as evidenced by the letter he wrote to Lord Acton some years after the Council; or by the historian of the Councils, Bishop Hefele, who long delayed sending in his submission to the new dogma, and meditated resigning his see of Rottenburg and taking refuge in America. The crisis of conscience which certain of those anti-infallibilist bishops confronted, when a theological opinion which they disbelieved had been raised to the status of "a truth of God revealed by Christ," was severe and prolonged. But, at last every one of them, even the Croatian Strossmayer, who during one of his speeches in opposition was howled down with the cry "Heretic!" flung at him by the bishops who were resolved to carry the dogma through—every one of them at last submitted. The heat of that fevered controversy has died down. The story that the opponents of the dogma intended only to question the wisdom of defining it at just that time prevails. The history of the Council is known to few, and the history of the dogma to fewer still. And only the little church of the Old Catholics¹¹ which refused to accept the new addition to the creed because un-Catholic—"a

Protestant invention," as Keenan's catechism¹² from which many Irish children learned their faith, called the charge that Catholics believe the Pope to be infallible—only that small body of remonstrants exists to remind us of the storm that raged in 1870.

After two years of incessant work as mission preacher I suffered a collapse of health and was ordered to the house of studies in Washington to teach theology. Two years later I took over the classes in Scripture in addition to the courses in theology.

Pius X was then Pope, and the havoc that he created among Catholic students and scholars was just beginning. An indication of what was coming was given in a letter of the Pope's in which he said that "the Hebrew patriarchs, in the solemn hours of their lives, let their thoughts rest upon the contemplation of Mary immaculate." The Hebrews were Seth, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and a great many other dim figures of the Hebrew tribe. We are little warranted in thinking that many of them had devout thoughts of any kind; but that they not only gave their minds to such pious reflections as their primitive times permitted, but also made the Mother of the Messiah (non-existent till an unknown number of centuries later) a centre of their devotions, is certainly extraordinary. If that type of statement was an illustration of the ideas that were to govern the studies of Catholic teachers, the portent was dark indeed.¹³

The event soon followed the omen. A regime of repression set in and went on with increasing stringency, especially in the field of Biblical study. Advanced opinions, it was clear, were to be abolished. But what is an advanced opinion? A student of Scripture has for his business to understand ancient texts. In doing so he must try his best to investigate when the text was written, what influences acted upon the author, whether the book shows signs of

collation, revision, or borrowing, and to what extent external historical sources confirm, fail to confirm, or contradict its statements of fact. He is; throughout, in the region of accessible data, though often insufficient data. But upon such evidence as he has, he must construct his opinions. No opinion that accords with the evidence can be "advanced" in reference to the evidence; it becomes censurable if it is, and more careful students will not be slow in censuring it. If, however, an opinion is called "advanced," not in reference to the evidence, but in reference to some official pronouncement which was made independently of the evidence, the student cannot be concerned with that. His one duty is to state facts and to indicate what explanations and interpretations are consistent with the facts.

Let us illustrate this, for it is the key to the whole original Modernist movement. We know with certainty, from St. Paul's letters, that Paul was strenuously opposed and plotted against by the Jewish converts to Christianity; these Judaeo-Christians asserted that the law of Moses was given by God himself, and that it was impious for any mere man to nullify it. Paul did nullify it, and told his Gentile converts that they were converted to Christ, not to Moses, and that for them the Law had been abolished. For this he was charged by his gainsayers with being no true apostle; on the contrary with being a renegade both to his father's faith and to the older apostles led by Peter and James. They sent their emissaries into his mission field and tried to undo his work. Down to the end of his life he testified to his lonely fight for freedom in Christ against these false brethren, unremitting in their opposition. The most dramatic episode in the struggle was his public censure of Peter at Antioch for refusing to sit at table with Gentiles who had accepted Christ but not the Law. All this we know with certainty from his own pen.

Now the book of Acts is a history of this very period. Yet, although Acts is full of the external conflicts of the church, it is entirely silent upon this most serious internal conflict. If we had only Acts for our historical source, we should never know of the controversy. We should, instead, be led to imagine that the apostles were beautifully harmonious, and even that Peter, in the vision at Joppa, had anticipated Paul in perceiving the Gentiles' equality with the Jew. The author of Acts, then, is moved by the desire to cover up the quarrels of the Apostles and to spare their good repute. And if we had any doubt of this tendency in him from the book of Acts, it would be dispelled by his other work, Luke's Gospel. There we discover the same disposition to be tender toward the Twelve, the same solicitude not to discredit them although his sources did, to no inconsiderable extent, discredit them. Take, for instance, the Gethsemane narrative of Mark, Matthew, and Luke. The two former put the Apostles in a sorry light. They were especially asked by Jesus to watch with him. Yet they all fell asleep, and when the arrest was made they took to their heels. Luke changes his sources for the same reason that moved him to omit in Acts the unhappy state of affairs that we learn of from Paul. He does not say that Jesus asked the apostles to watch with him; he moderates the incident of their falling asleep by attributing their sleep to sorrow—a manifestly artificial apology, for sorrow does not cause sleep but prevents it. He does not give the Lord's reproach to them for their forgetfulness of him; and he entirely leaves out the miserable fact, which the sources that he had under his eyes contained, namely, that "they all forsook him and fled." In the unpleasant affair of the ambitious request of the sons of Zebedee for the two highest places in the Kingdom, Matthew shares the apologizing temper of Luke. For while the earliest gospel, Mark—which Matthew and Luke made the foundation of their

own gospels—tells who the ambitious apostles were, Matthew puts the request into the mouth of their mother, but so clumsily that the answer of Jesus, "Ye know not what ye ask," uncovers the artifice at once. Luke omits the incident altogether in the place where Mark and Matthew have it, and transfers it to the Last Supper, and then in a moderate form, and with no naming of the diplomatic pair who aspired to the highest posts.

Here are facts indisputable. The critical student, looking at them and at others like them, concludes that Luke has the habit of using evidence so as to spare the Apostles and present them in the best possible figure. Such an interpretation is not "*advanced*" beyond the data, for the data manifestly support it. If, now, it is objected, "But this cannot be. The dogma of inspiration forbids it;" the student can only answer, "The facts are leaping at you out of the page. If you are to have a dogma of inspiration, it must be elastic enough to cover the facts. If it extinguishes the facts, it inescapably must be false." ¹⁴

Let us take one example more, this time from the history of dogma, the set of dogmas concerning the superhuman privileges and sanctity of Mary. Origen, explaining why Mary should have had a husband, tells us that it was important to conceal from the Devil that the Messiah was about to be born, lest the Devil kill the child. In order to make the concealment perfect, Mary was married to Joseph. For then the Devil would think that Jesus was their son, born, as all children are, in the natural way. It would never occur to him that the son of a married couple was virgin-born. This strange notion persisted for centuries. Thomas Aquinas says that the Devil, by his own natural faculties, would have known of the virgin birth of Jesus, but that God prevented him from perceiving it. St. Basil, however, informs us that Satan knew the Messiah was to be born without a human father and so he kept watch on all

virgins. But Mary was a married woman. Therefore he passed her by as out of the question and was completely deceived.

From these speculations the attention of theologians was turned to the question of Mary's sanctity. Here they found very disturbing words in the Gospels. When an audience, listening to Jesus, told him that his mother and his brothers were at hand and wished to speak with him, he answered: "Who is my mother and my brothers?" Then pointing to the people round him he added: "Behold my mother and my brothers. Whosoever doeth the will of God, he is my brother and sister and mother." St. John Chrysostom explains this passage by saying that then and there Mary was guilty of ambition, for she desired to show the crowd round Jesus that she had authority over him. Again in the Cana narrative, Jesus said to his mother, who had reminded him that the wine was failing: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Once more John Chrysostom is very candid on this harsh passage. He says that Mary, in this instance, was moved by vanity, and wished to show the wedding guests that she shared her son's glory. Finally, Origen explains the prophetic words of Simeon, in Luke III (35)—"And thy own soul a sword shall pierce"¹⁵ as meaning that the sword was doubt, for in the passion, Origen goes on, Mary sinned by doubting that the suffering man whom she saw was the Son of God.¹⁶

But as the growth of the dogma of Christ's person developed, and as his absolute Deity became the central point of faith, it became intolerable that his mother should be held imperfect. In contradiction to Chrysostom, both people and theologians, hailing Mary as Theotokos, Mother of God, could not tolerate the idea of frailty of any sort in her. The first step, taken in consequence of these theological and devout prepossessions, was that Mary was declared purified of all imperfection at the Incarnation when

Gabriel called her blessed. At that moment, says Ivo of Chartres: "*Omnem naevum tam originalis quam actualis culpae in ea delevit*"—every spot of sin, original and actual, was destroyed in her. And the great theological master of the early middle ages, Peter Lombard, says that the flesh of Mary, being human, was *caro peccati* (the flesh of sin) but that it was purified so as to be worthy of forming the body of the Word incarnate.¹⁷ Thus it was established that every shadow of sin was removed from Mary at the Incarnation and all her life afterward. But that was not enough for popular piety. She must be made absolutely sinless always. The belief, therefore, was originated, and inevitably became prevalent, that to Mary was granted sanctification *in utero* (sanctification before her birth) but this did not, for a long time, mean sanctification in her conception. Thomas Aquinas, unable to forget tradition, says that the tendency to sin, the *fomes peccati* (the root of sin) common to all children of Adam, existed in Mary up to the Incarnation, but in an inert and inactive state; and at the Incarnation and ever after it was extirpated altogether.

Only one final advance was possible, and it was, in its turn, inevitable; it was to have the root of sin extirpated from the moment of her conception, that is, to exempt her from the hereditary sin of Adam, original sin. It was a difficult advance, however, and was long in coming. In 1136 the feast of Mary's conception was introduced in Lyons. St. Bernard, although he was a most fervent devotee of devotion to Mary, took alarm. He called such a festival a superstition, and asserted that the church's liturgy did not approve it, that reason disapproves it, and that tradition does not authorize it. "To be conceived in sanctity," says he, "belongs only to him who came to sanctify mankind." Great theologians like Alexander of Hales, Albert the Great (Albertus Magnus), and Bonaventure refuted the idea of

an immaculate conception for Mary. Bonaventure says that nearly everybody (*fere omnes*) refuses to admit her immaculate conception, and explains that the feast of the conception means Mary's sanctification *in utero*. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of them all, states that Mary would not need redemption if she had been immaculate, i.e., free of original sin, in her conception. When Duns Scotus asserted the immaculate conception of Mary, war was begun between his supporters, the Franciscans, and the disciples of Aquinas, the Dominicans. In 1476 Pope Sixtus IV approved the Office of the Immaculate Conception. In 1568 Pius V suppressed it and ordered a substitute which did not contain the statement of the Immaculate Conception. In 1644 the Inquisition condemned the phrase, the Immaculate Conception of Mary, and approved, instead of it, the formula, the Conception of Mary Immaculate. In 1483 Sixtus IV forbade, under penalty of excommunication, that anybody should call heretical the opinion that Mary was immaculately conceived. In 1617 Paul V forbade anyone to maintain in public that Mary was not immaculately conceived. So the debate went on, with the new opinion winning year by year. In vain Melchior Cano, one of the greatest theologians, had said (about 1560) that the Immaculate Conception was not in Scripture, nor in apostolic tradition. Correct though the statement was, it was useless against the rush of piety which regarded the refusal of the honor as an act of disloyalty to the queen of heaven. At the Great Council of Trent, the Dominicans succeeded in preventing the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and for two hundred years thereafter the Popes did not dare define it, for that would discredit the chief theologians of the Middle Ages, and Aquinas, the monarch of them all. But in 1854 Pius IX took the final step and solemnly declared that Mary's exemption from original sin was a truth revealed by God in

Christ, and was, henceforth, to be believed as an integral and original part of divine revelation.¹⁸

Here, again, the student has facts before his eyes. He sees that the new dogma was not taught in antiquity; that it was refuted by the foremost theologians; that it was rejected by St. Bernard; and that for centuries Popes tolerated the denial of it. If, however, he is warned that he must not say this, since it compromises the Church's infallibility, he once more can only answer: "If you have a dogma of infallibility, well and good. But it must adapt itself to manifest fact; for a fact cannot adapt itself to anything."¹⁹ Further, the student of the history of dogma must say that the old Catholic rule that the Church cannot invent a dogma, but is authorized to define as revealed truth, only what has been always, everywhere, and by all true Christians believed—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—no longer holds.²⁰ For in the Immaculate Conception, we have a dogma which not only was not believed in all the Christian ages, but was denied for centuries, formally refuted by the greatest theological thinkers the church possesses, denounced by Bernard, one of the most illustrious saints in her calendar, and expressly permitted to be denied by her Popes. In defining other dogmas in the future, therefore, the church, by this precedent, may dismiss antiquity, take no reckoning of history, and depart from Scripture and liturgical and theological tradition, if she so desires. Again there would be an outcry against so irreligious a contradiction of the church's apostolicity and infallibility. And again the historical mind must protest that he cannot change recorded facts, and that it is the business of dogmaticians to interpret their theorems so as not to demand that he shall change them.²¹

In these instances we have the essence of Modernism brought into the light. The Modernists believed that the Church's theoretical or dogmatic statements could be made

flexible enough to cover the facts of critical research. There was no other way of saving the Church; and the Church, as the chief social agency in the moral and spiritual education of mankind, could not legitimately imprison itself in so narrow a set of formulas as to be unable to accommodate itself to facts. Theologians, they maintained, who know little of the historical treatment of texts, have built an iron cage and have presumed to shut up Catholicism within it. They it is, not the critics, who are endangering the Church; they, not we, have made the Church suspected of opposition to scholarship. We assert that Catholicism is too great to be enclosed in the cage. It is so rich and true that it can accept any facts; but the time has come for it to declare that its life does not depend upon the bonds and fetters of old formulations, which today are a loss not a gain to it, alienating instructed minds from it, and injuring the cause it exists to serve.²²

The answer of Pius X was that the accommodation could not be made, that the traditional formulas were of the essence of Catholicism, and that the "advanced" ideas must be annihilated. Which of the two was right? Pius X was right if the essence of Catholicism is such as to incur destruction by the admission of the commonplaces of historical criticism. The Modernists were right if Catholicism is so vital and adaptive as to grow beyond the framework fixed and riveted before historical criticism became mature. Practically, of course, the quarrel was settled by the bludgeon. The Church's highest authority suppressed the Modernists, condemned their writings, silenced and expelled their representatives in Catholic schools of higher learning, and, at the end, demanded under oath from priests and professors that they abjured Modernist opinions.²³

To complete the purge, the Pope ordered that in every diocese a Committee of Vigilance should be created to re-

port in secret to the bishop such priests as gave reason to suspect that they were infected with Modernism. Nothing like this had ever been known before.²⁴ It worked havoc in its results; it was appalling in its method. But perhaps the strangest feature of the affair was that the dreadful heresy of Modernism—the synthesis of all heresies, in the words of the Pope—did not come from separated heresiarchs; it came from the bosom of the Church; its home was the sanctuary, its advocates were the appointed and ordained guides of souls. It was indeed true, and since it was true the question arises, forced from us by the Pope's own admission, how many of them are still in the sanctuary, silenced but active in their nefarious work so far as prudent occasion permits, Concerning this we shall say a few words on a later page.

The tempest had not broken but was only gathering when I began teaching in Washington. I was fated, no doubt, to take position with the Modernists, but this did not occur at once, nor easily. My first acquaintance with their statements in Scriptural questions and in the history of dogma alarmed me. I still regarded orthodoxy as expressible in no other terms than those of the classical theological tradition, and I had not yet grasped the idea of the more radical Modernists, that Catholicism, in its essence, was capable of living its abundant life under different formulations. At all events, whatsoever this turmoil might result in, my immediate duty was to study hard, to make myself a better teacher and a more useful apologist and defender of the historic faith.

I was indeed sorry that, in certain instances, authority acted with so little mercy, and seemed so careless of the suffering it inflicted. In the same spirit, three or four years before, I had been hurt by Cardinal Vaughan's excommunication of the Catholic scientist, St. George Mivart, for proposing the humane possibility that the damned in

hell were granted periods of respite from their awful torments.²⁵ Not long after this Mivart episode, Dom Gasquet, head of the Benedictines in England, afterwards Cardinal Gasquet, visited us. In the course of a frank talk to us he said that Cardinal Vaughan had recently expressed the hope to him that great Catholic scholars, lay and clerical, should arise in England to give lustre to the Catholic name. Gasquet said that his answer was, "At the present moment I fear that the chief obstacle to this most desirable expectation is your Eminence."

Hermann Schell, also, the greatly loved German theologian, I thought had been condemned quite needlessly.²⁶ And as for the Roman decree commanding Catholics to believe that the text of the three heavenly witnesses in the first epistle of John (I John 5:7) was authentic, when every textual student knows that it is not, but was in all likelihood inserted by the heretic Priscillian, I could only wonder at the willingness of the Curialists to compromise their reputation and the Church's good name by such ineptitude.²⁷ I could not doubt that if repressions and blunders of this kind kept on, no independent man would be allowed to speak at all, and that the spokesmen for Catholicism would be mediocrities, who should be more concerned to satisfy the reactionaries of the Index and the Inquisition than to work for the souls of modern men and to defend our religion in a modern dialect.

Apart from these generalized liberal sympathies, I was as orthodox as I had ever been. In fact, I was only sharing the dispositions of the best Catholic scholars the Church possessed, men like Duchesne, Maurignan, d'Hulst, Archbishop Mignot of Albi, Genocchi, the laymen Fonsegrive, Fracassini, Fogazzaro, Baron von Hügel, and many more.²⁸ The hyenas of orthodoxy, as we used to call them, who desired a fresh condemnation at every meal; Mazzella, Merry del Val, Bishop Turinaz of Nancy, Maignen, who

was obsessed by Americanism and "Protestant infiltrations," and others of their temper, were loud and menacing; but we fondly thought that their excess of obscurantism would render them insignificant for intelligent men.²⁹

Meanwhile, in the front line of Catholic radicalism, Loisy was admitting that the three early chapters of Genesis, the stories of creation, the fall of man, and the flood, had been written under the influence of Babylonian mythology.³⁰ The Abbé Turmel was at work, alarmingly, on the history of dogmas, as he still is, though no longer an abbé nor a Catholic.³¹ And, under a number of pseudonyms, masked scholars were writing in European periodicals on Richard Simon,³² the founder of biblical criticism, who was crushed by Bossuet's name and power not by Bossuet's rhetoric; on the origins of devotion to Mary; on certain unexpected and startling opinions of the early Fathers; on the early confession and other matters equally inflammable. It was a most extraordinary flowering of Catholic scholarship. But the hurricane that was to level it with the ground was already loosed and on the way.

Chapter V

THE BITTER ROOTS OF MODERNISM

THAT question of the Inquisition continued to trouble me. Whatever this mind of mine may be, as I have indicated and ask pardon for repeating, it has one characteristic more pronounced than any other, and that is the disposition to seek, first and foremost, the moral bearings of a problem, and to come to a conclusion concerning it chiefly on that basis. To put it another way, the moral tone in the total harmony, which it is the vocation of thought and life to seek, is the one which, to me, is the most essential to the harmony. There is no falling into pharisaism in this—it would be absurd to think so. It is simply the set of my mind as it plays upon the mass of things in the endeavor to find the ideal within the real. That ideal, or will of God, as I interpret it, first and foremost and most clearly reveals itself as elevating and purifying our moral nature. Whatever does not do so, but does the opposite, I cannot attribute to the ideal of the Eternal manifesting itself in time.

The moral implications of intolerance are obvious, and now that I was near an adequate library, I determined to see exactly how grave a moral question was involved in the history and processes of the Inquisition—the Church's organized agency of intolerance.¹ No student of that institution need be told of the shock that awaited me. The worst feature of the hellish business was not the secrecy of the inquisitional process, nor concealing from the victim

of the names of his accusers, nor even the primary motive of the judges, which was to force a confession of guilt even by torture. Horrible as these were, one thing was much more horrible. That was the elaborate system of incredible turpitude, planned by the shepherds of the flock of Christ, and developed by the learned doctors of the "heavenly science" of theology into a structure of premeditated crime, unparalleled in the records of mankind. When we see legislation solemnly enacted by the very highest authority in the Church, providing that a son who will denounce his own father to the Inquisition shall receive a portion of the father's confiscated estate while no other member of the family shall get any of it; when we read tractates *De Tortura* (on torture) in the works of eminent theologians; when we find these lights of holy learning debating at what age minors may be subjected to torture, and how many days after childbirth—fifteen or twenty or thirty—must elapse before a recent mother accused of heretical opinions may be tortured; then we are faced with wickedness which might cause a scruple to Satan himself. It caused no scruple, however, to men who said their prayers and masses, made meditations, and felt the glow of mystical visitation. That became, and will forever remain to me, the awfulest mystery of corruption and perversion, the most terrible mask of heaven worn by hell, to which man's mournful chronicle of evil bears witness.²

How radical the corruption was, into what extent of ruin it could go, I may illustrate by an argument of Del Rio in his large and influential work *De Magia* (on witchcraft). The main concern of the inquisitional court, in cases of witchcraft, was the same as in cases of heresy, to get from the victim a confession. Del Rio considers how far the judge may go in eliciting a confession by subtlety and deception without incurring the guilt of a lie. If the judge should say: "Confess that you have taken part in

witchcraft practices and I shall spare your life," while he really intends to sentence the victim to death if he does confess, "that," says Del Rio, "is not allowed, for it is unmistakably a lie." Suppose, however, that the judge says: "Confess, and I shall build you a house and make you a present of it, and you may dwell in it free as long as you live," meaning in his own mind by this that if the accused person did confess, the judge would build for him a house, but a house of fagots, or the stake, in which the poor wretch should, indeed, dwell as long as he lived, but that was only as long as it took the fire to kill him. "This," says the distinguished theologian, "is permitted, for it is exactly true to fact, and if the victim mistook the word 'house,' and misunderstood the phrase 'as long as you live,' it was simply his misfortune."³

I shall not comment on this. Only let us remember that Father Del Rio was an ordained minister, not of Beelzebub, but of Jesus Christ, set apart to serve his Master's kingdom of righteousness and love. Let us remember, further, that the morality he teaches here was orthodox, and that it was accepted by the continent of Europe and put in practice for four centuries. We may, then, let the imagination rest upon the horrors resulting from it. The agony sown like seed as a consequence of it, the despair, the heartbreak, the torment of the rack, and the anguish of fire, justified and recommended by it. Then, from this mass of human woe, let a man give sentence upon the authority that was behind it all.

For my part I found the problem extending far beyond the incidents of the history of the Inquisition. Del Rio, and Diana, and Thomas Aquinas, and many more who advocated the murder of men for religious opinions or for the practice of witchcraft, did not descend so low by themselves and by consulting the natural feelings of their own hearts.⁴ No, they had made an unconditional surrender of personality to an institution. Their private conscience had,

then, no rights any longer; their minds no independent validity or standing. Whatever the institution did was *ipso facto* right and true, and their own personality was so far suffocated as not to be able to see with its own eyes or speak with its own voice.

Thus the scandal grew to the proportions of a universal problem of morals. I began to see that from the very nature of a personality or soul, we incur moral disaster in submitting it without reserve to any institution whatever, civil or ecclesiastical. There must always be a condition implicit in any such attachment, the condition being that a man's soul shall never accept outrage and perversion. And perhaps the first responsibility that rests upon man is to see that his social loyalties do not violate his spiritual nature; and, on the other hand, that his protests against a social authority do not come from passion or self-love, but from a socialized individuality which keeps in true adjustment the claims of his group and the rights of his spirit. No rule of thumb can summarily decide the delicate question. Only the cultivation of a man's soul can decide it. But, certainly one thing is clear: to yield obedience without any condition at all to any corporation is havoc and ruin. It is not merely losing one's soul, it is throwing it away. And I came to see then, and believe firmly now, that the creation of a personality richly socialized in sympathies and inflexibly individualized in principles is the highest achievement and the last word of history. The Person as the last word of history, not the mere individual human unit, a prey to prejudice and floundering in the morass of his wild appetites and desires, but the soul, the central organ through which speaks the voice of everlasting Right and Truth—this is what I was coming to, and consequences which would have horrified me then attended it.

Churches, with their dominant and exclusive churchmanship, have hardly ever seen this moral idea. Newman

never saw it, and I dare say this was the essential but hidden reason why he never inwardly appealed to me. He is the paragon and perfect Tory of churchmanship. The greatest abhorrence of his life was liberalism everywhere, in politics and in religion. And one of the ironies of history, that gave me grim amusement, was the incident of Newman's visit to Oxford in his old age. A great reception was provided for him, and James Bryce, who gave the address of welcome, remarked that in the old days such a meeting would have been impossible at Oxford. But theological shackles were dropping off from the University, he said, and liberalism had arrived. And for this happy change, continued Mr. Bryce, one of the men who deserved most credit was Dr. Newman. Newman, to whom liberalism and the casting off of dogmatic shackles were the work of foul fiends from the pit, must have had the sad feeling that his life's labor had ended in defeat. But, if Tory churchmen do not see this moral principle, others who were greater than they, have seen it and proclaimed it.⁵

Jeremiah reaches the profoundest insight of Old Testament prophecy in announcing that institutional covenants had failed, and that the time was approaching when there should be a new covenant, engraved in man's inward parts and written in his heart. And Dante, almost the dearest of names to me, is one with the Jewish seer. As he is about to enter heaven, Virgil, unable, because a pagan, to accompany him there, bids him farewell. His last deep words to Dante are, *Te sopra te coronò e mitriò*, I raise thee above thyself, I crown thee and mitre thee.⁶ The meaning is that Dante is about to enter a sphere of life where perfect personality alone avails and exists. No state is there, hence Dante is to be himself a king. No church is there, therefore he is to be himself a bishop. The last word of history is not institutions but Soul.

The Master of us all, I was growing convinced, taught

in the same sense. His Kingdom of God was never expressed in terms of churchmanship, always expressed in terms of the Person, cleansed from within and led from above. Neither in Samaria nor in Jerusalem was salvation, but in spirit and in truth. To lose, to sink, to abjure one's soul, was the one loss that was irreparable. The kingdoms of the earth were useless and of no profit before that primary disaster. No thronged multitude and mighty concourse, great in prestige, ensured his abiding presence; but two or three, gathered together in his name, might be confident of it. The powerful institution might utter its condemnations; yet the merciful heretic who did God's gracious work should be preferred before it. His disciples should be dragged before magistrates and kings and thrown out of synagogues; yet the divine Spirit should not desert them, but should mark them for Its own and give them what to speak. Pomp and mastery would impose upon the imagination of people, and there would be loud cries of Lo! here, Lo! there; but his Kingdom and God's was within.

At the sight of the capital city of his race, the disciples broke out into uncontrollable excitement. But Jesus wept for the city, and for all its ordered priesthood, and daily sacrifices, and temple domed in gold; saw it desolate and laid waste, for, home of sacred learning as it was, it knew not what constitutes the peace of God. Humble heart and pure mind, love for neighbor and love for God, the innocence of children, and the repentance of the prodigal, hunger and thirst for righteousness, and the loving loyalty that bears the cross—these were what touched his heart, and whatever hearts were moved by such things were close unto his own.

No orthodoxy was a passport to his mind, any more than wealth was, or lofty station in church or state. But the face upraised in trust, the fidelity that answered generously to the higher call, the risking of all for the purchase

of the precious pearl, the soul unobtrusive in doing good and immovable in withstanding wrong—these drew him with irresistible attraction, and upon these he laid his blessing. The church that had existed since Moses, and the devout practices consecrated by the venerable Law, never caused his eye to shine or his lips to utter panegyric. History might be incorporated in institutions; it could be transfigured only by souls. To souls therefore, to persons, to character, transformed from within by his Father's glory of which the light was love and righteousness, he dedicated his teaching, his life and his death. He would substitute spontaneous trust for imposed conformity, brotherhood for churchmanship, purity of heart for corporations, the companionship of One who seeth in secret for federations mighty in prestige.

This was seen so clearly in his lifetime, that Jesus never had a word of sympathy spoken to him by a priest. Not a single priest joined his little company. The whole official hierarchy shows, in not one instance, any sign of being touched by the pure influence that poured out upon Palestine from that glorious soul. Into those iron heads, solidified in orthodoxy, not a gleam of his pure light could break its way. He was not regular, not an institutional man, not given to consulting the authorities, not sound in the traditions. And so, since to flatter him into subservience was hopeless and to bend him by threats was the last of impossible things, have him killed! Killed he was, and his death is the gate of our deliverance, the immortal example and inspiration of souls who would live in time by ideals beyond it, and win, at whatsoever cost, the invincible freedom wherewith Christ has set us free.

Another reflection arising from the penal laws of churchmanship concerned mysticism and the mystics. I was drawn to the mystics by a profound sympathy. Whatever in them was mentally or physiologically abnormal did not interest

me in the least. But in the substance of their experience I saw a splendid witness to man's thirst for the Eternal, and the Eternal's all-sufficing bestowal of His Spirit upon Man. Mysticism, as pure adoration with no imaginative picturing of the Being who was adored, and no self-regarding interest to be promoted by the worship, touched me to the quick. It was to me the crown of personality, and the last perfection of the soul until our mortal shadows fled before the Daybreak and the vision face to face.⁷

John of the Cross was my hero among the mystics, and the Benedictine tradition of the inner life, in which so much emphasis was laid upon the Holy Spirit's presence and the free soul's happiness in that unmediated guidance, won me to the devout study and, at least, a feeble practice of its principles.⁸ At this time, however, I could not avoid asking, "These mystics, so near to the essence of the Godhead, so free from compromise in obeying the Higher Will, so eager to follow wherever the light eternal shone, what were they doing, what were they saying while sanctified torture and meritorious murder were going on all over Europe?" The dreadful answer to the question was, "They remained silent." While God, whom they loved so passionately and adored so deeply, was being outraged, no protest came from them. None of them withstood the cruel enemies of God or denounced the merciless betrayers of Christ. They, too, had annihilated the best part of their souls by an immoral subservience. They had lost, as Dante says the reprobate in hell had lost, *il ben dell' intelletto* (the highest excellence of the mind).

From this the conclusion was to me as clear as sunlight that the moral nature is the supreme dignity of man, the vital bond of souls to the Soul of Souls; and that, unless this dignity is kept intangible in its prerogative, no fervors or tears of sensuous piety avail to save us from degradation. The poet Francis Thompson has given a truer defini-

tion of mysticism that can be found in any mystical treatise. Mysticism, he says, is morality carried to the nth degree. If mystics had accepted and illustrated that definition, there would be more to follow them, and none to suspect them.

Somewhere in this period I began to read St. Augustine. *The Confessions* I had known before, but no other of his works. And, as it happened, the treatises and letters that I selected were those written in his two great controversies, against the Donatists and against the Pelagians.⁹ Of the anti-Pelagian writings and the horror they contain, I will speak later. In the anti-Donatist letters I found the greatest doctor of Latin Christianity appealing to Roman officials to persecute the Donatists. And there, perhaps, in this man of incomparable influence, was the chief source of the monstrous evil of intolerance and brutality that obliterated decency and destroyed Christ for so long. Never since then has Augustine meant anything to me. I cannot trust his soundness in common morality, and when I cannot trust a man in that, it makes little difference in what else I can trust him. Let his psychologizing of the Trinity and his dark elaborations of grace and predestination be as ingenious as anybody wants them to be, and his *City of God* be set over against the city terrestrial with whatsoever amount of ingenuity, I cannot but remember that he approved the arrest and robbery of men who, though turbulent and violent themselves at times, deserved from a Christian teacher another treatment than the invoking of the secular power and its penalties against them.

Newman, I recalled, was greatly moved by Augustine's argument against the Donatists; and the African doctor's *Securus—judicat orbis terrarum* rang in Newman's ears the knell of his Anglicanism, for the verdict of the solid earth that declared the Donatists to be schismatic was not less firm in judging Anglicans to be schismatic also. These words of high churchmanship struck deeply and decisively

into Newman's mind and completed his detachment from the church of England; but another phrase of Augustine's, written also concerning the Donatists, made no impression upon him at all. The phrase is: *Est persecutio injusta quam faciunt impii Ecclesiae Christi, et est persecutio justa quam faciunt impiis Ecclesiae Christi*—that persecution is wrong which unbelieving men inflict upon the Church of Christ; but that persecution is right which the Churches of Christ inflict upon unbelieving men.¹⁰

This most horrible and hellish statement wrecks the whole moral order, poisons conscience, destroys the religion of Christ, and blasphemes God. It justifies centuries of brutality and murder. It gives the support of a mighty name to the use of thumbscrew and rack, of coals of fire applied to naked feet, of the final fagots and the last anguish of consuming fire. They stood to me for the complete degradation of Augustine as of any value in the world of morals. In comparison with them, his *securus judicat orbis* faded away into rhetoric and bombast. Yet Dr. Newman preferred to dwell upon the high Toryism of institutional churchmanship, and to pass over in silence an enormous and iniquitous outrage upon divine law and human right. Can everybody wonder that servile churchmanship became to me a suspect thing? Can anybody take it as strange that I determined never to be a pusillanimous slave or a lying defender of clerical crime, and never to trust the men who condoned it, however high their position, or brilliant their names?

But the most serious question that arose from the study of these centuries of horrible persecution was whether the crime did not destroy the claim of the Church to infallibility. This is a question which a Protestant cannot ask. For though his church, in times past, may have practiced this cruelty, he may dismiss the fact by regretting and denouncing it. For a Catholic the case is far more serious.

His Church claims to be infallible, which means that it can never lead men astray by officially teaching error instead of truth, bad morals instead of good. If, in its highest teaching office, it should ever induce men to violate divine truth or divine righteousness, the pretension to infallibility would be destroyed. Has not the perverting of human conscience by the officially approved Inquisition, an institution again and again empowered and approved, resting indeed upon the firm foundation of papal letters and degrees, riddled the Church's fundamental prerogative? I put the question to many men, my own judgment inclining to an affirmative. Never did I find one who seemed to be greatly concerned over the ecclesiastical dynasty of inquisitors or over the massed iniquity of their deeds.¹¹

I have found, as a matter of fact, that clerics of all churches are somewhat impervious to purely moral arguments. They have so intellectualized their faith and so institutionalized their loyalty that the single lonely voice of pure Right and Honor sounds faint in their ears. Certain of those that I consulted said that the Church's infallibility would not be affected unless she had openly and favorably pronounced some such sentence as: "It is right to commit murder." And, of course, she has never done that formal act, and no wonder, for hardly would a painted savage do it. When next I asked whether that sentence, if it ran, "It is right to commit murder provided it is heretics that are murdered," would not ruin infallibility, they answered "No." For the sentencing of heretics to torture and death was an exercise of the Church's penal power; and since she is a perfect society—in the legal and political sense of perfect, that is, not wanting in any of the prerogatives of a state—she must possess penal power against those that violate her laws. Then to the inquiry whether this was not casuistic and legalistic reasoning, not applicable to a system whose reason for existing was not a

secular end but to perpetuate the mind of Christ before mankind, and to do a work that would be sealed with his approbation if he were here among us, the reply was that the Church, as a society living in time, necessarily partook of temporal and historical influences and shared the modes, habits, and dispositions of any given period of history, but that its witness to the Eternal was not and could not be thereby essentially affected.

I was far from satisfied with these answers and am not now; but I laid the problem by for further thought. To this conviction I had come, however, that it was possible for the Church in its officials and its scholars to outrage every moral feeling that I had. The Inquisition proved that, in abundance and to excess. And since what had happened once might happen again, it was incumbent upon me, unless I were to abjure conscience, to scrutinize decisions made in Rome and not to allow them to pervert the moral nature, as so many preceding decisions had unquestionably done. When one has gone so far as this (and how can anyone stop short of it?), one is already on the doorstep, Catholic rigidity being what it is, and the door is closing behind him.

I must add to these reflections, for it would be misleading to omit it, that I did not forget, and do not now forget, the Church's service to humanity in past and present history. I am as ready today, as I was in that day, to recognize how much in her is not merely good but incomparable. Her power to draw chosen souls to ways of holiness and beneficent labor for every variety of human need is beautiful and sublime. Her function as the teacher of Europe, with all the shadows attendant upon it, has left glorious memorials from one end of the continent to the other, and placed a signature upon art and letters that has the stroke of spiritual majesty. Gratitude goes out from one's heart for these most noble services. If these achievements of the

spirit were the whole of Catholicism, if so much of love and sanctity were to be found in it, and nothing besides, we should all be within that spacious house, for then it would be a home of simplicity and high devotion and unspotted truth. But, when we are met with demands impossible to fulfill if truth has any meaning and if our vocation as its servants has any authority; when, instead of the simplicity that shone once like a heavenly light in Galilee, there should be imposed upon us wild and intolerable dogmas, a constant torment to mind and conscience; then we must turn away, for, after a certain degree of insight and growth has come to us, we cannot pretend to serve the Highest above us by wrecking what is noblest within us. This is what presently grew clear to me, and of this, my final step, it will soon be the time to speak.

Chapter VI

HEROES OF DISILLUSIONMENT

THIS chapter is somewhat of an interruption in the course of my own history; yet it bears upon the development which I am describing, and, in a minor way, illustrates it. I am to tell here of a few incidents and personalities connected with the Catholic reform movement known as Modernism. If the sketches are but loosely strung together, it will be pardoned, I trust; for in the agitation preceding the great religious change which Modernism produced in so many persons, influences drifted in from many quarters; suggestions, hints and pertinent episodes fell together more or less in a heap, like snowflakes coming from all parts of the sky and blown about by diverse winds. Nevertheless, the scattered notices to be found in this chapter will have their place and order, as showing how deep the disturbance was that shook complacent Catholicism under Pius X, and how hard it will be for even the fierce repressive rigor of the Pope, to whatever extent it may be continued by his successors, to annihilate the ideas that were then let loose.

Not long ago, a Catholic pastor in the middle West, in censuring a minister who had preached on Modernism as a liberating force within the Catholic Church, wrote these slightly pompous words, "I thought that every educated man knew that Modernism is dead." Ah! yes, but when the corpse is an idea, a long history of extraordinary resurrections should warn us that a capital sentence, pro-

nounced by a judge, in either a black cap or a white skull cap or even in a high priest's tall headpiece, seldom does more in its execution than produce suspended animation.¹

Huss was burned to ashes, and the bishops at the Council of Constance who looked on at the murder went home that night to their opulent tables and stimulating wines well content that a heresiarch was dead. He was not dead, however, except in a gross material sense; and for many a year the sleep of bishops was made uneasy by his flaming spirit startling the night with the torch of his word.² So for many centuries the old-time monk Pelagius has been dead. But in the closing year of the twentieth century, Rome condemned Americanism as a revival of his error—fifteen hundred years buried under the supposedly final refutation of Augustine. Ideas often survive the institution that strangled them. And the name of more than one martyr outlasts the temple which they were killed for cleansing. Perhaps Modernism, also, though a shattered body now, is destined for reanimation. We cannot doubt it, if in Modernism there was a truth too vital to be smothered by anathema. And, possibly, these slight footnotes to its history will suggest that there is.

The handful of us liberals in Washington and New York followed constantly and closely the work done by the advanced Catholics in Europe. As we read their daring articles and books, we desired to know something more about the authors than their mere names. Then and later, therefore, we inquired concerning them, and with some few of them we corresponded. What we learned of them was always interesting and often exciting.

Of the Abbé Houtin, for instance, we heard that he had been a fervently devout student; so much so that he made trial for a while of the life of the cloister among the Benedictine monks of Solesmes.³ He returned to the diocesan clergy, however, and began to study the legendary

claims of certain episcopal sees in France to apostolic foundation. He exploded these venerable traditions pretty thoroughly, and he got into considerable trouble for having done so. But he was a man of quite extraordinary boldness, and wherever the red flag of danger flew, he seemed to be uncomfortable till he stood beside it. He wrote on the Crisis of the Clergy, and in inspiring words revealed to what extent the priests of France were fighting with doubt, and what a number of them had, silently and without public stir, slipped away from the Church into the life of a world which often gave them a harsh and heartbreaking reception.

Houtin, as he went on, with each book of his more disturbing than the one before, grew into a sort of ferocity for fact, and a morose and settled hatred for what he called—the phrase was forever on his tongue—*le pieux mensonge*, the pious lie. He despised Modernism. His reason for this strange turn of mind was that Modernists were trying to reform the Church. He disbelieved in the possibility of such a thing, and suspected that nearly all Modernists disbelieved in it also but clung to a phantom by the sheer momentum of the traditions and habits of their ecclesiastical training. To Houtin these men were timorous, compromising, and, most likely, insincere. He wanted them to be shock-troops attacking, like himself, *le pieux mensonge*. He had seen in his lifetime a good deal of evasiveness and pretense, and no doubt the memory of it had hardened and embittered him. Very few indeed among Modernists passed undamaged through the drastic examination of his suspicion. To only one did he give full-hearted admiration, and that one was Marcel Hébert, a priest who had come to reject the personality of God, but remained devoutly attached to an Eternal Ideal, and never lost a deep love for Christ.⁴ Hébert, in his last illness, had a crucifix placed where all day long his eyes might rest upon it. Houtin on

his own deathbed lost nothing of his iron will, nothing of his inflexible scepticism. If an existence after death awaited him, he said he should do in the Beyond what he had done here—serve truth without fear or favor. There was in Houtin's sincerity an implacable quality which froze his sympathy; or, perhaps I had better say, half froze it, for he gave unselfish service to many men and kept a heart fundamentally generous. He knew too much of the ignoble side of Church history. Seldom has there been a human head so packed with information upon the frailties of ecclesiastics, seldom a man whose early love for the Church had crashed into so ruinous a disillusion. This must be understood, this vast deception, which had brought much suffering upon him, must be sympathetically remembered as we seek to sum up his life. Yet the last words that he ever wrote, as he knew death was near, sadden me: *Soyez incroyables. Ne soyez pas dupés*, Be unbelievers. Do not let yourselves be fooled. If this is depressing, it is only just to bear in mind that others, not Houtin, are the original cause of it.

There was not a more mysterious man in the whole company of these pioneers than the Abbé Joseph Turmel.⁵ For a long time nobody could tell us anything about him, except that he was a chaplain somewhere, lonely as a hermit, and dedicated to study as though he had made a vow to do nothing else. This last report we could well believe. For Turmel's writings were freighted with erudition. His knowledge of the early Fathers of the Church was enormous, but it told only half the story of his learning. In the history of theology and in the biography of the great theologians, he was a master of masters. Who, we often asked, is this amazing Turmel? Reports drifted in that he wrote immensely more than the studies signed with his name. His more radical work we heard was published under pseudonyms. He had more pen-names than Loisy himself,

although that seemed incredible. He was reported to us as a veritable syndicate of authorship; and we needed not to be told, as the aliases were discreetly whispered, that the syndicate possessed such resources of learning as probably not more than half a dozen minds in Europe could equal. But behind this mystery, who was the man? After a long time the information transpired. Turmel was born in poverty. His father could barely read or write, his mother was illiterate altogether. His father sold fagots and kindling wood, which he dragged about in a little cart from door to door. The boy Joseph, himself, in his father's frequent spells of ill health, peddled the firewood, lest the large family go hungry. An extraordinary beginning of a mighty scholar's career! He was kept in school, despite the grinding pressure at home, and entered the Seminary to study for the priesthood at a remarkably early age. He was marked out at once as predestined for a studious life, but not less noticeable was his piety.

It must strike everybody as remarkable how many of these cast-off children of the Church began their life in her ministry as exceptionally devout—Houtin, desiring the perfection of the monastic state; Hébert, a model for his fellow students; Loisy, though his sense of priestly vocation was never attended by any rapturous anticipations, yet joining in the Seminary a group that devoted itself to piety beyond the requirements of the rule; Tyrrell, drawn to the mystical life. What a tragic collapse of young loyalty and generous trust! What is it in Catholicism that causes it to lose the harvest after sowing seed so rich? To study this question with the solemnity it deserves would reveal, as nothing else could, the nature of the agony which has racked the old Church in these recent years and will torment her in the years to come.

Turmel's professorship did not last long. His teaching was too liberal, and he was dropped into the obscurity of

a convent chaplaincy. And there for forty years he did his routine of simple duty, absorbed in perpetual research. He hardly ever left his lodgings. He was an eremite of intellect. The world of men, even of churchmen, knew him not. Only in the world of history, with the ghosts of great ones long in dust, did he hold communion, himself almost as spectral as they. But a Catholic liberal, even though he dwells with the shades, has a dangerous privacy. The captains of orthodoxy will keep watch upon his dim solitude and one day summon him to the glare of public scrutiny. Turmel was officially asked whether he was the author of certain articles signed Dupin and Herzog. He denied that he was. He was not truthful in this. He actually was Dupin and Herzog and many more.⁶

A plea of excuse has been made for him by his friends. They tell us that he had ceased to recognize the right of the Church authorities to hold him to account for his opinions as a scholar; and a question that has no right to be asked, they add, is impertinent, and may be met with evasion. They bid us remember that Turmel had lost his love for the Church as well as his belief in it, but had kept one love pure and perfect; namely, for the little company of simple souls to whom he ministered the consolations of religion. For their sakes, to protect them from the hurt and shock they would suffer from his condemnation, he violated truthfulness indeed, but charity he kept inviolate. In a conflict of ideas he chose the one more deeply rooted in his heart. We may admit that the perplexity was cruel; but that lapse we cannot but regret. The words of Jesus on leaving father and mother at the higher call have struck too deep a response in human conscience to be manoeuvred out of their authority; and we must say that Turmel was wrong then and wrong before that in remaining within a Church whose teachings he denied. Years later the end of the Turmel case came amid thunder and lightnings.

The Roman Inquisition in 1930, with Pius XI's express approval, announced that Joseph Turmel was *excommunicatus vitandus*, excommunicated and to be shunned in the dreadful canonical meaning of that term, excluded, that is to say from every human charity and courtesy that characterize the normal relations of mankind. Today, well on his way to the age of eighty, he is still the solitary, still the marvel of studious industry that he has been ever since he became a priest.

There were, however, lighter interludes in unfolding the tragedy of Modernism. We heard for example, from time to time, of this or that sceptical witticism of Monsignor Duchesne, the most celebrated Catholic historian since Döllinger.⁷ The terrific encyclical, *Pascendi dominici gregis*, in which Pius X condemned Modernism and ordered the systematic hunting out of Modernists, Duchesne called the *encyclical Bilen Commovent*, they stir the bile. He was remarkably agile in leaping from crag to crag over the precipices of reprobation, but he fell at last. His *History of the Early Church* was put on the Index of forbidden books, and in a terse cold note he accepted the condemnation.

Then in Italy there was Buonaiuti, a priest of very remarkable scholarship.⁸ Some writing of his would be condemned, and he would send in his submission. Then he would sit down and write a more alarming study than the one just suppressed. Another condemnation, another submission, then a new book or article, worse than all that went before. The thing became amusing, and, to the Vatican, embarrassing. The Church censors could not retain their dignity forever in chasing so evasive and resilient a quarry. So they retired from the game, launching an excommunication upon Buonaiuti as a last memento of their authority.

Another incident among the diversions was that of the

bones of St. Edmund. Leo XIII, wishing to prove his paternal love for the Church in England and for Cardinal Vaughan, its chief prelate, sent to the Cardinal the bones of St. Edmund of Canterbury.⁹ It was a gruesome billet-doux, but throughout the ages Popes have expressed their affection by such gifts from their crowded ossuary. The bones were dispatched from Rome and received at Westminster with pomp and circumstance. But while it is possible to treat reverently the true skeleton of a saint, it is very difficult, in these days, to repress the smiles of the malicious if the relic turns out to be spurious. This latter fate attended the arrival of what was left of St. Edmund's supposed body. Certain Anglican scholars proved that, whoever it was that the bones belonged to, it certainly was not St. Edmund. Cardinal Vaughan, who had very little patience with prying criticism, had for once to acknowledge it. He so far recognized its rights as to set up a commission of inquiry into the embarrassing present of his Holiness, and the affair passed into oblivion, with no set of people enjoying the episode more than the Modernist critics, whose impertinent investigations in other departments of history were so irritating to their superiors.

Father Tyrrell we knew best of all.¹⁰ A strange, wild, beautiful soul, Celtic in his pugnacity, in his brilliance, in his profound mystical sense. Tyrrell's logic, as any logic would be, was at war with his divine hunger within, and with his conception of the world as sacramental, hiding in its coarse vesture of supercosmic glory the rapturous and true home from which he was exiled here.

This world can never be final for the spiritually developed Celt. Its horizons are tinged for him with a Light that never rises to the sight of the muddy eye of flesh—and does not need to rise to the eye that sees in the spirit. Such a man is foreordained to pain and strife in this scene of pragmatic and solid institutions, of coercive and oppressive

traditions, of codified legislation and militant authorities. Tyrrell was sent into the world to sing of God's glory like a lark; to describe lovingly the beautiful design on the other side of the tapestry of existence; and to walk beside the Transfigurer of life's shabbiness, the impractical, non-institutional, antihierarchical, and sublimely adventurous Christ. He found himself in a world where a man must make a pillow of the feathers that have been torn from his wings; where the commandants of the barracks drill the conscripts to exhaustion; and where the lark's song is silenced, and the lark dead in the cage. He fought against his fate, not like a rebel stung by a transient injury, but like a hero exalted by the memory of causes died for long ago. The Catholic idea, with its sacramentalizing of the temporal, and its majestic adoration of the supertemporal, he loved with his whole power of loving. But the attempt to arrest history and to fossilize into formulas the spirit's life and creative energy, he abhorred as only great lovers can abhor. He was profoundly sceptical of all propositions carved in iron. He was suspicious of all authorities stiffened in tradition. He was irregular, for the rules of one age were, to him, the tomb of the age to come. And he asserted his right to interpret divine truth in such a way as to make it not a memory lesson, but a fire, a passion, and a splendor, leading us away from museums to glorious beauty, all alive with freedom. Catholic in principle, he was un-Catholic in his relation to the historical development which has solidified and Vaticanized that principle. He belongs to the illustrious company of those who prefer to grow by heartbreak rather than to stagnate in the comforts of conformity. When he died, the Anglicans, among whom he had been born, gave to his body the hospitality of a grave. The Catholic officials refused to one of the greatest of their comrades a resting place in what they call consecrated ground. And in that there is a symbol of Tyr-

rell's life, and of many lives besides. The resolute follower of the inner light and higher light is homeless. The fact may as well be faced. And those of compliant knee and practiced gesture, to whom institutions are always right and spontaneous souls are always wrong, are sure of their shelter, in which they may softly murmur, as I have heard them do, "From the days of his Jesuit novitiate Tyrrell bore the marks of intellectual pride." Let us, before we burst into a curse upon human imbecility, pass on.

Tyrrell used to tell us that whatever our doubts or denials we should never leave the Church. "However short your creed may be," he would say, "I'll warrant it is as long as St. Peter's was. And if you believe as much as the first Pope did, what right have his successors to throw you out?"

At times he seemed to imply that there was no sin but schism. Let one interpret dogmas in such a way as to pulverize the Church's official statement of them, and it was all right. Only stay in. It is Catholicism that you believe in; it is Vaticanism that they want you to believe in. Keep Catholicism; reject Vaticanism! For Vaticanism and Romanism are usurpers. They are the evil spirits that have invaded the pure body and defiled the glorious soul of Catholicism. Exorcise the demons, but stand true to the pure and afflicted Catholic ideal. If you desert it, you will help to postpone the day when the obscene imps shall be driven out. Ingenious, eloquent, fiery, this was; but it never appealed to me, and I dare say Tyrrell himself saw its hopelessness at last.

Being a liberal to that extent involved for me no ingenious philosophy of conformity, nor any elaborate system of historical interpretation. It involved, rather, the urgent question of veracity. To some men this attitude was narrow and sadly one-sided. These were certainly as sincere as I was; and their chivalrous appeal to fight for a

Catholicism, which by historical accident and artful contrivance had got itself imprisoned in the Vatican chains, but must be delivered from them and set free in its original liberty—that appeal touched my emotions and a certain liking for combat which has never left me.

But, for all that, the principle that in morals *linea recta brevissima*, a straight line is the shortest, I could not dislodge from my mental furniture. When my time came, I did not take the last decisive step because I discovered that a reform of Catholicism was a hopeless cause, but because a profession of fidelity to an ideal Catholicism, joined to an inward rejection of actual Catholicism, threatened a shipwreck of all that I regarded as sound and straightforward. Neither could I, myself, use Tyrrell's pathetic words as the storm fell upon him, "If they throw me out of the front door, they will find me next morning on the doorstep." I feared that a wild loyalty like this to an ideal Catholicism might strangle the moral sense as effectually as a prostrate submission to Catholicism as it was.¹¹

Still, for George Tyrrell, the gallant soldier, fearless and high-minded, with that bruised heart within him, that exiled soul, that heap of ashes which once had been his beautiful hopes, I felt and feel an affectionate homage. His hand is helpless and his lips are dust, but his words still quicken a stagnant air, and they will yet send their cry for independence into generous hearts who will follow him to heroic disillusion, to the dark night, to fruitless sacrifice, to austere content.

It occurred to some of us who were watching the battle abroad that we should try, however modestly, to prove that American Catholics were not barbarously indifferent to the great problems of expanding knowledge which were agitating the Church in Europe. We knew that American priests are little given to study, and that the American laity were almost wholly innocent of intellectual activity. Never-

theless, we saw a chance to light a little candle which might recapture a tiny area from the darkness round about. After a while there came, from I know not where, a bit of money to serve as a bushel on which our candle might be set, and we founded a bi-monthly which, in its brief life, was called *The New York Review*.¹² The originators of the project were three members of the faculty of the New York archdiocesan Seminary: Dr. Driscoll, a very sound Semitic scholar; Dr. Gigot, professor of Scripture; and Father Duffy, professor of philosophy, who afterwards won admiration and celebrity for his work as an army chaplain in France. Two or three of us in Washington joined them, and our *Review* was sent out into the storm.¹³

Our purpose was in no sense destructive. We hoped to bring to the knowledge of intelligent priests and lay-folk some of the critical and philosophical questions, which, sooner or later, they would have to face anyhow, and to give to these questions such solutions as a liberal and loyal Catholic scholarship could discover. Certainly, at that time, I was orthodox in every article of defined doctrine, and I had no reason to think my associates were not, despite their radical talk from time to time. Gigot I knew was troubled, at the more appalling difficulties in Scripture. Driscoll had a nature in which there were mingled both a rebel strain and a watchful prudence. Duffy would occasionally tell us that our torments in Scriptural and historical study were nothing compared with his in the more fundamental province of philosophy. But Duffy, like Fox, our philosophy teacher in the house of studies, was completely and utterly Irish. Fox used to say, after he had delivered a blast of scorn against one or other of the Church's dogmas: "But mind you, I am no heretic. My Irish grandmother's faith stands by me, and I will live and die in it."¹⁴

I fancy that Duffy's Irish grandmother, or someone else

in his Celtic line, was sufficient to repel the whole hosts of critics. There is in many of the Irish a fierceness of clan-loyalty too passionate for reason to parley with, too tempestuous for anything to hold on to but their wild emotions. I am by no means insinuating that men of that type are not good reasoners, for they usually are; or that they are intellectually timorous, for they often are not; but I have seen so many of them, whose undying romanticism has persisted through a long discipline of study, and remained dominant in them when logic has done its best to subordinate it, that I give up the attempt to comprehend their psychological processes. It is my own race, and I recognize its precious gifts. But when the fires are lighted in its subrational depths, heaven alone knows what will happen on its rational surface.

I wrote two or three articles for the *New York Review*, the only one which, so far as I can remember, could be considered daring was a study of the Three Witnesses text in the first epistle of John. The Roman Inquisition had, a few years before, decreed that this text was an integral part of the inspired original. But the position was so completely destroyed by the manuscript history of the epistle that Catholic scholars were venturing, without official censure, to contradict the Inquisition decree. I spoke quite positively for the nonauthenticity of the text and said, as others of course had done, that not only did it not belong to the genuine Joannine letter but that it was an interpolation of the heretical Priscillianists. The squib went off entirely without counter-reverberations.¹⁵

Cardinal Farley of New York was very proud of the *Review*, and regarded it as a fine witness to the scholarship of his Seminary. The poor Cardinal had not the least idea what these discussions in criticism were all about; and once in a while he dropped an inept remark concerning them, which his faculty transmitted to us with irreverent delight.

We heard, however, of murmurs in opposition. A Canadian bishop, we were told, one day flung down a copy of the *Review* upon his table saying: "I cannot get even a smell of orthodoxy from that thing." Others, apparently, had noses likewise affected, for at the end of, I think, the second year of the existence of the periodical, Cardinal Farley told Dr. Driscoll that intimations from a certain quarter counseled its suspension. And so another corpse was added to the growing graveyard of Catholic publications.

And now I will close this chapter with a few recollections of priests who were seriously disturbed by their studies in Scripture, in the history of dogma, churchly institutions, and sacraments. It is with no pleasure that I touch upon a matter so delicate. I have dwelt upon no scandals in this book so far, nor shall I dwell upon them to the end. Whatever I have said about the turmoil in the Church in those days is known to everybody. The crisis of conscience forced upon many of the ablest and most irreproachable priests in the Church is of public knowledge and has entered into history. I am adding to it only an insignificant chapter. I am trying to keep the minor narrative of my own experience in that time upon a level of dignity fit for a discussion so grave and for a movement of thought so important. If, now, I refer to specific instance of troubled mind and shaken faith, I hope not to fall short of the standards of seemliness nor to write in forgetfulness of honorable scruple. I mention these cases, first, as part of the little history transacted round me; and next, as in some degree contributing to the development of this one mind of mine which I am taking in hand to describe. Let what is written without malice be taken without offense.

I was surprised one day, while I was still a teacher of theology and Scripture, by a visit from another teacher of the Bible who asked for an interview which, he said, might

be useful to him. He proceeded to say that he was deeply concerned for his Catholic faith. He had selected the Deity of Jesus as the crucial problem upon which all else depended, and had been spending months in studying it. All the arguments, which up to the day of my seeing him he had tested, were, in his judgment, inadequate. There remained, he added, only one proof awaiting his research, and he was at that very time engaged upon it, namely the Resurrection. If this in turn should fail, he went on, he should be confronted with the fact that his reason had no sufficient warrant for continuing to believe that Jesus of Nazareth was God. "And if," he concluded, "I cannot rationally hold the dogma of the incarnation of the second Person of the Trinity, I shall leave the Church, as in honor bound."

What then had I to say to him? What words I spoke to him I have not the faintest remembrance. I only know that I thanked him for his confidence, expressed sympathy with him in his distress, recommended patience, and admonished him not to be hasty in making the serious decision that he had mentioned. Nor do I know what came of his study of the Resurrection. He is still in the Catholic Church, but in what state of mind, I am completely ignorant. He was one of the many students upon whom the conclusions of a critical study of the Bible fell like a stroke of lightning, one of the bewildered whom it was the hope of Modernism to assist.

One evening again a priest-professor, holding an important chair in a school of higher learning, was conversing with me upon some of the problems that vex a Catholic scholar. Quite casually he remarked, "The infallibility of the Church will have to go." He spoke the words with no sign of agitation or sorrow, and no indication that they implied a concern of conscience for himself. He knew, of course, that if infallibility has to go, there is little or

nothing of Catholicism that can stay. He went on, however, giving his unblemished lectures in his classroom, and died in the bosom of the Church. But what was in his own bosom it is doubtful if the Church ever knew.

On another day, shortly before Holy Thursday, the day on which the institution of the Eucharist is celebrated, another teacher of theology, whom I knew very well, told me that on Holy Thursday night he had to preach in a large church nearby. He asked me for suggestions for his sermon. I made the commonplace remark that, as a matter of course, he should have to preach upon the Real Presence of the Lord in the Sacrament. "Yes," he said, "that is just the trouble. How can a man make anything intelligible out of it?" He certainly did not believe at that time in the Real Presence nor in the transubstantiation of the elements which the Real Presence in the Catholic sense involves. Yet, three years before, I knew that in Lent he used to lash himself with the discipline. I have no idea what he believes now, nor whether he has returned to the practice of flagellation.¹⁶ At all events, he is in the Church, and with all my heart I hope that he is no longer hard put to find matter for a sermon on the Eucharist.

When my own troubles with assenting to dogma began to press hard upon me, and I was wondering whether I should not have to take my exit from the Catholic system, I consulted certain men older than I was and certainly much more clever. I told them frankly that I stood on the danger line, and asked for their help in holding me back. One day I entered the study of the President of a theological Seminary with my burden, spoke to him candidly upon my need, and requested whatever light he had to give. I was no stranger to him, nor was he to me. He could, therefore, talk as freely to me as I had talked to him. Talk freely he certainly did. One after another of the Catholic dogmas he tore to shreds. Baptismal regeneration was absurd. The ab-

solite Deity of Jesus no man could lay rational hold on. And as for the Trinity, "Why," said he, "I could no more pray to the Trinity than I could to a triangle." He was far worse infected than the patient he was solicited to cure. But he was debonair about it all and gave no sign that his conscience was in torment from his cryptic heresy. At the end, he recommended me to preach the moral law and let dogmas alone. Not for an instant did he see that my question was fundamentally moral, and that I was trying my poor blind best to do the thing that was right and decent. The whole affair to him was academic; and whether a man believed or denied a doctrine was as much his private business as putting on a white hat or a black. His Catholicism was as external to him as his umbrella, and had entered into his affections far less than his fiddle. Yet on the next Sunday morning when I entered the Seminary high mass, I saw him stand before the students as they sang the Creed, guiding their devout voices with a baton, and singing heartily himself a profession of faith which meant to him little but mythology. He was of the sort that keep their beloved studies in the best room, and their faith in the cellar. In their pleasant life of learned leisure, no anguish of conscience is ever admitted. They like the pungent sauce of scepticism and enjoy a laugh at the superstitions they have outgrown. But as for trudging through the desert of interior trial, as for taking to a sleepless pillow of torment of a costly decision—no! They would as soon think of wearing a hair shirt, or marching with the Salvation Army. There were men of this quality hanging on to the skirts of Modernism as there have often been such hanging on to the skirts of orthodoxy. They die, as this gentleman did, with the Church's blessing to waft them into eternity, and with their names enshrined in devout remembrance on earth. Let us echo the Church's supplication, "May they rest in peace!"

As an instance of a mind that cannot take so lightly the disintegration of faith, I remember a young priest to whom I was deeply attached. He was at work in a very large parish in which every Sunday there were many baptisms to administer. One Sunday afternoon I met him as he was returning to his rooms after baptizing a number of infants. He looked so haggard that I asked him if anything was the matter with him. "Yes," he said, "matter enough. I have been driving devils out of babies for the last hour, and it has made me sick. Come up to my room and talk to me."

I had never before known him to be troubled in faith, but I found that the words of the baptismal service, which address the devil in the second person and command the Satanic spirit to go out of the child, filled him with unconquerable disgust. He disbelieved in a baptismal regeneration that included so appalling an exorcism. I could give him no help; nobody could. It was beyond our power to change the liturgy; and he had discovered no sort of interpretation which would relieve it of, or relieve him from, the horror of the words. He is still baptizing, still expelling devils from babies; and I fear the operation is as repugnant to him today as it was then.¹⁷ He told me, some months afterwards, that he always refused to assume the spiritual direction of young men who desired to become priests. He would never, he said, be responsible for guiding any youth into the priesthood; and all such aspirants who consulted him, he sent to someone else. He is one of the priests who are unhappy in their calling, but of too noble a nature to jest at their situation.

I met once, and only once, another priest of this class—this time a Dominican. Our talk turned to Biblical questions, and I found him thoroughly familiar with these subjects. I suppose he sounded me cautiously, to see how far it was safe to go with me. He evidently was satisfied that

I was not easily shocked, for at length he declared that the foundation text of the Papacy (Matthew XVI:18), in which Peter is called the rock on which Christ's Church should be built, was, in his judgment, never spoken by Christ at all. That is going very far for a Catholic, and for a priest it is going over the precipice altogether. He made no mention of any weighty problem on his own conscience, nor did he need to do so. It was clear enough that he was fighting a cruel battle to maintain his place in the Church. And equally clear was it that he was high-minded and conscientious, a man capable of noble sorrow. I heard nothing of him later; but wherever he is, in or out, I am sure he knows the meaning of the phrase of the mystics, "the dark night of the soul."

I will mention next an incident that shows, to extravagance, this separation of religion from thought and life. It is a trivial instance in itself, and I speak of it simply to illustrate the curiosities and abnormalities that arise inside of a man when the moral nature is shut off from contact with what should be a moral faith. It has nothing to do with Modernism, but, no doubt, it added its grain of influence to strengthen my conviction that in man's higher life, conscience holds the chair of sovereignty.

One Sunday afternoon, I was conversing on the veranda of a parsonage with a curate of the parish whom I had long known. He was not learned, but was sparkling and fanciful. He read very little except newspapers, and in these he took an especial interest in the reports of murder trials. In the history of these crimes he was very learned indeed. He wrote poetry too, full of inaccuracies, but vivid with striking tropes, and surprising with archaic words. Our talk turned to philosophical questions, and he told me that materialism strongly attracted him. He found it hard to find any place for God in a universe of mechanical necessity. I do not know how serious he was, but he appeared to be

very serious, as he made out a case for atheism. I did my very best to show the necessity for Spirit, even for the explanation of mechanism. And there we were at it, in this extraordinary discussion for two priests to be engaged in, when a little girl approached us, evidently in trouble. Sobbing, she told the curate that at Sunday School that morning she had lost a bracelet. It was precious to her because it was her mother's gift, so she had returned to the church and had just finished a vain search for the ornament. She asked the priest if he could not have the chapel thoroughly searched. Very kindly he told her that he was sure the bracelet would be found, and concluded his consolation with the words, "Now, dear, run into the church and say a prayer to St. Joseph to find your bracelet for you." The child departed comforted, and the man turned to me to resume his argument against the existence of God.

My final incident is more serious, but not fundamentally different. I had asked my superiors to relieve me of teaching and send me back to preaching. I did this to save them the embarrassment of dismissing me, for complaints were growing against the liberalism of my Scripture classes, and that is a charge that no Catholic authority can ignore. My superiors did not wish to deal harshly with me. They were, in all those days when they must have known that I was troubled, kindly and considerate. It moves me deeply to this day to remember them.

Of the Paulist fraternity in my entire connection with it, I have a memory as beautiful and tender as any that life's experiences have left with me. When I think of my comradeship there, of the loving friendships, of the beautiful intercommunion of spirit, of the happy freedom that bound me to my brothers in the congregations, I feel a rush of gratitude for the bestowal upon me of a privilege so sacred, of a joy so pure. It was not your fault, my Brothers, nor was it mine, that the night fell untimely

upon our radiant day. It was because we are made for tragedy, and because our vocation is to set tragedy into the harmonious elements that constitute the soul's Beauty. Once more, my hope is, we shall meet and shall see one another's spirit with unclouded eye. In that day we shall learn that lesser partialities should not do violence to the fresh innocence of trusting love, and that earthly differences, which are so formidable now, vanish away and have no place in the Commonwealth of souls, of which the law is truth, the crown charity, and the light the Vision for which we hunger and are athirst.

Without a single suggestion of censure or reproach, my superiors sent me back to preaching, with my station at Chicago. There, one memorable night, I was visited by a priest who held a university chair, a man of lively intelligence and quick sympathies, with whom I had had acquaintance but not intimacy. He told me that he had heard I was in distress over Catholic doctrine and had come to help me. I welcomed him and solicited the help. He began with remarking that he was no expert in Scripture or the history of dogma; but went on to say that he had once been interested in such things, and had read a certain number of critical studies concerning them. He discovered that as his study progressed, he was losing grip upon Catholic faith. He pulled himself up short therefore, he continued, and made a resolution that he would allow nothing to move him from his Church or his priestly state. He closed those books forever. He resumed his daily recitation of the rosary, which he had dropped as useless. And the result was that while he was pained at the severe repressions practised by the Roman authorities, he had kept the faith and was at peace. "You may call me what you please," he said, "a coward, a hypocrite, a man unworthy of a scholar's status. I care nothing for all that. Here I am today, a priest and a Catholic, and I fear I should now be neither if I

had not done what I did." Then he advised me, and very fervently, to do likewise. "Put an end to those studies. Close those books. Only so will you avoid horrible danger and win back your peace." ¹⁸

He may have been a hopeful man as he left my room; I was a very sad one. Once more, in dreary repetition, I had a counselor into whose head it had not entered for a moment that the essence of my difficulty was not academic, nor emotional, but moral. How could I face truth by running away from it? How could I be sincere by becoming insincere? How could I purchase peace by casting away candor and straightforwardness which are the one foundation of it? To what should I be inwardly conformed if I contrived that sort of outward conformity? Is there, in the logic of institution, any place for the major premise of conscience, any room for the axiom of personality? The treadmill of these perpetual inquiries began its wearisome round again, and my learned friend had alleviated it not at all. I sat for a long while reflecting upon his words when he had gone, and came to, at least, this conclusion, "If that is what he calls peace, I do not want it; I reject it."



UNITARIAN MISSION PREACHER (1922)

Chapter VII

A TWELVEFOLD CHALLENGE TO THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN

BISHOP BYRNE'S story of Archbishop Purcell moved me, as I said, to look into the history of the Vatican Council of 1870, which imposed upon the Church the dogma of the Pope's personal infallibility.¹ Up to then, as I mentioned, I had only accepted the view that was given to me then and is now cultivated in the Catholic Church, that papal infallibility was believed through the Christian ages, and that all the Vatican Council did was to define it in the explicit terms of authoritative doctrine. The insignificant number of bishops who opposed the definition, I thought, did not disbelieve the dogma, but merely objected to the official proclamation of it just then as inexpedient and inopportune. But if Bishop Byrne had told me the truth about Purcell, this easy dismissal of the difficulty could hardly be held any longer. So, as occasion offered, I examined the history of the Council, not as if in the beginning I had any anxiety about the dogma or about the work done by the Vatican Fathers in adding it to the Creed, but simply in order to clear my mind upon a question that might be put to me some day by a hostile objector or conscientious inquirer. This chapter tells what I found in the search.²

Let it be kept in mind that the Church confesses that it has no power to manufacture new dogmas. All the doctrines of the Christian revelation, she holds, were given by

Christ to his Apostles. Nothing can lawfully be added to them. The Church, therefore, as inheriting the Apostolic deposit of faith, has the privilege and responsibility of teaching us what is contained in it. In thus teaching mankind she is infallible, *i.e.*, she cannot fall into error, either by taking away from or by adding to the revealed words committed to her. Where now does the prerogative of infallibility rest? Who possesses it? Catholics always had answered that the body of bishops, with the primary bishop—the Pope—at their head, are infallible, whether they bear witness to the faith scattered in their dioceses throughout the world or as gathered together in a General Council.

It follows from this that the bishops cannot legislate a dogma into existence merely by a vote. They are witnesses, not masters, of the faith as originally delivered and always believed. But if such is their testimony, it is, in the nature of the case, required that when they pronounce upon a matter of faith, they should be, if not arithmetically, at least morally unanimous. For, naturally, if a belief does belong to the original deposit, the custodians of the deposit will all, or very nearly all, know that it belongs there, and has been believed to belong there through the centuries. A general Council, therefore, must be ecumenical, that is, must represent the Church and its faith in all the world: and, secondly, it must be united and concordant in testifying to the faith. All of the Councils down to 1870 have insisted upon this moral unanimity, since, if a considerable number of bishops do not believe that a certain doctrinal proposition is contained in the faith once for all given by Christ, then the certainty of the whole Church on the point will be as shaken as the bishop's certainty is. Hence, unless the bishops are substantially unanimous, the proposition in question must be rated among debatable opinions, and it cannot be set among the truths of faith which it

would imperil a man's salvation to doubt, and, indeed, imperil a bishop's salvation to doubt.

And, finally, no member of the Church denied that the Pope is the first of all bishops and teachers. He is the head, the bishops are the members of the teaching Church. A formula often used is: neither the members without the head nor the head without the members. Nor did any Catholic question that, for the official validity of the acts of a Council, the Pope's acceptance and approval of them were necessary. But the dogma carried through in 1870 is that the Pope, by himself, alone in his teaching capacity, the head without the members, is infallible. Upon this point it is that the vital interest of the Vatican Council rests. It involves, as the formulation of the new dogma says explicitly, that the moral and doctrinal decisions and definitions of the Pope, as universal teacher, are not subject to review, and are not to be corrected, and need not have the previous assent of the Church or the episcopate.

Everybody admits that in this view of the Pope's infallibility, grave difficulties arise from the history of Popes and Councils. For if Pius IX was declared infallible, all his predecessors were infallible also. And history discloses serious problems attending so enormous a claim. Let us mention some.

First: If the Pope was held infallible from the beginning, the early Fathers who wrote so largely upon the faith, and whose authority stands so high as a standard of faith, would witness to the fact. But they do not. As the opposition bishops repeatedly said at the Council, not a single Father of the Church, Greek or Latin, and not a single General Council attributes infallibility to the Pope alone. Even on the fundamental Scriptural support of the papal claims, the text in which Jesus calls Simon a rock on which he builds his Church, and gives to Peter the keys of the kingdom, only seventeen of the Fathers say that, in

these words, the Church was built on Peter; but forty-four declare that the rock was Peter's faith in the divinity of the Lord—an extraordinary state of affairs if those early teachers knew of the infallibility of Peter's successor. Could they have been so silent if they knew anything about the dogma?

Second: The primate of Africa, St. Cyprian, one of the greatest of the Fathers, refused to allow the validity of baptisms administered by heretics. He ordered that all persons so baptized should be re-baptized on entering the Church. Cyprian and his African bishops solemnly affirmed this in two Councils. Pope Stephen condemned this opinion and practice and forbade it under anathema. Cyprian thereupon called a great Council of eighty-five bishops. He told them they had liberty to express their full opinion, for, said he, "None of our bishops here sets himself up as bishop of bishops, nor tries to force his colleagues to obedience by tyrannical terror." No one in the world could doubt at whom that shot was aimed. This Council voted unanimously that baptism by heretics was invalid. They added that Stephen had fallen into error by holding the contrary opinion, and had overstepped his authority in trying to force his opinion on others. St. Optatus asserted, in the face of Stephen's decree, that the baptism of heretics was invalid, though the baptism of schismatics was valid. And the great doctor, St. Basil, says that although the Romans forbade a repetition of baptism, "We here re-baptize heretics." And Augustine in his day says that on the question of re-baptizing, the doctors differ and will continue to differ until a General Council settles the matter once for all. The question then arises whether these illustrious Fathers of the Church could have had the remotest idea of the Pope's infallibility in so acting and so writing. Could Cyprian have gone to the length of open rebellion if it had ever entered his head that Pope Stephen was infallible?

A Twelfefold Challenge to Council of Vatican 121

Third: Pope Celestine had condemned Nestorius, and Pope Leo I, Eutyches. Yet the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon met to consider—the one, Nestorius, and the other, Eutyches; and proceeded to their own condemnations of the two heresiarchs, after examining the whole case. Could they have done this superfluous work if they thought Celestine and Leo had infallibly disposed of the affair? Could the two great Councils possibly have met in order to give a mere embroidery of pomp to papal condemnations, already infallibly pronounced? Leo himself, in writing of the Council of Chalcedon, says that he had indeed condemned Eutyches, and now the Council had “confirmed (*firnavit*) his actions with its own irreformable assent” (*irretractabile assensu*), as though it were the Council’s act, not his, which was irreformable.

Fourth: A certain letter of Ibas of Edessa had been charged with heresy. Pope Vigilius issued a decree saying that the Council of Chalcedon had approved Ibas and his letter. Therefore Vigilius upheld Ibas and forbade anybody to reopen the case. He forbade also any contradiction to his present decree or the making of any change in it. Here was a doctrinal decision if there ever was one. Yet the fifth General Council did reopen the case, despite the prohibition. Further than that, it solemnly decided that Chalcedon had not approved and could not have approved Ibas’ letter, for it was heretical. Again the question presses hard. Is it possible that those bishops of the fifth Council knew anything about the infallibility of the Pope whom they thus set aside?

Fifth: When Pope Pelagius recognized the fifth Council, a great many bishops in Italy, Gaul, and Africa, who thought that this act discredited the Council of Chalcedon, denounced Pelagius, and several of them cut him off from Communion. The great Irish monk, St. Columbanus, wrote to Pelagius, grieving “over the infamy of Peter’s chair.”

"You have made the ancient faith void," says he to the Pope. "Therefore your juniors in station rightly resist you and rightly refuse communion with you." Had these remonstrants any notion that they were withstanding an infallible oracle of the Holy Ghost? There is not a sign that they had; there is every indication that they had not.

Sixth: The sixth General Council gives us the most famous case of all. Pope Honorius had written letters to the patriarch Sergius which were of a nature to confirm Sergius in his heresy of Monothelitism, *i.e.*, the heresy which holds that there was only one will in Christ. The sixth Council, Honorius being now dead, declares: "We order that Honorius, former Pope of old Rome, be flung out (*projici*) of the Holy Catholic Church of God. We anathematize him, because, in his writings to Sergius, he had shared the mind of Sergius, and confirmed his impious teachings." Pope Leo II, in accepting the sixth Council, wrote: "We anathematize Honorius, who did not adorn the apostolic see by holding fast to apostolic doctrine, but tried to subvert the spotless faith by an impious betrayal." And for some centuries every new Pope, on assuming office, anathematized Honorius along with other heretics. So we have a General Council, the proceedings of which were acknowledged by a Pope, condemning and excommunicating of a Pope for favoring heresy. It is a cruel case for pro-infallibility partisans, and the anti-infallibility bishops at the Vatican Council drove it home repeatedly. One of those bishops was one day speaking against the new dogma, and referred again to Honorius. "We have heard all that before," interrupted a pro-infallibilist bishop. "You certainly have," retorted the speaker, "but you have never refuted it." The pinch of the episode comes here: if the Council was wrong in attributing an heretical mind to Honorius, then a General Council can err in a matter pertaining to faith, and that destroys the whole Church's in-

fallibility. If the Council was right, it destroys the Pope's infallibility. The one conclusion we can draw from the event without torturing the evidence is that nobody concerned dreamed that a Roman Pontiff was infallible. And the case seems to be clinched by Pope Honorius II in 868. Honorius II says that the Orientals declared an anathema on Honorius I. "But it must not be forgotten that the ground of the condemnation was heresy; and that is the one and only ground on which it is permitted (*propter quam solam licitum est*) to men in a lower station to condemn their superiors." These words state beyond the reach of doubt that a Pope believed that Popes can be heretical and are, therefore, not infallible.

Seventh: When there were three rival and contending Popes in the first years of the fifteenth century, and nobody knew which was the right one, the Council of Constance met to put an end to the scandal, and it declared that a General Council has its power immediately from Christ and must be obeyed in all that pertains to faith by people of every class and dignity, even papal dignity (*dignitatis etiamsi papalis*). There is not a sign that the Fathers of Constance recognized infallibility in any Pope.

Eighth: When the rebellious members of the Franciscans were fighting fanatically for the idea of absolute poverty, they announced two propositions: first that Christ and the Apostles did not actually own anything, even in common; and secondly, that a thing could be used without implying any right to use it (*usus facti, sed sine jure*). Pope Nicholas IV decided that these two propositions were true and that it would involve excommunication to deny them. Yet John XXII called them both not only erroneous but heretical, and he excused his contradicting a predecessor by saying that Nicholas' decree had not been supported by the approval of a General Council. Here again it is implicitly

stated that a doctrinal decree of a Pope is not by itself alone infallible.

Ninth: Pope Stephen VI nullified the ordinations conferred by his predecessor, Formosus, and ordered re-ordination of the clerics ordained by him. Then John IX nullified all the acts of Stephen and affirmed the validity of the ordinations of Formosus. Later on, Sergius III annulled the acts of Formosus and John IX and approved those of Stephen VI. But since it is a sacrilege to re-ordain a man, these Popes, who nullified orders and commanded re-ordination, certainly sinned against the faith, and carried their sin into public act of the gravest character. Throughout the scandalous business it never occurred to anyone to mention a Pope's infallibility.

Tenth: St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, submitted a moral question to Pope Gregory II. A Christian couple had been for some time living in marriage when the wife fell gravely ill, making conjugal relations impossible. May the husband marry another woman? The Pope answered that it would be better for the man not to marry. But since this calls for great virtue, he may get married (*nubat magis*); only let him give the necessaries of life to the first wife. So taught a Pope to a missionary out in the field. Can papal infallibility survive this kind of thing?

Eleventh: And can it survive the repeated assertion of mediaeval Popes of their right to depose civil rulers, to dispose of kingdoms, and to free subjects from their oath of allegiance? The assertion of such rights is made in the most solemn terms and actually carried into act, over and over. Not by any civil agreements do the Popes justify this pretension, but by the inherent superiority of Church and papacy over all temporal powers. And if we say these excesses were not infallible acts, suppose that some day a Pope declares that they are?

Twelfth: And what shall be said of the explicit denials

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of papal infallibility by good Catholics before 1870? Here, for instance, is the Controversial Catechism by the Rev. Stephen Keenan. I quote from the third edition and fifteenth thousandth issue, dated 1854, only sixteen years before the Vatican Council. Question: "Must not Catholics believe the Pope himself to be infallible?" Answer: "This is a Protestant invention; it is no article of the Catholic faith; no decision of his can oblige, under pain of heresy, unless it be received and enforced by the teaching body, that is by the bishops of the Church." Dr. Keenan's Catechism bears, in its introductory pages, the most cordial approval of its doctrinal soundness by Bishops Carruthers, Gillis, Kyle, and Murdoch. "The sincere seeker after truth," writes Bishop Carruthers, "will here find a lucid path opened to conduct him to its sanctuary." Yet the "Protestant invention" of papal infallibility is today a truth revealed by God, and necessary to salvation. Would it be possible to find a more annihilating proof that this dogma of 1870 was unknown as such to English-speaking Catholics, when here we see them humiliated at having it attributed to them—and vigorous in rejecting it as a Protestant slander?

Again, when the agitation for Catholic Emancipation and the abrogation of the old penal law against Catholics began, a Declaration was drawn up by Catholic petitioners which said, "We acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope." In another address by Irish Catholics, in 1793, are the words, "I declare that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither am I required to believe or profess that the Pope is infallible."

Not less decisive is the voice of the mighty Church of France. The fourth of the propositions in the famous Declaration of the Gallican clergy of 1682, in the formulation of which the chief part was taken by Bossuet, acknowledges the Pope's primacy but rejects his infallibility. And,

in a learned defense of their Declaration, we are reminded that a man who became Pope is equally pointed in his denial of the same pretension. Hadrian VI taught theology at Louvain before he was elected Pope, and then wrote a theological treatise in which he says of the Pope, *certum est quod possit errare*, it is a certainty that he can err, even in matters of faith, and can teach heresy; for many (*plures*) Roman Pontiffs have been heretics. If, then, British and French Catholics thus openly denied and scornfully repudiated papal infallibility without being censured for it, the Church that tolerated the denial defaulted gravely in its custodianship of truth; since, after all, the rejected opinion turns out to be a part of God's revelation and necessary to the salvation of souls.

In this welter of confusion and this long tradition of denial, where can papal infallibility find standing ground? This is why, in that remarkable protest of his, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis says boldly that papal infallibility is an opinion that can not be made a dogma, even by the definition of a Council. Strossmayer, the eloquent Croatian bishop, said the same thing in his speech to the Council against the despotic rules of procedure imposed upon the bishops of the Council. "Under such regulations," he said, "a definition would exceed counciliar laws so gravely that it could not bind the consciences of the faithful." At these words, there was a scene of scandal in the Council hall. Shouts and insults were hurled at the intrepid Croat. "Heretic!" "Sit down!" "We condemn him!" A group of infallibilist bishops rushed toward the speaker, gesticulating and screaming. The president rang his bell violently, and Strossmayer was forced to stop.

All through, indeed, the Vatican Council was an innovation in history. For one thing, the preparation of the matters to be treated in Council was made in Rome by a Commission of Cardinals and theologians bound by an

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oath of secrecy, and the bishops who were to attend the Council were refused any knowledge of what the Commission intended to set before them. This was an unprecedented act, which left with many of the bishops the painful impression that they were expected to lay aside their own initiative and simply stamp what was presented from above. Again, the Pope, in his Bull convoking the Council, gave not a hint that papal infallibility was to be discussed, although everybody knew that his dearest wish and strongest determination were to have himself declared infallible. Eleven months before the Council met the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which was printed under the Pope's eye, and known to be the echo of his thoughts, said that the Council was to do two things: define the dogma of the Pope's infallibility and the dogma of the assumption into heaven of the body of the Virgin Mary. This caused alarm and called forth respectful protests. For neither opinion had ever been part of Catholic faith; and the second of them, not only had no place in Scripture and ancient tradition, but was, to many thoughtful Catholics, in itself unintelligible and absurd. At Fulda, the German bishops met and sent out a pastoral letter to German Catholics saying that the Council would define no dogmas not already inscribed on Catholic hearts or supported in Scripture and tradition. The letter showed a degree of episcopal independence not at all welcome in Rome.

Not till February, 1870, when the Council had been more than two months at work, was the proposal of papal infallibility suddenly thrust before them, deranging the order already in operation. At first it was rumored that the new dogma would be carried by acclamation, with little or no debate. But four American bishops declared that, if this were done, they would go home at once and tell their people why they did so. Other protests followed, and the suggestion of the dramatic move was dropped. This gain, how-

ever, amounted to little, for on February 22, 1870, the Pope sent to the Council a new method of procedure, which was a most alarming departure from conciliar tradition and a serious menace to the freedom of the bishops. The Pope's new regulations meant that upon the Council's taking up a new topic for debate, and this was papal infallibility, the control of the Council passed from the bishops to the presiding officers,—all appointees of the Pope and strong for his infallibility. The Presidents were to fix the time for debate; and then bishops who wished to present their views on the *schema* presented to them were to send them in writing to a Commission of theologians. This Commission was to make to the Council a *relatio summaria*, a rapid synopsis, of the papers thus submitted; but which papers should be reported, and which passed over in silence was left to the Commission. Again the mere thesis of these written proposals was stated in the synopsis, but not the arguments in support of it, and still further the names of the authors were not mentioned. This was a restriction so grave, so very nearly insulting, that one hundred bishops addressed a protest to the Cardinals of the Council, declaring that the new rules minimized, and indeed, destroyed the freedom of the Council: *Patrum libertas rude minui immo etiam tolli posse videatur*. The bishops added that a majority vote for dogmas of the faith is not enough, for it is the constant rule of Councils that dogmas should be defined *unanimitate morali*, by a substantially complete unanimity. Unless this protest is acted upon, they conclude, *conscientia nostra intolerabili pondere premeretur*, our consciences would be intolerably burdened, and they fear that the ecumenical character of the Council will be called in question.

^A letter of this kind, signed by a hundred bishops representing nearly one half of the Catholics of the world, is an extraordinary testimony to a great abuse and an impres-

sive witness to a great danger. Yet the letter was never officially noticed. There was a great majority for the dogma, and the minority need not be treated even with courtesy.

Forty-six German and Austrian bishops sent an address to the Pope, asking that the question of papal infallibility be not discussed at the Council. Forty-one French bishops, with three or four Portuguese included, sent another. Twenty-seven North American bishops, including two or three from Great Britain, sent another. This American petition asks that papal infallibility be not debated at the Council, first, because it would show that the Fathers of the Council were gravely disunited; secondly, because non-Catholics would be alienated by the proposed dogma; thirdly, because the Council would become the scene of *interminabiles lites*, endless contentions, which would have, upon non-Catholics, an effect gravely to be deplored. The first three names signed to the American document are Purcell of Cincinnati, Kenrick of St. Louis, and McCloskey of New York. Eighteen Oriental prelates, headed by the Patriarch of Antioch, sent in a similar address requesting the Pope not to put upon them, by the new dogma, a burden beyond their strength to bear, *majora viribus onera imponi*. "You do not wish us to be so afflicted," they conclude, "you will not allow it; you will not tolerate it." And to everybody's astonishment, a smaller number—four or five—of Italian bishops laid a like appeal before His Holiness, in which there is mention of the danger of schism from the definition of papal infallibility.

Finally, Cardinal Rauscher of Vienna drew up a paper addressed to the Presidents of the Council, calling attention to the appalling difficulties in papal history respecting the Papacy's relation to the civil power. These difficulties, said the Cardinal, will cease to be mediaeval and may be-

come of immediate practical anxiety to modern states, if papal infallibility is defined.

Of the utmost importance though all these protests were, they carried no weight whatever. The Pope was angry at any opposition to the new dogma; the ultramontane press insulted the bishops of the minority; and although the weight of the scholarship in the Council was against infallibility, along with the bishops of many of the greatest sees in Christendom, Paris for instance, Munich, Prague, Breslau and Milan, the majority, confident in numbers, ignored every remonstrance. A Newman might express his indignation at that "insolent and aggressive faction" that was in control of the Council; a Count de Montalembert might cry out about setting up an idol in the Vatican; a Lord Acton, a Döllinger and a Hefele, might, out of their unrivaled knowledge of church history, warn the Council that to define the dogma would outrage educated people; Catholic faculties might reinforce these protests; but what were all these voices worth in face of the Pope's insistence, and the compliance of the bishops who took their cue from him?

One-half the bishops were living in Rome at the expense of the Pope. Could they be expected to vote against him? The Italian bishops equaled in number the episcopate of all the rest of Europe. The Cardinals of the Curia, who were not in charge of souls at all, and the Vicars-apostolic, dependent upon the Vatican, added to the "safe" votes. From the beginning the case of the minority was doomed. On the eve of the day for the final vote, eighty-eight opposition bishops left Rome, preferring absence to voting, as in conscience they would have to do, against the dogma so near to the heart of His Holiness. On the final day, July 18, 1870, only two bishops, one an American, voted against the dogma of papal infallibility.

But as Cardinal Schwarzenberg of Prague had said in

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1869 *Wir kommen zu spät, alles ist abgemacht*, we arrive too late, everything is settled. The question then arose what would the bishops and other Catholics do who did not believe that the dogma was true and divinely revealed? One month after the Council closed, a meeting of Catholics at Nürnberg said they rejected (*wir verwerfen*) the new dogma as an innovation never professed by the Church. A few weeks afterward, another assembly of Catholics at Munich declared that the new dogma set up in the Church an *unbeschränkte despotische Gewalt* (an unlimited despotism), such as even the Mohammedans do not know. A Catholic Congress at Munich issued a statement that said: "We are Catholics holding fast to the ancient faith. We stand by the old constitution of the Church. We belong to the Catholic Church, not to the Church that has been transformed by the Vatican decrees." An Old Catholic Church was organized to stand as a witness for the Church as it was throughout its history, and as a protest against the novelties introduced by the Council. Forty-three Catholic lay professors of the University at Munich issued a statement that, because of the lack of freedom at the Vatican Council and the moral pressure brought to bear on the bishops, they could not recognize the Council as valid; and as for the new dogma, they rejected it as unproved from Scripture, and contradicted by history. The aged Döllinger wrote to the Archbishop of Munich, who himself at the Council was of the anti-infallibility party: "As a Christian, as a theologian, as a historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine." Döllinger and Friedrich were soon informed that they had incurred major excommunication.

And now for the other and sadder side of the affair. When the dogma was voted, Bishop Hefele of Rottenberg, a great scholar, author of a vast work on the history of the Councils, and the greatest living authority on that subject,

wrote to Döllinger: "I will never accept the new dogma (*werde ich das neue Dogma nie anerkennen*) without the limitations that we desire to put upon it, and I will deny the validity and freedom of the Council. Rome may then suspend and excommunicate me, and give over my diocese to an administrator." In another letter he said: "I have thought of resigning, but I have abandoned the idea; for I should drink the cup that is offered me. To confess that a thing which is not true is divinely revealed, let those do who can. I cannot." In still another: "I cannot publish the new dogma in my diocese. My priests, with few exceptions, were not educated in infallibility, and nearly all the laity care nothing about it." And again: "For many years I have lived in a gross deception. I thought I was serving the Catholic Church. I served, instead, the distortion which Romanism and Jesuitism have made of it. The light came to me in Rome. I saw that what is carried on there is only the name and outward appearance of Christianity, the mere shell; the kernel is gone." In spite of all this, Hefele, shrinking from the status of an excommunicated bishop, published the new dogma in his diocese in April, 1871, the last of the German bishops to do so. Bishop Haynald, the Hungarian, submitted only in October, 1871, a year and three months after the definition of the dogma.

Bishop Strossmayer, the most valiant of all fighters against infallibility, wrote in October, 1871: "My conviction that the Vatican Council lacked the freedom to be a true Council, is unshaken. . . . I hold it certain that my country will one day throw off the Roman despotism . . . there will be among us a necessary reform of such a kind as will not break the bond of unity. The Spirit of Christ stirs not in Rome. Christ forbade that he should be called good; but in Rome they are, in the most shameless way, seeking for the title 'infallible.'" And, writing in Latin to

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his fellow soldier of the university, Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, six months after the Council had adjourned, he said: "I cannot in any way acknowledge the legitimacy of the Vatican Council, nor the definitions approved by it." And, more than a year after the Council, he wrote in German to Lord Acton: "It is undeniable that the Vatican Council, from beginning to end, was not free." Not until February, 1881 did Strossmayer make a complete public acknowledgment of papal infallibility.

Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, in March, 1871, wrote to Lord Acton, explaining his submission to the dogma. He says: "I could not defend the Council or its action; but I always professed that the acceptance of either by the Church would supply its deficiency. I accordingly made up my mind to submit to what appeared inevitable, unless I were prepared to separate myself, at least in the judgment of most Catholics, from the Church. . . . I have steadily refused to publish a Pastoral Letter on the Council. . . . I have also declined to write to the Pope, although . . . he invited me to do so. Notwithstanding my submission, I shall never teach the doctrine of papal infallibility so as to assure its support from Scripture or tradition, and shall leave to others to explain its compatibility with the facts of ecclesiastical history."

And so the dismal story ends. Could I possibly believe that the Pope's infallibility was always and everywhere held, when it was denied, attacked, and refuted by the bishops and archbishops of Paris (the largest diocese in the world), Antioch (almost the oldest), Prague, Milan, Turin, Vienna, Rottenburg, Mainz, Orleans, Marseilles, Grenoble, Besançon, Dijon, Metz, Soissons, La Rochelle, Nancy, Halifax, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Savannah, Wheeling, Newark, Little Rock, Bosnia, and by the Primate of Hungary? Could I believe it was a truly ecumenical Council, when there were 276 Italian bishops, and

from all the rest of Europe only 265? Could I follow the swarm of Italians, Spanish, and South American bishops, who had little notion of what scholarship meant, and no notion of what the modern world meant, in preference to the learning and breadth of mind of a Hefele, a Strossmayer, a Maret, a Connolly, a Ginoulhiac, a Kenrick, a Döllinger and an Acton? Could I fail to see the degradation of bishops to the status of lackeys, and refuse to recognize that never again could there be in the Church a Paul resisting Peter, a Cyprian, a Bossuet, or a Strossmayer, a Darboy or a Dupanloup? Could I tolerate approving the action that set in of suppressing and correcting catechisms which did not teach papal infallibility, so that the deliberate falsehood might be established that the dogma had always been believed? And could I reconcile the adulation, the timidity, the crying out of *Beatissime* and *Eminentissime*, the intrigue and the tyranny that swarmed in the papal Court, with one lonely Man who abandoned a priestly and ecclesiastical tradition that claimed fifteen hundred years of authority, took for his cause free soul and redeemed personality, and then, when that cause was lost, gave to it, since he knew not compromise nor clever artifice of conformity, his last glorious offering of pierced hands and broken heart?

Such questions I had to ask, and not only to ask, but to answer. There could not be much doubt how I should answer them; but by the time they clearly confronted me I had gone on to convictions which put questions even more searching, and these it is now time to state.

Chapter VIII

ANGUISH OF APPRAISAL

MANY a man has wished, as I did a hundred times over, while the night deepened upon the most glorious hope and most fervent faith possible to man, that the heart's love could govern life with no rebellion from the mind. It is a weakness, yes, but how pardonable a one! to cherish that vain desire, and so to seek escape from what no man can avoid, the tragic element in existence—to reluctant flesh the worst, to purified spirit the noblest of all the experiences of our lot as men.

Catholicism had been a plant so deeply rooted in the home soil of my nature—so fair to me from the day when I first opened my eyes to beauty, so fragrant and sweetly blossomed from the earliest morning of my life's joyous springtime—what could I do but cry a protest as the frost of reason touched it, and I saw it wither? Why could not reason let it be? Why should not love preserve it, our Eden from which no avenging angels should drive us out? So the hurt heart uttered itself, and called in Imagination to stand beside it as an advocate, lest the garden of happy delight be lost.

An eloquent advocate the Imagination was. It pictured twenty centuries of history, with one centre and one sanctuary, the Church Catholic, with one worship during the life of men, one mighty consolation at their death, one fellowship on earth and in heaven, unbroken by all the separations of time. A superb and overwhelming picture! Be-

fore the majesty of it one was inclined to say: Suppose, that in your grubbing into Scripture and the history of dogma, you do find loose stones in the Church's foundation; suppose that this or that later dogma is shown to have no basis in early times. Suppose, even, that the declaration of an infallible Church in the Gospels is very dubious; why should that shatter the spell of historic Catholicism and be allowed to set you down in a solitary place, orphaned of *Mater ecclesia*, exiled from the continuous brotherhood which has marched in splendor through the ages, the most majestic witness of all witnesses to eternal things. If it is a question of the truth of historical criticism over against that stupendous fraternity to which you have given your life, why take the former, and incur the agony of so appalling a departure? Find some method of conforming rather than walk that cruel way to you know not what loneliness and loss.

This was the inevitable insurgence of the affections, challenging the implacable claims of truth, and fierce to break in pieces the merciless demand of sincerity. I was the witness, as well as the arena, of a psychological conflict in which the massed energies of affection and habit, and the inheritance of centuries hurled themselves upon one single Presence, named either Truth or Honor, according as it was interpreted intellectually or morally, but under either name a destroyer of life's unity and peace. And the Presence had only one word: *Follow the light!* and only one weapon, which was moral fidelity, and with these it stood alone to receive the charge of the swarm that was so powerful because so primitive, so fiery because in victorious control so long. Through days and nights, tormented weeks and lengthened months, the strife went on, and no word of mine could stay it.

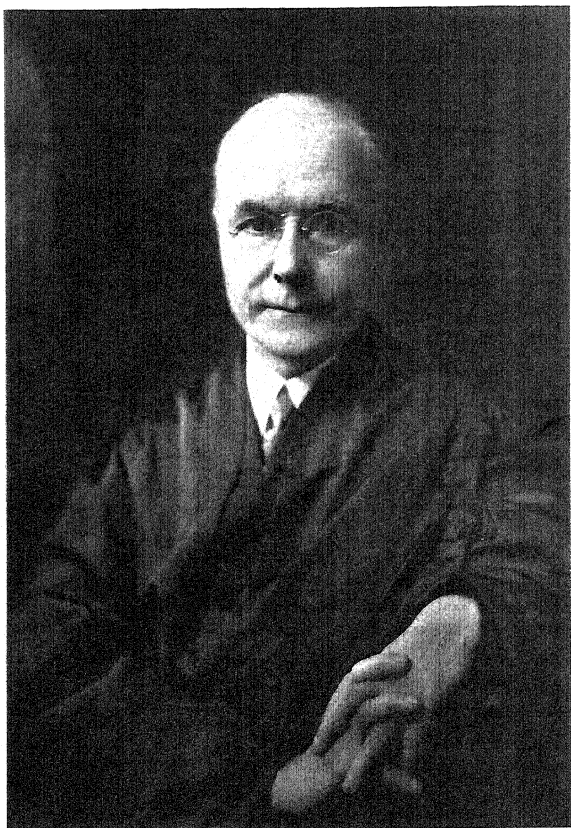
What put an end to it. I shall have to tell, though, because it is so intimate, I would rather not. It was ended

by that practise of recollection and silent contemplation, carried on through many years and moving ever forward to decisions undreamt of till the crisis of decision came. Morning after morning in the meditation hour I turned the mind's searching eye on Christ, as I was expected and trained to do, trying to see him as he was, to share his mind, to open the secret chamber of his heart and soul. And more and more clearly I saw him as an unbefriended soldier of a vocation destitute of consolation; his birthright church his enemy; its priesthood and high-priesthood his settled and bitter opponents; its devout and powerful disciples his scorers and betrayers. I saw him called a drunkard; ambitious for eminent state and even for a crown; a questionable character with a low taste for dirty company; a depraved blasphemer; a servant of the devil and possessed of devils. Such to orthodoxy was Jesus of Nazareth. And he had only to give up in weariness and heartbreak. He had only to go back to little Nazareth, "to its safe simplicity and homely mediocrity," and he would know peace once more and an end to the dismal blats of priests and slaves and blockheads. Even in Gethsemane he might have left the olive garden as undisturbed as he had entered it, and by morning be near the limit of Pilate's jurisdiction, with freedom just ahead. But he made another choice. He wished that the cup had not been put into his hands. With all his human sensitiveness to harsh decisions, to outrage, and crushing pain, he shrank from it. But he took it, fearing unfaithfulness far more. He took it and magnificently died. Suppose that he had not, I often asked. Suppose that the young prophet had chosen safety and escape. Suppose that, in his heavy fatigue of heart and body, he had yielded to the thought that the elders of Israel might, after all, be right, and he himself deluded. What devastation then would have fallen upon the divine tradition! What waste and impoverishment brought into the history of our de-

liverance from the pit of sect and faction and ruinous compromise and surrender! But that was not to be seriously imagined. No falsifying word in him! No play of clever manoeuvre, no posture of an assumed and acted role! In him I saw the historic vocation of personality, with an Eternal behind it to which none of our low arts can ever approach, and with moral decision before it, the test that determines whether Spirit shall rule this world by inherent right or serve as a slave to our compliance. If the Ideal enters into history at all, it can have only one place, and that is mastership, and only one residence, the soul of man. Not to see that is to put out one's eyes. Not to realize that in one's own life is to wreck the vocation of humanity, and perhaps irredeemably to lose one's soul. With a terrible insistence, with a clamor as of mighty authorities legislating for the universe of souls, the question beats upon my doors: *Lying or conforming?* The issue, therefore, passed out of criticism and intellectual debate into the sphere of Right. When it did, that moral realism or moral absolutism, which had become the highest thing in life to me, could not allow decision to be long delayed.

Dr. Sullivan's death occurred shortly after the completion of this portion of his autobiography. As stated in the preface, he published two years prior to his death in *Contemporary American Theology* (compiled by Dr. Virgilius Ferm) an article entitled "The Moral Will and the Faith that Sustains it." This book closes with that article, for in it we find the end of his personal story, and a clear presentation of his radiant faith.

(Editors).



DR. SULLIVAN IN 1935

Chapter IX

THE MORAL WILL AND THE FAITH THAT SUSTAINS IT

I.

WHEN you ask a man what his theology is, you are, I should suppose, more interested in the man than in the theology. What you are seeking is not a pedantic account of the books he has read, the speculations he has worked or trifled with, or the ecclesiastical system to which, as the dreadful word is, he "belongs." Rather your inquiry, so far as it is serious and expectant of a profitable answer, amounts to this, I think: "As you have struggled to know the supreme thing in all existence; as you have eaten the dust of your disillusionings; as you have fallen and been trampled on; as you have fought with demons and caught perhaps a glimpse of heavenly presences through the fog in which you have borne life's heavy strife; as you have searched and studied and perhaps prayed; as you have reflected upon the gropings of science and philosophy and the wilderness of history, tell me what you have discovered of magnificence; what has proved a sure support; what radiance still shines despite the dark; what, if anything, as death draws near, sounds to your soul a conquering cry of supreme and final confidence."

That, phrased, I trust, in language not too rhetorical, is what we wish to know when we inquire for a man's statement of his beliefs. A soul is what we want him to

reveal, not merely the chambers of an acquisitive mind in which a scholiast stores the miscellaneous cargo of his cognitions and hypotheses. This intellectual ballast we indeed presume him to have accumulated, but his bill of lading in specifications and statistics is not what we hope he will offer for our inspection. Another page altogether of his life's history is what we covet, the page that tells the story of his *Itinerarium mentis in Deum*, his contribution to the vast and glorious book of man's pilgrimage toward the Eternal.

If he will break his silence and tell us that; if, laying aside his protective armor or his artful disguise of *sic et non*, the theologian's or the philosopher's stage-costume in which he practices his imposing virtuosity, he will give us that, then he will speak, faultily no doubt, but as a soul should speak that answers the gravest question that can be put to man.

Such an answer, however, it seems extremely difficult to elicit. The last thing that man learns is himself. He wears a mask until it grows into his face. He parrots and repeats until his automatism is not his second nature but his first. He uses words to conform or to declaim, not to express, his silenced soul. The slave-mind, or at least the indentured mind, is everywhere; it is conspicuous among the learned; it is epidemic in democracies; it rattles its chains among radicals and rebels who protest that the noise is the morning music of independence; it is the chronic state of a multitude of liberals; it is the chief scandal of theologians.

In fact, if a human soul acquainted with the labor of thought and disciplined by the austerity of experience were to address us out of its own depths, and with no calculating eye upon academic, scientific, or theological cautions and conventionalities we should be set a-flutter at the novelty, and should most likely be amused at the candor and shocked at the shaggy strength of its stark veracity. Unfor-

tunately it is often the manifestly foolish who are candid, and they have nothing to say; and nearly as often it is the presumably wise who are not candid, and they have forgotten what utterance should mean.

These, I dare say, are severe words; but a severe and disastrous wrong evokes and justifies them. Let us see how. Augustine established in Western theology the doctrine that babies who die unbaptized go to hell forever; not to the Limbo of "natural but not supernatural felicity" which the compulsions of human decency have finally driven Latin theology to invent as a substitute, but to the hell of fire. Augustine's one concession was that their torment while excruciating was not so awful in anguish as that of the rest of the damned.

For a thousand years Latin Christianity taught this thing, the classic phrasing of it being these words of the Confession of Faith imposed upon the Greek, Michael Palæologus, by Pope Clement IV, in 1267: "*Illorum autem animas qui in mortali peccato vel cum solo originali decedunt mox in infernum descendere, poenis tamen disparibus puniendas.*" For a thousand years religious teachers said to millions of mothers: "Your infants that died before they could possibly be baptized are in hell. They did no wrong but they are for everlasting in the roaring infernal furnaces."

Let us pass over the ghastliness of unredeemable despair that this dogma produced in human hearts and homes. Let us simply consider the grave and reverend lords of sacred learning that repeated it, proved it by texts, and set it up on high as the teaching of Jesus and the will of the loving Father of all men. What shall we say of these custodians of the truths of our blessed salvation, the wise doctors of the queen of the sciences? We had better repress much of what we should like to say, and mention only this,

that, if the paradox be permitted, they committed suicide before they committed something like homicide.

They did not express and could not have expressed their hearts and minds and souls by that appalling savagery of superstition. They extinguished and murdered themselves. They tore themselves loose from all reality. They separated themselves from Christ. They wore the mask of orthodoxy in order to blaspheme Deity. Their implicit purpose was not to illuminate their hour of life by speaking out as grown-up men, but to wreck their essential vocation by making themselves advocates of immorality through servitude to a tradition. They are the worst and most terrible of witnesses to the self-degradation of souls that are called to self-transcendence.

But they are not alone; there are plenty of other witnesses to the same immoral discrowning and dethroning of the spirit's majesty. Today in the Latin rite of baptism the clergyman directly addresses in the second person the devil who inhabits the body of the infant at the font. The devil owns that infant in a deeper sense than its parents own it or than God owns it. God indeed has laid upon its helplessness the burden of His rejection and condemnation. Can any man, if all that makes him man be allowed to assert itself, believe that? If any man heard for the first time of this devil-ownership and devil-possession of babies; if he had caught a rumor of such a dogma from a report of Congo mythology, would he not abhor it and bestir himself to help convert to the Lord of love and the Friend of children a tribe so sunk in darkness?

There is no doubt how these questions should be answered. That horrible aberration no unspoiled human being can endure. But when a human being puts on the mask; when he mutilates himself, when he abdicates selfhood so as to be an echo, an anonymous phantom, an automaton who has obliterated the distinction between

belief and make-belief, he can profess anything and consent to anything. When a man lives by words which the lips speak but to which the deep soul gives no resonance he is capable of advocating and apologizing for any enormity and styling it the truth of God.

One illustration more, this time not from the right wing but from the left of the religious Parliament. There has appeared lately in the Unitarian body a party which calls itself humanist. Some of these people are agnostics, others are atheists, but whichever they are they have no use for God; yet because they continue in a church whose historic claim has been not only that it is Christian but that its mission is to recover Christianity in its purest form, they shrink from applying to themselves the term atheist. They have a God, they say. And when we inquire what sort of God, some of them answer: Man is God. One of them lately said that liberalism would not have reached the last logic of its position until it roundly stated that man is God.

Now behind such statements as these there can be absolutely no thought. They are quite insane. They never could have been uttered as the deliberate convictions of a mind able to think and scrupulous in expressing itself as thinking. But just as the Augustinian theologians lapsed from the free mind to the slave mind in order to be not human but orthodox, these humanists have taken the same course in order to be not rational but respectable. They do not put into outer words their inner selves; they annihilate their inner selves and establish artificiality on the ruins.

Such men are like those non-resisters who say in hot perorations that rather than save their mothers from murder by laying ungentle hands on the murderers they would let the crime proceed. Everybody knows that they would do nothing of the kind. No living man would, for it is impossible that such total depravity and utter degeneracy could walk the earth in human form. But in order to be

of an intransigent verbalism of logic, and in order that the dike of abstract consistency be not broken by one fatal inch of concession to common sense they let fly out of their mouths this abysmal nonsense. Some of them even pose as martyrs to iron principle and actually contrive to turn the sympathy of frivolous audiences from the mother who is murdered to the self-sacrificing son who lets it be done.

It appears then that it is a hard thing to get at the genuine inside of a man. The sort of answer that one is likely to receive to an inquiry into a man's beliefs is something of this nature: "I will tell you what I hold fast to, but always within the limitations of my subscription to the thirty-nine articles; always subject to my submission to Thomistic theology and Pius X's decree against modernism; always in deference to my status in the radical group of thinkers; always *salva obedientia* to the conventionalities of my academic or professional coterie." Of course, if a man does give utterance to his true self through thirty-nine articles and all those other standards and norms we want him to say so and we shall respect him and thank him for saying so. But if instead of saying what his own true soul is he waits until, *permissu superiorum*, he is informed from outside what it is proper for his soul to be, then we have collapse and decay, and the examples just given show how inveterate and deep-seated the misery is.

In an effort to avert it suppose then we frame our question thus: "What can you not help believing? What would destroy your inner life and make havoc of your whole life if you did not believe it? If you were a poet what is it that you would be under compulsion to sing? If you were a philosopher what is it that you would rejoice to drive home with compelling argument and enlarge to the full sweep of a majestic conception of all human life? If you were a preacher what message would give you no rest until

from a burning heart you uttered it? What indeed is it that would make you a miserable man if you were untrue to it, a traitor if you deserted it, a liar if you denied it? What are you inside? When all shams have passed by, when all the applause and hisses have sunk to silence, and when alone with the perfect Truth which is so awful a mystery because perfect and so searing a flame because Truth, you lay down your life for final judgment, what will you cleave to and cling to then?"

These, I believe, are the questions implicitly asked of us here. If so, perhaps silence, awe, a searching of the heart, and a sense of woeful transgressions are the fittest answer to them. But if we are to speak, then on the chance that one's stumbling words may hold up a little candle's light for someone else, let this contributor give such answer as is in his power.

II.

Our editor, scornful of reticence, desires and with some emphasis has expressed the desire, that we should be autobiographical in these confessions. This, I suppose, means that we should not only state our creed, but tell also some of the personal history which has led us to it. If this must be there is nothing to do but accept it, although the editor will understand, I trust, that not without groanings have some of us obeyed him in thus opening to other eyes the chambers of our inner lives. I was, then, reared a Catholic. Through many years I studied and served that system of faith so far as my capacity made it possible. And what that means for any human soul that is in earnest about its earthly course and unearthly destiny it would take too long to say.

Let me only mention one or two of the lasting marks or "signatures," as Jacob Boehme might express it, that are visible in Catholicism and likely to leave their traces

upon a man to whom Catholicism has been a long study and an accepted cause. First of all I should put this: Catholicism sets you face to face with a Given. There in front of you is a Reality awful as well as beautiful, austere as well as benignant, commanding as well as appealing, but always utterly actual. Whatever else may be or may not be, God exists and your soul exists. Your soul is to be saved and God alone can save it. There for you is the essential universe. Time and history for you mean the transaction of that august business with the Eternal. And endless life hereafter depends for its felicity or misery on how you have transacted it. A good many churches still teach this, I dare say, and all of them did once.

But the solidity of that Reality, its downright and intractable Givenness, its objective massiveness, its inescapable presence, are presented in Catholicism with an incomparable definiteness and with such a pedagogical apparatus for impressing it on heart, imagination, mind, and will as we can find nowhere else. There is nothing aerial in Catholicism. If you knock your head against it you know that you have hit something, and if you knock your heart against it you know that something has hit you.

Another quality in this great church is what we may call its legality. Not only is there a Real but an organized Real. Catholicism is articulate. It is more than organization, it is organism. It has a voice, and behind the voice a logic of speech. Logic indeed, if not its soul, is the habitation of its soul. To be inaccurate is to be heretical, and to be heretical is most likely to be damned. The law is as indubitable as the Law-giver, the kingdom is as compact and apprehensible as the King. Furnish now this preciseness of system with a majestic length of history throughout which the institution does not sprawl or creep, but marches as with banners; give it a scepter; open the book of its continuous legislation; expand your mind to take in its

tradition of immemorial sovereignty; accustom yourself to the accent of dominion and the port of majesty—and you will probably, if historical imagination is not injured by theological prejudice, be deeply moved by an exactness of order, a positiveness of government, a magnificence of corporate life quite beyond the reach of rivalry. The adjective Roman is much more than a geographical name for the center of the church's unity. "Roman," in the full spiritual and historic significance of the term, is the fittest possible word to describe Catholicism as an institution and a polity.

Lastly, this church, so accomplished in the earthly art of ruling, is equally resourceful in the heavenly art of sanctifying. To her spiritually gifted children she offers a rich cultivation of the devout and mystical life. If she has a busy Curia officered by astute and clear-headed statesmen and politicians, she has also in her varied domain silent cell and quiet sanctuary, where those who know what Dante calls

*la concreata e perpetua sete
del deiforme regno,*

may slake their thirst in the secret springs of inner and everlasting life. The church's crown may often obliterate the halo; but at long last it is the halo that is the truer symbol of her power.

From this it seems to follow that a man who has ever been seized and penetrated by this tremendous Catholicism is likely to take from it three lasting dispositions of mind and heart, all three, I believe, in the highest degree wholesome. First, he will demand a Given. He will require a Fact. He will be uneasy before any subjectivism which annihilates or blurs an objective order and the Principle that animates and sustains it. He will be quite as unresponsive to any absolutism or psychologism which reduces his

primary Given, namely his own soul, to the marionette-play of an all-swallowing Absolute or to the deceptive trickery of an emotion-focus which is only a queer function of the organism. To him these notions smell of the academic mortuary. They cannot withstand the test of life. They are pompous phantoms from a world of Nowhere. They have no history, and cannot be fitted into history as man has lived it. If ever in the future they do insert themselves into his history I think we may say that his glory will be gone, his wild and perilous vitality paralyzed, his creative power blighted, his renovating joy and mysterious rapture frozen by the pedant's fatal touch. Man's soul is fact confronting kindred Fact. To "reduce" it to something lower is monstrous in logic and destructive to life. No such reduction is possible nor even intelligible.

If a man asserts to me that nitrogen and carbon can in certain conditions work out, let us say, Appel's equations for motion in a dynamic system; if he declares that, given the right conditions again, alcohol, bicarbonate of soda and the enzyme that hydrolizes protein can write the Divine Comedy, I for one do not know what he is talking about, and am quite sure that when he gives his theory a moral value by calling it true he doesn't know either. And if a brother of his comes forward to announce that man's highest spiritual experiences are a mass of irrational wishes when the most manifest fact under our eyes is that they proceed not from a wish but from a commandment, even life's most imperative commandment, for self-fulfillment, the wish being but the fragmentary appearance in one part of man's nature of the essential "drive" of his total nature to transcend the "Here-and-Now," then all that remains to me is to deepen the profound skepticism of academic theories in all fields which a fairly long acquaintance with them has forced upon me. As for the "reduction" of higher to lower, leaving the higher "ex-

plained" by the lower, it is to me the most perverse of all ineptitudes, the most empty of all fallacies. It is a feature of that flight from fact, that horror of objectivity, that retreat from history, that itch for a generalization which scorns the particulars within it, that substitution of simplification for simplicity which will furnish to the erudite the best example of romantic "wishing" that they could find.

This soul of mine is here, formed, featured, and indubitable. This universe whose highest is indicated by my deepest—in the name of common sense, by what else can it be indicated?—that too is here, and these massive actualities no fugitive fluttering into any hyper-space where things become words and words become ghosts can ever shake from their solid seat. And this tough practicality alone gives a man a world in which growing learned does not mean growing decrepit, but a world rather in which growing old in mind means growing young in spirit, the only kind of world fit for a militant soul sent forth to a fighting probation.

In the second place there is this consequence of the Catholic impress, that a man wishes his mind to have as determinate a structure as his body. He is meant to have convictions; let him have them. He is meant to say something; let him say it. Even if he is an atheist, let him avow it and not use the word God to designate a memory, a sigh, or a romance. If he says he believes a creed, let him believe it, not deny it on week-days when it is not recited, and affirm it on Sundays because everybody expects him to recite it. Surely amid all our doubt and groping something is, something shines, something intensifies human life. Whatever it is, it belongs to the articulate nature of a mind to utter it, to stand by it, to take joy in defending it. But when a man or a church declares that there is nothing to stand by or stand for; that God-affirming or God-deny-

ing makes no difference, and that we should as good democrats be always ready to abide by the majority vote, or as good lackeys hang round a professor's back door till he tells us what to believe, since this is a world anyhow of sweet sentiment alternated with cunning calculation, and its monarch is a fragrant "Perhaps"—when this sort of thing grows fashionable, the first impulse of a man disciplined by Catholicism is to abhor it. He holds it sound logic to make interrogations preparatory to predications. He inquires in order to affirm. His mind he will not regard as a ventilating tube in and out of which opinions carry on a perpetual transit in a vacuum. He thinks, studies, and believes in order to be. This is his main business—to be, and to be by an individual determination of existence. Mere being is donated to him. Kind-of-being it is his obligation to achieve.

For a moral person existence is and must be a vocation; the *Leben* is merely the raw material of the *Geist*. As sharp in outline therefore as ever an institution was, as definite in articulation as ever a system of thought has been, it is his calling to become. With a disposition to docility he should of course receive the reports sent in to him from men and books and from past and present; but upon this whole molten mass of circumstance he is to stamp the impress of a personality. The dilution of a self into a fog of "events," the melting away of a responsible soul into a "life-stream" or a "consciousness-stream" or any other aqueous element of perfectly nonsensical metaphor will not do, will never do. To be is to be defined. To live is to have a form. To be and to live as a person is to have the most luminous definition and most manifest form that exist.

And finally such a man will find it hard to lose the sense of the transcendent. The transcendent is not an objectivity which is big or old or imaginatively terrifying. It is not colossal globes of gas on fire in the sky. It does not consist

in distances measured by light-years nor of durations calculated by units of ten thousand centuries. These are impostures when they cast a man down from his true status as a moral being who is to realize himself in quality, to the level of the pictorial imagination which is subject to shivering before quantity, the lowest of the categories.

The transcendent is that in which I lose myself as lesser and find myself as greater. It is that in which spiritual qualities are not adjective but substantive. It is that in which my trust in giving all that I am finds absolute security and the security of an Absolute. It is the discovery that gives rationality to the soul's perpetual search, for mere searching is not rational. It is that which, when reason has decisively seen that we as souls demand more than the contingent, says to us with august voice: "Behold the More-than-contingent!" It is the Given Glory seen in our mortal twilight by one pure ray which floods the whole world with light, the light that no night extinguishes.

If this is unacademic language I suppose I should be sorry, but I am not. My responsibility here is not to perform a dissection. That operation I leave to the cold knives and the cold slabs to be found in every campus. I am trying to tell what one soul lives by and is kept alive by, in the belief that a glimpse of actual life is not irrelevant, however many dissertations we have on what theoretical life may be, should be, or in some realm of possibilities could be. And what I say is that without a transcendent which is kindred and communicant, the contingent world of which I am a part is a scandal to thought, the history of the human spirit is unintelligible, and the validity of reason and the intuitions of souls the most delicate in insight, the most poised in judgment, the most limpid in vision, and the most heroic in will go down together with a crash. If this collapse cannot be, then the transcendent besets us, the great God seeks us, and the darkness in which our grimy

hands are groping is being overtaken by the day for the beholding of which our inward eye has been made so pure.

Such are some of the inheritances that one receives from Catholicism. I do not mean that they are exclusive to it; not at all. I only say that they are bestowed and systematically inculcated by it. And having said this gratefully and gladly, as I shall always do, I come to the tragic phase in which by the very logic of the church's teaching certain of her sons and daughters have to stand aside, let the mighty army march by with its proud flags flying and its uncounted voices singing, and take for the rest of their lives the lonely way. What fundamentally happens to such persons is that they are called upon immediately and by individual decision to deal with one of the oldest problems of man, the relation of the one to the many, of the self to an institution, of the unit to its unity. So far as I can, let me set this problem forth.

The very first law on which the church insists is that a man must save his soul. Man has an end and it is not the satisfaction of sentimentality, nor the indulgence of impulse, nor the superior detachment of the esthete or the sage. It is that one day he must lay down the record of his mortal life for the judgment of God most high. That is the climax of existence. The free use of God's gifts constitutes man's ladder of life. After the last rung he steps from use to final responsibility. He must answer for the use. In a merely animal world use would be enough; in a moral world it must undergo accounting, review, and sentence.

It is a tremendous teaching. No length of familiarity with it can diminish its grandeur. No other instruction that a man can receive is fit to stand beside it for power and elevation. There are indeed liberals who fiercely attack it. They say that to be concerned for saving one's soul is selfish, individualistic, anti-humanitarian, anti-social. But

I am bound to say that these liberals show themselves as unable to understand anything profoundly human as to believe anything indisputably divine. Because a man has to save his soul, that does not destroy the fact that he must save it in a commonwealth of souls, nor the further fact that his salvation precisely depends on how he has worked with and for these souls.

When we utter the word soul we do not mean an isolated thing all alone in a private boudoir making itself pretty for inspection on judgment-day. That would be absurd, and the religious sense is not absurd. We mean that how I act on other souls I shall answer for to the Lord of souls. We mean that if sympathy is diffused responsibility is concentrated. We mean that action, however far it spreads, comes back with its recorded page, black or white, to the one man who sent it forth, that he must read it to the last syllable in the Presence which there is no deceiving, and must take the station merited by the result. Instead of destroying the social sense I know of nothing that could more heavily charge it with energy, zeal, and love. The social sense is so sacred that its activity is not confined to earth and time; it determines the very judgment of the Eternal.

But if we are to save our souls we are to know God the Moral Infinite whose will is the life of souls. So Catholicism by an incomparable system of public worship and private prayer sends us into the adorable Presence. It urges and presses us to become habituated to the wonder and awe of the All-Holy in His unseen sanctuary. It bids us be obedient to His known appointments as Jesus was, who in the supreme magnificence of fidelity took the dire cross in order to stand true to the will that must be done. And in the loftier experiences of contemplative prayer it encourages us to lay aside all pictures and imaginative symbols, to suppress all subtle gratifications of merely selfish devotional

feeling and, in that great loneliness which yet throngs the world with one Companionship overwhelmingly sufficient, to know God almost face to face, awful, glorious, and absolute; infinite Beauty, Truth, and Right.

Suppose, then, that we try to do this. Suppose that as we do so we learn ever more profoundly that the essentially Catholic habit of adoration must be matched by the essentially spiritual and moral habit of obedience to what we adore and that our adoration is only a formality without it. Then we shall be confronted not with a Categorical Imperative, for that may be an abstraction, and as an abstraction I can find no meaning in it, but with a Will uttering Itself to a soul and waiting for the soul's response. Out of loyalty and love the soul will endeavor to respond, hoping that through a thousand clamors the Voice will grow continually more clear, and seeing as the far goal, pitifully far, the dedicated day when that Will may become its meat and drink. It is to this that Catholic devotion leads the man who has given himself to it. What then must happen when the heavenly Will is found to be in discord with the earthly institution which led him to It? There is the crisis, such a crisis as tears a man's heart and rebuilds his world.

With all its logic Catholicism has no logic for a solution here. No institution has. It can only say: "If you do the will of God you will do my will too." But this is a theorem. It cannot withstand that Given before which all theorems must bend. At last every philosophy or theology must satisfy naked soul. If it does not, it dies. Let me repeat it, the fundamental reason for the departure of a reasonably mature person from a system like Catholicism is not intellectual difficulty taken by itself. A man can easily juggle intellectual difficulties into some play of conformity once he learns that low art. But there is one thing that he cannot do. He cannot open his inward eye on divine and

sovereign Truth and Right and imagine that he can serve this Glory by practicing deceit or approving wrong. To attempt it is such a havoc and horror that men have invented one awful name for it, and that name is hell—the denial in word or act that God is true and righteous.

Without pride, let us hope, without pretense, let us pray, many a man must say that it was not in the haughty library where he read books, nor in the cold study where he inflated his intellect with theories, that he took his first or last step away from his inherited church; it was rather at the altar where he cast himself down before the Holiest and called to remembrance the solitary Christ. Let any voice whatever, though of an angel from heaven as Paul says, speak anything that is unworthy of the Deity that he learned there and it is put upon him and demanded of him to reject it. The institution that cultivated in him the sense of the absolute Will thereby implicitly taught him the pedagogical function of institutions, their provisional place and subordinate authority. The church that bade him save his soul for the eternal Right may not add the proviso that this is to be done by the submission of his soul to a temporal device.

When all the warnings against vagary and the tricks of a rebellious mind have been humbly listened to; when the learned expositions upon the historical and institutional principle as set over against the individualist and anarchic principle have done their utmost in the ablest hands from Augustine to Von Hügel, the stark question is as sharp in outline in the end as it was in the beginning: Will you pretend in order to conform, will you invert the righteous order of your loyalties, will you follow the earthly at the cost of deserting the heavenly within you and above? There is no escaping the conflict; in the nature of things it is irrepressible; and no apologetic or philosophy of institutions has a solution for it.

The last word of history is soul if the last reality of existence is God. What in particular it was in Catholic orthodoxy that involved a degradation of Deity and a contradiction of His will I shall not state at length. Nothing, I suppose, struck deeper than that millennium of teaching that babies dying unsprinkled were sentenced to hell, and its modern mitigation that they are in enmity to God and destined never to rise to the possession of Him as their Father. Guilt in one not guilty is a notion not merely abhorrent and absurd; it is besides, I deeply believe, most blasphemous, as its corollary is that the Infinite lays a curse and His curse (!) upon the innocent, and His scourge for endless eternity upon those who have been forever helpless.

What in general comes to pass in such an experience of detachment is the substitution of the moral for the dogmatic. I could not but see the havoc produced in men who gave themselves over in unconditioned submission to an earthly corporation, its interests, and its creeds. I saw many a high and glowing mystic emerging from his exaltations of prayer to give approval to the burning of heretics, and the shock of it helped split the ground beneath me; why should it not? I saw the genius of Aquinas and the high ability of an uninterrupted line of theologians perverted from divine light and human sympathy to the contriving of exhaustive proofs that, in the case of a heretic, robbery was virtuous and murder meritorious. I saw pontiffs ordering that children be encouraged to report the secret heresy of their fathers, and so become accomplices in parricide. I read in theological treatises extensive chapters "de Tortura," the infliction of torture upon men and women under suspicion of heresy, and other chapters worse if possible, as for example in Del Rio, on the loathsome lying that was permitted in order to trap a supposed heretic or witch into confession of the charge against him.

These things were and still are for me the darkest and

most dreadful mystery in the whole history of evil. For the men concerned in them were religious and Christian teachers. Multitudes through many generations followed them, as having by their prayers received divine light, by their high position divine guidance, and by their learning divine wisdom. And then looking from those past ages to the present I saw eminent men repressing all indignation at wholesale murder because their institution approved it, and even venturing an apology for it or putting a fair face upon it as Cardinal Newman and, regrettable as it is to say it, Baron von Hügel are not ashamed to do.

From this the conclusion, harsh I do not doubt but true I am sadly sure, forced itself upon me that there are men more willing to compromise God for the sake of an institution than to censure an institution for the sake of God. The words are painful and I wish that I could forbear writing them, but I cannot, and it would be paltering with things too sacred to be dragged down to the level of our indolent compliances if I tried. If a man gives himself unconditionally to an institution, or assigns to a tradition the authority which only One may possess over us, no learning or culture, no lofty place or distinguished name, and even no practice in mystical exercises can save him from the danger of degrading the moral character in which he should be most like his Maker. Once for all, therefore, I determined to judge all institutions and beliefs by moral law, not moral law by them.

This principle leads one far. It became an impossibility to doctor history and to find in the Bible and in early Christianity what I was supposed to find there. It became intolerable to maintain that certain late dogmas were held in earlier ages when I was certain they were not held then but were repeatedly and without censure denied. It became a burden not to be borne to approve mechanical acquittals of guilt and its consequences as a substitute for inward

renovation of the very springs of character. And finally it became disgusting to whisper liberalism in secret to a Freemasonry of Modernists and crypto-heretics who wore their hearts anywhere but on their sleeves and vented their minds anywhere but in public. The furtive had to go; the downright had to come.

And so, to put an end to a narration which it is not pleasant to write, I discovered that the whole orbit of my mind was set in a different space and round another center. Beyond all difficulties in detail there was a fundamental dislocation. I grew to believe that, while man is humbly to learn from history, he is not servilely to be subject to it; that the moral nature is to religion what developed science is to primitive apprehension, the last explication and the highest crown; that the question to be answered in our great judgment will be not what are you inside of, but what is inside of you; and that in trying to follow God's will we may have to let everything contingent and temporal go in the tragedy of moral decision as Christian apocalyptic says they will one day have to go in a catastrophe of physical dissolution.

Institutions I came to regard as I am sure the spiritual eye should regard the body. The body is our indispensable ministrant to life and the means of contact with this scene of our probation. Because it is that, it is priceless. Yet we must every day resist it in order that its ministerial function may not be inflated and aspire to be magisterial. The "sense of body" we have and should have; but if it should fill the mind it certainly will empty the soul. We are, therefore, to look upon our own bodies and the bodies of all other persons as servants of spirit, and until we do we have not emerged from a vain and gross order of thought into the vision which is nobleness and grace and lasting truth.

Spirit is the goal of all. In order to attain it or come somewhere near it we may be called upon not merely to

keep the body in its subject place and subject honor, we may also have to yield up its life altogether at the summons of the Higher Will. Not otherwise is it with institutions. The parallel seems to me exact. They too are ministrant and what they minister to is soul.

Soul, the will of God, that is the *Prius*, the fundamental and sovereign mastership, the all-embracing and all-judging reality, the principle which in a spiritual universe assigns a fitting and the only fitting or indeed intelligible function to the contingent. The "sense of history" or the "sense of institutions" is like the "sense of body," good, true, and necessary if in due order. But if the "sense of history" extinguishes moral light and assumes dictatorship of the moral nature it may work as great a havoc as dictatorship of the flesh. The moral universe is wrecked unless, whatever the dangers be that are involved in the principle, soul and character are put absolutely first. And when one reaches this there is a fair likelihood that external infallibilities, whether of books or synods or pontiffs, will disappear.

III.

So at the end of the long journey I have come to this: the first article of my creed is that I am a moral personality under orders.

Never for one moment, even the most skeptical, have the theories that intrinsic moral obligation, to speak truth for example or to follow justice, is not intrinsic at all but a romanticized residuum of my subjection to a herd-convention, or an idiosyncrasy, or a pragmatic calculation for getting on in life smoothly and loftily, spoken a single intelligible syllable to me. I regard all that as a monstrous blunder in reading the text of man's inner life, so monstrous that none but the learned could commit it. It is to me of an almost theatrical artificiality.

No man who has ever looked at Right and into Right, ever understood its absence of argument and the sublimity of its terse imperative, or ever been mature enough to feel the shame of its reproach for deliberate transgression, can possibly go back to witch-doctors and wigwams to account for it. Right is not a trail leading into the past where men groveled. It is a *via sacra* leading to a sanctuary where alone souls can worship and be free. It is not a rudiment, it is a consummation. It is not a reminiscent left-over of my fears. It is a present majesty speaking to the most sensitive nerve of my loyalty and to the most vibrant chord of my love.

I calculate indeed the evidence whether this or that particular case comes under the dominion of Right, but I may not calculate whether I am a citizen and servitor of that dominion. Of this no doubt is possible. Not a fragment of support either can I find for the notion that a caucus or popular vote or any equivalent of it originated and conferred moral sovereignty. The authority of Right is as much above such casual chance as it is above mechanical necessity. Right is neither necessitarian nor adventitious. It stands in its own sphere, is unique and irreducible. It belongs to the unshared essence of spirit and constitutes the core of it. The more nearly I see it approach absoluteness, the less of a herd-animal and the more of an integral sovereign self I am.

Apart from such a conception there is no rational ground for authoritatively inserting the ideal into time. If the ideal is inserted into time it must have mastership there. It is no longer the ideal if it is only a functional convenience for the comfort or gentility of an individual or for the will-to-power of a majority. If it exists at all, it exists by inherent supremacy. It ceases to exist if it is tolerated as a solace for the delicate and the esthetic or is artificially maintained as a convenient instrument of

government. Mastership or degradation—that is the law for the ideal.

Once we acknowledge its mastership we put an end to the long torment of debate whether it is "objective." It is a curious and illuminating reflection that modern philosophy which is so frightened of "subjectivism" has produced the most narrowly subjective schemes of thought that have ever been known; and that, professing to follow science into the cosmic order where perception is at home, it so often presents to us a cosmic disorder where the full self, of which perception is only one activity, is forever homeless.

A good deal of philosophy has worked hard to make man a ghost in order to keep him from seeing ghosts. It warns him not to be anthropomorphic, and proceeds to make him egomorphic and at last theriomorphic. It cautions him against admitting feeling into the criteria by which he passes judgment on existence; and then offers him a universe which arouses the utmost intensity of feeling—the feeling of horror, disgust, and despair.

It is indeed a strange region of thought that we are in today, and I should suppose that it will be rated by posterity as one of the flattest and most decisively mediocre that has ever come. We have mutilated man. We have performed the operation of "reduction" upon him. We have made him an animal; made him a focus of sensation; made him a forlorn loon crying amid mad meaninglessness; made him not the proud possessor of high faculties but the unfortunate victim and the shame-faced apologist for them. And then having wrecked the only world that can speak to him, or to which he can speak, we bid him become a fastidious and exquisite Stoic pale with distinguished pessimism, or a thundering actor boisterous with dramatic despair.

And this is the *Zeitgeist* which our decadent day adores.

Freidell has given to all this its appropriate, we may almost say its predestined, name—*Schreibtischideologie*—the cosmos of the writing-desk, the sleight-of-hand of the pedant, the polysyllabic suicide-scheme of the scholastic. It cannot be lived. It cannot be deeply and lovingly believed. It can inspire no literature. It can create no vision. It can stimulate no man of will and action. It is the death of both genius and character, and no more serious questions could be asked than whether its appearance does not announce the death of an age.

It can be ended only by putting into the universe a moral as well as a physical teleology. There is a formal and formative principle for souls as well as bodies. There is a coherent world for heart, conscience, and will as well as for gases and corpuscles. There is a law for the spiritual nature as objective as that for the refraction of light or the production of bile. The whole miserable business of "reduction" is a vast sophistry. The universe is graded into uniquenesses which touch as we touch one another's clothing in the street, but are fixed in their inseparable essences as the souls within the garments are fixed in incommunicable loneliness.

The uniqueness of man as a moral person does not mean that, because the physical world will not fit him, therefore there is no world that fits him. That would be an absurdity, though it has become a fashionable absurdity. It means rather that his uniqueness has a kindred uniqueness which does fit him. And the objective actuality of this kindred uniqueness is as drastically demanded by the need for rationality as an external world is demanded for the validity of science, or the legitimacy of inference is demanded for the exercise of thought. A universe rational anywhere is rational everywhere. Therefore if a law for bodies, a law for souls also. What else, then, can we put at the head of the chapter where the subject is man than this

statement: we are moral personalities under orders? What in the stable earth is so solid, what in constellate sky so splendid?

The second article of my simple creed follows from the first: Life is a sublime peril. If this sounds homiletic, it is no great matter. I conceive the universe of souls as fundamentally moral; otherwise it could not be a universe of souls. And when we formulate this idea our language is bound to savor of the pulpit. This, however, does not imply that the idea is commonplace; it only implies that the pulpit is or ought to be exalted. But the principle that life is a sublime peril is not meant to be an exhortation; it is meant to be a canon of interpretation for both private deeds and public history. It signifies that life is magnificent in its faculties, glorious in its rise, and also appalling in its fall. Its upward way is luminous but it is straight and narrow. Its true foundation is a rock that withstands a thousand storms; but if one builds elsewhere there is only sand to sustain the structure, and the last phase is the devastating sea, the leveling winds, the terrible collapse.

How can one escape the truth of this? How can one not stand in awe before the heap of ruins that attests it? What is history but a lengthened day of judgment? States with a world-wide dominion, churches with continents for jurisdiction, mountains of money able to purchase everything purchasable have crashed one after another into the dust. They could call upon inexhaustible resources, had the wisest of heads to counsel them, immense armies to protect them, experience ages old to give them prudence and make them adepts in sagacity. Yet there they lie dead or stricken by the score.

However a careful mind may shrink from easy generalization and summary simplification, it should not shrink from a deduction merely because it is unfashionable, or from an inference merely because the supercilious call it

homiletic. I will say then that for my part I see as the chief cause of the monotony of disaster to these consolidations of power the commission of outrage upon the moral order. Everything is curable but that. The displacing of free labor by slaves, the growth of bureaucracy, the depopulation of the countryside, wasteful expenditure, and other such economic and social mistakes any council of wise governors could correct in a generation.

These things are remediable by enactment. But let a Roman Empire degrade a population by the cruelty of its arena and the lust of its stage; let it cover the annihilation of freedom and the destruction of the sense of public duty by the free feeding of the multitude; let a mediæval Papal court degrade religion by abominable traffic and infect character by the hate and savagery of systematic persecution; let arrogant statesmen and political theorists inculcate lying and the spirit of plunder, excusing it by the *raison d'état*, the principle that the righteous will of the Eternal applies only to individuals but that states are officially immoral—let this happen and you have something that is not curable. You have souls poisoned, perverted, destroyed. This disease no man can cure; but there before us is that colossal stupidity of crime repeatedly hurled into fragments as one century succeeds another. to show that the Everlasting still can punish.

Retribution is a correlate of responsibility. A divine Vindicator is inherently implied in moral personality and righteous law. The human process is under not destiny but vocation. Humanity is biological and political only in preparation for becoming in time an organ and revealer of timeless Spirit. The Higher Will and the Eternal Presence enter by right the chambers of state as by right they cross the threshold of the individual soul. And until the energy and resources now spent upon cunning maneuver and brutal aggression are devoted to utmost equity; until we give

civilization a soul; until we lift political theory and the tradition of statesmanship out of their scandalous indifference to moral law; until all round we recover from our inveterate materialism and skepticism, we shall go on in the old way of disaster as if we were predestined to the dark crassness of the reprobate mind.

Life is a sublime peril. God is no romantic embellishment. He is not the last and highest "thrill." He is not stripped of majesty by moral neutrality. He is not darkened of glory by blindness to wrong. He is the refuge as well as the foundation of Right. He is to be won by costly fidelity. He is to be sought and found in the terror and splendor of Gethsemanes and Calvaries. He is the Pronouncer of judgment. He is to be gained by the paradox of love whereby, although straitened in a very tension of desire for Him, we ask Him not to let us see Him till we are worthy of the vision.

The abomination of desolation has come upon us because we think that words like these are high-flown and impractical. We have never taken seriously a moral personality, a spiritual universe, a righteous God. These immense and besetting realities we relegate to rhetoric and dreams. We leave them to churches, and churches have left them to oblivion. For this reason more than for any other, I believe, our philosophy is sterile, our culture invertebrate, our politics staggering on the rim of the precipice, our religion without resonance, without glory, without adoration.

Take seriously the nature of a soul, the vocation of souls, the Lord of souls, and you have chosen the only way that I can see out of decadence and its ghastly dangers that now threaten us. Nietzsche himself half-apprehended this when, sick of flatness and pedantic routine, he called for the fighter, the conqueror, the superman. He saw the right goal, but took the wrong road. Character is a conquest and life a glorious battle fought on a stupendous

field. But the cause at issue is the Holy Will, and the trophy of the immortal victory is the spread of the Kingdom and the exaltation of the King.

And now for the final article of this short creed of mine. The Captain of the eager host of aspiring souls is Christ. The Christ of the official creeds I find it difficult if not impossible to understand. I fear that Athens and Alexandria, Nicæa and Rome, have overshadowed Nazareth and Capernaum, the sea of Galilee and the hill of Calvary. I am lost in Logos-speculations. I can make nothing of Trinity-Godheads. Those that are not lost in this dark abyss it is superfluous to say that I respect. Envy them, however, I do not, follow them I cannot. But this I trust will not make me unworthy of some place in the following of the Master and Lord who is to me as none other ever can be, the Way, the Truth, the Life. Let me say a few words on the leadership personal to me and, by right universal to mankind, which I confess in Christ.

I cannot bind myself to the letter of the Gospel-biographies. The first reason is that the Gospels are fragments. The second is that they are interpretations as well as descriptions, justifiable and inevitable interpretations indeed, but giving me the interpreter not Christ. And the third reason is that if the Lord's first followers misunderstood Him in His lifetime, as there is no doubt they did, they very likely failed in understanding Him after His death. It devolves upon us, therefore, to be interpreters ourselves, and from the priceless data that the four biographies give us, to reconstruct the mind and heart and soul of the Son of Man. There is danger in the procedure obviously, but the danger becomes less as we carry forward toward substantial certainty our analysis of the documents. At all events this task of reconstruction is imperative; we cannot escape it, and beyond a doubt we shall be rewarded for having tried it.

Jesus then to me stands forth as a man of will. In the swiftness of His decision, in the finality of His resolution, in the uncompromising sharpness of His demands, in the challenging and stinging hyperbole with which He tried to arouse the indolent, the dull, and the conventional, we see a man sure of Himself, sure of His universe, sure of His God. Be defined! do something! do something utterly real and radically true! that was what he asked. Play-acting—*i. e.*, hypocrisy—mumbling by rote, posturing by precept. He could not endure. To the utmost be true, He said. He was no adept in speculation, no artist in theory-making, no deviser of ritual, no contriver of catechisms. Commit yourself! get the "once for all" quality in your heart and will! strike the plow in the furrow and look back no more! Thus He flung forth the electric energy of His soul. Thus forever He set religion beyond the power of decadence, for decadence there cannot be where there are a dedicated will, a soul conscious of its call, a heart quickened by the living loyalty of a supreme and pure attachment.

In the next place Jesus involves the temporal in the eternal without compromising the eternal by the temporal. He demanded nothing that time can change. He made essential only what is everlasting. He commanded no form of words which the progress of the ages leaves unintelligible. He required no assent to dubious history or insecure tradition. He gave to the imperishable lift of man's spirit the indestructible Reality which has lifted it. The will of God as hunger and thirst and food and drink, the love of the Perfect through pain and darkness and the bearing of a cross as our one solution and fulfilment; the supremacy of the soul above institutional coercions, above synagogues which will cast us out, above governors and kings who will summon us for sentence and penalty; the lonely way with one Presence to suffice us, though high voices of church and state cry out that we have a devil and

belong to Beelzebub—this is His deathless gospel, the creation of a new type of mind in us, the guarantee of a new age for the world.

Liberty, but humbly and completely consecrated to a resplendent obedience; the denial of the apparent world and then the reabsorbing of it by the soul which after illumination affirms the world in a higher category of providential purpose; the leaving nothing that is human to insignificance, since everything in man has its part in the besetting solicitude of Him who marks a sparrow's fall; the service of the least by the greatest; the watchful eye for unobtrusive good; the courageous voice against accepted wrong—these are, I think, correct readings of the teaching of that luminous soul whom it should be life's chief study to understand.

Let His spirit touch us; let the great solitariness of His loving heart move us; let us but rise up to follow when He calls; let us put Him to the test of practice, and such power comes upon us as nothing else is able to bestow. He is the center of God's providence for man. In His life and death the mystery of our existence passes over into the mystery of God's existence, a mystery not in the sense of a bewilderment but as the unfolding of consummations beyond our capacity to comprehend but felt for and sought for by our capacity to aspire, to trust, and to adore. As manifestly as we are sent here to carry on a spiritual strife toward immortal issues, so manifestly was Jesus of Nazareth sent here to be the leader of mankind in the transfiguration of the world.

And so I end. What I have had to say can be briefly put. I am a responsible soul. I live in a universe that is under the law of souls. There can be no such universe without one Sovereign Spirit and His sovereign purpose for it. There can be no such vocation for man without peril. Institutions are ministerial not final. Liberty is made perfect

when it discovers a sacred cause to which to dedicate itself. Earthly occasions are to be molded into the likeness of spirit even as our bodies are to be refined into some suggestive resemblance of the souls that use them. God's will permits no exceptions to its dominion. History is a chapter in the existence of Spirit, and Judgment is the affirmation of that Spirit's supremacy. And Christ is the shower of the way through probation and endurance to the fulfilment whereof the very threshold is dark from excess of light.

That this is not orthodoxy I know. That some will call it not even Christian I surmise. But I must refuse to add to it words learned by rote, words that do not wake that secret and deep chord within us which gives the response of our whole nature to the touch of Truth. Such profession of faith as it is at all events, it absolutely commands and owns me; it makes the world fit for reason, and life significant for will; it gives to history a meaning higher and at the same time simpler than any other that I know; it affirms liberty but keeps the independent soul within sight of the uplifted cross, the symbol of the obedience which liberty must always be prepared to pledge; and it provides the only foundation that I can discover for making man integral with a universal principle and purpose. For one human being at least it is a creed that exalts life and speaks the promise of life immortal.

ADDENDA

NOTES IDENTIFYING PERSONS, MOVEMENTS, AND BOOKS

CHAPTER I: THE LONELY QUEST

1. Auguste Comte (1798-1857), founder of the Positivist philosophy, met Mme. Clotilde de Vaux in 1845; she died in the following year. His correspondence with her was published in 1884.
2. Economy is the communication of doctrine as determined by the ability of the hearers or readers to understand. It may involve not telling the full truth lest it confuse (or alienate) those addressed. Some call this procedure pedagogically judicious; others, politic. Cardinal John Henry Newman dealt with this subject in Note F appended to his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.
3. The World Conference on Faith and Order was held in Lausanne, Switzerland in the summer of 1927.
4. The Pope's Old Testament allusion is discussed below in Note 15, Chap. IV.
5. *Paradiso*, opening lines of Canto II.

CHAPTER II: BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

1. Belial here means Satan.
2. Proofs of the eternity of hell are offered in A. Vacant and E. Mangenot, *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, tome V, partie I, Paris, 1913, 94-97. For the nature of hell-fire itself, see V, 2, 2236, where it is stated that the fire burns the bodies of the damned without consuming them and does not leave the smallest part of soul or body without torturing it (2225).
3. According to the Code of Canon Law any baptized person is a heretic who claims to be a Christian but denies or doubts any one of the truths which must be believed by divine and catholic faith (*Codex Iuris Canonici*, Romae, Typis Polyglottis Vaticanis, Canon 1325, § 2).
4. For a further suggestion of the place of the Church in Catholic piety, see William Adams Brown, *The Church Catholic and Protestant*, New York 1935, pp. 141-144.
5. Suppression of truth is a chief weapon of propaganda. Judged necessary in time of war, it has too often been practiced to bolster the reputation

of an individual, a family, a religious order, or even a church, for it helps bridge the gap between the ideal and the spotted actuality. Hence the need of cautious historians like Ludwig von Pastor, and of watchful critics like G. G. Coulton.

6. James Bryce (1838-1922), a statesman and author, was for years the British Ambassador at Washington.

Döllinger, Reusch, Friedrich, Schulte, and Langen were opponents of the declaration of papal infallibility in 1870. All of these professors, except Döllinger, became formally connected with the Old Catholic movement, which is described by E. Michaud in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics IX*, New York 1917, 483-486. (For further works see Chap. VII, Note 2.)

7. Luther's attack on clerical celibacy and his marriage to an ex-nun, Katharina von Bora, have never been forgiven by Roman Catholics. The elaborate biographies of Luther produced early in the twentieth century by Roman Catholic scholars of international distinction, the Tyrolese Heinrich Denifle (1844-1905) and Hartmann Grisar (1845-1932) who was for many years professor in Innsbruck in the Tyrol, diligently (in many particulars uncritically) revived the bitter polemic of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (See W. Köhler in *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart* 2. Auflage, Tübingen 1928-32; William Dallmann, *Kate Luther*, Northwestern Publishing House, Milwaukee, 1941.)
8. Father Vincent Ermoni, a Lazarist, died in 1910. He published under the anagram "Morien" some articles in a weekly edited by M. Paul Naudet. (See Jean Rivière, *Le Modernisme dans l'Eglise*, Paris, Letouzey et Ané, 1929, p. 102 n. 1 and 526-7, who discounts an article *Le présent et l'avenir du modernisme*, by Ermoni, published in August, 1909, in *Documents du Progrès*, pp. 138-145. Rivière pleads that this article of Ermoni's on *The Present and Future of Modernism* should not be allowed to compromise his reputation for Catholic orthodoxy: "Au demeurant, ne faudrait-il pas savoir quel genre de crédit convient à ces pages, arrachées peut-être à la détresse d'un veillard?" So the aged Ermoni suffered at least "distress," which ended in death.)
9. Pride St. Thomas Aquinas calls "queen of the vices." It makes a man disobey the commands of God and those of his ecclesiastical superiors (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, XII, 1911, 405b). In the *Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X* (Chicago, Open Court Publishing Company, 1910), Dr. Sullivan wrote: "Pride is their sin, you say. Pride, because they cannot give the lie to the life-long labors of their study at the command of an angry bishop who has never learned the alphabet of their science; pride, because they protest that an anathema cannot destroy a fact, nor a refusal of the Sacraments answer an argument; pride, because in the face of dishonor, and with broken hearts, they are honest enough to say: 'I can do no otherwise, so help me God.'"

The apprehension, in many cases the assertion, that he who is accused of heresy is also a profligate, belongs to the antique and conventional expectations of heresy-hunters.

10. On torture see G. Neilson, article "Torture" in J. Hasting's *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, XII, 1922, 391-393; article "Torture" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, XXII; 1929, 311-12; also Henry Charles Lea, *Superstition and Force*.
11. David Hillhouse Buel, the son of Lieutenant Colonel David Hillhouse Buel and Josephine (McDougal) Buel, was born at Troy, N. Y., June 19, 1862. From Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., he entered Yale, the college which many of his Hillhouse kinsmen had attended, and was graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1883. While a sophomore he became a Roman Catholic, and before long was won for the Jesuit Order.

On June 28, 1898, he was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons. From March, 1899, to September, 1900, Father Buel was a member of the missionary band of the Maryland-New York province. A course in ascetic theology at Florissant, Md., followed. On February 3, 1902, at Georgetown, D. C., he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity of the Society of Jesus. From 1901 to 1908 he was connected with Georgetown College, teaching and serving, from 1905 on, as father minister and rector of the college and as president of Georgetown University.

In August, 1908, about the time that the vigilant in many institutions were scenting modernism, Dr. Buel was transferred to parochial duties in Philadelphia. Thereafter, until 1912, he held minor parochial or teaching positions.

Dr. Buel resigned from the Society of Jesus on July 12, 1912, and on December 30 of that year he married in New Canaan, Conn., Katherine Frances Powers. In 1913-14 he taught Latin, Greek and French at Roxbury Preparatory School. From 1915-18 he conducted Camp Hill-house-by-the-Sea, a summer camp for boys at Allerton Heights, Mass. At times he suffered greatly from poverty and at one period nearly starved.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut received Dr. Buel into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church at St. Thomas' Church in New Haven on June 2, 1922. Dr. Buel died of pneumonia on May 23, 1923, in New York City, leaving a widow.

12. Alban Butler (1710-1773) attended the English College at Douai and was ordained in 1735. There he became professor of philosophy, was promoted to be a professor of theology, and in 1766 was made president of the institution. His chief literary achievement was the anonymous publication in 1756-59 of *The Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs and Other Principal Saints*; of it French and Italian versions exist (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, III, 90). The latest revision of it is by Donald Attwater.

13. Laurentius (Laurence, Lawrence) was a deacon at Rome who suffered martyrdom there on August 10, 258. St. Ambrose of Milan (died 397) states that St. Laurence was burned to death on a red-hot gridiron, a detail which J. P. Kirsch writing in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, IX (c.1910), 89-90 declares open "to grave doubts."
14. At Prague (Praha) in Bohemia is a famous waxen image nineteen inches high representing the Child Jesus. It was a wedding present brought by a Princess Lobkowitz from Spain, and presented by her in 1628 to the (former) Carmelite Church in Prague called *Sancta Maria de Victoria*, Our Lady of Victory.

St. Anthony of Padua (1195-1231), one of the first Franciscans, is praised in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, I, 558, as "the greatest thaumaturgist" (miracle-worker) of his age, "especially invoked" to help find lost articles.

The Little Flower is St. Teresa (Thérèse) (1873-1897) of Lisieux in the former duchy of Normandy. She was a Discalced Carmelite nun, canonized in 1923, only sixteen years after her death. To her intercession numberless miracles have been ascribed (*Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, X, 96). For the powers and veneration of the saints see H. L. Friess and H. W. Schneider, *Religions in Various Cultures*, New York (c. 1932), 385-396.

CHAPTER III: SEMINARY YEARS

1. Boston College, conducted by the Jesuits, was opened in 1863.
2. St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary at Brighton, a district of Boston, Mass., was erected under Pope Leo XIII in 1884. Archbishop John Joseph Williams of Boston had been educated under the Sulpicians at Montreal, Canada and at Paris, France. He desired that Brighton Seminary be put under the charge of the Sulpicians. (They left in 1911 at the request of the new archbishop O'Connell. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, II, 706; XIV, 331.)
3. John Baptist Hogan (1829-1901), of Irish birth, temperament and early schooling, entered the preparatory seminary at Bordeaux, France at the age of fifteen. He studied theology at Bordeaux, then at St. Sulpice in Paris, and later entered the Sulpician novitiate at Issy. From 1853 to 1884 he taught various subjects at St. Sulpice, where he was a stimulating and highly successful teacher, particularly in moral theology (1863-84) and in liturgy. After five years as president of the new seminary at Brighton, he spent another five years (1889-94) as president of the new school of theology at the Catholic University at Washington, after which he returned to the presidency at Brighton, which he held until his death.
4. Austin Dowling (1868-1930), a native of the city of New York, studied theology at St. John's Seminary, Brighton and from 1890 to

1892 at Catholic University at Washington. From 1912 to 1919 he was bishop of Des Moines. In the latter year he succeeded the noted John Ireland as archbishop of St. Paul.

5. Abbé Hogan had "an analytic mind" and knew, as did St. Thomas Aquinas, the difficulties involved in all problems of theology and philosophy. He was a master of the Socratic method (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, VII, 384). Through his unrivalled connections with France, he must have been well aware of the conflicting currents in Catholic philosophy and exegesis which preceded the Modernist controversy.
6. Dr. Sullivan, however, actually read far more in French than he did in German.
7. The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, commonly called the Paulist Fathers, is a community of men founded in 1858 by Father Isaac Thomas Hecker, whose family background was Protestant. Their headquarters in New York are at West 59th Street near Ninth Avenue; but the novitiate and training center is in Washington, D. C.

The plan of organization was much like that of the Redemptorists. Paulists do not take formal vows of religion but each professes determination to persevere until death in the work of the Apostolic ministry. Their primary purpose is to convert non-Catholics, both by the spoken and by the printed word. Since 1865 they have published the *Catholic World* magazine, also a large number of books and tracts designed especially to influence Protestants; preaching missions to Catholics, however, have taken much of their time. The first Paulists were all converts from Protestantism; but in later years the Paulists have been recruited chiefly from those who were Catholics from birth as the supply of suitable Protestant converts has dwindled. (See *Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 368-369; also James Martin Gillis, *The Paulists*, New York, 1932.)

8. John Lancaster Spalding (1846-1916) became bishop of Peoria, Illinois, in 1876 and resigned in 1908. He was active in starting the Catholic University of America at Washington and is also known through his many publications. (John Bernard Code, *Dictionary of the American Hierarchy*, New York 1940, 329-330.)

In 1885 Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, later the Marquise de Mérinville, donated \$300,000 toward the Catholic University. Her younger sister Lina became the Baroness von Zedtwitz. In defense of her subsequent change of religion the Baroness published in 1906 at New York through the Fleming H. Revell Company a 63-page booklet entitled *The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome*.

9. John Joseph Keane (1839-1918) was bishop of Richmond, Virginia, from 1878 to 1888 and then became titular bishop of Jesus. In 1886 he was appointed rector of the Catholic University of America, and was made titular archbishop of Damascus in 1897. He became archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa, in 1900, resigning in 1911. According to Will,

Life of Cardinal Gibbons, I, 533, Rome had notified Gibbons that a new rector would be appointed at Washington, which the Cahenslyites hailed as a triumph for their side. Keane had been secretly and then openly opposed in his own faculty by a group headed by a German, Professor Schroeder. (See note 11 below.)

10. Archbishop Francesco Satolli (1839-1910), created a cardinal in 1895, was a neoscholastic theologian appointed by Leo XIII in 1880 to teach dogmatic theology at Rome. Satolli published five volumes of commentaries on the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas. He came to the United States in 1889 and spoke at the opening of the Catholic University. In 1892 he revisited this country, and lectured on the philosophy of St. Thomas. When the Apostolic Delegation was set up in Washington in 1893 Satolli was its first head (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, XIII, 486; see also Will, chap. 27, "The Coming of the Papal Delegate.").
11. When divinity lectures began at the Catholic University in 1889, two Germans were given important chairs. Joseph Pohle (1852-1922) was professor of apologetics for only five years, for in 1894 he received the chair of dogmatics at Münster in Westphalia. In 1897 he moved to the University of Breslau. Many of Pohle's treatises on theology have been translated into English. The other German, who became a storm centre, was Peter Joseph Schroeder (1849-1903). He had been ordained at Rome in 1873, where he resided at the Collegium Germanicum. In 1889 he was made professor of dogmatic theology at Washington; but in 1898 he succeeded Pohle at Münster.
12. *Providentissimus Deus* are the opening words of the famous encyclical of Leo XIII, dated November 18, 1893, on *The Study of Holy Scriptures*, approved translation in *The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII*, . . . with preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, Jr., S.J., New York (c. 1903), 271-302. Leo XIII appointed in 1901 a Biblical Commission to the decisions of which the faithful must render "obedience" and give also "interior assent." The decisions of the Commission are an "official directive norm" which must not be questioned in public; but a scholar who thinks he has cogent reasons for asking for a restatement or revision of the decisions has the duty of submitting his arguments to the Commission. The decisions of the Biblical Commission, though approved by the Pope, were held to be neither irreformable nor were they considered to be acts of the Pope's personal prerogative of infallibility. For the intricacy of Roman Catholic discussions of biblical inspiration one should consult the gigantic article of E. Mangenot in Vacant et Mangenot, *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, VII, 2 (1932), 2068-2226.
13. In 1901 the Very Reverend Charles P. Grannan was professor of sacred scripture and dean of the faculty of theology at the Catholic University of America. When he died on May 19, 1924, he had the title monsignor.
14. Thomas Joseph Shahan (1857-1932), after an unusually fine education

at Montreal, Rome, Berlin and Paris was from 1891 to 1909 professor of church history at the Catholic University of America and from 1909 to 1928, its rector. He was also from 1905-1928 an associate editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. From 1914 on he was titular bishop of Germanicopolis.

15. *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*: Virgil, *Aeneid* I, 203: Perchance some day it will help us to remember even this.
16. Camillo Mazzella, who became a Jesuit in 1857, taught dogmatics at Woodstock, Md., from 1868 to 1878, and at the Gregorians at Rome from 1878 to 1886, when he was created a cardinal. At one time he was prefect of the Congregation of the Index. He was the first of the Jesuits to be appointed a cardinal bishop (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 94-95).
17. On January 22, 1899, Leo XIII sent the apostolical letter *Testem Benevolentiae* to Cardinal Gibbons. For a translation see *The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII*, New York (c. 1903), 441-453; for comment, F. Deshayes' article *Américanisme* in Vacant et Mangenot, *Dictionnaire* I.i, 1902, 1043-1049, with a good list of contemporary Continental polemic; A. Houtin, *L'Américanisme*, Paris 1904; Condé B. Pallen in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, XIV (c. 1912), 537-538; A. S. Will, *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*, I (c. 1922), 544-559; J. Rivière, *Le Modernisme dans l'Eglise*, 1929, 109-117; T. Maynard, *The Story of American Catholicism*, New York, 1942, 498-521; K. Burton, *Celestial Homespun: The Life of Isaac Thomas Hecker*, New York, 1943.

In a nutshell, some French priests were charmed with the picture of Father Hecker's many and usually successful activities as portrayed in Father Walter Elliott's, *Life of Father Hecker*, New York, 1891. A compressed French translation with a glowing preface by Abbé F. Klein appeared in Paris in 1897 and in certain circles became the rage; for it presented a portrait of an American priest, the founder of the Paulists, himself a convert from Protestantism, who had achieved great success as a *convertisseur*. Some of his aims and methods seemed, however, to many of the French clergy to be dangerous innovations. "Americanism was attacked especially by Abbé Charles Maignen, a priest of the *Frères de St. Vincent de Paul*, whose articles were collected in a volume called *Le Père Hecker, est-il un Saint?*, Rome and Paris 1898, later issued in English with some changes: *Father Hecker, is He a Saint?* On Maignen as heresy-hunter see Houtin's *L'Américanisme*, p. 417-419. For a German Swiss angle on the controversy, see Anton Gisler, *Der Modernismus*, 4th edition, Einsiedeln 1913, 27-222, especially p. 89-102 where he discusses Cahenslyism.

When broken down into its elements as was done by Deshayes (see above), the Apostolical letter attacked the French Life of Hecker as leading to seven species of error: (1) a novel style of making converts,

involving some lowering of standards; (2) an illicit extension of individual liberty; (3) the naïve faith that the definition of papal infallibility gave individuals the opportunity to speak out more freely because the Pope would promptly correct their errors; (4) that the Holy Spirit speaks more amply and abundantly than before in the souls of the faithful; (5) an exaggeration of the "natural virtues" which fit men for the strenuous life; (6) that the "passive virtues," such as humility, obedience, self-effacement before authority, are to-day less important than the "active virtues," for men of action are the masters of the world; (7) that monastic and other "vows of religion" restrict initiative, and do not appeal to strong personalities.

The heresy described in the Apostolical Letter seemed to many a synthetic construction, put together by theological experts, but dead as a scarecrow. In most respectful language Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and the Paulist Fathers dispatched letters to Rome. Gibbons denied that the false conceptions of Americanism which had arisen in Europe existed in America. (See Will, *Gibbons*, I, 558-9.)

CHAPTER IV: PAULIST MISSION PREACHER

1. John Emmerich Edward Dalberg, Baron Acton (1834-1902), from 1895 to 1902 Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge and planner of the *Cambridge Modern History*, was one of the most internationally minded of Roman Catholic historians. Though of old English Catholic stock, his grandfather (1736-1811) had been prime minister of the kingdom of Naples; and his mother came of a distinguished family in Bavaria. After five years at school in England, the lad studied at Munich in Bavaria under Döllinger.

Widely travelled, speaking the chief languages of Western Europe, he sat in Parliament for six years as a liberal. He did not like the Syllabus of Pius IX (1864) and in 1869 went to Rome, where he worked during the Vatican Council with other opponents of Ultramontanism who later became Old Catholics; yet Acton did not abandon the Church of his fathers. (See biographical sketches in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and A. Baudrillart, *Dictionnaire d'Histoire et Géographie Ecclésiastiques*, I, Paris 1912, 407-21.)

2. *The History of Freedom and Other Essays* by John Emmerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence, London, 1909.
3. The Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, a younger son of Lord Talbot of Malahide, was received into the Roman Catholic Church by Bishop Nicholas Wiseman (later a Cardinal) in 1846 or 1847. He became a chamberlain to Pius IX, his intimate friend, his constant attendant, and the chief channel through which reports from England reached the ear of the Pope. In 1868 Monsignor Talbot lost his reason and died in an

- asylum at Passy in 1886 (E. S. Purcell, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, II, London 1896, p. 86, 194, 346, 585).
4. Pope Alexander VI (Rodrigo Borgia) who reigned from 1492 till 1503 has been the subject of many accusations, some of which were unjust; see Philip Schaff, *History of the Christian Church*, v. 5, pt. 2, by David S. Schaff, New York, 1910, 443-465. The most laborious defence is a work in five volumes by Mgr. Peter de Roo, *Materials for a history of Pope Alexander VI, his Relatives and his Time*, Bruges, Desclée, de Brouwer et Cie., 1924; also published in New York. One of the leading English Jesuits, Father Herbert Thurston, printed a devastating review of this special pleading in *The Month*, v. CXLV, no. 730, London, April 1925, pp. 289-303. Orestes Ferrara, *The Borgia Pope, Alexander the Sixth*, New York, Sheed & Ward, 1940, leans heavily on de Roo, whose book is discredited as "uncritical and apologetic" by the latest Catholic encyclopedia on the grand scale published in Germany: *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, edited by Dr. Michael Buchberger, Bishop of Regensburg, v. I, Freiburg im Breisgau, Herder, 1930, p. 242.
 5. Estimates of the Inquisition, a judicial inquiry to detect and punish the crime of heresy, differ widely. Thomas Aquinas advocated the death penalty for heretics; because if secular princes may justly put to death counterfeiters of money or other malefactors, who cause only temporal loss, how much more should heretics be put to death who cause the eternal loss of the soul. (Compare *Summa Theologica, secunda secundae, qu. xi, de haeresi*, art. 3, "Whether heretics are to be tolerated,"—a passage referred to in *Letters to His Holiness*, p. 24.) (See also Ernest W. Nelson, *The Theory of Persecution*, in *Persecution and Liberty: Essays in Honor of George Lincoln Burr*, New York (c. 1931).) In reviewing Henry Charles Lea's *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* for the *English Historical Review* in 1888, Lord Acton wrote, "The work that has been awaited so long has come over at last, and will assuredly be accepted as the most important contribution of the new world to the religious history of the old." Many of Acton's judgments, reprinted in his *History of Freedom and Other Essays*, are echoed by Dr. Sullivan, who summarizes his indictment of the Inquisition in *Letters to His Holiness*; 25-42. (See also the articles *Inquisition in Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, edited by H. Gunkel and I. Zscharnack, III, 2nd ed., Tübingen 1929; G. Schnürer's article *Inquisition in the Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche* V, 1933, 419-423; and the treatments of *Inquisition, Persecution and Religious Freedom* in E. R. A. Seligman and Alvin Johnson, *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, New York 1930-1935; also G. G. Coulton, *The Inquisition*, New York (1929); Coulton, *Inquisition and Liberty*, London (1938).)
 6. *Non possum*: "I cannot."

- 7 Thomas Sebastian Byrne (1841-1923) was ordained by Archbishop John Baptist Purcell of Cincinnati on May 22, 1869. He was bishop of Nashville, Tenn., from 1894 till his death, in or about 1923. He was one of the translators of Alzog's *Manual of Universal Church History* (1874). For his achievements consult the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 705.
- On invitation of Bishop Byrne the Paulist Fathers had opened at Winchester, Tennessee, "in June 1900 a mission centre in the South" so as to "give missions to Catholics and Non-Catholics." The clergy list in the *Catholic Directory* for 1901 mentions Father Sullivan as of the diocese of Nashville.
8. These four prelates—Dupanloup, Hefele, Kenrick and Strossmayer—figured dramatically in the Vatican Council. See Chap. VII. Articles on them have been written in nearly all the religious encyclopaedias mentioned.

Félix-Antoine-Philibert Dupanloup (1802-1878) was from 1849 on bishop of Orléans. At the Vatican Council he did not wish to have papal infallibility defined as a dogma, and advised his followers to absent themselves when the final vote was taken. His biography by F. Lagrange appeared at Paris in three volumes, 1883-84.

Karl Joseph von Hefele (1809-1893) had taught Church History in the Roman Catholic faculty at Tübingen from 1836 till 1869, when he was made bishop of Rottenburg. Last of the German bishops, he too submitted to the dogma of papal infallibility on April 10, 1871. The parallel passages in the two editions of his *Conciliengeschichte* show his change of front (Karl von Hase, *Handbook to the Controversy with Rome*, second ed., revised, London, Religious Tract Society, 1909, I, 320).

Peter Richard Kenrick (1806-1896), a native of Dublin, Ireland, was educated at Maynooth. In 1841 he was appointed bishop coadjutor of St. Louis, Missouri, became its bishop in 1843 and in 1847 its first archbishop. He resigned in 1895. At the Vatican Council Kenrick was an indefatigable opponent of defining papal infallibility. Debate was shut off on June 3, 1870, before Kenrick could deliver his lengthy argument; thereupon he printed it privately at Naples and handed it in before the vote was taken on July 13 (Mansi LII, 453-481; Friedrich, *Documenta*, I, 187-246; see also II, 281-289). The speech in English was edited, without some of the notes and the appendix, by Leonard Woolsey Bacon for the American Tract Society at New York in 1872 as *An Inside View of the Vatican Council*. (See also Clancy, *op. cit.*, 93-131; Butler II, 90-91; Coulton, *Papal Infallibility*, chaps. XIII and XIV.) One of Kenrick's observations is that papal infallibility had not been handed down as a doctrine of the Faith in England, Ireland or the United States of America (Friedrich, *Documenta*, I, 188). For Kenrick's defense of his submission see his letter to Lord Acton, printed

with many errors of transcription in Johann Friedrich von Schulte, *Der Altkatholicismus*, Giessen, 1887, 267-270.

Joseph George Strossmayer (1815-1905), the very able leader of Croatian nationalism, became bishop of Djakovo (Diakovár) in 1850, and is looked upon as "the first great exponent of the Yugoslav ideal." (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, IV, 769-770; H. Wendel in Seligman and Johnson, *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, XIV, New York, 1934, 426-27.) He was prominent in founding the Yugoslav Academy of the Sciences and the University of Zagreb (Ágram). For forty-five years he was the chief representative of Roman Catholic interests in Serbia.

9. John Baptist Purcell, born at Mallow, Ireland, in 1800, was educated in three Sulpician institutions: Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmittsburg, Md.; St. Sulpice in Paris; and the Sulpician institution at Issy. He was consecrated bishop of Cincinnati in 1833, his diocese then comprising the entire state of Ohio; he died in 1883 as archbishop of Cincinnati. Mgr. John B. Murray has stated in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, XII (c. 1911), 571, that Purcell sided with the minority at the Vatican Council, but submitted "as soon as" he knew that the Pope had signed the decree, and made the announcement in a sermon in the cathedral at Cincinnati.
10. The fact that every one of the members of the Council who voted *non placet* ("nay") on July 13, 1870, plus all those who left Rome rather than vote against the proposed decree at its solemn adoption five days later, ultimately yielded, if still alive, is a puzzle for most persons who have not been brought up as Roman Catholics. Superficially this seems to be one of the most sweeping victories of the "crowd mind"; a deeper analysis shows, however, the effect of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church which was the logical presupposition of all who took part in the Council. If the majority of the Council sacrificed the ancient Catholic principle of "moral unanimity" which would have prevented the coercion of both the learned and the merely puzzled members of the minority, could the tenacious members of the dwindling remnant feel that they alone, in the providence of God, could possibly represent the Church which, to paraphrase the obsolescent formula of Vincentius of Lerins, is *vere ac proprie catholica* (truly and properly world-wide)?
11. The Old Catholics claim that they have preserved the purity of the Catholic faith as it had always been prior to the adoption by the Vatican Council in 1870 of the false dogmas that the Pope is infallible and that by divine right he possesses supreme jurisdiction over the Church. They did not leave the Catholic Church, but remained in it, continuing to reject the "Roman innovations" by proclaiming its "universal, unvarying and unanimous" testimony. (See E. Michaud's article "Old Catholicism" in Hasting's, *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, IX, New York, 1917, 483; A. Moog, article "Altkatholiken" in *Die Religion in*

- Geschichte und Gegenwart*, I, 2. Auflage, Tübingen 1927, 276-280; J. Tröxler in *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, I, 1930, 318-322; C. B. Moss, *The Old Catholic Churches and Reunion*, London, 1927; William C. Emhardt, *The Old Catholic Movement*, reprinted from the *American Church Monthly*, March-April, 1931. For the early history, see J. F. von Schulte, *Der Altkatholicismus*, Giessen, 1887; for its points of view and for observations on contemporary Roman Catholicism, consult the *Revue Internationale de Theologie*, Berne 1893-1910, continued from 1911 onward as the *Internationale Kirchliche Zeitschrift*.)
12. See Chap. VII, the 12th Challenge given by Dr. Sullivan.
 13. On the second of February 1904 Pius X issued an encyclical letter *Ad diem illum* proclaiming an extraordinary jubilee on the fiftieth anniversary of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary (*Acta Sanctae Sedis*, vol. 36, Rome 1903-1904, pp. 449ff). The mention of the patriarchs is on page 451 and may be translated as follows: "Assuredly Adam foresaw Mary crushing the head of the serpent and restrained his rising tears for the accursed one. Noe while shut up in the ark meditated on her as a savior; Abraham forbidden to slay his son; Jacob seeing a ladder and angels ascending and descending by it; Moses marvelling at the bush which was on fire and was not burnt; David leaping and dancing while he fetched the ark of God; Elias beholding a little cloud arising out of the sea. Why say more? After the coming of Christ we find in Mary finally the end of the Law (and) of similitudes, namely the Truth."
 14. For the statement of principles governing biblical criticism among Roman Catholics, see the discussion of the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* (above Note 12, Chap. III).
 15. Writing in or before 117 A.D., Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, stated that three sensational mysteries were hidden from the devil: the virginity of Mary, her childbearing, and the death of Christ (Ignatius, *Epistle to the Ephesians*, c. 19: in *Patrum Apostolicorum Opera*, ed. Gebhardt, Harnack and Zahn, editio tertia minor, Lipsiae, 1900, p. 92; see *Catholic Encyclopedia*, XV, 472b.)
 16. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, VII (c. 1910), 675; XV (c. 1912), 466-467.—The theologians cited are: Origin of Alexandria (d. 254 or 255); Basil the Great, bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia (d. 379); John Chrysostom, priest at Antioch, then bishop of Constantinople (d. 407); Ivo, bishop of Chartres, canonist (d. 1117); Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris and compiler of the most widely used theological text book of the Western Church in the Middle Ages (d. 1160); Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), Dominican, professor of theology, the mediaeval scholastic whose influence on Roman Catholic theology for the last sixty years has been unsurpassed.
 17. Such views of twelfth century theologians are expounded by J. Rivière in Vacant and Manganot, *Dictionnaire*, VII, 1, 1029-1033.

18. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception asserts that the Virgin Mary herself was from the very start free, not merely from actual sin but also from the hereditary taint of original sin. To confuse that doctrine with the teaching that Jesus was born of a virgin is a gross though common error. Controversy became widespread as early as the twelfth century when Bernard of Clairvaux (d. 1153), the first great figure in the Cistercian Order, opposed it (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, VII, 678-679; Vacant and Mangenot, *Dictionnaire*, VII, 1, 1010-1015). In the following century two great Dominicans, Albertus Magnus (d. 1280) and his pupil Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274) opposed the doctrine, as did the Franciscans Alexander of Hales (d. 1245) and Bonaventura (d. 1274). The Franciscan Duns Scotus (d. 1308), however, espoused the doctrine, and for centuries the Franciscans were its advocates; the Dominicans, its opponents. Melchior Cano (1509-1560), an outstanding Spanish Dominican who took part in the Council of Trent in 1551-1552, attacked it. (See Vacant and Mangenot, VII, 1, 1120-1124, 1164-1176.) The action of certain popes for or against the doctrine was connected with the fact that Sixtus IV (1471-84) had been a Franciscan; Pius V (1566-72), a Dominican.
19. Prerequisite to belief in the infallibility of the Pope is belief in the infallibility of the Church. The Vatican Council implied in its fourth chapter that when the Pope speaks under certain conditions he "by the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, is possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals" . . . (P. Schaff, *Creeds of Christendom*, II, 271). Professor George Salmon of the University of Dublin first published in 1888 his learned, incisive and witty lectures on *The Infallibility of the Church* (reprinted from the second edition, New York, Dutton, 1914; London, John Murray, 1923), a formidable criticism of the principles underlying the Vatican decrees. More than forty years later G. G. Coulton of the University of Cambridge, a mediaevalist of high rank, issued his *Papal Infallibility* (London, The Faith Press; Milwaukee, Morehouse, 1932), which, brief though it is, in various ways supplements the work of Dr. Salmon. (See also the article *Infallibility* by W. A. Curtis in J. Hastings, *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, VII, 1915), 256-278. He remarks (p. 257): "Viewed scientifically, the proud boast of infallibility tends more and more to qualify itself. Though real, it is virtual, official, conditional, occasional, derived, or relative, in every claimant except God.")
20. Vincentius of Lerinum (Lérins) issued in 434 A.D. his *Commonitorium* (Reminder) in which he set up three tests to determine whether a doctrine is or is not genuinely Catholic. These tests (often called the Vincentian canons or rules) state that a genuinely Catholic doctrine must have been believed always (*semper*), everywhere (*ubique*) and by all (*ab omnibus*).

21. Compare Acton, *History of Freedom*, p. 514; Dollinger's anonymous, *Erwägungen für die Bischöfe des Konziliums über die Frage der Unfehlbarkeit*, October 1869, as reported by J. Friedrich, *Ignaz von Döllinger*, München 1901, 500 *et seqq.*
22. See *Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X*, p. 199, 201.
23. The Vatican Council (IV, canon 3): "If anyone shall assert it to be possible that sometimes, according to the progress of science, a sense is to be given to doctrines propounded by the Church different from that which the Church has understood and understands: let him be anathema" (Schaff, *Creeds*, II, 255). That seems to cut off any hope of emancipation through reinterpretation.

A brief outline of the steps in the repression of modernism is given by A. L. Lilley in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, VIII (1916), 765-766. The decree *Lamentabili* (July 3, 1907) and long extracts from the encyclical *Pascendi dominici gregis* (Sept. 7, 1907) are reprinted in Latin in H. Denzinger, *Enchiridion Symbolorum*, seventh edition, 1911. For English translations of the Syllabus see P. Sabatier, *Modernism*, 1908.

The Anti-Modernist Oath prescribed by Pius X in his *motu proprio "Sacrorum Antistitum"* of Sept. 1, 1910, is to be found in Latin in H. A. Ayrinhac, *General Legislation in the Codex of Canon Law*, London, 1933, 93-95. For English translations see M. D. Petre, *Modernism, its Failure and its Fruits*, London (1918), 241-246; P. Schaff, *Creeds of Christendom*, edition of 1931, II, 612-613 (oath only).

Though not included in the Code of Canon Law issued at Rome in 1917, that oath is still required of all candidates for ordination to the grade of subdeacon, and upward. Lest clergymen be liberalized after leaving their intellectually sheltered and conscientiously guarded seminary environments, the oath must be taken, prior to entrance upon their duties, by appointees to the following positions: preachers, parish priests, canons and beneficed clergy, all officials of a bishop including even his vicar-general, all officers of the Sacred Congregations or ecclesiastical tribunals at Rome, all superiors of religious communities, and (very significantly) all professors. The same individual may have to take the oath several times in his career, as he is promoted from one position to another. These requirements are additional to signing the Profession of the Catholic Faith, which is the creedal statement demanded by the Council of Trent and enlarged to cover the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. (See *Codex Iuris Canonici*, p. xlv-xlvii; also canon 1406 which is summarized in English by S. Woywod, *The New Canon Law*, New York, c. 1929, 290-291.) The Profession is printed in Latin and English in Schaff II, 207-210. The formula given in the note on p. 210 is now part of the required creed.

24. In the list of repressive measures commanded in the closing sections of his encyclical against Modernism, Pius X ordered every diocese throughout the world to set up a Council of Vigilance, to meet every two months in the presence of the bishop to watch for signs of Modernism in publications or in teaching and to take promptly the necessary measures to suppress it. For the portion of the encyclical concerning Councils of Vigilance, see *The Programme of Modernism*, 240-243.
25. St. George Jackson Mivart, born in London in 1827 and died there in 1900, was converted to Roman Catholicism in 1844. After studying law he took up comparative anatomy and other phases of biology. A contemporary and acquaintance of Charles Darwin and of Thomas H. Huxley, he wrote against the Darwinian hypothesis and opposed Huxley's agnosticism. Some of his articles printed in leading English reviews from 1885 to 1892 were placed on the Index of Prohibited Books, the point most resented being Mivart's suggestion of some mitigation of the eternal torments of hell (M. D. Petre, *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, II, London, 1912, 113-118). Three more articles which Mivart published just before his death led to his excommunication and the refusal of Catholic burial. Some of his friends, however, pleaded that the disease of diabetes, which killed him, had clouded his intellect; so his remains were exhumed and reburied in a Catholic cemetery (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 407-408). The Mivart case is alleged to have led Tyrrell late in 1903 to write his *Letter to a Professor of Anthropology*, whom he called "a fiction of my brain" (Petre II, 194). After circulating in manuscript, some quotations from it appeared in an inexact Italian translation printed in Milan in the *Corriere della Sera* on December 31, 1905; whereupon the General of the Jesuits called Tyrrell to account and within five weeks dismissed him from the Society (II, 249-255). In the autumn of 1906 Tyrrell published *A Much Abused Letter* which eventually became "almost the best known of his works" (II, 196 and 307-308). A French translation was published at Paris in 1908 by Nourry.
26. Herman Schell (1850-1906), one of the most distinguished of Roman Catholic theologians in the 1890s and early 1900s, taught at the University of Würzburg in Bavaria from 1884 on, and was appointed in 1888 professor of apologetics, comparative religion and Christian art (*Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, IX, 1930, 232). He was influenced by Father Hecker (see note on Americanism); but still more by the necessity of defending Christianity, as he understood it, against all objections, especially those raised in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In view of what Dr. Sullivan has written about hell-fire it is noteworthy that Schell, in trying to answer objections brought by the philosopher, Eduard Hartmann (1842-1906), so far attenuated the traditional doctrine of the eternity of the pains of hell that his position seemed to some perilously near a denial of their existence (*Die Religion*

in *Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed. V, 145). In two books Schell asked for reform: in 1897 in *Der Katholizismus als Prinzip des Fortschritts* (*Catholicism as a Principle of Progress*); and in 1898 *Die neue Zeit und der alte Glaube* (*The New Times and the Old Faith*). He asserted that the inferiority of Catholicism does not arise from its nature; he blamed the hierarchy for its anti-protestant policies and "jesuitical" ideals of holding the understanding and the will in subjection. On the 15th of December 1898 several of his works were prohibited by the Congregation of the Index; and on March 1, 1899 he made the customary submission. From that time until his death controversy raged about him. Some of his ideas were taken up in the movement called *Reformkatholizismus*; but Schell soon came to disapprove its leadership; and that "agitation" died down during the War of 1914-18. (See Herzog-Hauck, *Realencyklopadie*, third ed. XXIV, 1913, 170 and 452-454; *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed., IV, 1930, 1796; *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, VIII, 1936, 705-706).

27. The traditional text of the Vulgate includes I John V, 7 which reads as follows "Quoniam tres sunt, qui testimonium dant in caelo: Pater, Verbum, et Spiritus Sanctus: et hi tres unum sunt" (And there are three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit. And these three are one). As the best Greek manuscripts omit this verse entirely, Erasmus left it out of his first (1516) and second editions of the New Testament in Greek; but restored it under pressure. It appeared in the King James version but was omitted by the Revisers in 1881. On January 13, 1897, "the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition" decreed that it was not safe to deny or to express doubt of the authenticity of the aforesaid verse, a decision formally approved and confirmed two days later by Leo XIII. From the start, however, a "private" declaration was given by the said Congregation that the purpose of the decree had been to "coerce" the "audacity" of private teachers who claimed for themselves the right to declare any of three things: that the passage is authentic, or that it is to be rejected, or that its genuineness is still in doubt. The declaration adds that there was no intention of stopping investigation of the passage by Catholic scholars who act in a moderate and temperate way and tend to think the verse not genuine; provided, however, that such scholars promise to accept the judgment of the Church which is by Christ's appointment the sole guardian and custodian of Holy Scripture (*Enchiridion Biblicum. Documenta Ecclesiastica Sacrum Scripturam Spectantia*, Romae, apud Librariam Vaticanam 1927, p. 46-47). In view of the explanation, which was not officially published until June 2, 1927, which fell in the pontificate of that distinguished scholar Pope Pius XI, an authority on manuscripts as well as the presiding officer of the Inquisition, the article which had been written by Father Sullivan

on "The Three Heavenly Witnesses" and published in the *New York Review*, II, Sept.-Oct., 1906, p. 175-188, did not get him into serious trouble.

28. Louis Duchesne (1843-1922) was, in his day, the most famous Roman Catholic church historian in Paris and later in Rome. His attacks on the cherished legends by which some French churches claimed to have been founded by apostles or by their younger associates stirred up a bitter controversy, for which see Albert Houtin, *La Controverse de l'Apostolicité des Églises de France*, third ed., Paris, 1903. Duchesne's *Histoire ancienne de l'Église* went through several editions and was translated into English by C. Jenkins (1909-1924). It was put on the Index in 1912 by Pius X. Shortly after that event Duchesne said to Silas McBee, the editor of *The Churchman* (New York): "I am no longer a man who thinks; I only chronicle ancient events without comment."

Maurice d'Hulst (1841-1896), a founder and for fifteen years after 1880 the rector of the *Institut Catholique* at Paris, was also the chief organizer and leader of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics. He did a great deal to promote the study of theology in France; and the *Vie de Mgr. d'Hulst* by his distinguished successor, Alfred Baudrillart (second ed., Paris, 1914) gives vivid details of the aspirations and achievements of the intellectual leaders of Roman Catholic thought and action in France in the generation prior to the fever of Modernism. The frost at Rome in 1903 killed the Scientific Congresses, to which the vast and spectacular Eucharistic Congresses have been the popular but intellectually inadequate successors, though not substitutes. (See *Catholic Encyclopedia*, IV (c.1908), 245; VII (c.1910), 538; *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, IV (1932), 360; V (1933), 189).

Eudoxe-Iréné-Édouard Mignot (1842-1918) was bishop of Fréjus, 1890-99, became archbishop of Albi December 7, 1899, and died there on March 18, 1918. Trained for the priesthood by the Sulpicians at Issy and at Paris, he learned about Newman's theory of development from his teacher John Baptist Hogan (See Chap. III, note 3). As a busy prelate he published little more than sermons and essays. His chief interest was in biblical scholarship: he read widely not merely in Roman Catholic but also in works of the moderate school of Protestant interpreters of the Bible, such as Driver of Oxford. He wrote against the Protestant Auguste Sabatier's *Philosophie de la Religion* (1897). Mignot composed the preface to the French translation of Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, and suggested that the clergy be better trained in apologetics to meet the errors of modern philosophy and biblical criticism. Believing as he did with all his heart in the infallibility of the Church and in its authentic deposit of faith, he had serene confidence that the tension between many philosophers and the Church was temporary. A mediating figure whose spirit was closer to that of Leo XIII than to Pius X, the

beloved Mignot, like a good missionary, had "friends among the heathen," and did not escape the accusation of modernism; but Rome knew better. He corresponded with Baron von Hügel, Père Hyacinthe Loyson, Tyrrell, Loisy, and Paul Sabatier; but remained to the end of his career an archbishop (L. de Lacger in Vacant and Mangenot, *Dictionnaire*, X, 2 (1929), 1743-1751. (See also A. R. Vidler, *The Modernist Movement*, p. 91, n. 4.)

Giovanni Genocchi (1860-1926), a native of Ravenna, Italy, became a religious of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, founded at Issoudun, France, in 1854 (*Catholic Encyclopedia* XIII, 306). From 1887 to 1892, he was papal delegate in Constantinople; from 1893 to 1896, he served as a missionary in Papua, British New Guinea, and from 1897 on, acted in Rome as procurator general of his Congregation. He was important as an orientalist and as a student of the Bible; but owing chiefly to the complaints made by Cardinal Mazzella to Leo XIII, his lectureship at San Apollinare in Rome was abolished (A. Houtin, *La Question Biblique au XXme Siècle*, second ed., 1906, 209; A. Loisy, *Mémoires* I, Paris, 1930, 483, 485, 496, 498). Genocchi was active in founding in 1901 the periodical *Studi Religiosi* (J. Rivière, *Le Modernisme*, p. 91). Leo XIII made him a consultor in the Pontifical Biblical Commission (Houtin, p. 289). Genocchi was a leader in establishing the Pious Society of St. Jerome; for it he prepared and helped spread hundreds of thousands of copies of a new and annotated translation into Italian of the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles (Houtin, 222-223). Genocchi's wide knowledge of men and of the world made him useful in many ways to Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI. He is frequently mentioned in Loisy's *Mémoires*; see also *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche* IV, 383.

George Fonsegrive-Lespinasse (1852-1917) was a Roman Catholic philosopher deeply interested in the concrete aspects of social questions, professor at the Lycée Buffon in Paris, and from 1896 to 1907 editor of a fortnightly called *La Quinzaine*. Living in the age of Leo XIII, whole policy of *ralliement* greatly improved the relations between the French Republic and the Vatican, Fonsegrive became the leading representative of the party of Christian Democrats. Charles Plater, S.J., in his *The Priest and Social Action* (London, 1904, p. 77) says that Fonsegrive "may himself be regarded as the prophet and to some extent the inspirer of social activity among the clergy" in France, and recommends Fonsegrive's article in the *Dublin Review* for October 1913 on *The Present Religious Situation in France*. Abbé Emmanuel Barbier devotes a long chapter to him in *Les Démocrates Chrétiens et la Modernisme*, Paris, 1908.

Umberto Fracassini, author of *Che cos' e la Bibbia? Lezioni storico critiche sull' ispirazione dei libri canonici* (*What is the Bible? Historico-critical Lessons on the Inspiration of the Canonical Books*), Rome,

1910. For his views see Joseph Schnitzer, *Der Katholische Modernismus*, Berlin, 1912, 131-135. Under Leo XIII he had headed the Seminary at Perugia and had been one of the first twelve scholars appointed in August 1901 to the Biblical Commission (Houtin, p. 288). Later he lost his teaching position (*Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed., IV, 1799) and became a lecturer in the state university at Rome (Schnitzer, p. 199).

Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1911), a famous Italian novelist, was a native of Vicenza. His *Life*, by Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti, translated by Mary Prichard Agnetti, was printed in Great Britain in 1922; it contains much information about Fogazzaro's religious attitudes. His most discussed novel, *Il Santo* (*The Saint*) appeared in Italian in 1905; in German, in French, and in English in 1906. A saintly priest tells the aged Pope in a secret interview that four evil spirits have entered the Church: falsehood, the domination of the clergy, avarice, and immovability. Then he proceeds to beg that an (imaginary) Giovanni Selva's books be not placed on the Index. Needless to say, Fogazzaro's novel was condemned. Whether it suggested to Dr. Sullivan to write his own novel, *The Priest: a Tale of Modernism in New England* (Boston, Sherman, French and Company, 1911), is perhaps an insoluble question.

Baron Friedrich von Hügel (Hügel), 1852-1925, was the son of an Austrian diplomat and his Scottish wife. Born at Florence, Italy, he moved to England in 1861. Most of Hügel's mature life was spent in London; he married into the English aristocracy. A life-long Roman Catholic, he devoted his time chiefly to the philosophy and the psychology of religion, with a special interest in the careful study of the Bible.

Like Paul Sabatier, Protestant biographer of St. Francis of Assisi, Hügel linked together scholars of various religious and national backgrounds, as may be seen in his *Selected Letters*, edited by Bernard Holland (London, 1927). He was intimate with Tyrrell, Semeria, and Archbishop Mignot. Loisy introduced him to the critical study of exegesis, and in turn he made Loisy acquainted with the views of Cardinal Newman. As Vidler remarks: "Such slight cohesion as the modernist movement had was largely derived from his co-ordinating activity" (Vidler, *The Modernist Movement in the Roman Church*, Cambridge, 1934, p. 206).

For Cardinal Mazzella (see note 16, on Chapter III).

29. Cardinal Merry del Val (1865-1930) was a Jesuit, the son of the Spanish ambassador at London, a man with every advantage. From 1903-1914 he was secretary of state to Pius X, after which time he held other offices, the most important being that of secretary of the Holy Office (the Inquisition). Charming, many-sided, a perfect example of the glove of silk over the hand of steel, it was his agreeable duty to harry the Modernists.

Charles-François Turinaz became bishop of Nancy, France, in 1882.

and died in 1918. He gave his support to the campaign against Americanism; he published two works against the perils to faith and discipline, and attacked the Christian Democratic Movement (cf. Rivière, *Le Modernisme*, p. XX).

Charles Maïgnen, a priest of the Frères de Saint-Vincent de Paul, wrote books such as *Le Père Hecker: Est-il un Saint?* (see Houtin, *L'Américanisme*, 417-419). For the titles of other polemical works by ecclesiastics, see Rivière, *op. cit.*, XIX-XX.

30. A. Loisy, *My Duel with the Vatican*, New York (c.1924), 213, 215.
31. See below, Chap. VI, Note 5.
32. Richard Simon (1638-1712), a French priest expelled from the Oratory for his views, is recognized today as a pioneer of biblical criticism. Attacked by many Protestants and by numerous Roman Catholics, particularly by Bossuet, he published several books in Holland. After the limitations placed on biblical scholarship by the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* (1893) several articles about him appeared in French periodicals; his name symbolized critical scholarship (E. M. Gray, *Old Testament Criticism*, 1923; Bertholet in *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed., V, 498-99; F. Stummer, in *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche IX* (1937), 579-80; Sullivan, *Letters to His Holiness*, p. 159-162).

CHAPTER V: THE BITTER ROOTS OF MODERNISM

1. See note 5 on Chapter IV. In his *Letters to His Holiness Pius X* (p. 26-42), Dr. Sullivan vigorously assails the Inquisition as it existed in several Roman Catholic countries prior to the era of the French Revolution. He raises the question whether those popes, who during five centuries "in their highest official capacity have taught that heretics and witches are to be tortured and killed," were really infallible, and he adds: If the Papacy has taught corruption only once, not to speak of half a thousand years of it, all is over with infallibility" (pp. 42-46).
2. On torture, see note 11 on Chapter II; also Henry Charles Lea, *A History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages I*, New York, 1888, 421-428. For the duty of son to denounce his father who is a persistent heretic, see Lea, *A History of the Inquisition of Spain*, II, New York, 1906, 485. The subject of torturing sorcerers and witches is treated with expert refinement of method by Martin Delrio, S.J., in his famous *Disquisitionum Magicarum*, enlarged edition, Mainz, 1603, in tom. III, lib. V, sec. IX, p. 42-49.
3. Martin Anton Delrio (1551-1608) was a very productive author and university professor. During a century and a half that book of his against witchcraft went through twenty editions; and it is one of the twin peaks of the witchcraft delusion, the first of which was the *Malleus*

Maleficarum (Hammer of the Witches) by the inquisitors Sprenger and Institoris.

4. Antonio Diana (1585-1663) was a famous moralist who resided chiefly at Rome. His most significant work, *Resolutiones Morales*, covers in its twelve volumes about 30,000 individual cases (*Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, III (1931), 283).
5. For Newman's horror of liberalism, by which he really meant the "anti-dogmatic principle" of eighteenth century rationalism and its fruits, see the appendix he called "Note A" in his *Apologia*. On the continent of Europe the word liberalism had meanings primarily political; so that many Frenchmen and others used to call themselves Liberal Catholics. (See Fèvre, *Histoire critique du Catholicisme libéral en France jusqu'au Pontificat de Léon XIII*, Saint-Dizier, 1897.)
6. Dante, *Purgatorio* XXVII, line 142.
7. Some idea of the profound interest in the study and in the practice of mysticism may be gleaned from the *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche* VII (1935), 405-412, as well as from the articles on mysticism in earlier religious encyclopaedias.
8. St. John of the Cross, a founder of the Discalced Carmelites, an associate of St. Teresa of Avila, b. 1542, d. 1591; who built up his system largely on his own experience as an "empirical mystic" and exercised great influence (*Catholic Encyclopedia* VIII, 480-481; Vacant and Mangenot, *Dictionnaire* VIII (1924), 767-787).
9. The Donatists, named from their earliest bishop Donatus, were a North African sect growing out of a quarrel in Carthage. Originating early in the fourth century, they were bitterly opposed by the great Augustine, bishop of Hippo, who died in 430.

Pelagius, born in the British Isles about 360, died after 418. Standing in the tradition of the intellectualism of ancient ethics, he opposed Augustine's doctrine of grace. After teaching for some years at Rome, he went in 411 to Carthage and thence to Palestine. His distinctive doctrines were condemned during his lifetime (*Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed., IV, 1930, 1059-1062).

10. Before his conversion from Anglicanism, Newman was much impressed by the four Latin words from a sentence of Augustine's (*Contra Epistolam Parmeniani* III, 4, 24; found in Migne, *Patrologia Latina* XLIII, 101, also in the *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum*, LI, Vindobonae, 1908, p. 131). Newman believed that the principle condemned the Monophysites as well as the Donatists against whom the phrase was originally aimed, and that it "absolutely pulverized" his previous theory that the Church of England walked a *via media* (middle path) between Protestantism and Rome, by showing that "the deliberate judgment in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede" (Newman, *Apologia*, London,

- 1891, p. 116-117). In stressing the phrase "the whole church" Newman begs the question.—For Augustine's advocacy of religious persecution, see *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* IX, New York, 1917, 751-752; W. E. Garrison, *Intolerance*, New York, 1934, 86-91.
11. An attempt to list, with references chiefly to secondary sources, some of the more striking campaigns of religious persecution in mediaeval and modern times is made by Cecil John Cadoux in his *Catholicism and Christianity*, London 1928, Chapter XXIV. He presents samples of modern apologies for persecution in Chapter XXV. Of the books he enumerates on pages xxxiii-xl he refers frequently to G. G. Coulton, *The Death-Penalty for Heresy from 1184 to 1921 A.D.*, London, Simpkins, 1924 (Medieval Studies, no. 18). A briefer treatment of religious freedom is offered by Davis S. Schaff in his *Our Fathers' Faith and Ours*, New York, 1928, 513-561. Helpful in meeting some of the practical problems is William Adams Brown, *Church and State in Contemporary America*, New York, Scribner, 1936. It contains a classified bibliography.

CHAPTER VI: HEROES OF DISILLUSIONMENT

1. Defections, submissions, the suppression of collective efforts, the mingling of incongruous elements, the anti-modernist oath, isolation and dishonor: these are headings in the sixth chapter of Miss Maude Petre's *Modernism: its Failure and its Fruits*, London, Jack, 1918.
2. For the grisly details, see H. C. Lea, *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages I*, New York 1888, 552; for Huss's career, Dr. S. Schaff, *John Huss; his Life, Teachings and Death* (1915).
3. Albert Houtin (1867-1927), ordained priest in 1891, was disciplined in 1901 by the bishop of Angers for denying the apostolic origin of the church of Angers. He became an assistant preacher at St. Sulpice in Paris, but lost the post after his book *La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIX^{me} Siècle* was put on the Index. Frequently mentioned in Loisy's *Mémoires* and often disagreed with, Houtin wrote many books and pamphlets which throw much light on the development and misfortunes of French modernism (Lachenmann in *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second ed., II, 2028; and his own *Une Vie de Prêtre, 1867-1912*, Paris, 1926, translated into English in 1927, revised and enlarged edition, Paris Rieder, 1928, followed by his *Ma Vie Laïque* (1913-1926). *La Crise du Clergé Français* (1907) translated in 1910 as *The Crisis among the French Clergy* (London, D. Nutt) contains instructive *Chronological Notes* (p. 172-210), which tell of some of the hundreds of French priests who had left the Church of Rome since 1884; key names are Eugène Reveillaud, who wrote *Die Los-von Rom-Bewegung in Frankreich* (1900), and André Bourrier (1852-) author of *Ceux qui s'en Vont* (1905). On Bourrier's activities,

which at the time attracted much attention in Protestant circles in Central Europe, see John A. Bain, *The New Reformation: Recent Evangelical Movements in the Roman Catholic Church*, Edinburgh, 1906, 110-127. On p. 126 Bain reports that "it is said that about 1200 priests have left the Church in France during the past few years."

4. Marcel Hébert (1851-1916), ordained priest in 1876, began to teach at the École Fénelon in Paris in 1875 and was made its director in 1895. Accused of modernistic ideas in 1901, he finally became professor of philosophy at the socialistic New University at Brussels. He stumbled at the idea of ascribing personality to God and wrote on the religious value of pragmatism, the development of Catholic dogmas, etc. (*Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*; A. Houtin, *Un Prêtre Symboliste, Marcel Hébert*, 1925; Rivière, *Le Modernisme*, 140-153).
5. Joseph Turmel, born 1859 at Rennes, France, was ordained and became professor of theology there in 1882, but lost that position in 1892 because of his liberal views. With iron industry and unflagging endurance he kept up a rapid fire of books and articles for more than a generation, his major field being the history of Christian thought. His longest work, *Histoire des Dogmes* (Paris, Rieder), is topical, dealing with original sin, redemption, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Virgin Mary, and in volume III (1933) with the Papacy as far as Innocence III (d. 1216). By utilizing the works of other French scholars as well as a part of the German literature on the subject, Turmel has produced a work that does him credit, though its actual scope hardly justifies its title.
6. Rivière (*Le Modernisme*, 485-505) tells of the offensive against "Masked modernism." The chief user of literary disguises proved to be Turmel, to whom Professor L. Saltet of Toulouse in 1929 attributed no less than fourteen pen names, tabulated in Rivière (561-564).
7. On Duchesne see note 28, in Chapter IV.
8. Ernesto Buonaiuti, born at Rome in 1881, was educated at the Pontifical Roman Seminary under Genocchi and under Salvatore Minocchi, editor of a review called *Studi Religiosi* (Rivière, 91 and 274). Buonaiuti's *Le Modernisme Catholique traduit de l'Italien par René Monnot*, Paris, 1927, is of prime value for the history of the movement in Italy. Ordained priest in 1903, and appointed in 1905 professor of Church History at the papal university at Rome, he was removed in 1907, and in 1910 his *Revista storico-critica delle Scienze Teologiche* was condemned. A productive author, finally excommunicated in 1926 as a *vitandus* (a man to be shunned) he was at last accounts still active, in spite of the dutiful hostility of certain powerful groups.
9. Herbert Alfred Cardinal Vaughan (1832-1903) received as a present from Rome what he supposed to be the authentic relics of the Anglo-Saxon king and martyr St. Edmund (d. 870). The remains in question had been preserved at a great basilica at Toulouse. They were received with great pomp as a valuable asset of the Roman Catholic Cathedral

at Westminster; but to Vaughan's embarrassment proved not to be genuine. The story is tactfully related in Vaughan's life by J. G. Snead-Cox II, 1910, 287-294.

10. George Tyrrell (1861-1909), the most famous and productive of Modernists in England, was born in Dublin, converted to Roman Catholicism at the age of eighteen and went to the Jesuits in 1881. Nearly all the encyclopedias referred to above have notices of his career, with partial bibliographies. Maude Petre's *Autobiography and Life of Tyrrell* (1912; translated into Italian, 1915) is supplemented by J. Lewis May, *Father Tyrrell and the Modernist Movement*, London (1932), and by an extended treatment in A. R. Vidler, *The Modernist Movement in the Roman Church; its Origins and Outcome*, Cambridge University Press, 1934. Of all the Modernists writing in English Tyrrell is best worthy of study, not merely because of his unusual originality but also for his literary style.
11. Vidler, *The Modernist Movement*, p. 211, reports a *bon mot* of a French friend of Miss Petre's: "We had in Fawkes, Loisy, and Tyrrell three typical attitudes in the case of ecclesiastical condemnation. Fawkes said: 'I am not wanted, I will go.' Loisy said: 'I will go out when I am put out.' Tyrrell said: 'You cannot put me out, I stay.'"
12. In its first number, June-July, 1905, the *New York Review* announced its purpose to be "mainly APOLOGETIC" and called attention to its sub-title, "A Journal of the Ancient Faith and Modern Thought." It stated that the "new issues" currently discussed in public print should not be answered only by irresponsible and divergent writers. It proposed to bring "together in one special periodical" some of the results of the scientific labors of Catholic scholars published in foreign countries. To that end the *Review* printed in almost every number material by leading writers on the Continent or in the British Isles, usually telling its readers in its editorial columns some facts about each contributor. In view of later condemnations of a few of these foreign authors for Modernism, one realizes how little the editors foresaw the coming storm, and how eager they were to remove the dangers of intellectual isolation from the overburdened priests of their world-wide Church.
13. Trained by the Sulpicians in Canada, continuing his studies in Paris and Rome, James F. Driscoll became a Sulpician; but in 1906 was transferred to the archdiocese of New York. From 1898 to 1902 he was professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, N. Y., and from 1902 to 1909 its president. From 1910 on he was rector of St. Gabriel's Church, New Rochelle, N. Y. (See *St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, 1896-1921*, by Arthur J. Scanlan and F. P. Duffy, New York, The United States Catholic Historical Society, 1922 (Monograph Series VII).

Francis Ernest Gigot, a French Sulpician (b. 1859) came in 1885 as a young man to the faculty of St. John's Seminary at Brighton.

After teaching five years at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, he entered the faculty of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, in 1904 and remained there till his death on June 14, 1920. He was a learned biblical scholar, and the author of several books.

- Francis Patrick Duffy (1871-1932), written up by Ella E. M. Flick in *Chaplain Duffy of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York* (Philadelphia, 1935), and honored by a bronze statue on Broadway just north of Times Square, New York, began to teach philosophy at St. Joseph's Seminary in September, 1895. After fourteen years at Dunwoodie he founded the parish of *Our Saviour* in the Bronx (Scanlan, *passim*).
14. James J. Fox was born at Stewardstown, near Armagh, Ireland, and studied philosophy and theology in France and in Switzerland. He taught philosophy to the students of the Paulist Fathers at St. Thomas College, Washington (*New York Review* I, 1905, 130).
 15. See above note 27 in Chapter IV.
 16. The practice of flagellation, as a penance and as a method of buffeting the flesh, is one of the ascetical practices in several religions. For its use in Christianity, see *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* VI (1914), 49-51; *Catholic Encyclopedia* VI (c.1909), 93a.
 17. More than one priest has had his faith shaken by the exorcisms contained in the baptismal service prescribed in the *Rituale Romanum*, as well as by some formulas required in various consecrations and benedictions. Very wisely the new Code of Canon Law (Canon 1151, 3) forbids a priest to drive the devil out of a person that ordinary individuals would consider was merely insane, without special license from his bishop and without prior proof that the person is really possessed by a demon. Such restrictions do not, however, apply to the acts of a priest administering baptism (Canons 1152 and 1153).
 18. Canons 1395-1405 of the Code concerning the prohibition of books, especially 1399, are drawn in such a careful way that the priest mentioned above is forbidden to read such volumes unless granted permission to do so by his authorized superior. (See S. Woywod, *The New Canon Law*, sec. 1238-1248.)

CHAPTER VII: A TWELVEFOLD CHALLENGE TO THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN

1. Scores of books, hundreds of pamphlets, and thousands of articles in periodicals have dealt with this Council. To find clues one may consult the religious encyclopedias, under the letter V; the *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. XI (1909), 963-964; C. Butler (see below) I, xii-xix; R. J. Clancy, *American Prelates in the Vatican Council*, New York, 1937) (*Historical Records and Studies*, vol. XXVIII); J. Ryan Beiser, *The Vatican Council and the American Secular Newspapers*, Washington, 1941, 309-313.

The Acts of the Council, including speeches, are printed in five folio volumes in *Sacrorum Conciliorum nova et amplissima collectio cuius Joannes Dominicus Mansi . . . nunc autem continuata . . . curantibus Ludovico Petit . . . et Ioanne Baptista Martin . . . tomi 49-53*, Arnheim and Leipzig, 1923-1927. These supersede in part the seventh and concluding volume of *Acta et Decreta ss. Conciliorum Recentiorum*, Friburgi Brisgoviae, 1870-1890; commonly called *Collectio Lacensis*. Compiled by G. Schneemann and T. Granderath, this seventh volume omits speeches but prints five hundred pages of *Documenta Synodalia* not found in Mansi.

In the historiography of the Council we may distinguish four periods. The first is that of absolute contemporaneity, 1869-70; it is primarily reportorial. The second era, 1871-1903, is when the Old Catholics, Anglicans and other critics of the Council took the lead in describing it. (See above Ch. II, note 6.) The third period begins with the publication in 1903-1906 of the official *Geschichte des Vatikanischen Konzils*, prepared by the diligent Jesuit, Theodor Granderath (1839-1902), who had been given free access to the official records preserved at the Vatican (see the elaborate review in the *Historische Zeitschrift* 101, 1908, 529-600). The fourth period opens in 1923-27 with the printing of the five folio volumes of the *Acta*, mentioned above. They helped the English Benedictine Cuthbert Butler to produce his two volume work, *The Vatican Council: the Story Told from Inside in Bishop Ullathorne's Letters*, London, 1930. Clinging to his official sources and to the correspondence of the placid and somewhat insular Ullathorne with what is at times drab discretion, Dom Butler laid himself open to caustic comments by the militant G. G. Coulton of St. John's College, Cambridge, in his *Papal Infallibility*, London, Faith Press, 1932.

For beginners who wish a vivid introduction to the Council and its problems there is Fredrik Nielsen's *History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century*, II, New York, 1907, Chapter XX. Nielsen (1846-1907) was a Danish Lutheran bishop and a competent scholar.

Three books by Anglicans are particularly useful: W. J. Sparrow Simpson's *Roman Catholic Opposition to Papal Infallibility* (London, John Murray, 1909), which gives further information on many episodes mentioned by Dr. Sullivan; F. W. Fuller, *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome*, in its enlarged edition, London, 1914, which covers many events of the first five centuries; and Edward Denny, *Papalism; a Treatise on the Claims of the Papacy as set Forth in the Encyclical "Satis Cognitum,"* London, 1912, which is an arsenal.

See Chapter II, note 6.

2. From a fairly complete set of the pamphlet and leaflet material that had been circulated in the Council, *Johannes Friedrich* (1836-1917), a professor of Church history at the University of Munich, compiled two volumes *Documenta ad illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum*, Nörd-

lingen, 1871. This was supplemented by Emil Friedberg (1837-1910), a professor of law at the University of Leipzig, in his *Sammlung der Aktenstücke zum ersten Vaticanischen Concil mit einen Grundrisse der Geschichte derselben*, Tübingen 1872. The learned *Johann Friedrich Ritter von Schulte* (1827-1914), professor of canon law and German law at the University of Prague, published through Tempisky at Prague in 1871 *Die Stellung der Concilien, Päpste und Bischöfe vom historischem und canonistischen Standpunkte und die päpstliche Constitution vom 18. Juli 1870, mit den Quellenbelegen*. Peter the Rock and the other biblical texts and patristic traditions, on which the Council had based the irrevocable dogma that each Pope rules the entire Church by divine right as its lifelong autocrat, were sifted by Joseph Langen (1837-1901), professor of New Testament exegesis at Bonn, in three volumes entitled *Das Vaticanische Dogma . . . in seinem Verhältnis zum Neuen Testament und der patristischen Exegese*, Bonn 1871-73. Later Langen published a history of the Papacy, in four volumes; and Friedrich, *Die Geschichte des Vatikanischen Konzils*, in three volumes, Bonn 1887-1897.

The heavy artillery, however, did not produce repercussions to match those of the opening gun, *The Pope and the Council*, by "Janus," which had appeared in German and in English in 1869. Though it utters some apprehensions that proved to be unfounded and made some assertions that had to be modified in Döllinger's *Das Papsttum*, (1892), it roused many parts of Europe and America, and provoked sundry counterblasts. "Janus" was written chiefly by Ignaz von Döllinger (1799-1890), one of the great historians and theologians of all time. From 1826 until his retirement he spent most of his time teaching and writing Church history at the University of Munich. His three volume *Life*, by J. Friedrich, was published there in German in 1899-1901. His chief works are listed in *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, second edition, I, 1927, col. 1960. Several of his publications were translated into English; for such details see *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, ed. by S. M. Jackson, III, New York (c. 1909), 466-468.

OUTSTANDING DATES IN DR. SULLIVAN'S CAREER

- 1872 Nov. 15. Born in East Braintree, Massachusetts, the son of Patrick and Joanna (Desmon) Sullivan, who had come from Bandon, county Cork, Ireland, the previous year.
Educated in the public schools of Quincy, Massachusetts, and at Boston College, a Jesuit institution.
- 1896 Graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy, St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, Boston.
- 1899 Jan. 22. Pope Leo XIII issued an Apostolical Letter, *Testem Benevolentiae*, condemning Americanism.
- 1899 Received the Degree of Bachelor in Sacred Theology from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.
- 1899 Admitted to the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, which did not require him to take vows of religion.
- 1899-1901 Was a mission-preacher of the Paulists.
- 1899-1906 Published at least eleven articles in *The Catholic World*, a magazine conducted by the Paulists.
- 1899 Ordained to the Catholic priesthood.
- 1900 Received the degree of Licentiate in Sacred Theology from the Catholic University of America.
- 1900-1907 May. Was at St. Thomas's Church, Washington, D. C.
- 1902-1906 Was professor of theology in the Studentate of his Community, St. Thomas College, Washington, D. C., which had been founded in 1889 by the Paulist Fathers.
- 1905-1907 Published three articles in the *New York Review*.
- 1907 July 3 The Syllabus *Lamentabili*, a decree of the Holy Office condemning Modernism, was published.
- 1907 Sept. 8. Pope Pius X issued his Encyclical, *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*.
- 1909 May 1. Father Sullivan resigned the pastorate of a Paulist Church near the University of Texas in Austin, and left Texas. He soon ceased to be a Paulist.

- 1909-1910 Wrote in retirement at Kansas City.
- 1910 Autumn. Moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where he spent several months in tutoring.
- 1910 Published anonymously *Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X.* Chicago, Open Court Co.; second edition 1912; third edition 1914.
- 1911 Joined the Unitarian Church at Cleveland, Ohio, during the pastorate of the Rev. Minot Simons.
- 1911-1912 Taught English and History in the Ethical Culture School, New York.
- 1911 Wrote *The Priest: A Tale of Modernism in New England.* By the author of "Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X." Boston, Sherman, French & Company, V, 269 p. Reprinted 1912.
- 1912 October. Admitted to the Unitarian ministry, serving All Soul's Unitarian Church, Schenectady, New York.
- 1913 Delivered the Anniversary Sermon, Unitarian May Meetings, Boston.
- 1913 Married Estelle Throckmorton of Washington, D. C., the daughter of Hugh William and Rebecca Ellen (Upton) Throckmorton of Virginia.
- 1913 Was Associate pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, Fourth Avenue at Twentieth Street, New York, during the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D.D., carrying on also for one year more the work at Schenectady. About this time he began his six years of reviewing books for the *New York Herald.*
- 1915 Succeeded to the pastorate at New York after the death of Dr. Slicer.
- 1917 Delivered the Anniversary Sermon, Unitarian May Meetings, Boston.
- 1917 Gave the Dudleian Lecture at Harvard University.
- 1917 Was honored by the Meadville Theological School with the degree, Doctor of Divinity.
- 1919 Published *From the Gospel to the Creeds: Studies in the Early History of the Christian Church*, Boston, Beacon Press, vi, 202p.
- 1919 Unitarian Laymen's League was founded.
- 1920 Was co-author with Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D., of *A Statement to the Country by the Unitarian Laymen's League* (in which they set forth in fifteen pages the ideals of that organization).
- 1922 Jan. 2. Resigned the pastorate of All Souls' Church, New York.

- 1922-1924 Was the regular mission preacher of the Unitarian Laymen's League. Conducted twenty-three missions in the United States and Canada.
- 1922 Was co-author with Dr. Park of *Unitarian Christianity* (a pamphlet).
- 1922 Published *Readings for Meditation* (first series).
- 1924-1928 Was stated supply, and from January 1925, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, Missouri.
- 1925 July-August. Was visiting lecturer, Meadville Theological Seminary, Chicago.
- 1929-1935 Was Pastor of the Germantown (Pennsylvania) Unitarian Church.
- 1929 Wrote *Our Spiritual Destitution* (Atlantic Monthly, vol. 143: 373-82. March).
- 1930 Wrote *The Anti-Religious Front* (Atlantic Monthly, vol. 145: 96-104. January).
- 1934 Was honored by Temple University, Philadelphia, with the degree of LL.D.
- 1935 Published *Readings for Meditation. Second series.* 33p.
- 1935 Oct. 5. Died at Germantown.
- 1936 His *Epigrams and Criticisms in Miniature* was published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia; London, Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, xiv, 156p.—Contains a brief biographical sketch by Mrs. Sullivan.

William Laurence Sullivan was born of Irish Catholic parents on November 15, 1872, at East Braintree, Massachusetts, and spent his early years in Quincy, where in high school he excelled in English and the classics. Following a decision made in boyhood he was ordained to the priesthood in 1899, and became a Paulist.

Dr. Sullivan was one of the noted preachers in contemporary America. His eloquence was unsurpassed, and in one month alone he delivered as many as fifty sermons. He was able to accomplish this prodigious amount of work because he spoke without notes from a well stored mind, giving utterance to his great affirmations extemporaneously in an English diction seldom equalled. His brilliant preaching, in a deep sonorous beauty of voice, was surpassed only by his consecration, his modesty and inborn courtesy. These, together with a rare Irish humor and loveable geniality, endeared him to a multitude. But sometimes, like a warrior whose only shining weapon was words, he slashed out with austere thrusts at pose, humbug, injustice and charlatanism.

A chapel has been dedicated to his memory at the Unitarian Church in Germantown. On its pulpit is inscribed: "William Laurence Sullivan — Poet-Philosopher-P preacher" and the epitaph which he chose himself: "Ferox in altum" (An exile I am bourne on high). At the dedication of this chapel one who loved him deeply expressed the sentiments of a multitude of his friends in these words: "We have built this shrine to recapture the teachings of his life that we may have a sure signpost to God."

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