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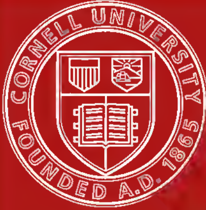

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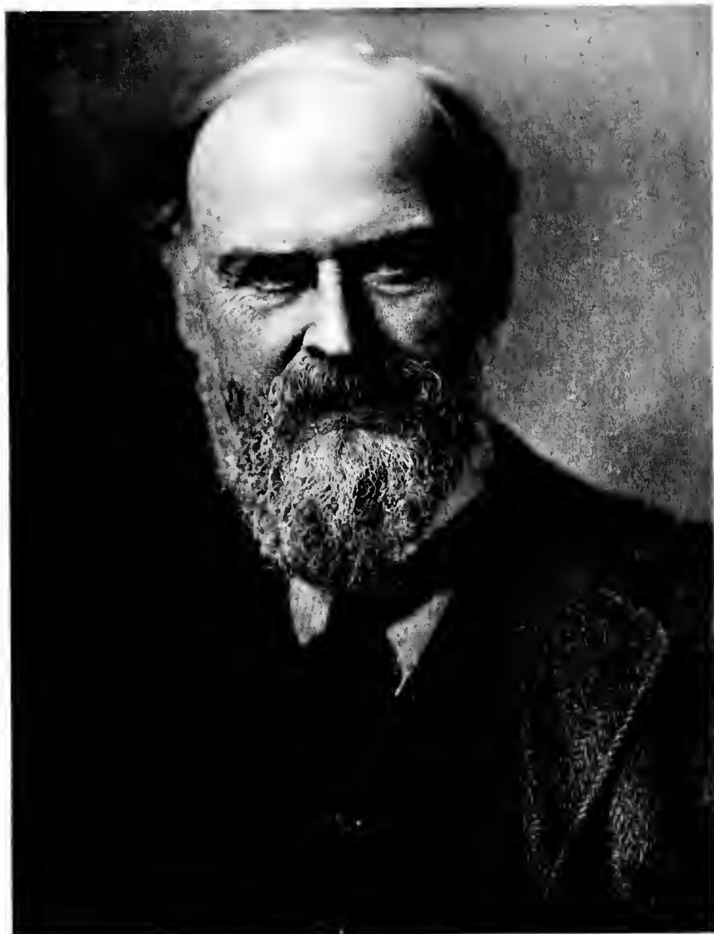

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LAST LECTURES BY WILFRID WARD

BEING THE LOWELL LECTURES, 1914
AND THREE LECTURES DELIVERED
AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1915

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY
BY
MRS. WILFRID WARD

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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EDITORS' NOTE

AFTER preparing this volume for the Press we find it necessary to add a few words of explanation. Mr. Ward was in the habit of writing out his lectures very fully, and of reading rather than speaking them, and it is his own MS. that is here printed. He was, however, also accustomed to make considerable omissions and other minor alterations when lecturing, and as no full report was taken at the time we cannot be certain that in every case the lecture is printed as it was delivered. Moreover, owing to the rough state of the MS. of both series of lectures, it has often been difficult to determine whether passages were marked for omission merely for the sake of brevity in delivering the lectures. With the help of Mr. R. E. Froude we came to the conclusion that some passages so marked were simply condemned by the author, that others should be replaced in the text, and that a few might with advantage be included as footnotes. Any additional footnotes added by the Editors have been indicated as such. For references the uniform edition of Newman's works published by Messrs. Longmans has been used throughout, with the one exception of the 'Apologia,' for which it was necessary to quote the Oxford Edition (1913), as this contains the text of the correspondence with Mr. Kingsley.[1]

The analysis given in the Table of Contents of the lectures on 'The Methods of depicting Character in Fiction and Biography' was made by Mr. Ward himself. The essay on 'Candour in Biography' follows these lectures

[1] The reference for the quotation from Cardinal Newman first used on p. 14, "Truth is wrought out," &c., was found too late for insertion in the text. It is taken from a letter to Mr. Ornsby. See *Life of Cardinal Newman*, vol. ii. p. 49.

because it gives Mr. Ward's full view of one or two points only lightly touched upon in them. The volume in which it was already published is now out of print.

For permission to publish the three last Essays our thanks are due to the Editors and Publishers of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Edinburgh Review*.

Thanks are also due to the writers or their executors for permission to use the letters quoted in the Introduction; also to the authors, editors, or executors who have in each case permitted extensive quotations to be made from published articles and letters that have already appeared.

JOSEPHINE WARD.
MAISIE WARD.

LOTUS, DORKING: *November* 1917.

INTRODUCTORY STUDY

The Last Lectures—Formative Influences—Work in Biography—The Liaison Officer—The Modernist Controversy—Characteristics and conversation—Public Affairs at Home and Abroad—The *Dublin Review*—Visits to America—Last Days and Last Letters.

THIS book is made up chiefly of hitherto unpublished lectures, namely, the Lowell Lectures delivered by Wilfrid Ward during the winter 1914–15, and those delivered at the Royal Institution in June 1915. These lectures are the completion and rounding off of the work of a lifetime. It was the opinion of the distinguished surgeon who attended him at the end that had he not been struck down by disease he would probably have had at least ten years of work before him with his mental powers in their highest state of efficiency. At the same time, with that harmony which we occasionally recognise in the story of a man's life, his last output was not only the result of many years of toil, but a summing up and fitting conclusion of that toil. In the lectures on Cardinal Newman he allowed himself as a lecturer the space and the *abandon* which he had sternly denied himself as a biographer. In them he claims for his master a greater position in the world of thinkers than had been habitually conceded by the Cardinal's contemporaries. In this final apology and justification Wilfrid Ward is still painting the picture of a great personality. The subject gives him a last opportunity of using to the full his powers of psychological insight. He is no longer occupied with portraiture in narrative form, he is not presenting the long story of nearly ninety years of a human life, human suffering, heroism, and frailty. He is in a more purely intellectual sphere, the wide kingdom

1. The Last Lectures.

of a spiritual genius. Without the intimate knowledge of Newman gained in seven years' toil as a biographer, he could not have acquired the freedom of touch he shows in these lectures.

He was much preoccupied with the thought of them during his last illness. He longed to be at work, and the work he longed to finish was these lectures. As this was not possible, I have thought it best to publish them as they are, although I have often felt that I know well where he would have altered, retouched and added, giving the only finish that is worth giving—nearer and nearer approximations to truth.

Together with my daughter I have examined the various versions, sometimes two or three versions of these lectures, and we have been able to trace often in faint pencil notes what he intended to be in the text. But he would not himself have considered that they were ready for publication.

If the lectures on Newman are the completion of a singularly faithful discipleship, rendering its last testimony and presenting a last portrait, the lectures on the methods of depicting character are a result of a life's work as a biographer, and in them he contrasts a biographer's duties with those of a writer of fiction. He talks of his own craft as a workman of experience, and he explains the broad principles on which he has worked and on which he believes such work should be carried out.

If it were not for the publication of these lectures I should not have written now these few informal notes as to my husband's work. And if I speak of that work at all I must to some extent trespass on the ground of biography. This in itself I regret, as I wish to leave such a biography to the hands of others and to a more seasonable time. I have always thought it a mistake to write a man's life very soon after his death. Some time is wanted before the view of any life can fall into perspective. Reputations before now have been buried by a premature biography. Time alone will show what parts of a man's life are of permanent interest, and will bring out the importance, if

there be importance, in the line taken by him on large questions and on the value of his view of his contemporaries.

I myself was too much and too closely absorbed in the stream of my husband's activities to be able now to stand aside and view them from as objective a standpoint as he himself considered necessary for a biographer. In what follows I speak in full security that a complete Life will in due time confirm what I know to be true from documents I have by me.

The picture of Wilfrid's childhood has been drawn by himself and is full of charm.[1] The early education of the family was very like that of other families who were under the influence of Father Faber and the Oxford converts of 1845. My own mother and her brothers and sisters were educated in the same idealistic atmosphere. The world was most carefully excluded from the domestic life, and there was an intense interest in religious practices. All this other-worldliness was no doubt intensified by the special characteristics of 'Ideal Ward,' who always carried logic into action. But in these homes, narrowly bounded as they were, with no doubt too many devotional practices, there was a peculiar sunshine, a radiant life and happiness. In those days the upbringing of children was very unlike what it is now, but with the Howards or the Wards there was nothing of the Puritan severity towards children pictured in such a book as 'Father and Son.' In 'Villette,' Charlotte Brontë, after her first visit to a Catholic country, describes the methods of the Roman Church towards children as an artful system whereby they are kept healthy and happy, and are content therefore not to think for themselves!

2. Formative Influences.

Wilfrid Ward as a young man seems always to have chosen from the elements within reach what was most helpful and lasting. In the neighbourhood of his home at Freshwater lived his father's friend, Alfred Tennyson, and the bond between the poet and my husband was a very

[1] The description referred to is in the Reminiscences, of which I possess some five or six chapters in manuscript, and fragmentary preparations for more. These, I hope, will be published in a future biography.

real one. I believe it was a deep satisfaction to the author of 'In Memoriam' that a 'papist' boy, son of an Ultramontane of the deepest dye, studied and learnt and made his own the poet's thoughts on the philosophy of religion. It was one of the earliest and most unconscious signs of a vocation—he was already beginning to be, as Dr. Sadler wrote of him after his death, a 'liaison officer' between the historic Church and religious thinkers outside of it. He loved to see similarities, to draw cognate elements together, to synthesise.

He did a very great work [Dr. Sadler wrote to me] for the religious life of the nation, as did his father before him. He was one of those who represented to us in the Church of England, the Catholic tradition. He was what we have learned to call in our English administration a liaison officer, one who links together by his knowledge, sympathy, and wisdom many who would otherwise be apart, and helps them to work together for the common good. At no earlier time has this difficult service been so precious as it is now, and no one was ever more fitted by knowledge and connections to strengthen the tie between groups who have been separated from one another more than the truth required.

No doubt the society at Farringford helped to enlarge his outlook. I think it was at the Tennysons' that he first met, among others, Dr. Jowett and Professor Jebb, Sir Henry Taylor, Spencer, Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, also Lady Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. Cornish, and her sisters, as well as Mrs. Cameron, G. F. Watts, and the local circle of friends. Mr. Arthur Coleridge records in his diary a first meeting with him at Freshwater:

I had a treat last night (at Tennyson's house) in the music of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, son of Ideal Ward, the famous Balliol tutor, whose secession to Rome made such a sensation in the distressing days of my boyhood. He must have lived and learned in Italy, for were a listener to shut his eyes he would swear to a regular well-taught Italian *maestro*. With no scrap of music before him, and relying entirely on his memory, he gave us whole sections of Rossini's and Mozart's operas. His voice is a beautiful baritone which has been cultivated to a rare perfection. He has

many other than musical and vocal gifts, for he writes learned articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and seems in every way to have inherited a great deal of his father's powers.

Wilfrid was by no means anxious, like many young men, to strike out a line in contradiction to his family traditions. He inherited congenial friendships of his father's that had some of them lapsed with time, and in other cases what had been only an acquaintance with his father developed into closer intimacy with him, as, for instance, with Mr. R. H. Hutton, one of the noblest and most inspiring influences he was ever to know. Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone, Dean Church, Dean Bradley, Dean Goulbourn, and Father Ryder he first knew in an inherited manner—although in many cases his father had long ceased to have much intercourse with them.

It was this habit of associating especially with an older generation that explains Mr. Chesterton's remark that 'it was the paradox of Wilfrid Ward that while he was a man astonishingly young for his years . . . he yet seemed somehow to be the contemporary of the great men whom he had known when he was a boy.' [1]

In the society of such men and their families he found the type of intercourse that most appealed to him, and that throughout the formative time of his life did something to replace what he had lost in not being allowed to go to Oxford or Cambridge. That prohibition was one of the great trials of his life. I used to suggest as a consolation what I believe to have been a truth, that he had in some ways gained in independence of outlook from this most trying deprivation. I think that both the late Duke of Norfolk and my husband had the kind of strength that used to be commonly characteristic of Englishmen and is not now markedly characteristic of our University life. But he would never accept any consolation on the point. He never rested until men younger than himself were allowed the opportunities he had lost; and his own sons were sent

[1] The quotations from Mr. Chesterton in this Study are taken from the *Dublin Review*, July 1916.

to Christchurch and Balliol, the two colleges to which his father had belonged as an undergraduate and a Fellow respectively.

Wilfrid believed that it was largely his father's influence on Cardinal Manning that made the latter so strong an opponent to Catholics being sent to Oxford and Cambridge. His devotion to his father was one of the strongest influencse in his life—he delighted in his society and in his keen sense of humour and of the drama of life. In their tastes, in love of literature, the theatre, and above all the opera, they were drawn very close together. But as a guide in practical matters for a young man he could never believe in his father's judgment. 'He was very slow,' he writes, 'to see the facts of life and to understand the workings of human nature.' Thus he could not understand his son's anxiety to have a career. 'It was hardly in him to drift,' Wilfrid continues. 'Ideal Ward' did not see the danger of cutting away ordinary incentives to a useful life. Once it was clear that Wilfrid had no vocation to the priesthood, it was very difficult to make his father enter into the question of what he was to do. He expected a life of the highest ideals, but he did not see the danger of too much freedom and leisure. He was, on the other hand, in 1882 intensely interested in Wilfrid's first attempt as author, and exclaimed after reading 'The Wish to Believe,'[1] with his usual vehemence: 'I prophesy an immense success for it.' It was in the same year that his children had the lifelong sorrow of losing him. William George Ward died in June at Hampstead, where Wilfrid's mother and he himself were also to die.

It was from his companionship in the deepest thoughts as to a philosophy of life and of faith that Wilfrid had gained most from his father. If my father-in-law did not understand what it was to be deprived of the education he had himself enjoyed, if he could not enter into the practical difficulties of a young man who wanted a career, trials the ordinary father is awake to, he was also different from

[1] A dialogue first published in the *Nineteenth Century*, afterwards in *Witnesses to the Unseen*.

the ordinary father in his wide and deep sympathy with his son's intellectual life. From Wilfrid's Reminiscences I will quote his account of what proved the directing influence towards a study in which he persevered until his death, nearly forty years later—that of Newman's works, and, above all, that of the one volume of 'Oxford University Sermons':

> Like other impressionable boys of a speculative turn [he writes], I had a time of unsettlement which I took for scepticism. This aroused my father's deepest interest. He recommended as an antidote Newman's University Sermons, but he unconsciously supplied another antidote. His own profound religious conviction, coupled with his acknowledged philosophical acumen, reinforced the effect of Newman's arguments. These set my mind at rest by showing how much in the basis for religious belief depends on subconscious reasons and the testimony of conscience, which cannot be put into logical form, yet carries its own evidence that religion is more than a subjective emotion. That a deeper philosophy of life was to be found in Christianity than in the world theories of those of its assailants whose works I had read appeared to me to be clear, and the general line of argument urged in Newman's Sermons, by changing my view of the nature of the proof to be expected on the subject, brought back the confidence I had lost.
>
> I felt my father's to be a strong instance of the unanalysed sources of belief on which Newman writes, which exist in the 'abysmal depths of personality' and bear every sign that they are due not to prejudice but to great penetration and a desire to know the whole truth. He fulfilled in my regard the conditions of Newman's own sermon on personal influence as a means of propagating truth. My doubts came to an end as much through my father's personal influence as through the lines of argument in Newman's sermon which justified such influence as the confirming power of a stronger and deeper mind, which sees and grasps with greater force grounds for belief existing in a less developed condition in one's own mind.

From that time Wilfrid grew to have a large and healthy outlook on the many problems that came before him in the forty years that followed. His freedom from anxiety about the fundamentals of faith he ascribed greatly to

his early education. After again dwelling on his childhood, he adds:

> But all these early habits and enthusiasms stamped indelibly on us the main ideals of a Catholic. And this was undoubtedly a personal possession of great value. Even apart from its importance from a Catholic standpoint it helped immensely towards unity of view and—strange as some may think it—it eventually told in my own case for large-mindedness. Anxiety about the fundamentals of faith leads some persons to be nervous of relinquishing any beliefs hitherto entertained—lest it may prove the first step towards a more general denial. When one has no doubt that in fundamentals one is right and secure, one shrinks the less from complete candour. One does not tremble lest to face a new fact may mean to dissolve one's faith. This feeling of perfect security was engendered by the nature of our life as children. Thus in a sense the very narrowness of my early training told for breadth in the long run—because the narrowness meant the exclusiveness which gives depth and stability to belief.

This brief account of his freedom of intellectual action and sympathy written by himself very near the end explains him in a singularly true way. His faith was the simplest and clearest thing possible. The light that shone so visibly in his last weeks had been with him ever since that experience of his youth. It was for this reason that he could be at once so loyal and so bold. He could be sympathetic with every honest form of thought, and he made men more honest with themselves by his belief in their intellectual integrity. 'To be with your husband is to live in the palace of truth,' Father Waggett once said to me.

3. Work in Biography.

It was not, of course, sympathy alone that made him enter into the thoughts of such a variety of men, although no doubt sympathy unlocks many doors, and he used to receive intimate personal confidences from almost strangers. It was partly the imaginative and artistic love of penetrating into the workings of men's minds. The gift that made him a biographer made him study character with delight. He had learnt

from Newman that truth cannot be received by a mind unprepared for it. In his work he wished above all things to make sure of penetrating to the minds of his readers. He was never content to publish anything that was not understood by quite a number of people. He did not, like Molière, actually summon the cook to act as audience, but he sometimes sought opinions of his work from people who were sure to be fatigued by any intellectual effort. He liked to show his MSS. to those who were likely to disagree with him, in order to see how far he could meet their objections. He wanted his children's opinion on his writings before they were grown up. As to myself, I can recall the head-splitting experience of his refusing to send an article on Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' to the *Quarterly Review* before he was quite sure I had mastered the argument. I was at the time absorbed in nursery cares. I had not had a philosophical training, and it was a tough bit of work. But there was immense enjoyment in such moments of intellectual energy—which can only be understood by those who have worked in close companionship with a mind of absolute candour and absorbing earnestness.

In an article written last summer Mr. G. K. Chesterton said of Wilfrid Ward that 'thinking was to him like breathing.'

One admirable quality he had which is exceedingly difficult to describe, but which in a book like 'William George Ward and the Catholic Revival' makes the son and father singularly at one. I know not whether to call it a curiosity without restlessness, or a gigantic intellectual appetite rather amplified than moderated by patience. It is common to say of a man so acute that he had a restless activity of mind; for in the effort to evade the platitudes of praise a phrase like 'restless' has almost become a compliment. But the mind of Wilfrid Ward had very notably a restful activity. Thinking was to him like breathing. He never left off doing it; and he never thought himself remarkable for doing it; indeed so massive was his modesty and unconsciousness that he very often thought (quite erroneously) that his friends and acquaintances were doing it more than he was.

A very happy phrase in the first page of this article of Mr. Chesterton's threw light for me upon my husband's work. I had always felt that he lived in the person whose life he was writing—and so much was this the case that I too lived successively in the company of his father, whom I had never known, of Cardinal Wiseman, and of Aubrey de Vere. All our life together was lived under the shadow of Cardinal Newman, all his other work never distracted him from the study of the greater personality. Mr. Chesterton says in the phrase to which I have alluded: 'Few of us have vitality enough to live the life of another,' and this saying went home to me as revealing the secret of how Wilfrid lived in the characters he attempted to reconstruct. But I would rather quote the whole passage in which this phrase occurs:

Wilfrid Ward was a biographer in a sense as exact and more exalted than we apply to a biologist; he really dealt with life and the springs of life. Some are so senseless as to associate the function with merely indirect services to literature like those of the commentator and the bibliographer. They level the great portrait-painter of the soul with the people who put the ticket on the frame or the number in the catalogue. But in truth there is nothing so authentically creative as the divine act of making another man out of the very substance of oneself. Few of us have vitality enough to live the life of another. Few of us therefore can feel satisfied with our own competence in or for biography, however fertile we may be in autobiography. But he was so full of this disinterested imagination of the biographer that even his short journalistic sketches were model biographies. He made a death-mask in wax with the firmness of a sculptor's monument in marble. It seems but the other day that I was reading his brief but admirably balanced study of George Wyndham under the immediate shadow of that other great loss: I had so often met them together; and already both have passed; but what he did there is what he could do so well, and what I attempt here in vain. . . .

Yet I think the very positive qualities of his personality can perhaps still be most easily handled and summarised as those which made him so fine a critic of others. In his interpretations of Newman or of William George Ward he was without a suspicion

of self-display; but he achieved something quite other and stronger than self-effacement. In truth, a magician needs a high power of magic in order to disappear. But he did something very much more than disappearing. He was anything but merely receptive, he could be decidedly combative; but he could also, and above all, be strongly co-operative with another's mind. His intellectual qualities could be invisible because they were active, when they were the very virile virtues of a biographer which are those of a friend.

I should be tempted to dwell at some length on the last words of this quotation if it were not that in the lectures on biography in this volume, Wilfrid has laid down as he saw them the principles that should guide a biographer, which very much accord with Mr. Chesterton's view that the virtues of a biographer should be those of a friend, and that those virtues should be very virile. Certainly he could not himself have undertaken to write the life of any man with whom he was out of sympathy, and he refused to undertake the biography of a great historian for this reason.

He took the utmost pains with every detail of his work, and three of the four biographies written by him involved years of severe toil. The first volume of his father's life, published in 1889, was also a history of the Oxford Movement, and the second half (1893) was a study of the Catholic Revival in which his father had taken part. This second volume he considered to the end to have been the best thing he ever did. In the research work needed in studying the Catholic Revival on the Continent he was greatly helped by letters as to historical sources from Baron von Hügel. One chapter on that subject took him a year of very hard work. I believe that in both volumes the freshness and swing and the vividness of presentation are due greatly to his intense enjoyment of the psychology of the many men who come within the scope of his subject. He loved to trace their differences and their combinations—to show what line of thought brought groups together, what temperamental differences or again intellectual developments broke up such a group, and how character and mind interacted

throughout. He had an impression when writing his Reminiscences that the book had almost been forgotten in spite of its striking reception when it appeared. I do not think that is the case, as it is constantly used by men who study that period, but even if so, I am sure that on account of its human interest it will not lose its place for long. He wrote himself of 'William George Ward and the Catholic Revival':

The book appeared in May, and I certainly had no reason to be dissatisfied with its reception. I had been quite prepared for only a limited public interest in it. I realised that the earlier volume had owed much of its vogue to the interest still widely surviving in the Oxford Movement. Our Roman Catholic controversies in England, with which this second volume dealt, were by comparison mere parochial squabbles. I had endeavoured to obviate this objection by dealing at great length with the continental movements of Christian thought, of which our English controversies were but a part. Lord Acton's connection by blood and by education with Germany gave a very natural bridge between the English and the Continental movement. And Acton was my father's chief opponent at a critical moment. Cardinal Wiseman's cosmopolitan associations also helped in the same direction; and the whole Ultramontane movement, culminating in the Vatican Council—a movement in which my father was one of the leaders—had realised de Maistre's programme and become an international force. Still I also feared at bottom lest English provincialism in my critics should make them indifferent to my subject matter thus widely conceived and make them apathetic so far as the book was historical and not biographical. The book had entailed far more labour and reading than its predecessor. I must have destroyed as much as I published, and all of it was written and rewritten again and again.[1] Whether the general public will ever turn to it again and realise the amount of historical research it contains or of historical generalisations concerning the religious revival of the last century (especially in connection with the new Ultramontanism) which, aided by von Hügel, I worked out for the first time, I cannot predict. But I was glad to have done this work

[1] In a parody written by one of his secretaries Wilfrid was made to say, "I have just completed the fourteenth revision of my first paragraph."

thoroughly and to have drawn out the sources of the change from the old religious world of the eighteenth century in France and Germany, in which Ultramontanism was opposed to a State Gallicanism, to the new, in which Liberalism and Ultramontanism, having combined to destroy Gallicanism, subsequently quarrelled and became opposite forces in Catholic thought. The story seems to me to be of great importance to the understanding of existing religious conditions.

When Wilfrid was asked by Cardinal Vaughan if he would like to write the life of Cardinal Wiseman I had to persuade him not to refuse. I think he thought that it would be a tiresome kind of official job. What finally decided him to take it was my recollection of stories of the man's large-hearted nature which had been told me when a child. I was sure that he was not merely an official. I had heard my uncle, Lord Lyons, in describing Wiseman's ungainly and even common appearance, and the contrast presented between him and the other Cardinals at some great function at St. Peter's, add with absolute confidence that his was the best brain among them all.

The Life took about five years' work, and appeared in 1897. The first large edition was sold within the week, and, I think, six editions appeared in a year. It was owing to this work that Wilfrid was elected to the Athenæum under Rule II, as one of the nine persons it annually invites to join the Club as members *honoris causa* 'for distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or for public services.' As the scope of this rule is so large, literature is apt to go to the wall.

'The Committee is very slow,' Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Jebb said at the time, 'to elect for literary eminence. It chooses more readily for public services or scientific eminence.'

After the strain of the two other biographies, the life of Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, was indeed a joy and recreation. Something of the sweetness and light of the true idealist permeates the book, which I hope may keep fresh the

picture of one who asked little of the world and was happy in the enjoyment of friendship with his fellow-creatures and with nature.

After my husband's easiest task was to come his most difficult—'The Life of Cardinal Newman.' Father Neville, the devoted friend and secretary of the Cardinal, was his literary executor. Few more touching instances of hero-worship and devotion than his can be found in the lives of great men. Father Neville had a mind of much delicacy and refinement. I recollect him as a typical gentleman of an older school with beautiful manners. I am convinced that he hated to give pain and trouble. But his intense anxiety lest his hero should be misunderstood became his dominant thought. The burden of his responsibility was too much for his nerves, and what was most beautiful in him sometimes produced trying though humorous results. As early as the year of Cardinal Newman's death Wilfrid received a telegram from Father Neville, asking him if he would write the Life. From that time to the day of his death Father Neville seems to have suffered mental agonies on the subject, but he never proceeded any farther. Some instances of his nervous trouble were amusing, as in a telegram I well remember beginning: 'I think I want to see you about something very important, but I am not quite sure,' and on another occasion when, having found my husband at the Junior Carlton Club, he exclaimed: 'I should never have called upon you if I had thought you would be here.' After the death of Father Neville his executors made the final arrangement for the biography. The wish of a lifetime was granted, and seven years of unremitting toil followed.

During those years, Wilfrid owed much to the help given him by his friends. Mr. R. E. Froude, nephew of Hurrell Froude the friend of Newman's youth, and son of William Froude, also a constant friend of the Cardinal, helped my husband more than anyone else, but others read and studied the book in all its stages with patient perseverance. Notable among these were Miss Mary Church, daughter of Dean Church, Mr. Walter Moberly, and Mrs. Vere O'Brien, sister

of the late Mr. Arnold Forster, who had done the same kind office in the case of the 'Life of Aubrey de Vere,' her uncle by marriage.

The 'Life of Cardinal Newman' made its appearance on January 22, 1912. Both the story of the work of those years and of the very remarkable reception of the book must be left for a future biography of its author. I can only allude to one or two points of some interest in connection with it. The amplest recognition of Newman's sanctity and genius was almost universal. The biographer had been aware that lingering echoes of old-time bigotry or popular incapacity for understanding an exquisite and very subtle character might lead to 'serious misrepresentations by means of touches of untruth in themselves slight.' He was 'deeply impressed,' as he afterwards wrote, 'by the fact that in hardly a single instance has this opportunity been used by the English Press. Reverence for the great Cardinal, and perhaps also some chivalrous feeling as to the special unfairness of defacing a picture which has taken many years in the painting, have saved the work from such unworthy treatment.' [1] But the place given to Newman as a thinker, the character of the very genius which he was universally acknowledged to possess, was much less clear. 'In most cases, when a man of genius is once discovered, people are agreed as to the general character of that genius. His powers are recognised even by those who do not share his opinions. With Newman it has been otherwise.' [2] It was the problem thus stated that led Wilfrid to write the lectures to which these few pages are an introduction. The lectures, starting with one on 'Newman and the Critics,' developed into the study of his philosophy which could not be separated from a further and deeper study of his psychology. As the lectures stand in this volume, they are also the complete expression of Wilfrid's own philosophy of faith, and of the world theories that had appealed to him ever since his youth. The second of the lectures he himself thought the most important, and that he was right in so thinking can hardly be doubted,

[1] *Men and Matters*, p. 289. [2] See p. 2 of this volume.

but in the last there is a pathos and sense of the deepest side of life that has an appeal of its own.

But although in his intellectual estimate of Newman's work Wilfrid differed from some of the critics, he had, as we have seen, much reason to be thankful for the universal admiration and reverence called forth by his picture of John Henry Newman—an appreciation whch proved that he had not toiled in vain. As to his work as a biographer, there was not only admiration, but an unusual sympathy as to the labour undergone and the difficulties conquered.

> It is the work of a lifetime [said the *Quarterly Review*], in the sense that Mr. Ward's other works have been subsidiary to it; it is the centre round which they converge. . . . He stands in the first rank of biographers; he has had access to full and authentic sources; and above all he is steeped in his subject. More than any one of our own, perhaps even of Newman's generation, he has assimilated Newman's mind.
>
> It is not [said another review], that in the course of this 1300 pages Mr. Ward gives us nearly 1000 of Newman's letters; it is the way in which he weaves them into the texture of a master narrative. It moves with a splendid amplitude and an admirably ordered progress whilst it carries a weight of scholarship.

4. The Liaison Officer.

If there is one note struck more often than another in all that has been written about the biographies of which I have been speaking, it is that of a cordial surprise at the entire absence of partiality or bigotry, and at the understanding Wilfrid showed as to views differing from or opposed to his own. He was, indeed, convinced that it was useless to deal with any question unless you could state your opponent's case as well as he could state it himself. He was delighted with Huxley's saying that he could draw up a primer of infidelity from the writings of Cardinal Newman. He did not believe in convincing a man by argument; he never could have tried to edify. His aim was to produce an intellectual atmosphere in which faith was possible. For this atmosphere a sympathetic understanding was all-important. But nothing was more characteristic of his mind and character than his reasoned view of sympathy amid difference. The sympathy of weak-

ness is sometimes soothing, but it is not stimulating. It was not, he was convinced, conducive to a common understanding to water down your individual convictions. He made men in very different intellectual camps see where they were in agreement with him, often to their own surprise; and no doubt even Huxley, the old iconoclast, enjoyed explaining to Wilfrid the more constructive attitude of his later years. Mrs. Huxley became one of our greatest friends, and we loved to be together. But I was sometimes reminded that prejudice had to be conquered on more than one side. I remember the delightful naïveté with which she once said to me, 'How astonished my mother would have been to think that I should ever know a Roman Catholic or an actress.' She laughed as much as I did at what she had said. I do not know if she ever became acquainted with an actress; I don't think she had any other intimacy with a papist.

In quite other surroundings I recall dining at the Embassy in Rome when Sir Philip Currie and several other men, after interesting general discussion, suddenly made a frontal attack on the Papacy. Wilfrid metaphorically, and I think actually, put his back against the wall and had it out, giving his defensive blows straight from the shoulder —with the amusing result that Sir Philip told a friend that Mr. Ward was certainly the most intelligent of the Roman Catholics.

His position towards the scientist who was not a believer, or the cosmopolitan man of the world, was very different from his position towards his Anglican friends. This difference was not always understood by some of our acquaintance; and I remember one devout lady who, having seen on my table photographs of Dean Church and of Professor Huxley, exclaimed: 'I should think very well of your married life if it were not for these Deans and infidels!'

His mind full of the danger of the incoming flood of infidelity, Wilfrid valued greatly much of the Christian apologetic written by Anglicans. I remember his keen enthusiasm at Dean Church's exquisite study of the Psalms

and the Vedas. From Dean Church's time to that of Dr. Figgis, he welcomed whatever in the Anglican Church helped the cause of truth. And this drew to him the single-hearted and earnest Anglicans with whom he was thrown. There was much to charm him in the descendants of the Oxford Movement, and no one was ever more attracted than was Wilfrid by intellectual gifts, by culture, and that traditional standard of life and manners that makes so glaring a contrast with the rough and ready ways of a plutocratic world. That he grasped their intellectual point of view, and that to a degree at times bewildering alike to his own co-religionists and to the ordinary Protestant, can be seen by his little book on the Oxford Movement for the 'People's Books' series. When I congratulated him on the way he had stated the case for the High Church party, 'I've done it better than they could do it themselves,' was his laughing retort.

This was from no subtle 'Jesuitry' or diplomacy. He could not have been a diplomatist; indeed his talk had in it often the charm of indiscretion. It was his character that was sympathetic and curiously free from jealousy. It was easy to him on this account to find out the many points in common that existed between his and kindred minds, but from his natural strength it was also easy to him never to allow his own standards and principles to be forgotten for a moment. In reality the combination is somewhat rare. And here I shall quote at length a letter from Lord Halifax I have received since beginning to write this Introduction, which seems to fall in naturally with my subject:

It was a great pleasure [he writes] getting your letter; it seemed such a long time since I had heard anything of you, and I began to think how seldom it happened that many weeks passed without some letter from Wilfrid or some letter from me to him. The sense of loss in the case of those we have loved never leaves us, and the more we have loved them the greater that sense is—and yet how present they seem, and how close to us, closer sometimes than when we could see them with our eyes. I don't think that there is a day since his death that I have not

thought of Wilfrid—there is certainly no day in which I have not remembered him in my prayers, little as he needs them. I hope he sometimes remembers me and procures me those helps I so much need. What a happiness it is to have had and to have such friends! and still to have them. All this revives my recollections of the past, and makes me realise how much I owe him. I was recalling the other day when it was I first made his acquaintance: it was at Norfolk House at, I think, the first meeting of the Committee to consider the memorial to Cardinal Newman, and, as you know, ever since then our friendship and intimacy has gone on increasing. How intimate we became can be seen from the correspondence published in 'Leo XIII and Anglican Orders,' as I think it can also be seen how true he always kept to his own principles and at the same time—more almost than anyone I have ever met—he knew how to explain them in the most attractive way to others, and so as to meet difficulties which might otherwise have been felt about them. The truth is that it is only those who are sure of their own faith who are able to deal in a really sympathetic and large-minded way with others, and I have often thought since that there was nobody from whom I learnt so much, whether he was talking of matters touching the government of the Church, on intellectual difficulties, or the allowances to be made for this or that opinion, or to the general trend of ecclesiastical politics. I often feel now how much I wish I were able to ask this or that question, but it is really impossible to say how much I feel I have learnt from my intercourse with him. Then too how amusing he was! how sympathetic! how alive to all that makes life most interesting and inspiring! I do not know why I am saying all this to-day, but your letter has made me think so much of the past, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

As time passed Wilfrid matured a view, born of his own character and experience, of common action among Christians against 'the revival of pagan ethics and the destruction of faith in the unseen.' The occasion for giving it expression was an article he was asked to write for the first number of the *Constructive Quarterly*. That men of less force of conviction and of character and less intuitive sympathy might not be able to carry out this programme perhaps did not occur to him.

The Catholic Church [he wrote] no doubt claims to be the one indefectible guardian of the Christian revelation. Her exclusiveness is largely based on this claim. But it has also much of its *raison d'être* in reasons which are the conditions of efficiency for any organism. Her creed and ritual and organisation form a complete and living whole. Once you begin to tamper with it and to suggest that only those parts of her creed should be insisted on which she shares with other Christians, you threaten the vitality of the living organism and the individuality on which its power largely depends.

The same consideration holds in its measure with other Christian bodies. In point of fact, no denomination with any force in it is content with professing the common measure of Christian beliefs. Each holds them in its own way, with the associations and in the forms to which its history has given birth. Rightly or wrongly, on true lines, or on lines only partly true, or on false lines, each has developed into an organic system with a distinctive character. On this depends its *esprit de corps*. Tennyson once said, 'You must choose in religion between bigotry and flabbiness.' A sect maintaining only points of agreement with rival sects would be 'flabby' and ineffective in its religion. *In point of fact, the very beliefs held in common have their edge and force in individual believers as parts of the different living systems in which they are found.* Thus the refusal to make co-operation depend on amalgamation in organisation and in worship, or on the dismissal of what is distinctive of the several denominations and the retention only of what is common to all, may be grounded simply and solely on the interests of vitality in religion. To obliterate what is distinctive of the various communions means that even the doctrines which they *do* hold in common, and which are rightly considered the most important, lose three-quarters of their influence and effectiveness. There is not in existence sufficient agreement among Christians to enable us to create forthwith a new religious organism, a new corporate Church, which should inspire the necessary *esprit de corps*. We must utilise the existing *esprit de corps* in the sects. Therefore, if we would strengthen the force of common Christian beliefs it can only be by a co-operation between the denominations, which should not depend on destroying their distinctive and different elements. It is a choice between an agreement amid difference in a religion which is inspired and alive, and an agreement pure

and simple which is uninspired and comparatively dead and inoperative.[1]

He does not shirk the obvious difficulty; which he describes as follows:

The difficulty in question is that in very many cases these distinctive doctrines are doctrines which speak of mutual hate and positive disunion. Luther protests against the superstitions and corruptions of Rome. This protest is what stirred up and still sustains the *esprit de corps* of Lutheran Protestants. Rome anathematises the doctrines of Luther. The zeal of Alva is fed by the bonfires with which he burns the heretic. Sectarian tenets do not constitute merely that individuality of creed which gives edge to conviction and enables agreement amid difference among believers to be the more effective in the fight against unfaith. They are a source or a direct consequence of mutual hostility between the believers themselves. If, then, you grant that the full force of religious zeal is largely dependent on the *esprit de corps* of the various religious communions, and that this *esprit de corps* would evaporate if their distinctive doctrines were dropped and only 'our common Christianity' were retained, that is an argument not only, as it professes to be, against latitudinarianism, but against the possibility of any effective union among Christians. In emphasising sectarian tenets you are encouraging those specific beliefs which tell directly for disunion,—nay, for positive strife between Christians. You are breeding not effective 'hounds of the Lord' to fight the infidels of the day, but rather Kilkenny cats who will fight until they have devoured each other. . . .

. . . But, speaking generally, the answer is, I think, implied in the second rule of the *Constructive Quarterly*, that each sect, while advocating its own views in full, should refrain from attacking its neighbours. . . . For Catholics a new foe is more dangerous than Protestantism, for Protestants the same new foe is more dangerous than Catholicism. A new motive for combination exists which is likely to make the positive and true side of the tenets of each sect more prominent, while the negative and aggressive side is likely to grow less, and even to disappear in some cases, if all parties endeavour to bring this consummation about. The ideal aim is that every group of Christians should preserve its *esprit de corps*, but should at the same time

[1] *Men and Matters*, pp. 294–5.

refrain from mutual hostility. And though, like all ideals, this is not likely to be completely realised, some approximation may be made towards its realisation.

. . . Real but at present unconscious points of agreement will, it is to be hoped, come more clearly to light under the growing influence of a common zeal against the revival of pagan ethics and the destruction of faith in the unseen which now threatens the modern world. If the attention and energy of all Christians is concentrated on the crusade against those movements which threaten all religious belief and principle, the force and heat of religious zeal will gradually be transferred more and more to this common crusade. An immediate attempt to bring down the existing sects to a dead level of positive belief would, on the contrary, put out the flame instead of changing its direction. And, once extinguished, it might be hard to rekindle.[1]

To Wilfrid, then, it will easily be believed, it was a matter not for controversial triumph, not for making a point in a score against those who had not followed Newman to Rome, but for deep grief in the later years of his life that English Churchmen should not prove stauncher to their own traditions. He did not believe that by abandoning them they would gain a comprehensiveness that should have in it the vitality without which common action must be ineffectual. He was profoundly depressed by the line taken by Dr. Sanday, he was amused but indignant at the picture of the Anglican vicar in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, 'Richard Meynell.'

On that novel, which he contrasted with Dr. Figgis's book, 'The Gospel and Human Needs,' he wrote an article called 'Reduced Christianity,' from which I quote the following passage :—

. . . If Mr. Figgis is right in holding that the Church of England can still remain the home at once of learning and of traditional Christianity, it cannot be justifiable to open its doors, as Richard Meynell demands, to men who preach so meagre a gospel as that of 'Reduced Christianity,' driven thereto not by hard facts but by ingenious theories. Pantheism and optimism are congenial enough to human society in the heyday

[1] *Men and Matters*, pp. 297–300.

of life: the Christian Church has been forcibly depicted by Newman as the providential antidote against them—as set up to remind us of 'the hateful cypresses'—of death, sin, judgment, and of the beliefs which are needed to face these ugly facts. If the Church of England can share in this work and still be a bulwark or breakwater against infidelity, can it be wise to cripple her power in this respect by admitting to her ministry those who go so very near to holding the very attitude towards life which Christianity is set up to oppose—and this (I repeat it) not under pressure from the consensus of experts in science, but in deference to the dogmatism of extremist leaders and the credulity of their followers? If, as Meynell maintains, 'Reduced Christians' are already admitted to the ministry but dare not as things stand openly avow their beliefs, surely reform should be in the direction of the exclusion of what is alien to Christianity and not of capitulating openly to the enemy.[1]

Wilfrid's last words on this subject are in an essay republished in the present volume, in which he dwells sadly enough on the Oxford liberalism of to-day, and at last unwillingly comes to the sorrowful conclusion that the 'existing state of opinion would resent exclusion from the National Church on any ground of dogmatic opinion, provided certain decencies of expression were preserved. And it is well to face the fact.'[2]

Things have moved since Wilfrid's death more rapidly than could have been expected. The forces of destruction, of unconscious paganism, of hatred of the supernatural, as Christians know it, are getting daily a stronger hold on the English people. No Catholic can do anything but mourn over the decay of Christian truth in this country; our hearts must go out to the noble souls who are putting up what fight they can against the inrush of infidelity. I know of one thing as to which Wilfrid would have laboured to the uttermost. It is the right conception of our own attitude, each man and woman of us belonging to the Catholic and Roman Church during the present crisis. On our side all our efforts, our methods, our sympathies, whether in public or private life, should above all aim at construction.

[1] *Men and Matters*, p. 416. [2] *Infra*, p. 290.

We have, in as far as we can, simply to unfold the beauty of the truth, which also daily gains more and more of the hearts of men. It was the foresight of this spiritual Armageddon between the forces of Christianity and infidelity that had haunted Newman and his disciple alike.

But if to Wilfrid as to Newman the Catholic and Roman Church was the only possible opponent to the world forces arrayed against Christianity, he was never blind to the difficulties presented to men of active minds by the attitude of authority within that Church. The relations between the rulers and the thinkers in the religious domain was the chief object of his solicitude throughout his life's work. On the one side, it is often argued by non-Catholics that while there is a growing chaos in religious bodies outside the Roman Church, on the other there is to many an insurmountable difficulty in the over rigid attitude of her rulers towards all independent thinkers. It was a difficulty he dealt with in the course of many years, and of which he carefully worked out his own solution, as the following pages will show to some extent.

5. The Modernist Controversy.

There were indeed deep underlying forces at work in as well as outside the Catholic Church, which occupied a great part of Wilfrid Ward's intellectual life. He had started to treat his own share in the mental history of his co-religionists in his Reminiscences. What may be gathered from these is how he and some of his friends were greatly preoccupied with the work of reconciling modern thought and religious faith, of acquiring greater liberty for thought within the Church by the sanction of authority and not by revolutionary methods. It appears clearly that this group was not at first formed into a party, and that by the time they became more organised he was no longer with them. In a letter written in 1900 Father Tyrrell indeed sketched his ideal of what he called the 'mediatorial party.' In this letter he gives his reasons for preferring 'mediatorial' to 'moderate' or 'juste milieu' if he were to 'brand' himself with a name. He did not want a definite programme, but such a spirit on both sides that each would 'yield all

that can rightly be yielded to the other in the spirit of true liberty.' But not believing that this would ever be possible on account of 'the one-sided character of the human mind, which ever lurches to port or starboard,' he looked to a small mediatorial party to 'try to interpret the extremes to one another.'[1]

I do not think it is any partiality on my part that makes me secure in the claim that when the acute stages of the controversy foreseen by the writer did come, when, as he wrote to Wilfrid, 'our paths have bifurcated,' it was the man to whom this letter was written whose mind was of the rare quality that did not lurch to 'port or starboard.' Wilfrid's last words as to his own position I found in a pencil note stuck into an old copy of an article of June 1900 obviously intended to form part of his Reminiscences. The article was written on account of a 'curious display of hostility' on the part of a knot of journalists and others against the Roman authorities, and especially the officials known as the *Curia*.

This rough note is as follows :—

My personal feeling was that [some] identified two different things. Protests against great moral corruptions in the *Curia* might enlist the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a saint. They might have in such a case all the uncalculating enthusiasm which appealed so strongly to them as the necessary driving force in reform. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and in protesting against simple wrong the law of expediency has little to say. But the case before us was essentially different. It was not so much a matter of right and wrong as a matter of wisdom and of the balancing between intellectual interests and other interests—between parties in the Church, all of which contained many good men. The *Curia* was not corrupt. The Church at large was not, as at the time of the Reformation, full of moral abuses. The journalists who were inveighing so intemperately against the existing system and even assuming the worst to be true where the authorities were in question, did not appear to me to be actuated by the spirit of the saints at all. Nor were they in the least practical in their suggestions. They did not place themselves in the position of the authorities

[1] *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, by M. D. Petre, vol. ii. p. 110.

and ask—what as practical men could the authorities do, granted the best dispositions towards the new learning? Some of them seemed to love foul-mouthed abuse for its own sake. Others insisted indiscriminately on serious abuses and on their own personal fads—on things which many would welcome as helping thoughtful minds with sweeping changes which were wholly impracticable and not entirely desirable. I dreaded the identification of a growing need with the grumblings of discontented people—who would be discontented whatever was done. I feared that their want of discrimination between urgent necessities and Utopian schemes might lead to a corresponding indiscrimination on the part of the authorities—that the authorities might regard all the programme of the thinkers and experts as part of a wanton campaign by inveterate grumblers. And eventually it was just this fear which was realised seven years later when the Encyclical *Pascendi* was published.

My great object was to keep the men of real learning and weight to a moderate programme and to win for them the trust of the authorities—to make the authorities regard practicable concessions to historical and biblical criticism as the true weapon against what looked like a revolutionary movement. A wish for greater breadth was widespread among intelligent ecclesiastical students at the seminaries. In England and France I thought such men would be satisfied with the approval of such writers as Père Lagrange the Dominican. Tyrrell I then believed would remain moderate and practical in his demands—indeed at that time he entirely identified himself with my wishes on this point. Loisy was hand and glove with Bishop . . . and I hoped he might be kept straight—though I had my fears. I entreated the Tyrrells and Loisys to show such practicalness and moderation as would make authority regard them as friends.

To avoid the danger of describing the past through glasses coloured by more recent events, I will quote words which I printed at that time (June 1900) and have never republished.

The pencil note ends here, and we come to the first paragraph of the article:

We have witnessed in the course of the last year a curious display of hostility on the part of a small section of English Catholics towards the powers that be. Its peculiarity has been

the note of strong irritation on the one hand, and on the other the absence of specific practical proposals.

After some passages describing the journalistic attacks in question, the article continues:

It is noteworthy that the agitators themselves are generally anonymous, or comparative tyros in the theological arena. But they claim to make common cause with thinkers or scholars of great weight. The Abbé Duchesne is cited with approval, or the Abbé Loisy, or Father Tyrrell. Still more freely are the names invoked of those who are now no more. A liberal Catholic writer in this Review recently claimed—with remarkable courage—to be representing the ideas held in common with Möhler, Cardinal Newman, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Dupanloup.

It is perhaps not too much to say that the precise measure in which such claims are believed is the measure of the influence of these modern liberal Catholic writers on intelligent public opinion; and the degree to which such claims can be substantiated is the measure of the real substance underlying random denunciation—of real fire behind the smoke. I do not say that the claim on the part of extremists to solidarity with the wise is significant of a fact; but it is widely believed. And it may at least be significant of a tendency or a danger.

It is widely believed for a simple reason. The extreme right and the extreme left both affirm that it is so. The latter desire the support of names which the world respects. The former are for various reasons the enemies of all change—including the changes which mark off the living being from the fossil. Consequently while the left try to identify their excesses with the programme of the wise—destructive liberalism with the plea for reality and life—the extreme right try to identify the programme of the wise with the excesses in question—adaptation to the times with destruction of the faith. Both are agreed in applying the vague word 'liberalism' alike to the plea for life within the Church, and to the travesty of that plea by the extreme left. Both have good reason for wishing that the word should be indiscriminately used. Extremists invariably talk loudest and circulate their views most energetically. Consequently the solidarity in question and the studious confusion of ideas on which it rests come to be widely accepted.

That the world at large should be for a time indiscriminating on such a subject matters comparatively little. That those

in authority should share its mistake, and accept as true the confusion propagated by the extremists in their own interests, would be disastrous. Yet to avoid doing so they must be fully alive to the danger. It is all-important that authority should know its own friends. In an age which is pre-eminently one of transition—when new lights on matters scientific, historical, critical; new points of view and new overmastering impulses on matters social, political, philosophical are making their appearance year by year, it is only those few who have made these subjects specially their own, and who, at the same time, have the interests of the Church at heart, who can be, in the nature of the case, equal to the situation. They alone have the perceptions and knowledge needed to see how Catholic thought can deal with and assimilate what is sound or true, can effectively resist what is dangerous. They are the natural eyes of those in power, in matters where only specialists have the training and knowledge to see accurately. And when the ruling power is really alive to the situation, its first wish is to find such assistants. If on the other hand it is not alive to the situation, if the experts are set aside and such matters are left to those who have no sympathy with or understanding of the modern world, whose minds move only in the traditional groove, the Church loses for the time the active principle of intellectual progress. Catholicism may lose touch with the age, and forfeit much of its influence. And this may happen although the Church is not internally corrupt. Zeal may still abound. True religion —which is after all the Church's first concern—may still flourish. But Catholic thought may no longer hold its own with the thought of the day; and Catholicism may fail to win, or even in some cases to keep, those who are intellectually the children of their time, being in their eyes identified with antiquated scientific or critical positions which are now untenable.

It is the men at once imbued with the Catholic spirit and alive to the culture of their age who have been in the past the very pivots on which intellectual progress within the Church has turned. Origen, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas may be named as three great landmarks. And their lesser disciples—passing the flame from torch to torch—helped to complete what they began. While authority, the guardian of tradition, fulfilled its work in the Providential scheme, overlooking the process, checking startling innovation, taking care that old wisdom should not be obscured by new light, the men of insight

did what only men of insight can do—adapted the expression of Christian thought to the conditions and culture of the times. Thus only could Christianity preserve its influence on the world at large—on the eager, thoughtful, or enterprising youth, who are ever the children of their own age, and on the representative philosophic few, who gradually form the tendency of contemporary thought and rule the age to come.

It is not possible to quote the article at much greater length in this Introduction, but two passages are of special interest. After describing how the disloyal liberals burlesque the suggestions of the wise into what is startling and unorthodox, and obscurantists seize the moment to denounce them formally or informally to the Inquisition or to inquisitorial rulers, he continues :

It may need a very discriminating review of the real merits of the case to withstand presumptions which, nevertheless, on close inspection are seen to be quite worthless. Benedict the Fourteenth, that wise Pontiff, clearly saw the danger long before its present form was apparent. He feared the work of sectarian denouncers or judges. He urged upon the officials of the Congregation of the Index the importance of absolute candour in judging of the merits of a writer apart from all extrinsic presumptions. ' Let them dismiss,' he wrote, ' patriotic leanings, family affections, the predilections of school, the *esprit de corps* of an institute ; let them put away the zeal of party.' [1]

The article ended on a hopeful note :

The work of the adaptation of theology to the exigencies of the time has already been effectively begun ; though it may need a time of freedom from agitation and from the repression which follows agitation for its development. The bridge between more modern modes of thinking and the traditional Catholic theology has been outlined and designed with the insight of genius by John Henry Newman. It will take perhaps another fifty years to do justice to the extent of what Catholics owe him, in the analysis of the true genius of the Church itself as displayed in history; and in the anticipation of lines of thought and

[1] Before my husband died another Benedict had become Pope, and in almost his first utterance, the Encyclical of Nov. 1, 1914, he urged that Catholics should not label each other with names and call each other bad Catholics because their views may be different.

historical generalisations which are only now becoming widely accepted. . . .

That the degree of freedom demanded by the circumstances of the time will be eventually accorded I do not doubt. Shall we in our time see a more formal acknowledgment of the obligations of theology to Cardinal Newman and his followers? Our children at least may well see it. For Newman's analysis of the genius of the Church and of its laws of development is being accepted widely by the flower of the Catholic youth, and from their ranks must be drawn the ecclesiastical rulers of the future.

Sixteen years after this article appeared, and three months after my husband's death, Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., summed up his position as a Catholic writer. The opening paragraphs of his essay are so singularly apposite to the preceding pages that I venture to reproduce them here:

For twenty years Mr. Wilfrid Ward was regarded, both by those who differed from him in his religious faith and by his fellow Catholics, as one of the ablest exponents of the Catholic position. His success in obtaining a respectful hearing for the Catholic point of view amongst thinking men of every shade of philosophic thought was perhaps his most immediate and manifest achievement: it was due mainly to his entire sincerity and his sympathetic endeavour to understand other men's points of view. He stood as a Catholic, but no one could think of him as a sectarian; he was an earnest and good-humoured protagonist who knew his own mind, but was anxious to do justice to the minds of other men. Utterly sincere himself, he had a large faith in the sincerity of those from whom he differed. These moral qualities, added to his intellectual ability, were perhaps the chief factors in his success as a Catholic apologist with those outside the Catholic body.

Amongst his fellow Catholics this sincerity of mind gave him a secure place in their esteem: it carried him safely through the period of acute feeling aroused by the condemnation of modernism, when one party regarded him as a drag on the wheel whilst their extreme opponents wondered whether modernism itself was more dangerous to the Church or the 'liberalism' of Wilfrid Ward. To those who knew him at all intimately the charge of 'liberalism' was too ludicrous to be taken seriously, though it caused himself much pain at the time. He could hardly have been a liberal in thought even had he tried, any more

than he could have been a democrat in politics. By temperament he was essentially conservative: it required the full weight of his intellectual ability to make him an open-minded conservative, that is to say, a conservative who believes the world has a future as well as a past. It was, indeed, with the freshness of an ever-new discovery that he recognised the inevitability of change in living institutions: it was a relief to his spirit that change did not spell disruption, but might be merely the vital action of the living organism itself. Having made that discovery, he was spiritually afire to share his discovery with his fellow-men; to ward off disruptive change by proclaiming and enforcing the law of conservative development by which organic societies and institutions live. Quite intelligibly the more revolutionary party disliked the attitude of the self-appointed advocate who doggedly refused to allow them to appropriate the consecrated word 'development' and suggested that their proper war-cry was 'anarchy.' And, almost as intelligibly, he was not altogether trusted by those who hold that any change in established things must be for the worst. But the Catholic body at large never distrusted him: the loyalty of his faith was as patent to them as his sincerity of mind was to all who knew him.[1]

It is quite true that, as Father Cuthbert wrote, the charge of liberalism caused my husband much pain. It was also true that he felt deeply the parting of the ways with men who had seemed to be going in the same direction as himself. But what he felt most deeply was the upsetting of the work he had in hand by the reckless and defiant conduct of those who might have carried it on. He submitted whole-heartedly to authority, but he knew that he could no longer work freely in defence of the Church, he could no longer freely help those who, in his own phrase, 'were intellectually the children of their time.' That was to him a trial to the end of his life. He missed the companionship in thought with those who had at one time been of like mind. 'I am quite alone,' he often said to me in 1908 and afterwards. As a fact I see more and more how many Catholics were with him all the time, but he did not realise it himself. But if it was ludicrous to charge him

[1] *Dublin Review*, July 1916.

with liberalism, it was also ludicrous to charge him with having developed 'an official mind,' or to imply that he had not the courage of his convictions because he had not the sad courage of convictions that were not his own at a time of acute feeling.

I wish that he had been able to carry on his Reminiscences down to the appearance of the Encyclical *Pascendi*. When the Encyclical came out he took exactly the course he had always sketched out as the true one. He set to work to consult the ablest theologians in our seminaries so as to gain an exact interpretation of its meaning. It was a legal document, and it required expert explanation. It seemed on the surface to condemn the philosophy of Cardinal Newman; did it actually do so? Tyrrell, immediately after the Encyclical was published in English, told the world in *The Times* newspaper that it did. He had no patience with slower methods.

I shall not easily lose the impression of my husband's joy when it was elicited by Cardinal Gasquet from the supreme authority that it did not, and was not intended to, condemn the Cardinal's writings. Under the guidance of experts, Mr. Ward wrote an article in the *Dublin Review* in which he submitted loyally, I need not say, to the Encyclical *Pascendi* and gave a technical account of how such a document should be interpreted.

Reading the article to-day, it is easier to understand those who thought it too subtle an attempt to defend authority than those who were not satisfied with its loyalty. But in the heat of the moment he was expected to use heated expressions against all and everyone who, according to their foes, were tainted with modernism. Hence an extreme anti-Modernist wrote to the papers that the editor of the *Dublin Review* was one of those who 'are neither for God nor against Him.' On the other hand, one of his own friends accused him of becoming official, and a wit at the time asked if it were true that Mr. Ward said that if you read the Encyclical 'as it ought to be read, back before on to a looking-glass;' it was, in fact, a very cautious approval of Newman. The article is in reality a most honest and

earnest endeavour to understand an intricate technical work constructed for and by experts in theology. He did not publish the article until it had been carefully examined by a Roman theologian.

Wilfrid Ward's loyalty was the loyalty of an independent nature.[1] He knew that his views were deeply Catholic and orthodox, and he was ready to defend them as such with the confidence of one who had had a thorough theological training. He was deeply anxious that they should prevail and should not through any fault of his own incur disapproval. He hated revolt, disloyalty, and the bad manners of the 'camp followers' of the extreme left. He dreaded the excesses of the anti-modernists. To Cardinal Mercier and to Louvain he looked especially for the guidance of the larger studies that were needed for the younger men. More than once he stayed with the Cardinal at Malines, and once when in acute depression, I remember how he returned cheered, strengthened, and encouraged by the kindness of his host.

Nothing would be easier than to press too hard on these trials. Although Wilfrid, chiefly through correspondence, had had intellectual intercourse with those who

[1] While on this subject I must allow myself a word of explanation as to a supposed portrait of my husband in a novel I called *Out of Due Time*. I did intend to sketch the outline of such a mental position as his, but I did not intend to make a portrait of himself. I should not dwell upon this if it had not been taken, in two or three articles after his death, as an acknowledged fact that George Sutcliffe is my husband. There may have been more of him in the character than I intended to put in it, though if I did not fear to be lengthy and tiresome I could point out the vast differences. Also some of Sutcliffe's letters to the heroine were entirely written by Wilfrid, and most of Sutcliffe's letters from Rome. These were intended to show what my characters would have thought and done, and were, I think, psychologically true, but were not the weighed expression of his own views. The only portrait in the book, I cannot say too strongly, was the heroine, and the original knew it while I was writing the novel, and complained very much of the hot temper I was giving her. The story started with me from my intense interest in the history of *l'Avenir*. I had read constantly all I could find of the lives of de Lamenais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert. Paul is a lay edition of de Lamenais, though not a portrait. I have never known anyone like Paul myself. His interest in the intellectual as divorced from the devotional side of religion was essentially French, as it seems to me.

had for a time held the same views on Church matters he had with one or two exceptions not seen very much of them. He saw more of Father Tyrrell in a few days we spent at Richmond in 1903 than he had ever done before, and the visit was not a success. I realised at the time that Wilfrid had got upon Father Tyrrell's nerves, and that the last thing he wanted was his advice. Some of Father Tyrrell's followers were more my friends than my husband's. One friendship indeed, most precious to Wilfrid, was imperilled in the course of these difficulties, and he suffered deeply in consequence, but it was not lost. There could not be the same kind of suffering as that felt, for instance, by Newman and others in the intellectual parting of the ways in the Oxford Movement, when men who had lived in close daily intercourse for many years were separated.

But Wilfrid felt much pain throughout the stages of what will be known as the Modernist controversy, that would not be easily understood by those who could not realise how intensely real these questions were for him. It was not to him a sectarian controversy, but the vast question of the religious future of the human race. As a 'man of affairs of the intellect,' as Father Cuthbert has described him, he felt the same sort of suffering that Edmund Burke felt in his struggle to conserve the State by a large view of necessary change. Like Burke, he was to see open revolt and to protest against its excesses. But, as he often reminded me when speaking of these things, he led a vigorous and happy life. 'It is not for me like so and so,' he would say, 'I have a happy home. I play a good game of golf. I can eat a good dinner and enjoy a play!' He hated grumbling, and never posed as a man to be pitied.

It is surely a common mistake to suppose that a high degree of sensibility must make for a sad life. Acute vitality has in it an almost tremulous element which causes it to vibrate rapidly to joy or pain. But where there is much vitality and sanity combined, there is in such temperaments a great capacity for enjoyment. Add a sense of humour, and you get the best outfit for appre-

6. Characteristics and Conversation.

ciating life. At school Wilfrid was considered by the boys to be immense fun; as he grew up his sister Emily, who throughout his life had with him a very complete sympathy in matters grave or gay, tells me that he was hardly expected to be much more than amusing and amused. All his life he had a way of filling the whole house, so that whether he was singing great chunks from an Italian opera or Gilbert and Sullivan, or demoralising the nursery, or exhausting everyone within reach at tennis, the degree of life he gave out was infectious. The identical impression of one personality produced on different minds gives the most objective picture. A number of letters from those who knew Wilfrid well strike the same note, the sense of fullness of life.

Wilfrid was so tremendously vital. He always filled every house and every company he was in with his vigour of mind and speech.

The loss is heavy to me and to all who knew him, for his charm and vitality and abounding interest in all intellectual subjects made him a most rare and precious friend. . . . Of him I feel as of one or two other friends whom I have lost, that his death makes immortality more certain. He must be alive somewhere. So much vitality and intellectual activity cannot pass away.

It is hard to realise that I shall never talk to him again. We used to talk so abundantly that we sometimes got into trouble at Mitcham [on the golf links] for wasting other people's time who came after us; and I always enjoyed immensely the life and eagerness and stimulus of it all and the freshness of his interest in men and problems and happenings of all kinds. It was that that made him so much the best of living biographers, after George Trevelyan, if even he be an exception.

It is so difficult to associate that immense vigour of mental and physical life with death. It was good to hear of the spiritual light that remained with him in the last weeks, good for his and your sake and also for the encouragement and comfort it gives to others. One is so thankful for the witness—he gave it in life as well as in death—that a capacity for living here to the fullest extent—in effort, in enjoyment, in interest,—does not separate from God's grace. I grudge the restriction of holiness

to the contemplative—or, as the enemy would have it, to the weakling. And he showed the other way—all made beautiful by his immense charity and generous appreciation of others, and all dedicated so wholly and bravely to the service of truth.[1]

The vitality of the simply out-of-door unthinking athletic individual has not the drawbacks of that of the man whose work is with the things of the mind. I never knew Wilfrid to take a complete holiday and a complete rest, and he was quite unconscious of the fact. He did not know the intervals of sluggish mental and physical life by which most men benefit not a little. He was too constantly conscious of important things. Also in practical life it tried him having to give time and attention away from the larger objects he had in view. At times indeed he would get intensely worried and would reason himself and everyone else almost blind over some practical question which a less intellectual man would have settled instinctively. At such moments the quivering vitality was exhausting, but more often his activity was simply refreshing. He was highly strung and often took things hard, but he was free of many of the irritabilities and vacillations of the typical intellectual man. He had artistic gifts as a musician and as a portrait painter in words, but he had not the feminine side of the artistic temperament. It was the same in external matters; there were many things he never noticed. When absorbed in his work, noise or glare or discomfort in his surroundings had no effect upon him. His eyesight was very limited, and I think he enjoyed only general effects. He loved intensely a big view of mountains and sea and the 'feeling' of a garden, but he hardly knew one flower from another. He would hurry back from a distance to be in time to see the great expanse of the sunset from the terrace at Lotus—our home in Surrey for the last sixteen years of his life. Like his father, he was amused at his own limitations, but, unlike him, he was always in-

[1] These quotations are from letters from Mr. Philip Kerr, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. John Bailey, and Lady Gwendolen Cecil.

creasing the range of his tastes. He grew to love pictures, although he would constantly assert that he knew nothing about them. He delighted in visits to Italy, Switzerland, and Brittany, and used to plan many months 'in the air' to be spent in each one of them, really believing that his dreams would be carried out.

To few people has talk meant more than it meant to Wilfrid. In his love of great talks he was more like the men of an older generation. When men feel deeply as the early Victorians felt, they love to talk of the deeper things of the mind ; they also love the humour and the wit that, like flashes of lightning, give momentary glimpses of the great heights and expanses of life ; they love again the refreshment of complete nonsense. In the world storm in which we are living, there is surely more real talk than for many years past. There is less society and more companionship. People are too tired and too busy to make talk. Nothing is more fatal to talk than indifference, and no one is now indifferent. In a time of stress, wit and nonsense are especially to Englishmen a real need. Has not *Punch* revived his youth and been taken back to the hearts of the people ?

In Wilfrid's philosophy of life, as in Newman's, personality was the dominating factor, and great talks were the best revelation of personality. He was constantly thinking, and he often wrote, of how differently men talk. It was not only what was said, but the manner of it, and how the same words could convey such a contrast of impressions. He was always amused at the amount of meaning with which Cardinal Manning charged the simplest sentence : if the Cardinal bade a visitor sit down on a certain chair, the choice seemed to have a mystic significance. Wilfrid considered Manning's gift of presence quite extraordinary. Mr. Gladstone was not often a victim to his own sense of humour, but I have heard that his dignity completely broke down in his enjoyment of Wilfrid's personification of Manning.

Of all the talkers he had met, Wilfrid thought Huxley,

if not the most suggestive, the most perfect in form. He considered that great fighter to have been in many ways narrow, and that he would intellectually have made an excellent inquisitor, but he delighted in the very happy and finished manner of his talk. He would not agree with me in preferring J. A. Froude's romantic and picturesque gift of words to that of the scientist. Though he revelled in hours and hours of discourse with George Wyndham, I think he put his letters higher than his conversation. Judgment and perfect form in conversation fascinated him even more than the free flow of imagination. I will give one or two brief bits of his criticism of different men's talk. In the first of these he contrasts three widely different men—Cardinal Newman, Tennyson, and Huxley :

[Huxley's] conversation was singularly finished and (if I may so express it) clean-cut ; never long-winded or prosy ; enlivened by vivid illustrations. He was an excellent *raconteur*, and his stories had a stamp of their own which would have made them always and everywhere acceptable. His sense of humour and economy of words would have made it impossible, had he lived to ninety, that they should have been ever disparaged as symptoms of what has been called ' anecdotage.' I was naturally led to compare his conversation with that of two remarkable men whom I had recently been seeing when first I met Huxley. There was the same contrast between his conversation and that of Tennyson or of Cardinal Newman as there was between their views. Tennyson and Newman alike always suggested more than they said. There was an unspoken residuum behind their speech, which, as Wordsworth once said of the peak of a Swiss mountain hidden behind the low clouds, you felt to be there, though you could not see it. Huxley, on the contrary, finished his thoughts completely, and expressed them with the utmost precision. There were not the ruggedness and the gaps which marked Tennyson's speech, nor the pauses, the reserve, the obvious consciousness of suggestion on subjects too wide and intricate for full expression which one felt with Newman. The symmetry and finish of Huxley's utterances were so great that one could not bring oneself to interrupt him, even when this completeness of form seemed to be

possible only through ignoring for the moment much that should not be ignored.[1]

A contrast, again, between Dr. Jowett and Professor Sidgwick as talkers is worth quoting, as it brings out the need for some degree of sympathy to stimulate ideas :

Conversation with Dr. Jowett tended at times to languish. His criticisms were intellectual snubs. He would fix on a weak point in one's argument or a point of disagreement at the very outset. He would not spare one, or help one out of a difficulty he had raised, by any suggestion that one had not been talking sheer nonsense. The consequence was that difference of view, instead of stimulating discussion, as it does between those who partly agree, often brought it to a dead halt. His criticisms were *douches* of cold water which extinguished the flame. Again, Jowett had not at all the same faith as Sidgwick in an ultimate triumph of the cause of philosophic truth. His very conformity to the Church of England was allied with a want in this respect. The stone cathedrals that were already standing were nearer to him than any prospective temple dedicated to truth and built of ideas. The consequence was that, while the two men in some respects apparently played the same *rôle*—for both were critics and representatives of broad theology, both philosophers, both independent thinkers of liberal views—it would be hard to conceive two more different men as companions. With Sidgwick conversation never ceased. His fertility was endless. From the ashes of a destroyed theory, phœnix-like there arose a new one full of life—though one knew that its life would be short. Jowett's sterility was at times equally remarkable—not, indeed, universally, but in conversing on similar subjects. He snubbed the man who pressed his doubt to far-reaching conclusions as much as he snubbed the dogmatist. Conversation was often checked by his dislike of any approach to sounding the deeper depths of conviction. Indeed, the popular conceptions of Oxford and Cambridge were almost reversed in these men, for Sidgwick talked and wrote of nothing more readily than of problems connected with the finding of a 'Weltanschauung,' while it rejoiced the heart of the Oxford don to bring his friends abruptly down from such soaring heights to the plain prose and *terra firma* of everyday life. . . .

[1] *Problems and Persons*, p. 231.

> Knowing [Sidgwick] only from his published 'Methods of Ethics,' destructive criticism and indecision were qualities for which I was prepared; and the agreeable sense which his conversation at once brought of really living sympathy, under which one's own ideas grew and looked more attractive and persuasive in his recapitulation of them than in one's own first presentment, was an unexpected pleasure. Yet at such times Sidgwick was only fattening his ox before killing him. The knife of relentless logic was only put in his pocket for a while. And when the theory had come to look thoroughly healthy and thriving, the instrument of destruction was produced and did its work.

The charm of Wilfrid's own talk lay greatly in his power of presentation. He would make you realise perhaps the intensely humorous aspect of some very serious person, he would bring the individual into objective relief and in the same breath give a bit of carefully thought out analysis of the man's mentality or the woman's complexity. Even in dreams his appreciation of character was awake. He greatly enjoyed a dream he had some weeks after the death of a well-known great lady of an older generation who was very fond of going to parties. He met her, it seemed, at a party dressed in blue, and he felt at once quite shocked that she should go into society so soon after her own death. 'And she is not even in mourning,' he reflected. He decided that he would be perfectly friendly, but show by his manner a very decided disapprobation. Nor can I here pass over, for the love of past laughter, his enjoyment of a slip in conversation made by a very agreeable woman who, *à propos* of some official blunder, remarked, '"*Surtout point de zèle,*" as Ignatius Loyola said.'

Wilfrid was a stimulating listener, and loved to get two or three men in almost an orgy of talk. There was a red-letter day on which Mr. Chesterton and Mr. George Wyndham began talking to us at 1.30 and never drew breath until two ladies looked in to tea as the clock struck five, and they came back to earth with a shock and fled away. That talk was, I think, in 1907, and it was partly

[1] *Ten Personal Studies*, pp. 81–3.

on the decay of representative government in England and the fear of the growth of a vast system of bureaucracy. Those fears have not since then proved to be fanciful, and the end of that growth is not yet ! [1]

At one time Wilfrid had serious thoughts of becoming an actor. He acted in private theatricals with Sir Herbert Tree before the latter went on the stage. I am not sure whether it was then that a theatrical manager offered him a salary—at that date it would have shocked his family and friends had he accepted. Besides his sense of character study he had an eye to what was effectual, not in stage scenery, but in action and in spacing. His love of children made him their best stage-manager. He took extraordinary pains in preparing his children's acting of old fairy tales. (He would, in spite of all my protests, make the children believe in the existence of fairies !) He had no patience with carelessness as to detail in anything that was worth doing at all.

He had great enjoyment of fun with children, but he also delighted in the society of young men. With his own sons as with his daughters he was in the closest sympathy conceivable, but on his relations with his children I will not dwell, as I do not feel equal to speaking here of the happiness of our family life. There is an old prayer in the Breviary—I do not know if it is in the Anglican Prayer Book—which speaks of the 'trials and aspirations of young men.' The aspirations of an undergraduate full of life and promise always attracted Wilfrid, and he was especially pleased when he knew that they enjoyed his society. This love of his sons' contemporaries added to the sorrows of the great war. In his last hours he used to sigh over the losses in this 'beautiful generation.' He was especially grieved at the death of Frank Tyrrell [2] and of Gilbert Talbot.[3] In August 1913 he had found these two among others at a

[1] Mr. Chesterton has spoken of my husband's picture of Mr. Wyndham. Less widely known perhaps is what I believe to be one of his best essays, a study of Mr. Chesterton himself ('Mr. Chesterton among the Prophets,' *Men and Matters*, p. 105).

[2] Eldest son of Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell.

[3] Youngest son of the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Talbot.

happy reading party at Mr. Urquhart's chalet in Switzerland. Wilfrid and our son Herbert had walked from a distance and put in for a feast of talk there.

Did anyone there feel the shadow of a coming fate fall over that happy group ?

> Pendant qu'ils passaient, mille ombres vaines se presentèrent à leurs regards : le monde que le Christ a maudit leur montra ses grandeurs, ses richesses, ses voluptés ; ils le virent, et soudain ils ne virent plus que l'éternité.
>
> Où-sont-ils ? Qui nous le dira ? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur.' [1]

Another victim of the war was the closest friend of Wilfrid's last years, Father Maturin. They were curiously at one as to their view of religion and the temper of their psychology, and Father Maturin's keen, quickly roused sympathy with all his work became a constant encouragement. With him there were the bonds of deepest agreement, but also the daily enjoyment of the same kind of nonsense. They would laugh at their own jokes until tears flowed down Father Maturin's cheeks and twinkled in Wilfrid's eyes. Nothing could have been more Celtic than Father Maturin, nothing more English than Wilfrid. It was an instance of how Irish and English sense of humour and life come together much more completely than the wit of the English and the Scotch. The friends were in New York together in the Lent of 1915. Wilfrid came home in the last completed voyage of the *Lusitania,* and Father Maturin was among the victims of the great crime that sunk her.

Father Maturin used to say that he knew he should have a lonely funeral, and he prophesied that it would be on a wet day and in an empty church ! This came back to us when the body was brought home and the great Cathedral at Westminster was crowded for the Requiem. He had a larger place in the heart of Catholic London than he ever himself suspected.

Wilfrid took up the work of editing the notes of Father Maturin's sermons. This task hindered him in writing his

[1] *Hymn of the Dead,* F. de Lammenais.

own Reminiscences. I told him then, I remember, that his Reminiscences would only gain from being finished when he was an old man. I felt so sure of the future.

7. Public Affairs at Home and Abroad.

It was not only home life and daily energies and the enjoyments of friendship that prevented a one-sided or marked absorption in the main lines of his work. The principles of government in the State as well as in the world-wide Church were constantly in his mind. These questions he dwelt on in various essays, and notably in an article on 'A Political Fabius Maximus,' in which he defended Mr. Balfour at the time of the acute controversy of Tariff Reform. He was himself a free trader, but it was less as an economic reform than as a great blunder in statesmanship that he was strongly against Mr. Chamberlain's action.

This article, published in May 1905, contended that the man at the wheel in the ship of the State is not the person to initiate a new policy, and risks the general good by hasty adoption of new theories. A few phrases in this article are exceedingly characteristic of Wilfrid's thought. They suggest the temper of his mind better than I could do in my own words.

> To reject Mr. Chamberlain's policy wholesale or to accept it wholesale, was equally impossible in the circumstances. The first obvious duty was to plead that we should think, examine, discriminate before we decide, instead of deciding in a complex matter before it is thought out at all. Yet the multitude loves to be addressed in tones loud and positive. Well-balanced thought ever seems to it a shadow. Strong statements mean strength; guarded statements, weakness. . . .
>
> . . . There are many things we may usefully think which we would not speak; many we would say which we would not write; many we would write which we would not print. There is such a thing as action in thought. . . . Mature judgment as to when thought is ripe enough and sufficiently assured to be made the basis of action, as to when it is wise to take a step, is a process undertaken by the whole man. It needs, on the one hand, an open mind and active inquiry, and, on the other, a deep sense of the responsibility and consequences attaching

to a practical move taken in deference to the results of speculation. Quickness to think and to criticise and revise thought, and slowness to act, are its two momenta. Therefore the wise ruler with whom it lies to decide when a practical step should be taken, inevitably angers extremists on both sides. . . . The Chamberlainites (Mr. Balfour seems to have argued) should be given the fullest opportunity to show how far their schemes are thought out, are economically sound, and are reducible to practice; their critics should have the fullest opportunity to point out what will work and what will not. And probably, after a survey of all things on earth and in heaven, one little corner will be found for substantial improvement which is immediately practicable and wise. Thus to combine a wide and daring speculative activity and sympathy with cautious and very limited action is in the circumstances the height of statesmanship. It is the dictate of the spirit of Edmund Burke —of jealous loyalty to the Constitution and zeal for reform. Yet limited action is obviously but a faint shadow of daring thought. Thus, those who ignore the true *modus operandi* in politics or in theology will ever regard the wise as poltroons. . .

. . . Mr. Chamberlain . . . placed in the position of a definite policy, of practical as distinct from speculative thought, what was not ripe to be so placed. *Hinc illae lacrymae*: hence the troubles from which we have not yet recovered. It was because he gave a 'bold lead'—a thing so delightful to the multitude—where he had not knowledge to justify it—that the party was placed in an impossible position. He gave us all the rhetoric, all the personal influence, all the party enthusiasm which were wanted to carry out a policy so matured as to be thoroughly workable; and when his soldiers were all at fever heat and ready for the fray, they found that it was not time to fight, for the field of campaign was not yet adequately surveyed. He aroused party feeling and gave the signal for strife not only before his colleagues had agreed that the war was wise or practical, but before he himself had seen how it could be carried on.[1]

In the secular polity as in the ecclesiastical, Wilfrid believed that the initiative should lie with the wise men of thought, not with the rulers or the masses. Less and less as years passed did he believe in rule by the whim of the democracy, and I am convinced that had he lived to the

[1] *Ten Personal Studies*, pp. 4–12.

present winter he would never have hailed the revolution in Russia as those Englishmen hailed it who were too anxious to turn the occasion to the best uses.

In 1911 he was intensely interested in the 'Die Hard' group. In a brisk correspondence during the summer with Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. George Wyndham, there are letters showing the tension of the moment. One very long letter from Mr. Wyndham gives a vivid account of what was going forward. The letter was expressed on a Sunday, and the station-master, thinking it to be a dispatch of the utmost importance, sent it up, to our amusement, by a mounted messenger.

Of Irish affairs Wilfrid had some opportunity of forming a view. He was appointed Examiner in Philosophy in the Irish University in 1889, and was on the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland under Lord Robertson in 1901. He was a keen sympathiser with Mr. Wyndham's Irish policy. Mr. Wyndham visited Maynooth with him in January 1903, the first time that a Chief Secretary ever ventured within those walls. In those days the Land Bill was preparing, and the atmosphere of the Chief Secretary's lodge, where we were staying, was full of hope. On March 25 we both heard Mr. Wyndham bring in the Land Bill. He received the Communion before speaking, and if he had not been held in check by those who knew when such a note could not be struck in the House of Commons, he would have alluded in his peroration to the feast of the day.

Wilfrid described the scene in a letter to Mrs. Drew written on April 3:

The Land Bill seems to me, so far as I can understand it, a masterpiece. And (what is more to the purpose) my Irish friends who have practical knowledge of the question tell me that the more they study it the more they find in it to approve. They say that the minute and practical knowledge it shows is quite extraordinary. The speech introducing it I myself heard, and it was a very remarkable performance. He handled his figures with such ease—treading among them, as Saunderson said, 'with fairy feet.' And he completely riveted the attention

of the House, before he got to the technical part, by the early portion of the speech in which he gave a general view of the question, and spoke with the sympathy for every class of hearer which an able dinner-table talker in the days of general conversation at dinner used to show, apologising for technicalities which would be 'caviare to the general' on the ground that to omit them would be utterly unfair to the small class of hearers to whom the question was really vital. The whole scene was most dramatic, Redmond, Saunderson, and T. W. Russell rising one after another, and hailing the day as one which was likely to be epoch-making for Ireland. All this made the ceremony of Wyndham's walking up the floor of the House and laying the Bill on the table with the three bows as he advanced a striking one, as ceremonies are when they symbolise something which stirs deep feeling.

On April 6 Mr. Wyndham wrote in my daughter's book:

I [do] believe
That a benignant spirit is abroad

In novitate vitae.

There is a tragic note in this entry now, but whatever the writer suffered, his work in the Land Bill, as my husband maintained, was a great constructive piece of legislation. In a letter received by Wilfrid actually after Mr. Wyndham's death, writing of the problem of rural England, he says, 'I mean to use all my imagination and energy to get something done that shall last and remind.' Had he not already done what shall last, and will not Ireland remember?

A visit to Italy in 1898 gave Wilfrid an opportunity of realising the situation of public affairs in Church and State. He was engaged on an inquiry into social work in that country, the results of which appeared in *The Times*. We were thus brought across very interesting personalities in the professional classes in Genoa, Pisa, and Venice.

During this visit Wilfrid had deeply interesting talks with Cardinals Rampolla and Perrochi, Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Merry del Val, Mgrs. Duchesne and Rudini Tedeschi, Baron Hertling, and others whom it was natural for an English Catholic to know; but he also had friendly

discussions with Italian statesmen and politicians, Canevaro, Sonnino, Mezziorino Ferrari, and Zanadelli. One entry from his diary I will choose as typical of those days :

December 5.—Lunched with Steed to meet Sabatier and Sonnino. Sir Philip Currie joined us after luncheon. Great argument about Church. Sonnino contended that Catholic position was the only logical one, but that officially the Church was necessarily retrograde. I admitted it in Newman's sense, but contended that though only in the form of toleration, far greater breadth could come and would come. Sabatier argued, on the contrary, that all points apparently won in the direction of adaptation to wider thought were afterwards lost. . . . We agreed all to lunch together on December 5, 1918, to see what had been won in twenty years.

In afternoon we visited Forum Romanum, &c., with Mr. Croke. At six I went with Steed to see Zanadelli in the Chamber. Saw also Mezziorino Ferrari, who had arranged interview. Zanadelli was disconcerted at finding me a Vaticanist, but soon recovered. He was very fanatical. . . . Then to Cardinal Rampolla. We talked of French matters.

It may not surprise those who did not know the Rome of that date that Wilfrid should accomplish these two visits in one day, to the Chamber to see a fanatical anti-Vaticanist minister, and to the Vatican to see the Cardinal Secretary of State ; but to those who did, it is another characteristic trait of the 'liaison officer.' Our three weeks in Rome held many crowded hours. On the return journey he saw Cardinal Sarto, afterwards Pope Pius X, in Venice, and a very remarkable man for social work named Paganuzzi. Also in Milan he had interesting talk with Visconti Venosta.

Some of the insight Wilfrid gained into the question of Church and State in France he owed to the Comtesse de Franqueville, the daughter of his father's friend the late Lord Selborne. Wilfrid thoroughly appreciated the work of this large-hearted and very able woman who, although an Anglican, made 'La Muette' a centre for the French bishops. In that house the hostess showed him through a glass door a famous meeting of the hierarchy. The vision might not have taught him much, as of course he could hear

nothing, but in the evening he was presented to several of the persecuted fathers who were boldly entering on the course of independence from the State which has been already so very largely justified by the revival of religion in France.

Over other interests and activities I must pass lightly, and some of them I must leave out altogether. Wilfrid was one of a group of men deeply interested, from their very various standpoints, in the philosophy of religion, who in 1896 formed the Synthetic Society. Two original members of the Metaphysical Society founded in 1869, Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator* and Dr. Martineau, made a link with the new venture. The Synthetic owed its existence to a discussion on the Metaphysical between Mr. Arthur Balfour and my husband at their first meeting in 1896. They met at luncheon at the Edmund Talbots', where they found the atmosphere of keen interest and stimulus in which such plans come to life. An account of the first meeting of the Synthetic Society is given in this volume in the essay on Mr. Balfour's Gifford lectures—the last article written by my husband.[1]

Wilfrid's enjoyment of political discussion made him fully appreciate the dinners of 'The Club,' which has enjoyed an anonymous and uninterrupted life since the days when Burke and Johnson first made it famous, and to which he was elected a member in 1907. I have come upon a characteristic little note from Mr. Wyndham telling him of his election :

35 Park Lane,
Midnight, 9–10 iv, 07.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—You were elected unanimously to the Club. I was much concerned over your candidature, as Salisbury wrote to me saying he could not be there, and Hugh Cecil, who ought to have been in the Chair. I was much overdriven, as I had to open the Debate and bound by custom to remain on the bench. However, I decided that friendship belongs to Eternity, and Army Debates to time. So I broke out, went to 'the Club,' made the seventh necessary to a quorum, and proposed you in the absence of your proposer.

[1] *Infra*, p. 243.

All this is a reasoned apology for not having answered your letter. I proceeded 'par voie de faits,' for a friend my bite is better than my bark.

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—The seven present were Arthur Elliot, Lord Kelvin, Asquith, Lord Welby, Spencer Walpole, Sir Alfred Lyall and self.

8. The *Dublin Review* and Visits to America.

Another of Wilfrid's activities in the last ten years of his life was the editorship of the *Dublin Review*. To this we owed an ever-increasing intimacy with the late Mr. Reginald Balfour, already our friend, who became sub-editor. He had the gift of permeating daily work with a sense of romance and the laughter that bubbles up from the well of enthusiasm. He made the revivifying of the *Dublin Review* appear a delightful adventure.

'You will have more worry over it than it is worth,' wrote a friend to Wilfrid at that moment; 'I have seen death in its eyes for many a long day.' Death was averted, but worry was not avoided.

Wilfrid not only added enormously to the sale—indeed for a time it was quadrupled—but he brought the Review into a position of such general estimation as no Catholic Review has ever before occupied in this country. He gathered together a group of writers who were bent on good work, and not too anxious for immediate small scores on behalf of their cause. Cardinal Gasquet, Dr. Barry, Father Cuthbert, Father Thurston, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Eccles, Professor Phillimore, Mr. Belloc, Mr. W. S. Lilly, Dr. Burton, Mgr. Benson, Father Martindale, Mgr. Barnes, Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Britten, Father Plater, Mgr. Bidwell, Mr. Bernard Holland, are names that occur to my memory among Catholics. From the outside world there were, among others, contributions from Madame de Franqueville, Lord Halifax, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. Wyndham.

This undertaking was more ephemeral than the rest of Wilfrid's literary work and relatively not so important,

but he put into it his constant habit of taking enormous pains, and it became the expression of a large and candid attitude towards life and the events of the time.

The winter 1913–14 and the early months of 1915 were spent in America, where Wilfrid thoroughly enjoyed the kindness and the intellectual sympathy that he met with. The first time he gave lectures of a popular kind to very large audiences. He was much amused by finding his name in enormous revolving coloured lamps outside a great hall in which he was to speak—he was receiving as much attention as a popular actor. In the second tour he gave the Lowell Lectures and spent his time chiefly in the Universities. The work was less popular and more intellectual and congenial than in the first winter. Friendships were started in these two years with several families which he was most anxious that I should share, and he planned a future visit with me. Travelling vast distances and speaking constantly seemed to suit him extremely well. He had made engagements for the Lowell and other lectures before the war, and he felt bound to carry them out, hoping also to be of some use in influencing the opinions of his friends there; but he found that few of them needed any influence to excite their interest in the cause of the allies.[1]

On returning from America, my husband, who had been exceedingly well all the winter, seemed very tired. At once on getting home he had to face some trying business as to the *Dublin Review*, which however ended well. Monsignor Barnes, who was particularly anxious that there should be no change in the editorship, circulated a protest against the suggestion, and was astonished at the response he met with. I can never regret what was tire-

[1] I wish now to thank from my heart the American friends of my husband. I am afraid that at a time of mourning for the dead and intense anxiety for my son serving in Mesopotamia, I may not have answered *all* the letters of sympathy I received, or again I know that some of my answers probably miscarried. The large-hearted appreciation of his work and the kindness shown to his family were very precious to his children and myself. If our thanks have as yet failed to reach any who now read this book, I would ask them to believe that their efforts to help us were not in vain.

some in this business, because it evoked so much that was comforting. It was an occasion on which many men of different views and positions took the opportunity of showing their confidence in Wilfrid.[1]

To me it gave great satisfaction, because it was an expression of sympathy in his work in which were united nearly the whole of the Catholic hierarchy and many thinkers and men of affairs among his fellow-Catholics and many who wished him well in the outside world. I do not, of course, mean to claim that they all agreed with all that he had written, but it was some slight expression of regard and recognition, and he was very much touched by the circular and the letters written to Monsignor Barnes *à propos* to it. He had never sought for recognition from those in authority, or tried to win it, except by doing his work well. It came within twelve months of his death, when the night was drawing near.

Of the last months of Wilfrid's life I will add a few facts and several of the letters dictated by him near the end. I think that the latter may be of some help to those of like mind in these days when we all dwell in the valley of the shadow of death.

9. Last Days and Last Letters.

A last trial was still in store for him, which I cannot entirely ignore. Any man of my husband's temperament has in a large degree the affection for the home of his youth and the past of his family that is natural to everybody.

> God gave all men all earth to love,
> But since our hearts are small,
> Ordained for each one spot should prove
> Beloved over all.

The Isle of Wight has a peculiarly attaching power, from its extraordinary beauty and also from its slight degree of isolation, and the romance of the island was strongly felt by my husband. He had never himself looked forward to owning the family property, he had always considered

[1] See Appendix at the end of this volume for the circular and the list of signatories appended to it.

his eldest brother a man who would live to old age, and he had always taken for granted that he would not survive him. But he thought that his son would inherit the estates which had belonged to the family since the 18th century. When his brother died in September 1915 it was anticipated on the best evidence attainable that, in order to pay the enormous legacies to charitable purposes, the property would have to be sold. Wilfrid decided that it was his duty for the sake of his children to dispute the will.

One point is often misunderstood as to this kind of lawsuit. It is not generally known that no trustee for a charity may, according to the laws of the land, give up any money left for that charity, even if in his private opinion he thinks it left unjustly. He can only accept a legal compromise yielding part of the legacy if there is a danger of the charity losing more by his refusal to compromise. This being so, the residuary legatee is obliged to go to law if he is to obtain any compromise at all.

Legal business was utterly new and utterly distasteful to my husband. At the age of sixty, when all his powers had been used to the full on matters intellectual, he had to turn them in this new direction. His view, judging on the facts as he knew them, was true, his grasp of the situation very clear, but his way of treating these questions was too literary, and, except in conversation, he was not always convincing. The first symptoms of his last illness showed themselves within a month of his brother's death, but as far as human skill could detect, it was not of a nature to have been caused by mental shock or intense worry.

Meanwhile, in spite of physical discomfort and trying business, he went on with his usual work—he edited the next number of the *Dublin Review* in conjunction with Monsignor Barnes, he continued his Reminiscences, arranged Father Maturin's Sermons, and wrote the article for the *Quarterly* on Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures. He found in this last task, although he was not himself satisfied with what he wrote, an immense relief from business worries. He continued, though eating less and less, to play golf in all weathers and to take exercise in the darkened London

streets even late at night. The suffering of those trying days was made more endurable by the unfailing and unwearied kindness and wisdom of my uncle and his true friend Lord Edmund Talbot.

Shortly before Christmas 1915, Wilfrid was advised to go to a nursing home for treatment, and it was considered essential that he should be kept free from worry and anxiety. It seemed then that a satisfactory compromise in the lawsuit would be effected. We persuaded him to leave business entirely alone. At first the rest from the very strenuous life he had been leading appeared to do real good, and the doctors were confirmed in their inclination to ascribe his condition greatly to his nerves. I believe that the doctors were naturally influenced towards their opinion by knowing that he had for some months had to undergo the strain of a very trying lawsuit, and also by being puzzled by his peculiar kind of reasoning as to matters of health. 'How a man reasons is as much a mystery as how he remembers. He remembers better and worse on different subject matters, and he reasons better and worse.'[1] Wilfrid would be occupied in a reasoned diagnosis with the doctors and nurses, and they never saw him as he was with other people; obviously they could never judge of him as he was when they were not with him.

After three weeks in the nursing home he went to Buxton. On January 18 the meeting of the legatees to consider the compromise in the lawsuit took place. Hearing Mass that morning at Buxton, I read in the Epistle, 'There is reserved for you in heaven an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.' I almost immediately heard of the complete fiasco of the first attempt at a compromise.[2] I dreaded telling my husband, and bringing his attention back with a shock to the subject from which he had resolutely turned away, but at the moment this fresh blow seemed to have a bracing effect on his health. He spoke very

[1] Newman's *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 259.

[2] A compromise was finally reached after my husband's death through the intervention of Wilfrid's brother Bernard, now Bishop of Brentwood, and the lawsuit withdrawn in March 1917.

little, and then without the least anger as to what had passed.

At Buxton he received the kindest care and attention, but the same mistake as to his condition became very trying. He knew, before the doctors knew, that his time was short. Meanwhile the futile treatment of constant encouragement and attempted distractions tried him terribly. His own opinion of his state of health made for a time a mental solitude. He usually managed to walk up the steep hill to the church, where he said the Miserere, and each night he read the whole chapter of the Royal Road of the Cross from the 'Imitation of Christ,' and often the one preceding it. He read, too, his old favourite—the little volume of Fénélon's 'Letters to Men.' On the last night at Buxton he said to me, 'I see the purgative value of suffering—it does for one what one would never have done for oneself.'

I said to him in that talk that I was sure his books had helped people. In the hour of trial the thought of good work done was a real comfort to him.

Here it is necessary and natural to say a very few words as to the spiritual side of Wilfrid's life. His philosophy of religion and life is more fully expressed in the second and fourth lectures in the present volume than elsewhere. I certainly should only make a weak echo of those two lectures in any summary of those thoughts which I might attempt here. It is his inner life that is now in question.

About the philosophy of religion, about the grounds of faith, Wilfrid was ever ready to talk; about his own feelings he was extremely reserved. It was the same in his affections. When he suffered much or felt much he spoke so openly of the incidental facts and circumstances that I don't think his friends noticed how little he ever said of his own feelings. The deeper the feeling the less could he express it. In spite of this reserve, of one thing I am sure in the matter of religion—that not only did he not suffer from doubts, but he never had the difficulties as to a right state of heart which are common to many of us. Many people, if they are careless for a time, feel a repulsion towards

religion. They are bored or irritated if they come up against it. Absorbed in life, Wilfrid might not always act up to his own standard in daily practice, but if he had been neglectful he looked up to God again as a child looks to the mother whose presence in the room he had forgotten for the moment. If it were by loss and pain that he was reminded of that Presence his instantaneous response was that of loving adoration, and he never had any difficulty in at once bowing to the rightness of God's judgments. That his ideal was a very high one he never realised, so that his humility as to failure was always with him.

I cannot, I think, illustrate what I have just said better than by quoting here a letter written at a time of sorrow. In 1893 Wilfrid lost his youngest sister Margaret, who together with his favourite brother Bernard had been his special playfellow in childhood and in youth. He wrote soon after her death to Baron von Hügel, to whom he then, as at the end of his life, wrote more unreservedly than to almost any other of his friends:

Your letter touched me very much and was very welcome. It came as a help in the feeling which inevitably accompanies such a loss that it is for the most part unnoticed and its significance unappreciated. It is for most, even of one's friends, at best 'another good nun, who had for years been practically dead, now actually gone.' [1] Such a life, such a character, and such a death (as you shall hear) are surely a beacon light from the land which we cannot see. Yet it seems for the most part to pass unheeded in a world which is occupied with itself. 'Ecce quomodo moritur justus et nemo percipit corde, et viri justi tolluntur et nemo considerat.' But such letters as yours make one feel that her life and herself were appreciated by those whose appreciation one values most. Those who really knew her cannot forget her: 'et erit in pace memoria ejus.'

What you say of her strikes me as most true. She was one of the few of us who inherited my father's character, though her mind was different from his. My sister Mary (whom you don't know) has it too; and in some measure Bernard.

Her hunting was, as you say, typical of her straightness;

[1] Two other sisters of Wilfrid's became nuns—Mary, alluded to in this letter, a Dominican, died in Australia, and Agnes, a Benedictine, is now Abbess of Oulton Abbey.

but also of her indomitable pluck. Some one said to Sir Henry Daly, Master of the Isle of Wight hounds, 'Where any man will lead, Miss Ward will follow,' and he answered, 'Miss Ward will lead where very few men will follow.' I was talking yesterday to her old groom, Henry Thomson (the man to whom my father named beforehand the day on which he actually died), and he said, 'Miss Margaret would never be beat in the hunting field.' If her horse refused a fence or a gate, she would never go round. She would *make* him take it. And her death, of which we have heard more since I wrote to you, showed the same resolute courage. She remained intensely conscious almost to the end. . . . She kept praying that she might not wish the suffering to be shortened.

I am touched to know what she said of you and me. Please say a prayer for me next week, that the many good examples I have had may not be entirely lost, and that the distance which separates my life from hers may be lessened.

Emily was with her a few months back, before the painful stage of the illness began, and she was full of life and happiness, and still hoping to get back to her work. The Mother Prioress says that except during a short time of the acutest agony the smile never left her face, and it returned after death. She ever had the happiness which belongs to sheer downright resolute goodness. When she was born (on the Feast of the Transfiguration) Cardinal Newman wrote to my father: 'I have prayed that the happy feast on which she was born may overshadow her through life, and that she may find that it is "good to be here" until that time of blessed transfiguration when she will know by experience that it is better to be in heaven.'

The greatest sorrow of his life, the death of our eldest boy at school, a child of great promise, was borne with the same absolute simplicity and trust. Wilfrid was broken-hearted, but I am convinced that no questioning, no difficulty as to the meaning of the tragedy of such a death, ever poisoned the wound. It was the same at the end. Called upon in full vigour of mind and body to make the sacrifice of that life of action that he loved, he faced first the prospect of being an invalid and then of the darker shadow of the valley of death with the same unquestioning reverence.

The following letters are dated from Leeds. After moving into a nursing home there, it was decided to have an immediate operation. The operation itself passed off well, but revealed incurable trouble. He was gradually allowed to know that this was the case, as his letters will show. I have little to add to them, only I should like his friends—I need not name them here (and among these I include our relations)—to know how constantly he spoke of them and how deeply he valued true friendship in the time of trial. That trial he looked at with unshrinking eyes. 'I have very good friends, and God is God, and I quite see the meaning of this; I quite see the meaning of this,' he said to me after he knew that he could not hope for recovery. His strength after the operation made it possible for him to see one or two intimate friends who were in the neighbourhood almost at once. Lord and Lady Halifax motored over to inquire and were the first to see him, and he dictated the following letter some days after their visit:—

I am not yet up to writing myself, but I must send a line to say how grateful I was for the little visit you paid me with Lady Halifax. There are moments when the touch of friendship is most keenly felt. Ours is now a friendship which began, as I found when I calculated yesterday, a quarter of a century ago, and I owe much to it.

Father Pagani's book is a great joy. When one is very weak one likes to look at beautiful things with sacred associations, so it helped me from the first, and now that I have been able to go to Communion, I have used it for my preparation and thanksgiving, and this, being my first Communion under the changed prospect of life which the doctors hold out, was a specially solemn one. You must write my name in it if, as I hope, you are able to come here again before we leave, and I shall leave it to Leo after my death.

I have had a most beautiful letter from von Hügel, which I hope some day to show you.

The Duke and Duchess [of Norfolk] were here yesterday on their way to London. She spoke of having seen you at Scarborough.

About two weeks after the operation he began to thank

some of those who had written their sympathy. Two letters especially had been of real comfort to him, one from my uncle by marriage, Lord Ralph Kerr, who died in the following September, and who, from his own recent sorrow in the loss of his youngest son killed in action, knew how delicately to touch on what is most helpful, and the other from Baron von Hügel, his father's friend and his own. Wilfrid had a touch of hero-worship in his feeling for three men: Mr. R. H. Hutton, the late Duke of Norfolk, and Baron von Hügel. From the latter he received very many and great kindnesses, and the tenderest sympathy and goodwill, if not always full understanding. Genius is not always the best judge of character, and Wilfrid's simplicity was almost confusing. With the Baron he had not always agreed intellectually, but to him he turned now as a matter of course for help, for indeed his affectionate respect for him had never been shaken. This help was given in full measure and without thought of the effort and fatigue involved.

To Lord Ralph Kerr

February 1916.

I cannot remember if I wrote to thank you for your beautiful letter, which Joe showed me at the time of my operation. These are the times when such letters are the most helpful things. I have shown great strength, I am told, in getting over the operation, but it revealed the presence of a disease which cannot be cured, and I have, no doubt, a difficult time before me. . . . I am gradually getting more able to use my mind freely . . . though I shall never be able to do serious work again. I hope to edit Father Maturin's letters and to bring out my lectures on Newman, which I gave in America. Further than this I do not yet allow my thoughts to go, but the doctor encourages me to hope for a somewhat improved state of things when the weather gets better and I can get a little fresh air and exercise. . . .

I have had a little whiff from the outside world in the shape of visits from Halifax, Gervase Elwes, and Dr. Figgis. If any of you are inclined to bestow a letter on me it would be thankfully received in these dreary hours. I had a very nice letter from Philip last week.

To Baron von Hügel

February 26.

. . . I have found it easy to accept most heartily what has come, but going through with it is another thing. One wishes to feel that spirit is triumphing over body, but very often the constant urgency and degree of the discomfort seems to leave one as humiliatingly at the mercy of the body as in days of the most thoughtless health. One seems to be chiefly concentrated on trying to make pain a little less. Last night, when I was very bad, I did succeed, I felt, in getting something from reading the Imitation, which really helped me, but even that seemed suddenly to collapse under a fresh attack. It is partly, no doubt, that I am new to it all.

There you have my confession, and I shall be very grateful if you will write to me sometimes, as I think that you, if anyone could help me. . . .

To Baron von Hügel

February 28.

. . . If some time or other you are disposed and have time to write to me, I am sure that you can help me more than anyone else. . . . I take morphia very well, and it eases pain for me without in the least clouding my mind. I am most entirely capable of taking in any helpful thoughts on the situation, and in spite of the worst, I deeply feel what I said in my first letter to you. The point is how to find courage and strength to carry through.

It is an interesting fact, and worth recording, that—quite apart from your beautiful letter which first made me write to you—you are one of the two persons of whom I naturally think at such a time, the other being my own father, who is not here to help me. Looking back, I see vividly the constant suffering which was an integral part of his life, and of which perhaps I know even better than you, and I also know how your own strenuous life and great work have always been carried through under the discomforts of constant ill health. There are others of whom I think, but I will not be uncharitable enough to name those of whom I eminently do not think. I should arouse your sense of humour, but must forego this pleasure. . . .

However things go, it is a wonderful thought that while the world will instinctively regard what has already come as for me simply the end, the Christian may regard it as I do, as the

beginning of what is all-important. More than this I dare not say, as I feel so utterly unequal to what lies before me.

To R. E. Froude, Esq.

February 28.

It was nice to get your letter, and it is a permanent satisfaction to find that those who know my Newman best do not feel it to run dry, but find ever more in it. If I can claim any special merit, it is that I have always finished my books, sometimes working at them for many months, or even years, after my friends regarded them as already finished. I am quite sure, on the one hand, that none of this is lost labour; on the other hand, it is only the very few indeed who take books seriously enough to recognise this, especially if those books fall outside the ranks of the generally recognised classics.

I will not say much to you yet about my prospects, though I own to being very apprehensive. . . . You will say a prayer for me, I have no doubt. It is very anxious.

On the other hand, however badly one may get through, what a wonderful thing it is that under the Christian dispensation this is a really important, perhaps all-important, chapter in one's life, instead of merely the signal that one should be shot.

I have had a wonderful letter from von Hügel.

To Baron von Hügel

March 7.

This is most good of you. A letter even approximately once a week will be the greatest boon, and I am sure you will allow me, on my side, just to send you informally the questions and thoughts on which I know you can help me and which I find it helpful to write down. I shall probably not even remember who wrote last, and you will forgive the total informality of letters by a sick man.

I am getting over the first great trial of the total destruction of all one's habits, which the new conditions bring, and you have given me two most helpful thoughts, one of which was already with me latently. Ever since I suspected the state of the case, more than two months ago, I did see, in a confused way, that this last period of my life, far from being the waste of time it seems on the surface, might have great importance, and I have for a good many weeks now had the clear feeling that what has come is really most distinctly providential, so much

so as to be a very great help to my faith. I don't like to say more of this when I remember what I know from the doctors as to what it may all involve, and being conscious of my own inability in all likelihood to bear it as I should wish. But I can speak safely of what I have seen clearly so far, and in consequence of my present medical treatment, I have a good many hours when things are very clear to me indeed. What then I need in this matter is the prayers of all my friends that I may not wholly fail when the pinch comes, and here comes your second thought, which is so helpful, viz. that wretched and ignominious though one's response may appear to oneself, and may even positively be, God does accept anything in this direction with especial favour. This thought I shall need very much, for I know what a poor figure I shall cut when the worst comes. For the moment things are a little better, and I trust will be yet more so before they are worse.

Now please forgive this terribly egotistical performance of mine. I like you to know exactly where I stand, indeed that your diagnosis should be accurate is of course necessary in order to guide you in your letters, which I assure you are an act of charity as well as friendship.

People are very kind here. Besides Figgis I have had the Vicar of Leeds to see me and the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sadler. The Catholic Bishop and others have also been.

I think very much of Leo, and it is the greatest comfort to see him so full of all the best interests of one's own life, and to feel that he will work for the things most worth working for. I note carefully your stimulating account of the books you are sending me.

To Baron von Hügel (*undated*)

. . . My mind goes very much back to early days just now and especially to the Eighties, when such intellectual life as I have had was really beginning to frame. . . . That was also the time when, stimulated and guided by you, I got such a clear picture of Christian intellectual life on the Continent. Dear old Lord Emly stands out very vividly in the group of figures that all this recalls. I am hoping for a letter from you, but your programme is so generous that if I get half the complement promised instead of the whole, I shall do very well. At present my own writing time is very brief. . . . I am trying to be moderate and resigned in my anticipations of even the slight improvement

the doctors expect, but a slight improvement in my power of reading and writing will go far in helping to make life more endurable. One of my pleasures is receiving letters from Leo and the picturing his life at Oxford. I dream too of my father in the same house and College eighty-six years ago. Also when I last stayed with the Dean he showed me the entry of my father's great uncle, Plumer Ward, in 1784, the days of the famous Cyril Jackson, whom Plumer Ward described in a passage I have often seen quoted from one of his novels. All these dreams of the past interest me, and I try and shut off the thought of my own loss in never having had Oxford. My head warns me to stop this. Farewell.

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

March 14.

I have more than one kind message of sympathy to thank you for, received through James Hope. I have had a very bad time, and it is always pleasant to know one is remembered by one's friends. The last day or two I am a trifle better and avail myself of a lucid interval to set down what is, I think, a really interesting contribution from my own experience to the main subject of our old synthetic debates. You are a very natural person to communicate with on this point.

Of course the practical utility of religion in just the kind of trial I am going through was one of the matters we often debated, and these last ten weeks or so have in many ways been a specially good test, as my mind has been perfectly clear.

Now I have a very interesting contrast to look back on in the time when I was ill in Rome as an ecclesiastical student in 1878. . . . I suffered very much pain from bad surgery—the last thing that can be alleged of my present condition. Naturally enough, the excellent ecclesiastics among whom I lived were apt to invoke with unnecessary iteration the thought of the crucifix and so forth, and when I described the time to my wife in later years she used to be shocked at my telling her that I found all this not helpful but irritating. A certain stoicism helped me very much, but it was distinctly philosophy, and not religion, that came to the rescue. In my present illness it has been just the opposite. The thought of the value of suffering on Christian principles has been, as a matter of day to day experience, most helpful. Perhaps the war contributes to this. The being called upon to bear one's share in a mass of suffering so far greater than one's own, is a very solemn thing, and seems to impart

greatness to one's own suffering. Without pretending to understand the matter, this does, I find, greatly help one.

Now I find that I have begun a line of thought that I am at present not strong enough to finish, so you will forgive an abrupt termination. I hope its abruptness is not such as to make you feel that I was not warranted in beginning it, but in all these matters personal experience is the one really interesting source of information, and this, I hope, justifies even such a fragment.

We shall probably move to London when I am a little better. The doctor holds out no hope of a cure, but a certain amount more of invalid life, the quality of which I do not yet know, seems to be probable. One's thoughts cannot help going back at such a time to Henry Sidgwick, but my case is not as bad as his. I hope very soon now to be able to follow public events in the newspapers, which of course was impossible for some time after the operation.

I have derived great interest here from the genius of Sir Berkeley Moynihan; as far as an outsider can judge, no lesser word than 'genius' meets the case. He was successful with Norfolk, as you may know, but in my case only part of what was wrong was curable. He is a most agreeable genial Irishman.

After Wilfrid was moved to Hampstead, the doctor called in was of opinion that about eight months of life might still be expected; in fact, he lived only for three weeks. In those weeks the weather changed, the hard winter broke. Wilfrid could be taken out on the heath which he had always loved, and he had what food he could eat in the garden. He loved to look at the great view near the Round Pond and to recall being there with his father. Flowers and pictures, though I think but dimly seen, gave him great pleasure. At times he suffered, but there was not only a deep peace in the spiritual sphere, there was also pleasure in little things. This last is evident in the only letter of any length that he dictated after reaching Hampstead. After that visits from relations and friends took the place of correspondence.

To Lord Halifax

March 23, 1916.

Your letter was just what cheers and helps one. There are certain things as to my prospects which we both know and had better not allude to, but to be kept *au courant* of the gossip by

one like yourself, is like having a delightful chapter of Pepys' Diary written for one's benefit. . . .

I have been looking this morning at a charming reproduction of a picture of the Visitation which Lady Mary Howard has just sent me. Is it not wonderful to think that the old monks of the thirteenth century should appeal to one quite directly in this way, should convey quite straight to us their own vision, so simple and so radiant, of the mysteries of religion.

This home [The Nook] was established by a niece of Lady Georgina Fullerton. The idea is to have all the appliances of a modern nursing home with a touch of art, and religion as well! The difference to me is immense.

My journey here was most successfully accomplished, thanks to the kindness of Norfolk and others. I had not to wait a moment for the transit in an invalid chair from the train to Norfolk's motor, and the whole thing was accomplished without a hitch. Norfolk had tea here yesterday and seemed very well and full of work. He is a very wonderful man.

I am quite delighted with the cutting from *The Times*, which Maisie shall return when I have shown it to one or two other people. As to Mr. Hughes, if, as I hope, I get a brief space in which I can read a little, I shall most certainly study his speeches. What you say of them interests me immensely.

. . . If anything takes you in this direction and you are inclined some day to look in on me at an early tea-time, do let me know. I shall hardly be settled in my habits for another week, but after that I hope to be quite equal to seeing my friends.

We were able to conceal from my husband a cable saying that Herbert, our eldest son, had taken an opportunity for getting transferred from India to Mesopotamia. A letter from Herbert from India speaking of their happy days together in Normandy and Switzerland was one of his last pleasures.

He was very happy one evening after a visit from Lady Grosvenor, and he talked of how it brought him and Mr. Wyndham together. Indeed he spoke of 'George' as if they had both been with him, and my daughter and I quite independently had the impression that he really felt that to have been the case. Lady Grosvenor had brought him some little pictures, one of which illustrated the line in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Pilgrim they laid in a large

upper chamber looking to the sun rising, and the name of the chamber was Peace.' A few days later he was moved into a large and beautiful room, and as the morning sun shone upon it I realised that it too should be called the chamber of peace.

He had suffered very much in the prospect of the decay of his strength, in the giving up of so many activities, in the dread that he might have to suffer as he had seen his father suffer. But great bodily pain, except very occasionally, was spared to him. The letters written from Leeds anticipated great coming trials, a spiritual fight in which he feared he might not bear himself well, but the hour of anticipation was in reality the hardest trial—at the end instead of stress and suffering came peace.

His last Communion was of extraordinary joy to him, and his reserve on spiritual matters was wearing thin. I don't think he knew what he was showing. His voice was failing, but he kept saying 'Thank God! How wonderful!' and once he added, 'No one knows what it is to be a Catholic.' No one could doubt of his joy or fail to be comforted by it—the deep Christian penitence so constant and so complete for months past was turned into joy.

It seemed then as if his life unfolded before us in a clear picture first of energy and, as this chequered world goes, of happiness, then of the trials, very deep and very great, of the last months, ending in almost visible triumph. The greatness of human nature, the immense scope of man's destiny, the fresh wind blowing from an infinite future filled the chamber of death. At first it was impossible not to be happy. As he had strengthened the faith of others during life, he opened to us at the end a vision of daylight clearness. His vocation was an intellectual vocation, and it was by absolutely honest use of his intellectual powers that he had to make his way. There are spiritually minded men and women who are not especially candid in affairs of the intellect, but who have other beautiful charities and virtues. Wilfrid was a man faithful with his 'whole mind.' It is carved on his gravestone that 'The desire of wisdom bringeth to the Everlasting Kingdom.'

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LAST LECTURES.

THE TRUE NATURE OF NEWMAN'S GENIUS. A CRITICISM OF POPULAR MISCONCEPTION.

LECTURE I.

NEWMAN AND THE CRITICS.

THE late Lord Tennyson once remarked that a critic can only establish his claim to speak of the limitations and defects of a great writer by first showing that he has understood fully those qualities in his work which make him great. We can only understand where precisely a man fails, by first understanding at what precisely he aims and what he has achieved. It is owing to the neglect of this maxim that many of the critics of Cardinal Newman have been, I think, quite curiously at fault in their estimate of him.

Few men have been more widely discussed than he. For some of his more popular and obvious gifts he has been accorded general and unstinted praise—his spiritual insight, his charm and power as a preacher, his regal English style. His greatest intellectual qualities, on the other hand, have not received universal acknowledgment—indeed they have been in many quarters overlooked, or even denied. When his Biography was published, while some put him in his true place in the front rank as a thinker, the leading organs of English opinion, including the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Edinburgh*, though recognising indeed his eminence and influence, hesitated, or in some cases declined, to admit

that he was a great thinker at all, and the quality of his work in history and theology has likewise been very variously estimated. This is, I think, a remarkable fact. In most cases, when a man of genius is once discovered, people are agreed as to the general character of that genius. His powers are recognised even by those who do not share his opinions. With Newman it has been otherwise.

It does not often fall to the lot of one man to be estimated by a thinker of Dean Church's calibre as one of the greatest minds of the age, and to be described by one of Carlyle's penetration as having 'the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit.'[1] Other able men besides Carlyle have shown something of his impatient scorn in respect of Newman's powers of thought. Lord Morley in his essay on J. S. Mill treats the fascination of Newman's style as the sole cause of the influence of one whose powers of thought were, so far as he could see, inconsiderable. The passage deserves quoting.

> Mill [writes Lord Morley] had none of the incomparably winning graces by which Newman made mere siren style do duty for exact, penetrating, and coherent thought; by which, moreover, he actually raised his Church to what would not so long before have seemed a strange and inconceivable rank in the mind of Protestant England. Style has worked many a miracle before now, but none more wonderful than Newman's.[2]

Dr. Rashdall, reviewing his Biography in the *Modern Churchman*, lamented over 'the amazing limitations of Newman's knowledge and of his mind.' The reviewer in the *Quarterly* was greatly disturbed by Döllinger's estimate of Newman as 'almost unrivalled in his knowledge of the first three centuries of Christian history,' and could only account for it by explaining that these centuries were, of course, not Döllinger's special period. The writer, with a sense of relief, quoted as an antidote to Döllinger Mark Pattison's saying that 'all the grand development of human reason from Aristotle down to Hegel was a sealed

[1] *Thomas Carlyle's Life in London*, by J. A. Froude, vol. ii. p. 247.
[2] *Miscellanies*, vol. iv. p. 161.

book to Newman.'[1] The same reviewer was kind enough to allow him 'subtlety' and 'acuteness within limits,' but he was careful to add that they were the attributes, not of a profound thinker, but of 'one of the most consummate advocates that ever lived.' The *Times* reviewer of Newman's Life summed up the situation in the following sentence; 'Newman's greatness would seem to lie less in his intellectual eminence, which is at least disputed, than in his high spiritual qualities.'

On this I may remark parenthetically that it is fairly obvious that many who are not accounted great men have had 'high spiritual qualities' as remarkable as—nay, even more remarkable than—Newman's.

It is noteworthy that few have ventured to challenge the popular impression that Newman *was* a great man; yet the qualities which originally created that impression at Oxford have been widely overlooked or denied. In what sense he was great has, therefore, been often left without any explanation which bears investigation—a fact which in itself shows that such estimates are at fault somewhere.

In point of fact, Newman's hostile critics have simply not estimated truly what they have not grasped. They have acted in defiance of Tennyson's maxim, and begun to talk of limitations before they had mastered the range and nature of a very peculiar genius. But the question will inevitably be asked, 'Why have able critics *not* understood? What right have Newman's disciples to set aside their verdict? Are not the disciples biased in his favour by the personal glamour which no one denies?' Certainly it is incumbent on them to justify their own opposite verdict, and to show how and why his hostile judges have failed to appreciate him. And with this view I propose to offer a few observations.

I note, in the first place, that genius is apt to outstrip the ready-made categories recognised by the critics. And this often makes their judgment at fault in the first instance, for they test the writings of such a man by an instrument which is inadequate. The existence of genius is *felt* more

[1] *Memoirs*, by Mark Pattison, p. 210.

surely and immediately by those who come in contact with it—often to an extent far beyond what even they themselves can explain. And as I am a believer in this instinctive appreciation, I will, before attempting to show by an analysis of Newman's genius what it is that has at times been overlooked and why it has been overlooked, recall to your notice the impression created by the man's presence and conversation on a very able writer, who differed widely from Newman's view of life and of religion when he set down the words I shall quote. The following passage in James Anthony Froude's 'Short Studies' brings vividly home to us the feelings in Newman's regard of those who knew him in the zenith of his powers at Oxford:

Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number. . . . When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the empire, that overthrew Pompey and the constitution. 'Credo in Newmannum' was a common phrase

at Oxford. . . . The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. 'The eye of Melpomene has been cast upon him,' said the omniscient *Athenæum*; 'but the glance was not fixed or steady.' . . . It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realised, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman . . . Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was and what was his destiny. . . . He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the veritable symbol of faith.[1]

Such is Froude's account of the impression conveyed by Newman's presence and conversation at Oxford. Equally eloquent are the words of another Oxford man, Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews University, which tell of the blank left by the great man's absence, when he had gone from the University and his final secession was daily expected.

How vividly comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. . . . Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.

[1] *Short Studies*, by J. A. Froude, vol. iv. pp. 270–283.

When we turn to Newman's writings in order to analyse that genius, their own spontaneous sense of which Froude and Shairp convey so unmistakably, we are met by a difficulty—a difficulty which at once seems to account in part for the hesitation of so many critics to commit themselves to an ungrudging recognition of his intellectual greatness. Newman's claims, when we look at his life-work and his books, seem to be so multifarious that notably in these days of specialism they savour at first sight of superficiality, almost of dilettantism. He is at once a religious leader, a preacher, a father confessor, a religious philosopher, an historian, a theologian, and a poet—even a novelist. He was the leader of the Oxford Movement, and, as such, to be ranked with Loyola, Luther, Wesley—with the great religious leaders of history. Principal Shairp, Dean Lake, and others have chronicled the marvellous effect of his Oxford sermons, and he would seem at first sight to claim rank among the great preachers. He was a religious guide to very many, having over them an influence rarely surpassed in the annals of spiritual direction. In this respect he ranks with Fénelon or St. Francis de Sales. He wrote as Pascal did on the philosophy of faith in his 'Oxford University Sermons on the Theory of Religious Belief' and in 'The Grammar of Assent.' His book on the Arians and his 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' are historical. So are his 'Sketches of the Church of the Fathers.' His work on Justification and many of the 'Tracts for the Times' are theological. He published poetry and two books of fiction—'Loss and Gain' and 'Callista.'

This multifariousness, as I have said, cannot fail to suggest superficiality; a want of thoroughness in any one sphere of his activity; the qualities rather of a dilettante than of a great thinker or student.

I reply to this that two qualities marked him off as the very antithesis of a dilettante, and they have both escaped the average critic. One is that his best work, even when slight, limited, or unfinished, was nearly always first-hand work—which a dilettante's never is. The philo-

sophic thought was genuine and creative, the theological and historical research based on original sources. The other quality is that the variety of his work, instead of being due, like a dilettante's, to want of concentration, was due to the exact opposite—to the absolute unity of his purpose, and his concentration on one object. That object was the preservation of religion against the incoming tide of rationalism and infidelity. It was this passionate concentration which won him the devotion of so many disciples. Dilettantes do not inspire men with enthusiasm. I will take these two points successively.

He specially disliked the combination of pretension and superficiality which marks the clever dilettante. The dilettante masters in the first instance what I may call the cant of specialism. An inferior man may cram all the shibboleths and technical phrases of a science, and parade with much show of learning the conclusions of great specialists. A very superficial student can often take this line successfully. The parade of knowledge and its technical phrases may be acquired by those wholly incapable of dealing with original sources. Newman's method was the antithesis to all this. The reality was in his writings ever deeper and more thorough than their pretension or their label implied. He rarely or never professed to write more than an essay. Readers of his letters know how deeply he was absorbed for years in the study of the Christian literature of the first four centuries. Yet his work on 'The Development of Christian Doctrine,' in which so much of this reading was utilised as the basis of historical generalisation, was in form only a controversial essay. His most elaborate work on philosophy was called 'An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent'—that is, it professed to be but the sketch of a first chapter of an introduction to the subject in hand. A yet deeper philosophy of faith may be traced from outlines indicated in the informal 'University Sermons.' Some of his best thought is contained in No. 85 of the 'Tracts for the Times,' a title suggesting only ephemeral controversy. A profound analysis of the functions of an ecclesiastical polity is to be found in the unpretentious form of a preface (written

in 1877) to a volume of Oxford tracts republished under the title 'Via Media.' His positions are thus outlined in controversial pamphlets. He turned out nothing which was in its form designed to satisfy the learned world's ideal of a *magnum opus*. This was due largely to the apostle in him—to his intense practicalness, his wish to act on living, earnest, practical men, not on the learned world which cared far less for what he judged most important. He took up the existing controversies in the religious world—those which were actually occupying religious minds of very various capacities. But people are very slow to believe that one who takes his place among the sectarian controversialists of the day has done historical or theological work of the first order, or that he sees just as plainly as Carlyle or Morley have seen that, for deeply thoughtful minds, the most important controversy has passed to a different plane from the plane of the sixteenth century, and that a thinker's eye must, in our own day, be fixed on more fundamental issues. A pedantic German would have explained all this elaborately. He would have written a formal treatise and given a list of his 'sources.' This was not Newman's way. He cared about the reality of looking for truth, not about the etiquette of the learned world. He cared much to help men who were in earnest and in difficulty. He cared little or not at all to win a reputation in intellectual circles. He wished to go deep and to touch vital issues, but without demonstration and without causing unnecessary pain. He did not want to suggest doubts to those who had none. He did not desire unnecessarily to frighten his own patients—those who were already infected by what he regarded as a diseased atmosphere of thought—by shedding too clear a light on sceptical trains of reasoning which he hoped to arrest by enforcing a deeper philosophy of religion than they had yet contemplated. He handled minds with a delicacy of touch as helpful in his work of mental surgeon as were the anæsthetics occasionally administered by his style; and he often seemed to be writing matters of course and in the ordinary traditional form when he was really sounding

the depths of the doubts of the age. All this subtle *ménagement* disguised many of his deepest trains of thought and some of his best work, for those who looked simply for straightforward, candid, unreserved statements designed for the thinkers and scholars.

Eventually I cannot doubt that the fact will clearly emerge that some of the most interesting modern theories were first outlined by Newman quite distinctly though in unscientific language. Richard Hutton of the *Spectator* has spoken of Newman's deep insight into the generating thoughts which are transforming the present and moulding the future, and has illustrated this fact mainly from Newman's anticipation of the 'scientific conception of biological evolution.'[1] But other instances could be named. Subconscious reasoning and the subliminal self are important and closely correlated modern theories in the field of psychology. Their physical counterpart—unconscious cerebration—was also first formulated in the later nineteenth century. Professor W. James dates the psychological theory from 1886. Yet Newman's account of 'implicit reasoning' in the 'thirties and 'forties, further elaborated in his later theory of the 'illative sense,' is unmistakably an attempt to draw attention to both these very phenomena and to their importance. The proofs supplied by experience, as distinct from formal reasoning, is a matter on which the pragmatists have gone to great lengths. The true nature and limits of these proofs had long since been outlined by Newman in the 'Grammar of Assent.' This fact has been noted by Mr. Schiller himself. And Bergson has surely owed much to Newman's account of the life of ideas and reasonings, in the individual and in the community, as a test of their truth. A great authority—whom I will shortly cite—has pointed out that Auguste Sabatier's memorable account of the evolution of dogma, is itself but a sketch of what Newman had said far more fully and accurately forty years earlier in the philosophical passages of his 'Essay on Development.' When I first read Harnack's 'History of Dogma' I was astonished to find how many

[1] *Cardinal Newman*, by R. H. Hutton, p. 165.

important conclusions claimed by Harnack as his own discoveries were already familiar to me from Newman's 'History of the Arians' and 'Essay on Development.' The 'Arians' anticipated, indeed, a subject which has greatly exercised the modern learned world, for it included a careful historical inquiry into the genesis of dogmatic formulation—a department of Christian origins.

I deny, then, for Newman the superficiality of the dilettante in all fields. I claim, on the contrary, profound insight into the trend of modern inquiry and thought in each department of his activity, even where I do not claim completeness and elaboration.

But, it will justly be asked, 'Why should a great man touch on so many fields of learning, and not rather devote himself to one?' The answer has already been given by implication, and it brings me back to the second contrast between his work and that of the dilettante. His variety of work arose from his unity of aim and concentration of purpose. And this is the key to his greatness. His greatness did not lie in work done in any one of these fields taken by itself, even though his touch was true and delicate in each. It lay in the passionate concentration of extraordinary and varied gifts on one great enterprise. His overmastering desire was to secure the influence of Christian faith in an age in which Christianity appeared to him threatened with complete overthrow. All his work in the pulpit, in history, in philosophy, in theology, in apologetic, was devoted solely to the cause of reviving and preserving the influence of the Christian religion for the age to come. To make the many earnest Christians was the work of a preacher. The truth of Christianity inevitably raised questions of historical fact, and of the philosophy of history, and of theology. And the rising philosophy of scepticism called for a rival philosophy of faith suitable to the times. He did not touch history or theology for their own sake, but solely as bearing on his great aim. And he did not care to pursue them into regions which had no connection therewith. The variety of his work was *caused* and its scope was *limited* by the unity of his aim—the

service of religion, the strengthening of faith for earnest minds. This gave at once the passionate devotion and the singleness of purpose in which Richard Hutton judges him unrivalled in his century.

'No life known to me in the last century of our national history,' Hutton writes, 'can for a moment compare with [Newman's] . . . in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose.'[1] Unity of life-work is one of the main attributes we look for before we are disposed to speak of a man as 'great.' It is this which makes the variety of Newman's varied work of quite opposite significance from the variety which suggests the dilettante. Moreover, it was inevitable that the form of work undertaken with this single religious purpose was determined by the audience for which it was primarily designed, the many earnest and thoughtful men who needed his help. Its form could not be that of work intended for the learned world.

One fundamental reason, then, why Newman has not gained prompt recognition from the critics and the savants is because he did not write for the savants. His first thought was for earnest, practical inquirers. He did not pander to the intellectual prejudices of the age; he was content with actually meeting its just demand for fairness and accuracy; he did not—as second-rate savants are apt to do—identify impartiality of mind with indifference of feeling. He faced to the full facts which told against his own conclusions. But he held with Pascal that the passion for religious truth was a more philosophical attitude than that of calm indifference on the subject. He disdained to parade his candour before the gallery of pedants, and he did not don the armour of scientific technique or learn the fashionable watchwords or adopt the fashionable tone which gain the immediate *entrée* to the learned world, and are a signed passport vouching for initiation into its secrets. Doubtless he has in consequence lost much in the way of prompt and universal recognition. He has lost, too, perhaps (in his preference for literary to scientific form), something in the clearness and completeness of his own statement—though there was

[1] Hutton's *Cardinal Newman*, p. 250.

great counterbalancing gain in richness, imaginative illustration, and unfailing actuality of touch.

Another feature of Newman's mentality which deserves special note as misleading the critics, is a combination of gifts which is very unusual. His close touch on facts, his careful psychology and his love of truth, are often visible to the careful reader even in his most rhetorical passages. His subtlety of mind, though sometimes, like Gladstone's, it was directed towards making a certain impression on his readers, was quite as often exercised in close analysis of the great complexity of the world of fact; and the critics did not see this, and often regarded only as clever rhetoric what was really highly subtle psychological delineation. He broke down a common antithesis between the special pleader, who has a constant eye on effects, and the seeker for truth or philosopher. Newman was both. There are, indeed, memorable passages in his writings in which the artist, the rhetorician, the thinker, and the theologian all combine. There is much rhetoric in the 'Grammar of Assent,' and none of it—except a few ineffective pages near the beginning—is written in the passionless style of the typical philosopher. Yet the whole is obviously inspired by the earnest and candid search for truth. Let me instance a passage from the Essays in which candid philosophy, history, theology, and rhetoric each plays a part. The passage deals with the obligations of Christian theology to other religions. His honest mind saw that the pages of history clearly disproved the suggestion that Christian doctrine was simply and solely a revelation of truths, hitherto unknown to man. Yet his conviction remained fixed that it was a revelation deep and true in a sense in which no system had been so before. The poet's habit of mind, as well as the knowledge of history and mastery of language, all mark off the form of the passage in which he reconciles that apparent opposition from the form of a theological treatise. He first notes the facts of the case.

The doctrine of a Trinity [he writes] is found both in the East and in the West; so is the ceremony of washing; so is the rite

of sacrifice. The doctrine of the Divine Word is Platonic; the doctrine of the Incarnation is Indian; of a divine kingdom is Judaic; of angels and demons is Magian; the connection of sin with the body is Gnostic; celibacy is known to Bonze and Talapoin; a sacerdotal order is Egyptian; the idea of a new birth is Chinese and Eleusinian; belief in sacramental virtue is Pythagorean; and honours to the dead are a polytheism.

Then he states the conclusion of the latitudinarian or agnostic: 'These things are in heathenism, therefore they are not Christian.'

Then he proceeds in a striking and characteristic page to show that all these facts can be faced and admitted by one who takes the Christian view of the world—that these beliefs and rites are in truth Christian, though foreshadowed in God's Providence in heathenism.

Scripture bears us out in saying [he writes], that from the beginning the Moral Governor of the world has scattered the seeds of truth far and wide over its extent; that these have variously taken root, and grown up as in the wilderness; wild plants indeed but living; and hence that, as the inferior animals have tokens of an immaterial principle in them, yet have not souls, so the philosophies and religions of men have their life in certain true ideas, though they are not directly divine. What man is amid the brute creation, such is the Church among the schools of the world; and as Adam gave names to the animals about him, so has the Church from the first looked round upon the earth, noting and visiting the doctrines she found there. She began in Chaldea, and then sojourned among the Canaanites, and went down into Egypt, and thence passed into Arabia, till she rested in her own land. Next she encountered the merchants of Tyre, and the wisdom of the East country, and the luxury of Sheba. Then she was carried away to Babylon, and wandered to the schools of Greece. And wherever she went, in trouble or in triumph, still she was a living spirit, the mind and voice of the Most High; 'sitting in the midst of the doctors both hearing them and asking them questions;' claiming to herself what they said rightly, correcting their errors, supplying their defects, completing their beginnings, expanding their surmises, and thus gradually by means of them enlarging the range and refining the sense of her own teaching. So far then from her creed being of

doubtful credit because it resembles foreign theologies, we even hold that one special way in which Providence has imparted divine knowledge to us has been by enabling her to draw and collect it together out of the world, and, in this sense, as in others, to 'suck the milk of the Gentiles and to suck the breast of kings.' [1]

I doubt if any other writer could have transformed what seems at first sight a grave admission as to the indebtedness of Christianity to other religions into a vivid representation of its divine power. The reader's imagination is held by the picture of the Divine Child expounding the truth aided by intercourse with the doctors in the temple. And the picture which a sceptical imagination might have suggested of Christianity as but one among many human religions is forestalled and counteracted by the analogy of man's place in the animal kingdom. No mere theologian, no mere philosopher, could have done this. It needed, indeed, their gifts, but it needed in addition those of the poet and literary artist.

The absence of universal appreciation is, no doubt, due also in part to Newman's limitations—some of them actual limitations, some only limitations in this or that field arising at times from qualities in themselves remarkable. And of these I shall now speak. The first I shall name is his close and personal touch on all he handled. This the Germans have spoken of as his 'subjectivity.' In form his writings seldom had the objective character of specialist literature. They are so deeply impregnated by the personal view he took that the objective character which would give them immediate and obvious utility as a contribution to the general store of thought and knowledge was reduced to a minimum. He had never rubbed shoulders with others at a public school. And he was not quite a good member of the republic of letters. He was too individual. There was something solitary in his nature. Some of his highest thoughts were partly incommunicable. It is true that he himself once wrote: 'Truth is wrought out by many minds working freely together.' And no doubt

[1] *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 231. Quoted in *Essay on Development*, pp. 380–1.

in some degree he himself was influenced by the work of other minds. But he did not work freely or well with other minds. An immense amount of unravelling has to be done in order to isolate Newman's contributions to objective history or theology or philosophy from the special place they occupy in the closely woven network of his own *Weltanschauung*, which included in his later work a belief in the Roman Catholic Church. This is unquestionably both a drawback to his influence on those who cannot be his whole-hearted followers and an additional reason why his own specialist work is in many quarters not appreciated.

It is not simply that Newman was a Catholic. Some of the Catholic members of the Metaphysical Society received the most respectful attention for their arguments from men like Mill and Bain. The reason was that they entirely isolated their philosophical arguments from their theological conclusions. They discussed Free Will, Necessary Truth, the issues between Empiricism and Intuitionism as isolated problems. Newman, on the other hand, pursued no such method of isolation. The touch of the historian, poet, philosopher, and of the rhetorician in Newman is apparent (as I have said) in nearly all his writing. He was, indeed, an artist who presented a picture. And a picture goes on the opposite principle to a scientific catalogue. It gives the whole as it exists in the living mind, while a catalogue isolates the parts that belong to different sciences. Therefore Newman's method is inconsistent with his presenting a treatise for the historical critic alone or the metaphysician alone; and few of his pages can be studied by the reader who differs from him in theology without jarring on his prejudices, and so tempting him to unjust judgment. His Catholic conclusions constantly appear in his writing. When he pointed out the large part played in the mental processes by the subconscious action of the mind, instead of treating it merely as a philosophical problem and illustrating it from uncontroversial instances, he at once enlisted his observations on behalf of the proofs of the Catholic religion. When he analysed the movement of living ideas in history, not only like

Sabatier did he apply his observations almost exclusively to religious dogma, but he forthwith argued for Roman Catholic developments as his chosen illustrations—the cultus of the Virgin, the doctrine of Purgatory, the Infallibility of the Pope. When he vindicated the evidential value of practical experience as distinct from scientific argument he again took his instances from the special field of theology and religion on which his own attention was concentrated. His positions have to be restated in terms of the special sciences before the experts can be brought to pass a dispassionate judgment. As they stand in his own pages they are so enveloped by his personality and by his personal conclusions that they may be misunderstood by the onlooker, just as a complex character is misunderstood. The historical or philosophical critics have often dismissed generalisations instinct with genius and applicable to a wide field of secular history as the positions of a mere Roman controversialist.

Again, while I claim great justice of mind and honesty for Newman, there are occasional passages which remind one of a wilful woman, and which are not unnaturally taken by opponents to indicate a prejudiced mind. In the 'Grammar of Assent,' for instance, Newman dismisses a logical criticism on a certain process of thought by the remark that it leads to truth, and that therefore, if logic finds fault with it, it is 'so much the worse for logic.'[1] His meaning, no doubt, is that the logical categories actually applied by the critics are inadequate. But it is inevitable that the matter-of-fact should take such a sentence as savouring of obscurantism. In the celebrated Tamworth Reading Room Letters of 1841 he says boldly in one passage that man is not a reasoning animal—though we know from other passages that it was against the all-sufficiency of formal logic and not against reason in the highest sense that that indictment was really directed.

There was a paper he once read to a private society at Oxford in my father's presence which contained an excellent specimen of the quality of which I speak. He had quoted passages from Bull, Hammond, Andrewes, and other

[1] *Grammar of Assent*, p. 403.

Anglican divines in favour of certain Catholic doctrines which the Oxford Movement was advocating. He then touched on an objection to his account of their views.

> It may be urged [he wrote] that other passages are to be found in these writers, which show that they did not hold the views with which I am crediting them. But this would be to accuse them of inconsistency, which I leave it for their enemies to do.

It is obvious that a hostile critic might use such passages from Newman as effective weapons in a depreciatory estimate, and accuse him of trifling in place of arguing seriously. The fact simply was that the rhetorician in him did occasionally lead to what one may term wilful sayings. The matter-of-fact reader takes solemnly as revealing sad intellectual limitations what illustrates really an intellectual mannerism.

I will go farther and say that I believe quite a considerable number of isolated passages could be brought together which could not easily be reconciled with Newman's deeper thought—which, if they were the only relics of his writing which remained to us might fairly be taken to indicate that he was a man of narrow mind. I believe their origin could be traced psychologically to circumstances and influences of the moment, or to the wish to deal with minds requiring special treatment. But the critic who neglects his deeper thought and quotes such passages in triumph makes a great mistake.

The mistake has often been made because the historian or logician who judges Newman is not necessarily a critic of psychology. He often misses the personal equation. A many-sided writer can only be accurately measured and interpreted by a many-sided critic, and of such critics there are few.

The thorough and first-hand knowledge shown by Newman even in works hardly pretending to be more than essays, though it has not been widely recognised by the critics, has, however, been noted by a few of the greater ones more observant than their fellows. 'Your work on Justification,' Döllinger writes to Newman himself, '. . . is,

in my estimation, one of the best theological books published in this century, and your work on the Arians will be read and studied in future generations as a model in its kind.'[1] Lord Acton noted the quality of first-hand knowledge in even his slighter essays, as, for example, that on St. Cyril.[2]

> The Germans have a word [he writes to Mr. Simpson] '*Quellenmässig*' = *ex ipsissimis fontibus*, and another, *Wissenschaftlichkeit*, which is nearly equivalent to the Platonic ἐπιστήμη. When a book of theology, history, or any other science is destitute of these essential qualities . . . it is not to be treated or spoken of seriously . . . I can at once detect a writer who, even with immense reading of theologians, is but a dilettante in theology. That is why I said Newman's essay on St. Cyril, which on a minute point was original and progressive, was a bit of theology, which all the works of A., B., C., and D. will never be.[3]

On the scientific quality of Newman's mind as displayed in his historical work, the words of Abbé Loisy, written in the *Revue du Clergé Français* in December 1898, are very interesting. The learned world was then full of Harnack's 'History of Dogma' and the account of the evolution of dogma in Auguste Sabatier's 'Esquisse de la philosophie de la religion.' Abbé Loisy just at this juncture

[1] *Life of Cardinal Newman*, vol. i. p. 444.

[2] Newman was not content with the second-hand knowledge given in books. Indeed, mere text-book knowledge was his special aversion, and seemed to him to be never really true. The text-book had to make all knowledge simple, certain, and clear, while really first-hand knowledge was, in his opinion, in concrete matters nearly always complex and of various degrees of clearness and probability in its several portions.

When reading for his history of the Arians he sent a letter to Hurrell Froude, significant in its intimation of this view of things so far as history is concerned.

'How I shall ever be able to make one assertion,' he writes, 'much less to write one page, I cannot tell. Any one pure categorical would need an age of reading and research. I shall confine myself to hypotheticals; your "if" is a great philosopher as well as peacemaker.' (*Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman*, edited by Anne Mozley, vol. i. p. 245.)

And again, the thoroughness with which he revised his MS., introducing qualifications which should prevent rash generalisation, is indicated in another letter where he declares that he has already made forty-one pages out of eighteen.

[3] *Lord Acton and His Circle*, pp. 55–6. A. Gasquet.

came for the first time upon Newman's 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.'

A note of genuine surprise is visible in his remarks on the scientific quality of this great work:

> A large conception of the history of dogma and of Christian development [he writes], a conception truly scientific, in which all legitimate conclusions of historical criticism can find a shelter, had been formulated by a Catholic thinker long before certain Protestant publications which have made a stir in these latter days. Harnack's 'History of Dogma' is more learned than 'The Development of Christian Doctrine,' but how inferior it is to that essay in the general understanding of Christianity, with its varied life and the intimate connection which exists between all forms and all phases of that life! As to readers of Auguste Sabatier's 'Esquisse de la philosophie de la religion' who have been struck by some of its generalisations, who have regretted, it may be, that a similar book had not been written in defence of Catholicism, we may tell them that such a book exists already, better documented than that of the learned Dean of the Protestant theological faculty, showing a more complete religious experience, a mind more open and more impartial. Catholic theology has had in our days that great doctor whom it has needed. There has been wanting to him [Loisy concludes] no element of the scientific spirit.

I need hardly say that in quoting these writers I imply no sympathy with their theological views. I appeal to them only as acknowledged experts in their own line.[1]

Let me now attempt to summarise the main contentions I have advanced. I have asked why the critics as a body have insufficiently recognised those greater qualities in Newman's mind which have led some to place him so high as a thinker and a philosopher of history. And I have urged certain considerations as fully explaining the fact.

In the first place, genius is felt by those who come in contact with it, but it is often hard for critics to analyse, for it outstrips their ready-made categories, and demands

[1] I omit Loisy's tribute to Newman's theological orthodoxy, as I am citing him exclusively as an expert in historical science. I may recall the fact, however, that M. Loisy's own unorthodox developments belong to a later date.

for its appreciation an insight and power of analysis which not all of them possess. It calls, moreover, for a degree of effort which many have not seen reason for putting forth in this case. One cause why they have not seen reason for such effort is that a hasty survey of Newman's writings reveals work so multifarious—of preacher, philosopher, historian, poet, theologian, controversialist—as to suggest the superficiality of a brilliant dilettante, in an age in which especially we look in minds of the first order for the thoroughness of a specialist. Such *prima facie* quality in writing does not suggest to the critic that his very highest powers are needed for its due appreciation. But the critic is nevertheless wrong. A careful inspection shows that the variety and limitations of Newman's work were due, not, like a dilettante's, to want of thoroughness and concentration, but, on the contrary, to his concentration on one object—namely, the justification of religious belief against rationalism. His studies in history, philosophy, theology, were at once prompted and limited by their relation to this one aim. He had thus the unity of aim which betokens greatness, and not the dissipation of mind which reveals the dilettante.

Moreover, his best work is first-hand work, original thought or investigation from original sources, which a dilettante's never is.

A further reason why the fine quality of some of his specialist work has not been recognised is that he avoided the technical phraseology of the learned world and the form of professed scientific treatises. He went in reality far deeper than the form of his writing suggested. He chose the form of ephemeral controversy because he wrote primarily not for the learned world, but for earnest Christians at large, whose faith he desired to strengthen.

But, moreover, his mentality was peculiar and puzzled many critics. Being a philosophical thinker as well as a literary artist and a rhetorician, there was often deep, subtle, and candid psychology in passages which to the critics seemed to be merely brilliant rhetoric.

Furthermore, for the most part he did not isolate problems of philosophy, history, or theology for discussion with

the specialists on their own merits, but discussed them as they stood in the complicated skein of his own elaborate theological theory. And it was so impossible to many critics to take seriously that theory—which led to the Pope and to ' Mariolatry '—that they were slow to consider with understanding sympathy discussions which seemed to them only the ingeniously devised preliminaries to making good preposterous conclusions. Further, an occasional wilful rhetoric in his writings led to sentences which, if taken literally and read apart from other passages expressive of his true mind, seemed to betoken a narrow outlook.

Finally, while the above causes have kept the bulk of average critics from recognising his deeper qualities, I have noted that a few of the greater ones have pointed the true road—a road which others may follow and verify in detail.

In point of fact, Newman of all men needs students of active and original and penetrating minds to detect and elaborate the pregnant suggestions of a poetic thinker who had not the habit of scientific statement. Like the slave of Midas, it has been said, he often whispered his secret to the reeds.

The critic's real task is thus a hard one, and for most not a tempting one. Many are unequal to it. Others do not see that so much labour is called for. On the other hand, the brilliancy of Newman's superficial qualities as a literary artist and subtle rhetorician engaged in depicting persuasively a high spirituality is easily perceived. And it has supplied an escape for the critics from their difficulty. The bulk of them have been satisfied with giving such obvious gifts the most ample recognition. This was an easy task, involving tributes which could not be gainsaid, in place of the hard task of analysing exhaustively a very peculiar genius and detecting deep and thorough work and thought embedded in writings of which the practical conclusions are most distasteful to them.

Those who have been helped out of difficulty and doubt by Newman's lines of thought, have had the motive to penetrate beneath the surface. So, too, with those who, like Döllinger, have trodden, in some directions at least, a

similar path to Newman's own. But for the reasons I have given, his higher gifts are easily overlooked even by the ablest outsider—by the Carlyles and the Morleys. Such men dismiss without real examination the deeper side of Newman's work as mere 'controversy' on outworn subjects, of no interest now to the serious thinking world. Its relation to the search for truth in a penetrating and earnest mind is simply overlooked, because mere theological controversy is not supposed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to go really deep, or to have any relation to such a deeper quest. The really profound thoughts in such writings are simply passed over and the discussions are politely set aside. The pleasanter task is undertaken of paying tributes to what is not controversial—the English style, the poetic beauty of the 'Dream of Gerontius,' the engaging frankness of the 'Apologia' as an autobiography, the picturesque account of the history of the Turks, the subtle and humorous delineation of the typical gentleman in the 'Idea of a University.' Thus an imaginary Newman is formed out of his more superficial gifts. It may be a graceful figure, but it is not the Newman whose thought strengthened and deepened so many thoughts of Pascal and Coleridge, and whose grasp of the play of forces in the early history of the Church appealed to the French critic I have quoted as so much truer than Harnack's; nor the Newman whose realisation of the trains of thought which are issuing in unfaith was so keen that Huxley offered to compile a primer of infidelity from his writings. Nor is it the Newman whose power transformed the lives of scores of young men at Oxford, and led hundreds who felt the magic of a genius at once spiritual and intellectual, which they could not explain, to subscribe to the formula: 'Credo in Newmannum.'

LECTURE II.

THE UNITY OF NEWMAN'S WORK.

I PROPOSE in this lecture to turn to Cardinal Newman's own words and to point out the scope of some of his works, in order to illustrate in detail some of the contentions of my last lecture.—First, I shall note his prescience in respect of the movement against Christian faith which we are now witnessing in Europe, and secondly, I shall indicate the exact manner in which his writing on philosophy, history, theology, and apologetic was designed with the one object of strengthening religion to meet this special danger. As I have already said, it was this concentration of his varied work on one object which gave it the depth and unity we look for in the life-work of a great man.

First, as to his prescience of the decay of belief in the supernatural which we are now witnessing. He was by his own intellectual temperament keenly alive to the plausibleness of the negative position in religion, though his moral nature bound him closely to theism and Christianity. 'I thank God,' he wrote to Dr. Pusey in 1845, 'that He has shielded me morally from what intellectually might so easily come on me—general scepticism'; but, moreover, he was awake to the signs of the times in modern civilisation pointing to the impending break-up of Christendom with its corporate faith and to the imminence of general doubt or disbelief. He speaks as follows in a note written during his last year: 'Very early in life I was troubled with the prospect of an intellectual movement against religion, so special as to have a claim upon the attention of all educated Christians,' and he freely told his friends that he regarded

it as his special mission to help in counteracting this movement.[1]

Further, Newman's prescience was notable in respect of the distinctive character of the movement against religion which he foresaw, and which we are now actually witnessing. The term 'agnostic' belongs to the early 'seventies. It was invented by Huxley at an early meeting of the Metaphysical Society. The agnostic's strength as a dangerous force lies in his moderation. He does not say in his heart with the fool 'There is no God.' He says 'Even if there is a God, He cannot be known by man.' Mr. Huxley once compared speculation on the realities of another world to speculation on the politics of the inhabitants of the moon. This attitude is, in many quarters, a commonplace of our own day—though it takes various shapes in its detail. I think it a very remarkable fact that an attitude which was first fully recognised and expressed in the early 'seventies had been vividly delineated by Newman in the early 'fifties.

I will read a passage from one of his Dublin lectures of 1854, in which Newman puts into the mouth of an imaginary philosopher what we must at once recognise as being in essence the attitude of many a modern agnostic:

> Without denying that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things false [says his imaginary philosopher], still we certainly are not in a position to determine the one or the other. And as it would be absurd to dogmatise about the weather, and say that 1860 will be a wet season or a dry season, a time of peace or war, so it is absurd for men in our present state to teach anything positively about the next world—that there is a heaven, or a hell, or a last judgment, or that the soul is immortal, or that there is a God. It is not that you have not a right to your own opinion, as you have a right to place implicit trust in your own banker, or in your own physician; but undeniably such persuasions are not knowledge, they are not scientific, they cannot become public property, they are consistent with your allowing your friend to entertain the opposite opinion; and, if

[1] 'I know that [Newman] . . . anticipates an unprecedented outburst of infidelity all over the world,' wrote Aubrey de Vere in 1850. 'To withstand it he deems it his special vocation, and he is quite annoyed at having to spend any time on Anglicanism.'—*Life of Aubrey de Vere*, p. 182.

you are tempted to be violent in the defence of your own view of the case in this matter of religion, then it is well to lay seriously to heart whether sensitiveness on the subject of your banker or your doctor, when he is handled sceptically by another, would not be taken to argue a secret misgiving in your mind about him, in spite of your confident profession, an absence of clear, unruffled certainty in his honesty or in his skill.

Such [Newman continues] is our philosopher's primary position. He does not prove it; he does but distinctly state it; but he thinks it self-evident when it is distinctly stated. And there he leaves it.

The second half of the agnostic's creed—as depicted by Newman—is almost equally interesting and characteristic of the times in which we live. It is that, in spite of the fact that the human mind cannot really gain any fruitful knowledge on religion, it has nevertheless in the past obstinately and persistently devoted its attention to the subject. On no subject has it been more ineffective and yet more persistent and intolerant.

And the misery is, [continues Newman's imaginary philosopher] that, if once we allow it to engage our attention, we are in a circle from which we never shall be able to extricate ourselves. Our mistake reproduces and corroborates itself. A small insect—a wasp or a fly—is unable to make his way through the pane of glass; and his very failure is the occasion of greater violence in his struggle than before. He is as heroically obstinate in his resolution to succeed as the assailant or defender of some critical battle-field; he is unflagging and fierce in an effort which cannot lead to anything beyond itself. When, then, in like manner, you have once resolved that certain religious doctrines shall be indisputably true, and that all men ought to perceive their truth, you have engaged in an undertaking which, though continued on to eternity, will never reach its aim; and, since you are convinced it ought to do so, the more you have failed hitherto, the more violent and pertinacious will be your attempt in time to come. And further still, since you are not the only man in the world who is in this error, but one of ten thousand, all holding the general principle that Religion is scientific, and yet all differing as to the truths and facts and conclusions of this science, it follows that the misery of social

disputation and disunion is added to the misery of a hopeless investigation, and life is not only wasted in fruitless speculation but embittered by bigoted sectarianism.

'Such is the state in which the world has lain,' it will be said, 'ever since the introduction of Christianity. Christianity has been the bane of true knowledge, for it has turned the intellect away from what it can know, and occupied it in what it cannot.'[1]

I lay great stress on these passages as showing how clearly Newman saw the signs of the times, and how persuasively, and even sympathetically, he could delineate this anti-Christian view of life which he held to be so dangerous, yet so plausible. It is a view which, as stated by him, will seem to many men of the world to be the merest common sense. It reflects human nature in a certain mood. This Newman saw clearly. He fully recognised the fact that just as Christian heroism and asceticism seem in certain moods to be unpractical and one-sided enthusiasm, so Christian faith appears in certain moods to be at variance with the common-sense view of life and of the limits of human knowledge. But he held that in both cases these were moods in which we do not realise life or the world in its deeper aspects.

His direct antidote to agnosticism, therefore, was not mere argument against a position that did not itself rest on mere argument, but the persuasive delineation of what he held to be a deeper view than the agnostic's—a view which appeals to men in deeper moods—moods which he held to be more truly representative of normal human nature when it is completely aroused and awake and alive to life as a whole. Thus also the good man is alive to consequences of human actions which the sensualist or epicure in his picture of life according to nature necessarily banishes from his purview. Newman's apologetic is primarily of this nature—a delineation of motives actually influencing the believing mind, chiefly of his own mind when analysing the sources of its belief, rather than a merely objective statement of arguments. Arguments are, of course, included among these sources, but in the form and with the sur-

[1] *Idea of a University—A Form of Infidelity of the Day*, pp. 387–389.

rounding imagery amid which they stood in his own mind. His aim is not only to sound the logic of the matter, but to paint what actually affects and convinces the concrete man with all his existing sympathies and dispositions. He endeavours, as has been said, to 'convince' rather than to 'convict.' Perhaps we cannot reply to the logician who convicts us. But the whole man is won over to one side or the other by larger influences than logic—by influences which appeal to the heart and imagination as well as to the reason. This view of the case is apparent in his persuasive style even when he deals with the philosophy of faith, and with Christian history and theology. He is not content with opposing what he accounts a deeper intellectual view to a shallower one. Recognising how much the actual influence of the shallower view owes to the effect of a worldly and secularist atmosphere, he seeks to steep the imagination in a religious atmosphere which shall be a counterbalancing force. His writing reproduces the atmosphere in which he himself lives; and that, or something like it, is judged by him to be necessary to persuasion from the very fact that it is necessary to expel and replace the agnostic atmosphere which is continually finding entrance in modern society.

It was in his judgment one great work of the Catholic Church to supply an antidote to the impressionableness of human nature, to the changeableness of its moods, and to keep permanently alive that religious atmosphere which in practice was necessary to supplement the reason of man, which was in these matters so liable to be misled.

The agnostic or naturalistic atmosphere of modern society, which so easily affects each man's view of life, includes the prevalence of maxims identical with those of the ancient Epicureans. But so far as it acts on the more intellectual in these latter days, Newman seems to trace it largely to the effect on their imagination of the fruitful results of the sciences—physical science first of all, but also, in their measure, historical and critical science. Here were tangible and certain results, extending our knowledge of this visible world, which is so unquestionably real; while theologising

was concerned with a cloudland which only in certain moods seemed to have any real existence at all. The great antidote to this attitude of mind was the counter-effect of the Christian Church as—to use his own forcible phrase —'the concrete representative of things invisible'—the visible assembly which has ever taken for granted and positively asserted the reality of the unseen world, and has been the fruitful instrument of a moral civilisation which has depended on this assumption. The beneficent works of Christianity stand over against the achievements of science as visible and tangible results. The Christian Church, by its constant witness to the reality of the unseen world and by its *esprit de corps*, strengthens and deepens the religious convictions of the individual and counteracts the naturalistic bias which the atmosphere of the world of science is apt to create. It is not a case of prejudicing the reason, but of opposing one picture in the imagination to another.

In one of the Dublin lectures he describes in a striking passage the evanescent quality of religious impressions in the individual mind, and their contrast in this respect to our inevitably vivid consciousness of the visible and palpable truths of physical science; and then he appeals to the visible Church as the only efficient practical force which can give depth and permanence to religious impressions.

The physical nature lies before us [he writes], patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice, so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They are faint shadows and tracings, certain, indeed, but delicate, fragile, and almost evanescent, which the mind recognises at one time, not at another,—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. The reflection of sky and mountains in the lake is a proof that sky and mountains are around it, but the twilight, or the mist, or the sudden storm hurries away the beautiful image, which leaves

behind it no memorial of what it was. Something like this are the Moral Law and the informations of Faith, as they present themselves to individual minds. Who can deny the existence of Conscience? who does not feel the force of its injunctions? but how dim is the illumination in which it is invested, and how feeble its influence, compared with that evidence of sight and touch which is the foundation of Physical Science! How easily can we be talked out of our clearest views of duty! how does this or that moral precept crumble into nothing when we rudely handle it! how does the fear of sin pass off from us, as quickly as the glow of modesty dies away from the countenance! and then we say, 'It is all superstition.' However, after a time we look round, and then to our surprise we see, as before, the same law of duty, the same moral precepts, the same protests against sin appearing over against us, in their old places, as if they never had been brushed away, like the divine handwriting upon the wall at the banquet. Then perhaps we approach them rudely, and inspect them irreverently, and accost them sceptically, and away they go again, like so many spectres,—shining in their cold beauty, but not presenting themselves bodily to us, for our inspection, so to say, of their hands and their feet. And thus these awful, supernatural, bright, majestic, delicate apparitions, much as we may in our hearts acknowledge their sovereignty, are no match as a foundation of Science for the hard, palpable, material facts which make up the province of Physics.[1]

The antidote to this evanescent quality in religious impressions is, he goes on to say, the visible Christian Church, which gives religion, as it were, substance and tangible reality, which embodies the fruitful exhibitions of religion as science embodies the truth of the physical world.

These more important truths, which the natural heart admits in their substance, though it cannot maintain,—[he writes] the being of a God, the certainty of future retribution, the claims of the moral law, the reality of sin, the hope of supernatural help,—of these the Church is in matter of fact the undaunted and the only defender.[2]

In this line of argument there is a remarkable resemblance to some of Pascal's thought. The *Times*, in its leading

[1] *Idea of a University—Christianity and Medical Science*, pp. 514–15.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 516.

article on Newman's biography, dismissed somewhat contemptuously the comparison often made between the minds of the two men. The effect on at least one reader of this disclaimer was only to make him doubt whether the *Times* writer had ever read Newman's 'Oxford University Sermons' or his 'Dublin University Lectures' with serious attention, or, I may add, was familiar with the 'Pensées' themselves. No doubt Pascal is more direct and explicit than Newman. He has the French directness, while Newman has a good deal of the edifying and somewhat indirect manner of the English divine. But the substance of the thought is in many points almost identical. The merely intellectual sympathy with sceptics which the *Times* writer ascribes to Pascal and denies to Newman is quite as characteristic of Newman as of Pascal. This we have already seen. The sense that the human reason cannot practically secure the belief which it justifies was as characteristic of Pascal as of Newman. Indeed, when the *Times* finds the difference between the two writers in Newman's mistrust of the speculative reason as an adequate instrument for securing religious faith, one can only rub one's eyes in sheer amazement. It was Pascal, and not Newman, who wrote the following:

> Intellectual convictions are worth little if the mechanical side of our nature is set in the opposite direction. We must gain our whole self. . . . So soon as we know where Truth lies we must ask custom to soak and steep us in that belief.[1]

I need not labour to point out the close similarity of thought to what I have above cited from Newman.

The general view, that unaided reason does not suffice to *hold* our nature to the belief it really justifies, is equally characteristic of the two men. It would be more plausible

[1] 'Quand on ne croit que par la force de la conviction, et que l'automate est incliné à croire le contraire, ce n'est pas assez. Il faut donc faire croire nos deux pièces : l'esprit, par les raisons, . . . et l'automate, par la coutume. . . . Enfin il faut avoir recours à elle quand une fois l'esprit a vu où est la vérité, afin de nous abreuver et nous teindre de cette croyance.' —*Pensées de Pascal*, Art. x. p. 127 (Dent's ed.), translated in *Pascal* by Viscount St. Cyres, p. 370.

to hold that Newman was copying Pascal, than to hold with the *Times* that there was no likeness between their views—so close is the resemblance. Yet the road Newman follows is so clearly his own that no one has ventured to maintain this. The truth is that minds of similar cast see the same truths.[1] Both writers had the peculiar frankness of genius. They were both facing the actual facts of life and of human nature. To do so was the first step in any philosophical inquiry. But Newman was no more content than Pascal with supposing that prejudice or custom was the real basis of belief. Both writers defend the action of the believer's mind as reasonable in view of the conditions of human life from which we cannot escape, and of which we have to make the best we can. Both recognise the position as, at first sight, a paradox. Both hold that Christianity appeals to man's rational nature. Yet both see that the average weak man needs forces which keep his mind and will steady in order to adhere to it with constancy.

But while Newman insisted on the necessity of the visible Christian Church to support weak human nature in its belief, to strengthen and make operative lines traced by reason, he did not for a moment forget the necessity of showing that the Church was fortifying a truer and deeper view against the instability of human frailty, and not bolstering up blind superstition or prejudice. He devoted much labour to tracing a reasonable account of religious faith which, when a man is deeply serious, should suffice for him, and this led him into philosophy, history, and theology.

In ascertaining the true grounds of faith he did not start with any logical theory of Christianity. He preferred the safer ground of experience. The Christian message as a whole once exercised mighty influence and gained

[1] Newman has left it on record that when he first read Coleridge he was amazed to find in that thinker's writing so many thoughts which he had given as his own to the world. And with characteristic modesty in writing the *Apologia* he set down Coleridge as the philosopher of the Oxford Movement. The coincidence of thought was at least equal in Pascal's case.

the hearts of men. He desired first to trace the manner and causes of that influence, and thus to ascertain the nature and full strength of its genius in action. A theory might miss some of the elements which had been actually operative. This is a matter primarily of philosophical analysis, and gives the point of departure to his philosophy. It is the most important subject dealt with in the 'Oxford University Sermons,' which were originally designated 'Sermons chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief.'

But then arose a fresh question which took him to history. The simple message of Christ and the Apostles was not, in form at least, the dogmatic theology he had to preach as a clergyman of the Church of England. This theology was not simply the Beatitudes, with their unearthly message, and the good news that God had visited His people. It was a complicated intellectual system; and it involved allegiance to a visible ecclesiastical organisation. Thus he was brought face to face with the problem, at once historical and theological, of the development of Christian doctrine and of the Christian Church. This question was dealt with explicitly in his work on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' written before the beginning of the Oxford Movement, and the 'Essay on Development,' written in 1845. In these works he examined the beginnings among Christians of ecclesiastical organisation, of theological analysis, and of dogmatic definition, and their subsequent growth. The philosophy of faith thus led to the history of dogma; and this inevitably passed into a study of scientific theology.

Let me examine the three works I have named in some detail:—

The University Sermons obviously do not form a complete treatise. They contain consecutive suggestions towards a philosophy based on the actual facts of the Christian history. If we read the New Testament, we are brought face to face with the fact that multitudes of the unlearned believed spontaneously on hearing the Christian message. In Tertullian's day it was the same—the bulk of believers, he tells us, were the simple and unlearned. And in our

own day also we have to face the same fact. How can we justify as reasonable a belief the evidence for which many of the ablest and most learned reject, and which appeals to the simple and unlettered? Whatever comes of it, Newman holds that we need to start with facing this undeniable fact. He writes as follows:

> Let us take things as we find them: let us not attempt to distort them into what they are not. True philosophy deals with facts. We cannot make facts. All our wishing cannot change them. We must use them. . . . If children, if the poor, if the busy, can have true Faith, yet cannot weigh evidence, evidence is not the simple foundation on which faith is built.[1]

Throughout these sermons Newman recognises quite frankly the two views which can ever be taken of the nature and value of faith—the view of the hard-headed, sceptical man of the world, and the view apparent in the Scriptures, which are inspired by unearthly wisdom.

'Faith,' he writes, 'is weak, or it is unearthly. Scripture says that it is unearthly, and the world says that it is weak.'[2] Again he quotes St. Paul's own words: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.' And again he writes: 'Reason'—using reason in the sense of rationalism—'is called either strong sense or scepticism, according to the bias of the speaker; and Faith, either teachableness or credulity.'[3]

Thus he is careful at the outset, in speaking of the actual motives of Christian belief, not to force the note beyond what even a sceptical critic can recognise as true to fact. His next step is to show how in practice the believer acts as contrasted with the sceptic in view of the facts of life acknowledged by both, and to justify the believer.

It must be remembered that, in recognising that men often do in fact believe otherwise than in consequence of an examination of evidence, he does not for a moment deny

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 231.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 208. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 187.

that faith is rational in the sense that right reason and Christianity concur. But he desires frankly to look at the working of individual minds, and to make his argument unmistakably actual. 'Faith is a principle of action, and action does not allow time for minute and finished investigations.'[1] Concerning the actual state of mind of those who have believed simply on hearing the divine message, he writes: 'They feel that the external religion offered them elicits into shape, and supplies the spontaneous desires and presentiments of their minds.'[2] He does not deny that there are certain cogent tokens in favour of Christianity visible to all men who begin to look into the matter. But he maintains as a matter of observation that the actually determining cause of belief is generally this response of the religion to their moral nature. Reason, in the sense of mere logical argument, goes some way in recommending faith, but the moral nature seems to decide the matter. Reason—as the world explains the term reason—leaves the matter undecided, and therefore the confidence of the believer is convicted of folly in the eyes of the world. 'That is, reason, weighing evidence only,' he writes, 'or arguing from external experience, is counter to faith; but, admitting the legitimate influence and logical import of the moral feelings, it concurs with it.'[3] That is to say, the insight of the moral nature actually determines the acceptance of what would otherwise have proofs cogent indeed, but not conclusive. Such considerations as these doubtless cover a very limited field of philosophical territory, which is in the eyes of the thinking world far larger. But the limitation is absolutely necessary, for the problem before him is just the nature of the belief of those who see no farther than this, the belief of simple souls who hear the word with joy, and believe. 'How can this spontaneous belief be justified as reasonable?' he asks.

Newman's reply is twofold, and its nature becomes fully apparent only in the last sermon but one, on 'Wisdom as contrasted with Faith and Bigotry.' We have to consider

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 188.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 226. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 195.

first the nature of the justification of Christianity for the wisest and most learned Christians before we are in a position to justify what is logically the second point—the faith of the simple. But the difference between the two is not so great as it appears at first sight. He recognises the limitations of even the wisest when it is a question of knowing with our imperfect faculties truths largely supernatural. He is critical of some of the apologetic which was current in his time—for example, Paley's 'Evidences.' He is disposed to attach less weight than the apologist of his time to some current 'evidences,' and more weight to the nature of the Christian religion itself—a matter which appeals to the unlearned as well as the learned. Newman favours massive reasons that influence the whole man. He is suspicious of clear arguments that appeal only to logical acuteness. Both faith and genius outstrip the logician's analysis. They both go *deeper* than logic. The logician, while he will state the reasons he sees far better than another, may miss altogether certain reasons which influence others who cannot express them so well. Much of what Newman says thus applies to the learned and unlearned believers alike. He points out how few were the obvious logical evidences on which the first hearers of Christianity believed—how small a field they covered of considerations such as mere logical acumen could gauge. No doubt, when we study modern books of evidence, we find a goodly array of arguments; but many of these arguments—whether they are good or bad—were simply not present to those who believed in the days of Christ Himself. They are largely drawn from facts which had no existence in those days. The constancy of the martyrs is advanced as a proof, but the martyrs themselves believed before their constancy was put to the proof. The triumph of Christianity and formation of Christendom are invoked as evidence. But belief in Christianity had to precede the triumph of believers. Thus to some extent even the most learned were in those early days in the same position as the multitudes of unlearned who should believe and did believe without systematic study of evidences. This point was very vividly present to

Newman's penetrating mind, and he prefers to state the weak side of the logical case for belief rather than to fail in facing a real difficulty. For he is confident in his cause, and, therefore, fearless in sifting facts. The poor and the unlettered believe in virtue of a right state of heart. That is an unquestioned fact. But how can a right state of heart lead them to be in such a matter more accurate in their estimate than the learned and educated who do not believe? This question haunts Newman. He evidently holds that the action of our moral nature has a far deeper *rational* import than is commonly supposed. How (he asks) can this be?

The moral element is often referred to by apologists as though it meant merely goodwill or an open mind ready to take in an argument. This does not at all satisfy Newman as an explanation adequate to the actual facts of the case. He evidently believes that the action of the moral nature contributes more than this. He suggests that that action really involves a deep element in our rational nature which we are incapable of analysing fully—the quasi-instinctive recognition of a subconscious philosophy in human nature corresponding with Christianity. This supplements his earlier contention that clearness of statement or even of thought is often not the principal essential for the recognition of deep truth. Rationalism is, in his judgment, the clear apprehension of a partial or narrow philosophical system incommensurate with the facts of the world and of human nature. It concurs not with philosophy, but with what he terms bigotry. Faith, on the other hand, is less clear in its apprehension, but touches deeper and more numerous grounds of belief. It is the *obscure* apprehension of a profound and comprehensive philosophy, while Rationalism is the *clear* apprehension of a narrow and shallow philosophy.

In the last but one of these sermons he describes Christian wisdom, which, in its fullness, dwells in the Holy Spirit, as belonging also in some measure to the few perfect and more philosophical Christians, the doctors of the Church, who are guides to others. We are brought back again in

another form to the guidance and fellowship of the Christian community. Just as the unlettered participate in the results of the general scientific knowledge of a community, which they cannot themselves discover or prove, so it is in a measure with religious beliefs. The analogy of the belief of the uneducated in other fields, in science, history, mathematics, is to some extent preserved in the matter of religious belief. The conclusions and reasonings of the experts in both cases permeate the society. Experience on the whole shows the unlearned that they are in good hands. They are influenced by more reasons than they can explain. The simple believers are part of a great rational system of which they are dimly conscious, but which they cannot fully analyse, though their wiser fellow-Christians approach nearer than they to its analysis. Of these earnest but unphilosophical Christians, who have faith and not wisdom, he writes, 'If they set themselves to reason, they use arguments which appear to be faulty, as being but types and shadows of those which they really feel, and attempts to analyse that vast system of thought which is their life, but not their instrument.'[1]

He seems to regard the wise Christian thinker as having, in relation to the great problem of religion, a mind in its own sphere similar to that of a great discoverer like Sir Isaac Newton, who approaches the thoughts of Nature, but never reaches them in all their fullness. Galileo and Newton detected by a process, which they could not at first adequately justify as rational, facts which they afterwards found to be explained by the Copernican system and the law of gravitation. Newman suggests that even the simple Christian may participate in the first step though his powers of analysis may be unequal to the last. He suggests that divine grace may enable the simple Christian to be conscious that he is in the presence of a great and true system embodied in the Christian revelation—a system to which he is justified in giving his confidence, though he cannot understand or trace its proofs as can the wiser and more learned. The underlying postulate seems in both cases to be similar. The

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 305.

facts of physics—the pace at which a stone falls, combinations of chemistry, the movements of the planets—are found to correspond to a mathematical system in the human mind. *ὁ θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ*, says Plato. So also the realities which religion recognises correspond with a philosophy in human nature. In both cases the correspondence is a matter of which some are far more explicitly aware than others. Yet it is a correspondence between the microcosm and the macrocosm. That correspondence becomes far larger in the case of the scientific thinker, but even with him, though it steadily increases, it is never fully reached.

Such is the general line of Newman's argument. Its characteristic note is its clear recognition of actual facts with the difficulties they present individually and the strength they supply collectively; and its aversion from a mere clearness and ingenuity of argument which may ignore some of the facts contained in the sum of experience and consequently pretend to a cogency which is spurious. He returned to it in the 'Grammar of Assent.' I have gone into it at some length because it gives the most haunting thoughts of his life.

Newman's first considerable work in the historical field was the 'History of the Arians of the Fourth Century.' It was undertaken as a historical manual of small pretensions—one of a popular series. But the reader sees at once that its writer is closely occupied in it with the very problem—on its historical side—which inspired the philosophy of the 'University Sermons.' His justification of religious faith rested largely on the conscience and moral nature of mankind at large. But Christianity was a special form of religion obviously bounded in time and place. It first appeared in Judea 1900 years ago. If Christianity contained a deep philosophy of life normal to human nature, then surely the Christian message must be in part, at least, the expression of realities which are eternal and universal, not local or belonging to a special time. And this in effect is the view which he found when he came to study the history of the Alexandrian School, of which St. Clement was the chief exponent.

According to their view, revelation was, in some sense, universal. Christianity was a further and truer development of those truths of religion which had been from the first revealed to mankind, though they had in course of time become corrupted through human sin and error. Newman goes on to point out that St. Paul indicated the same view as St. Clement; that in preaching to the Greeks, 'while he strenuously opposes all that is idolatrous, immoral, and profane, in their creed, he will profess to be leading them on to perfection, and to be recovering and purifying, rather than reversing the essential principles of their belief.'[1]

This is the first line of argument of special importance in Newman's 'History of the Arians.' But there is another chapter which has perhaps yet greater significance in relation to his central quest, the philosophical explanation of actually existing Christianity. The arguments set forth in the 'University Sermons' apply most obviously to the acceptance by those who heard Him of Our Lord's simple teaching in the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon in the Plain and the divine claim of the Teacher. But the elaborate dogmatic system of contemporary theology in the nineteenth century which he was teaching from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, and which was expressed in the liturgy in which he took part, was something very different from this simple teaching. So elaborate a system as the Anglican theology was, at first sight, far less easy to justify by its correspondence to the moral nature of man. It seems to have a far less close relation to the life of the soul which it is the primary object of religion to secure, than the unearthly Beatitudes preached by Christ to the multitude. In the chapter entitled 'The Principle of the Formation and Imposition of Creeds,' Newman faces this fact. He seems to hold that the simple teaching of the early Church prior to dogmatic definition was the ideal state of things; but that such an ideal condition could not possibly, as historically it did not, last without protective additions to the early teaching in face of the facts of human nature. The genesis of dogmatic definitions is somewhat like the genesis

[1] *Arians of the Fourth Century*, p. 84.

of laws. The peaceful enforcement of virtue by wise exhortation in a well-regulated family becomes impossible in a larger society, in which rules must be more exact and penalties must be enforced. Somewhat similarly the growth of the Christian society demanded a more defined creed. Subtle minds would, and did, in fact, speculate as to the exact logical import and consequences of a message, the original preaching of which was not logical, but rather conceived in terms of parable and incompletely expressed philosophy. Gnostics and, later on, the Arians, introduced speculations which damaged the essential character of the Christian message. And the memory of that message in its original form grew dim from lapse of time, and liable to corruption. Both these causes made it absolutely necessary for the Church to protect by definition those aspects of her message which false speculations would deface. Such definitions had to take their form partly from the speculations they condemned. Consequently the simplicity of earlier expressions had to be abandoned. The definitions were defences—lacking the beauty and simplicity of Christ's words, but necessary. Only aspects of the Christian teaching were expressed and defined—those which heretics or rationalists had explained away—and they lacked the beauty and symmetry of the whole of which they were but aspects. They were defined, moreover, by human analogies as 'Father,' 'Son,' or philosophical phrases and ideas, as 'nature,' 'person.' Definitions represented many aspects of simple truths; thus there is no real opposition between the multiplicity of dogmas and the simplicity of earlier belief. The early councils were all occupied with minutely safeguarding the one simple and primary doctrine of Christianity, that Christ was truly God, and that He was truly man.

All this analysis of Newman was wrought out in a historical investigation. It was, as I said in my first lecture, a careful inquiry into a department of Christian origins. For Newman himself it was not an exercise of historical research for its own sake, but an essential link in the rational justification of existing orthodox Christianity for

educated men and thinkers—the central object of all his work.

'The History of the Arians,' then, offers a historical justification for regarding Christianity as the development and complement of the religion to which human nature points. It exhibits Christianity as the completion of a religious revelation which was universal, and it shows historically how the elaborate dogmatic formulæ so prominent in Catholic theology arose of necessity from earlier and simpler Christianity, not as its rival or as changing it, but as its protection against essential corruption.

But there remained the problem of the immense extent of the changes if we compare the Christianity of the early Christians with that of the nineteenth century. And the consideration of this phenomenon led to the third work we are considering, namely, the 'Essay on the Development of Christian doctrine.' It was comparatively easy to show how the early definitions were necessary to safeguard the simple truth that Christ was true God and true Man, and to protect the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity. As time advanced, however, the causes which called for further exposition of aspects of dogmatic truth to prevent the corruption of Christianity by rationalism naturally very greatly multiplied. A more thorough examination of the facts and wider generalisations became necessary in this more extended inquiry. The contrast between the first form and the latest becomes startling. The 'Essay on Development' traces the general character of the events and the changes which led to this great transformation. He treats in it of Christianity as a living idea energising amid those communities which it possesses, and spreading to fresh countries. Such an idea, as time goes on,

> enters upon strange territory [he writes], points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations; and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.[1]

[1] *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 40.

In these bold and pregnant sentences we have the root cause of later developments in dogmatic theology.

The immense multiplication of dogmatic formulæ witnesses at once to the many aspects of Divine Truth, and to our inability adequately to compass it intellectually. We preserve the simple prayers of the early Church side by side with the human language of theological definitions which is indispensable and yet, as being human, inadequate to the Divine Reality.

Many thinkers have been contemptuous and impatient of theological subtleties. But Newman points out that they have not faced the necessities of history and of human nature. These subtleties are, of course, not in themselves the living and inspiring part of religion. But they have been necessary to the preservation of what is living and inspiring. Both the simple prayers of the early Church and the complex theology of the later represent one and the same religion, the definitions protecting those simple truths which are the life of the prayers. They have been essential to actual operative religion as the dry details of the Statute Book and the proceedings of the Law Courts are necessary to the welfare of a nation, to its healthy life and best energies. Had Christians attempted to dispense with the subtleties of orthodox theology, the heterodox speculations of Gnostics and Arians would have defaced the gospel teaching, and the process, if continued long enough, might have reduced Christianity to a fable. Mr. Froude has left it on record that Carlyle in his old age was forcibly impressed by this fact in respect of the Arian controversy. Mr. Froude's own words on the subject are worth quoting :

> In earlier years [Carlyle] had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong, and he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Hom*o*ousion and the Hom*oi*ousion. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend.[1]

[1] *Thomas Carlyle's Life in London*, by J. A. Froude, vol. ii. p. 494.

I feel so strongly that we have in the line of thought I have outlined the key to all Newman's most serious writing that I will briefly recapitulate the main theses I have urged.

His great object was to strengthen contemporary Christianity, and he had a special eye to the anti-Christian and sceptical movement of thought, which he foresaw, and to the plausibility of which he was especially alive.

In 1855 he had distinctly outlined the agnostic attitude, which was not explicitly formulated by its advocates before the 'seventies.

He saw that its sources lay in the imagination as well as in the reason, notably in the peculiar intellectual atmosphere created by the immensely successful developments of modern science.

The great antidote to this agnostic atmosphere was, in his eyes, the atmosphere created by the teaching and ordinances of the visible Christian Church. But he was intent also on showing that the Church did not by her action foster prejudice; that her action only deepened and secured in practice the view which right reason justified. Owing to its weakness the human reason—as Pascal also noted—needed the support of other influences to keep it firm to its own decisions.

In tracing the reasonable justification of existing Christian belief he entered the three fields of philosophy, history, and theology.

In the 'Oxford University Sermons' his quest was mainly philosophical. He endeavoured to show how faith in Christianity was even in simple and uneducated minds reasonable. And he found the turning-point which distinguished the believer from the unbeliever in their different estimate of the import of the fact of the correspondence of Christianity with man's rational and moral nature. It was chiefly that correspondence which won the faith of those whom Christ addressed, before the evidence from the actual history of Christianity existed. He regarded Christian faith as the obscure recognition of a deep and wide philosophy commensurate with human nature, and rationalism as a clear recognition of a narrow philosophy not commensurate with human nature.

In his work on the Arians he entered into the domains of history and theology, and he showed (*a*) that Christianity, though in one sense temporary and local, nevertheless had a right to appeal to its correspondence with human nature as being the true fulfilment of the best in all religions, and (*b*) that the complex theology of modern days, far from being opposed to the simple teaching of Christ, was historically the outcome of successive efforts to preserve the essence of that teaching against rationalistic assaults. Its complexity was largely due to the variety of those assaults.

In the 'Essay on Development,' the fields of philosophy, history, and theology are all three covered, and Newman shows that great external transformations and theological developments are inevitable in a system which energised for so long a period amid constantly changing civilisations. But the religion is as much larger and richer than the theology which protects it and represents its essential beliefs, as the life of a civilised community is fuller and richer than the laws which preserve its well-being.

The inspiring motive, then, of all his work in philosophy, history, theology, and apologetic alike was his one absorbing object, namely, to keep the Christian faith alive for his disciples and for the world. Thus, as I argued in my first lecture, his variety had its very source in the unity of his aim and in a determination to be real and thorough in the limits marked out by that aim—just the qualities a dilettante lacks.

And this unity of aim was the quality which made him the inspiring genius of the movement of '33, and a force more massive still, and having, in some ways, wider if slower-moving influence in his later work. He concentrated his energies as a religious leader in exhibiting the value of a visible Church, as the champion of true philosophical principles in an indifferentist world, the guardian and support of the weak intellect of man as of his conscience, amid the pressure of worldly maxims and human passion. He did so as the champion of the Catholic Church—first, as he thought of that Church in his Oxford days, and afterwards as he thought of it after 1845.

But, moreover, it is just to this intense concentration on one aim that we owe the peculiar beauty of his style. The 'regal English' of which the up-to-date critics talk so politely would never have reached its heights—would probably have never even existed—but for the one dominating passion which inspired the writer; and that passion is the exhibition of just what such critics regard as the blot on his genius—what they look at askance as sectarian. The flame of conviction burnt too brightly in Newman to hide itself. In him were united parts usually divided. Penetrating thought exercised on life and history, and literary brilliance, were allied with the enthusiasm of a religious leader—light and heat were blended. He believed it to be his mission to impart to others the helpful views gained by his own religious thought and experience. He has told us that he could not write at all without the stimulus of duty. The enthusiasm of his mission created the great style. Thus those who admire the style and ignore the thinker and the apostle are really separating what it is impossible to separate. They want the flower, but condemn planting and watering as empty ritual. 'The elocution of a great intellect is great,' he himself writes. 'His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self.'[1] All his works are in some sense a record of his personal history, taking their pathos from his suffering, and their eloquence from his joys and his achievements. But on this fruitful theme I shall speak in my next lecture.

APPENDIX TO LECTURE II.[2]

The nature of the whole argument in the 'Essay on Development' must be very carefully observed, and this is what superficial critics have often missed. They regard

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 280.

[2] The following passages were found in one of the MS. editions of the lectures, and though omitted when read, owing probably to want of time or to the intention of developing them elsewhere, seem to find their proper place in an appendix to this lecture.—ED.

the book as a clever tract, purporting to prove the truth of the later developments of Romanism. But the nature of the book is stated clearly enough in its Introduction. Newman saw and foresaw the course that rationalistic criticism of the early history of Christianity was likely to take. Christianity is, it avers, subject to precisely the same vicissitudes as any other of the many phases of religious belief in history. The upholders of unchanging dogma are striving against inevitable changes. The idea of a faith which is ever the same is false to history. Newman, on the contrary, holds that one may face the facts of history quite frankly, and yet see amid all changes the permanence of Christ's message. Once we admit that Christianity is a distinctive and living idea possessing a group of living men, we have the forces telling at once for essential permanence of the idea and for accidental change in its expression. The *intransigeance* of the Church which is decried as impotent obscurantism does, in fact, secure the essential permanence of the Christian message. The changes are the necessary responses to the changing society around it, and relate to the expression of the message, not to its essence. Newman frankly faces the changes history exhibits both in the external form of the Church's social aspect and in its method of expression in its doctrinal aspect; but he points out that the resistance to change which, in the eyes of the infidel, means the ineffectual obscurantism of an effete creed in face of a general advance of thought, admits also of being viewed as the tenacious adherence to the unchanging type of an unearthly and divine system. The combination of sameness of type with power of assimilation in the exhibition of the Christian idea affords proof that it is a living idea, corresponding to a reality. Here again we have an historical examination which M. Loisy, in the days when he was hardly yet a theist, but only a specialist in historical criticism, hailed as accurate and scientific. But we have also a further complement to the evidence for Christianity. No doubt the Anglican will hold that some of the Roman developments are corruptions. But the

essential argument stands, for all who look at Christianity historically, and see in development the necessary alternative to decay or fossilisation. Newman broached no rash or novel theory on the subject, but kept closely to the unanswerable ground of fact. Actually, in each generation the guardians of dogma have professed to be maintaining the message that has been handed down to them. But in order to do so it has been necessary to devise some form of expression which should exclude the novel and false analysis of the heretic or innovator. This is the rationale of new definitions in every age. Thus the new phrase 'in two natures' was added at Chalcedon to protect the old truth that Christ was true Man as well as true God, which the Monophysites denied. The orthodox of each age have regarded these defined expressions as the true statement called for by the emergency of a heresy which has defaced some particular aspect of the traditional Christianity. Yet no theologian has claimed that the terms of any human analogy of philosophy *adequately* express Divine Truth. The expression is analogical. And its inadequacy admittedly leads to what are seeming contradictions or mysteries in the human expression of a Divine Truth which is in itself wholly consistent. Thus theological controversy and definition has been not a substitute for, or opponent of the earlier and simpler form of religion, but the guardian of its original direction. It has not replaced the gospel message, but has defended it, and fenced it round. But the dogmatic phrases are not empty symbols. Christians believe that when they can see the Divine Reality face to face, when they know It as It is, and can compare the reality with the human experience, they will find each of the human phrases and ideas of defined dogmas—Father, Son, Nature, Person—to have been true representations of that Reality. The idea, 'though earthly,' Newman writes, '. . . belongs to the [heavenly] archetype, in a sense in which no other earthly idea belongs to it, as being the nearest approach to it which our present state allows.'[1] The immense multiplication of

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 340.

dogmatic formulæ witnesses at once to the many aspects of Divine Truth, and to our inability adequately to compass it intellectually. We preserve the simple prayers of the early Church side by side with the human language of theological definitions which are indispensable, and yet, as being human, inadequate to the Divine Reality.

LECTURE III.

THE SOURCES OF NEWMAN'S STYLE.

THE critics whose view I deprecated in my first lecture have endeavoured to treat Newman's literary gifts as something apart from his deepest work. They have hailed the poet who wrote 'Lead, kindly Light,' and 'The Dream of Gerontius'; they record the magic touch of his 'Oxford Sermons' on the minds of their hearers. Most of all they have dwelt on his 'regal' English style as a prose writer. All this they would wish to treasure and remember. It is otherwise with what they regard as his 'controversial' writing—with his theology and his studies in ecclesiastical history. The theology is set aside by them as consisting of technical and out-of-date discussions. The history is regarded as highly ingenious special pleading for Rome. I maintain, on the contrary, that many essays which they call 'controversy' contain the impress of Newman's mind and soul, the record of an eventful personal history and experience which is the *main* source of all that is recognised as so beautiful in the style. If this is so the attempted separation is unreal and undiscerning. The style faithfully reflects the journey of his mind in its various stages. The austere severity of his earlier and more tentative inquiries gave place to the peculiar beauty and persuasiveness of his presentment of the vistas which gradually opened out before his mind as time went on. He found meaning, harmony, and beauty in wholes, where the several parts, looked at separately, had seemed at first discordant and unintelligible. And the style varied as the shape of his own experience changed.

But again, theological controversy is never allowed in his pages to become parochial or out-of-date, for it knows its place and its relation with those deeper, universal, and eternal problems to which it ministered in his own mental history. And his historical writing, far from being special pleading in the ordinary sense, has no more prominent characteristic than its frankness and its patient recognition of all that tells against his own conclusions. Moreover, in all his writing alike, the close touch on fact, whether it be the facts of human psychology, including religious experience, or the facts of history, is a marked feature. Hence in his hands even technical investigations are human, are literature.

The fact, then, that his writing is largely a reflection of his mental and moral history leaves its deep impress on the style, and gives it its depth, its gravity, its volume. The brooding imagination so often apparent tells of deep and hard-won conviction as distinguished from mere ingenuity expended in defending this or that position. The style has qualities which a mere literary man does not possess—for whom artistic effect is the beginning and end of his aim. It conveys, in one place, his own suffering and labour; in another the sense of triumph at conviction laboriously won. The outcome of this experience possesses the whole man, gradually making his views deeper and wider; and his aim is to convey to others the solemn lesson of his own life. This imparts a deep note as of a great bell to their expression, where a mere master of phrases can, at the very best, only ring out, however skilfully, his thinner tones.

Newman himself more than once expressed his feeling that really great writing can be achieved only by something very different from the aim at diction for its own sake. Familiarity with good models—for we know that Gibbon and Cicero both affected him—is only a preparation. His artist's nature, his sense of form, was cultivated and perfected by such reading. It tuned the instrument, so to speak. But the really great style, the great performance on the instrument, is achieved (so he maintains in a paragraph I shall read directly) primarily by conviction and thought

stimulating the writer to their expression. It can never be gained merely by a study of the tricks of graceful diction.

A great author [he writes in one of the Dublin Lectures] is not one who merely has a *copia verborum,* whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. . . . He is master of the two-fold *Logos,* the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him. . . . That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity.[1]

His view is put yet more forcibly in another page of the same work from which I quoted a sentence in a previous lecture:

Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. . . . And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree. . . . That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilises his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if *κύδεϊ γαίων,* rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource.[2]

[1] *Idea of a University,* pp. 291–2. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 279–280.

But one quality was more marked in him than in many great writers, namely, his close touch on the minds of those whom he is directly addressing. 'My own motive for writing,' he says in a letter to W. G. Ward, 'has been the sight of a truth *and the desire to show it to others.*' And what he wrote had so to be written that those others could see it. '*Cor ad cor loquitur*'—the motto he chose as a Cardinal—conveys this quality which communicates itself to his style. His style, therefore, differs considerably according to the particular audience he is addressing. It differs not only according to the particular stage in his history which it represents, but according to the readers or hearers he has in view. Refinement and self-restraint are apparent at Oxford. This restraint is sometimes due to a certain tentativeness in his thought. But it also arises from the *milieu* in which he speaks. His audience belonged mainly to the cultivated classes, and included persons of considerable intellectual refinement. The Birmingham Sermons are of a more popular character—more pictorial, less analytical. And he paints in broader colours and introduces more scenic effects for an audience drawn from a commercial town which is presumably less fastidious and less sensitive to delicate lights and shades. These sermons sometimes set forth, with insistence and vividness of illustration, ideas which had been touched on with far greater reserve at Oxford. It is noteworthy that he nearly always had a special audience in view when he wrote. He said of Tract 90 that the attack on it arose from an essay written for one set of people being read and misunderstood by another set. The lectures of 1849 on 'Anglican Difficulties' were avowedly limited in their appeal to the adherents of the Oxford Movement of 1833, who had stopped short of Rome. When he went to Ireland to found the Catholic University in Dublin, he feared at first, as he writes in a letter to a friend, that he would simply break down from not knowing the character of his audience—so necessary for his inspiration was the method of direct address to minds which he knew how to touch. In the event, after he had resided for some time in Dublin, we

find his Irish manner developing, and though he addressed a cultivated audience, the style is distinctly more rhetorical, even occasionally to the point of verboseness, than the style of the memorable Oxford Lectures in Adam de Brome's chapel on the Prophetic Office of the Church. In one of his Irish lectures he avowed this sense of his audience which determined his manner, and appealed to the sanction of Aristotle.

Aristotle [he wrote], in his celebrated treatise on Rhetoric, makes the very essence of the art lie in the precise recognition of a hearer. It is a relative art, and in that respect differs from Logic, which simply teaches the right use of reason, whereas Rhetoric is the art of persuasion, which implies a person who is to be persuaded.[1]

But another point has to be observed. The artist in him ever touched and retouched what he had written. Yet he was careful to explain that even this process was due to no mere love of literary form for its own sake, but was inspired by the wish that the idea present to his own mind should be quite truly expressed and imparted to others by his words. 'The mere dealer in words,' he writes, 'cares little or nothing for the subject which he is embellishing, but can paint or gild anything whatever to order.' His own method, on the contrary, was that of the true artist who, as he expresses it, 'has his great or rich visions before him, and [whose] only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels.'[2] Thus, not only his initial eloquence but the very refinement of the art wherewith he retouched and perfected his first sketch was inspired by the pictures which his mind was led to form by its laborious thought and study.

The following letter of 1869, in which he speaks directly of his own style, remarkably confirms the account I have just given:

I may truly say, [he writes to Mr. Hayes] that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 415. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 285.

writing's sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz. to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and rewritings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago.[1]

As quite a curious contrast to this confession of one master of style, let me read the words of another—Robert Louis Stevenson—sent to me by a friend who had seen the quotation I have just read:

> Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. . . . I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann.[2]

Stevenson, then, seems to have adopted a system of imitation in curious contrast to the spontaneity of the Oxford leader.

Let us now consider a few of Newman's actual works in illustration of the remarks I have made. We may note that his first considerable book was undertaken in personal conditions which contained *none* of the sources of the beauty of his later style. The 'History of the Arians' was not addressed to any special audience, and thus lacked the inspiration that Newman's style ever drew from the effort to touch and move those whom he personally addressed. And it preceded the momentous issues of the Oxford Movement which gave Newman the inspiration of a Mission. It was originally written to order as one of a series of historical manuals. To write it was mainly an opportunity for clearing its author's own mind on the significance of early Christian history.

[1] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, edited by Anne Mozley, vol. ii. p. 477.

[2] *Memories and Portraits*, by R. L. Stevenson (1887), p. 59.

These circumstances reflect themselves in the style —one might almost say the absence of style. 'Homely,' is the epithet applied to its form by Hutton. The results of highly laborious research are somewhat dryly set forth, and the important philosophical generalisations gradually reached are enforced with earnestness indeed, but without enthusiasm. Even the dignity which ordinarily attends on the impartial statement of the results of an historical survey—which marks such a work as Harnack's 'History of Dogma'—is to some extent impaired by a somewhat hortatory style which, while it never stirs the reader by reaching the pitch of eloquence, yet gives the book, in the eyes of the scientific critic, a slight taint of religiosity.

The 'Parochial and Plain Sermons,' which extend from the 'twenties to the late 'thirties, and many of which were therefore written while he was preparing his work on the Arians, are extremely simple in style—self-restrained, even austere. They were addressed at first to his parishioners at St. Mary's, but were more and more numerously attended by undergraduates and the younger University dons as the Movement came to attract young Oxford. There is considerable literary skill and imagination shown in his frequent use of the Old Testament, which he knew almost by heart, and the lessons of which he applied with great felicity and reality, and with an invariable avoidance of unreality. In one famous sermon of the Oxford period preached at Littlemore—on 'The Parting of Friends'—this power is exercised with pathos and eloquence of a very high order, inspired by the circumstances of the moment —for it was the last he preached before the great change which separated him from Oxford. But 'The Parting of Friends' is an exception, and the word 'eloquence' can hardly be used of any of the Parochial Sermons of St. Mary's. Their sure touch on the minds and motives of men, their frank facing of the facts of life, impart to them a peculiar delicacy and persuasiveness. They often bring the convincing surprise we experience when our thoughts are read truly. They have the beauty of simplicity, restraint, and refinement in the expression of beautiful

thoughts and the beauty of a deep spirituality. Their powerful effect was mainly due to the wonderful insight whereby he revealed the thoughts of many hearts, and thereby often changed the lives of his hearers. But they evince none of the richness or imaginative power, none of the rhetorical *élan* of his later literary style. The magic of the preacher was not at the time traced to oratorical eloquence. One of his finest critics—Dean Church—points out their contrast in this respect to the sermons of the great French preachers, Massillon and Bourdaloue. This contrast could not be maintained in respect of the most eloquent of the Birmingham Discourses.

There is nothing in the earlier sermons in the least parallel to the splendid rhetoric with which he describes Mary Magdalen in the Birmingham discourse on 'Purity and Love,' nothing parallel to the triumphant march of the 'Second Spring.' The characteristic developments of the later manner are at their highest point in these two sermons. But the contrast may perhaps be sufficiently illustrated by quotations from two others—one of the earlier, the other of the later period,—in which the same theme is treated.

'The World our Enemy' belongs to the early Oxford time; 'God's Will the End of Life' to the Birmingham time. The theme of both is the necessity of detachment from the world. In both he regards the world first as God's creation, a curious and interesting phenomenon, not evil, but good in its own way, yet a distraction which makes us forgetful of the realities which lie beyond this visible scene and which matter most for us. Next, he regards it as tainted by original sin, spoken of in Scripture as *in maligno positus*, as our enemy constantly infecting us with evil maxims. And finally in both sermons he preaches 'woe' to the sinner who is fatally tainted by the world's poison. But the manner of the two is wholly distinct. At Oxford he is reserved, very simple, analytical, reflective. At Birmingham he is rhetorical, he is hortatory; there are the purple patches which mark the orator. In the two sermons taken as a whole the contrast is unmistakable; but I can indicate

it sufficiently by reading from each the concluding words. Here is the conclusion of the Oxford sermon—just a few words of solemn and tender warning, not to be called a peroration:

Look not about for the world as some vast and gigantic evil far off—its temptations are close to you, apt and ready, suddenly offered and subtle in their address. Try to bring down the words of Scripture to common life, and to recognise the evil in which this world lies, in your own hearts.

When our Saviour comes, He will destroy this world, even His own work, and much more the lusts of the world, which are of the Evil One; then at length we must lose the world even if we cannot bring ourselves to part with it now. And we shall perish with the world, if on that day its lusts are found within us. 'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.' [1]

That is his manner at St. Mary's, Oxford—simple, suggestive, restrained, austere. Now let me read the words of solemn warning contained in the peroration to his Oratorian Sermon:

The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas! alas! and woe! woe! over the loss of vocations, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorn of God's love, and the ruin of souls. . . . Times come and go, and men will not believe, that that is to be which is not yet, or that what is now, only continues for a season, and is not eternity. The end is the trial; the world passes; it is but a pageant and a scene; the lofty palace crumbles, the busy city is mute, the ships of Tarshish have sped away. On heart and flesh death is coming; the veil is breaking. Departing soul, how hast thou used thy talents, thy opportunities, the light poured around thee, the warnings given thee, the grace inspired into thee? [2]

Such is the contrast between the earlier Anglican manner of Oxford and the Oratorian manner in Birmingham—a contrast which will be found by those who read the sermons as wholes to be yet more striking than in the extracts I

[1] *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 40.
[2] *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, pp. 122–3.

have given. It is certainly untrue to say of the latter what Dean Church said of the former—that it does not show the gifts of the orator. Some may prefer the earlier, but for rhetorical and imaginative power there is no question that the palm must be given to the latter.

The transition from one style to the other is visible in the later Oxford writings which record the change in his outlook and the approach to that clearer and more coherent view of difficult problems which had so much to do with the tone of confidence and the passion visible in the later style. We see the process of transition in the course of his 'Oxford University Sermons' and in the 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.'

The University Sermons ranged from 1826 to 1843. In the last few of them we begin to see signs of the later style. The first instances of his real eloquence are apparent in the last two of the series. They are, as we have already seen, mainly a sustained effort to think out the true rationale of Christian belief as against the growing attitude of religious negation. They therefore illustrate far more than the Parochial Sermons the anxious labour of Newman's own mind and soul, and his actual achievement in solving difficulties in religious thought which long oppressed him. And this fact is faithfully reflected in their style as they advance. In the last of the series we have evidence of a great mental effort accomplished at high pressure. He gradually saw in the positive development of theology the natural alternative to the negation of the initial affirmations of Christian teaching. This development represented the human mind struggling to hold on to and express, however imperfectly, truths which are beyond it, in place of rejecting what it could so insufficiently grasp and analyse. This position was essential to the teaching of the Tractarians. He gradually interprets the elaborations of dogmatic theology which may appear, *prima facie*, to be meticulous hair-splitting, defacing the beauty of Christ's simple teaching—an assertion so freely made by Evangelicals and Latitudinarians—as being in reality a great economical system representing under inadequate human symbols the transcendent realities of another

world. This was to develop much more fully in the field of philosophical thought the origin of dogmatic formulæ which as a matter of history he had traced in outline in the 'Arians,' and accordingly it involved a great effort both of philosophical thought and of historical imagination. That effort issues in one of the earliest passages in his prose writings, which is famous for its literary beauty, in which he suggests that musical sounds and combinations may be in truth, like dogma itself, earthly symbols representing divine realities. This passage has often been isolated for quotation. But its value as an illustration of the creation of his style by the very process of his thought can only be appreciated by those who read the pages which precede it. They are too long for quotation in this place. But I will read enough to give an idea of the gradual *crescendo* whereby the mental effort of thinking out a profound and suggestive idea issued in a typical specimen of the beauty of his style. He is speaking of the human figures of speech and definitions employed in teaching the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation. And he maintains that, far from being due to intellectual hair-splitting unworthy of simple and great spiritual truths, they have arisen from attempts to express by human ideas the impression of divine truth formed by Christ's teaching on the mind of a Christian; that they convey a symbolic idea of the truths He taught, which, though no doubt wholly inadequate to the reality is nevertheless that best adapted to human limitations. Touch and hearing (he says) convey a true, but very imperfect idea to a blind man of the external objects known so much better by sight. Yet that idea suffices for his more immediate needs in locomotion and communication with his fellows. And a limitation similar in kind though less in degree attaches to all our sensible knowledge. It conveys an idea of the real world, true enough for our human needs, yet the reality as known to God indefinitely transcends the picture we form of it in terms of our poor five senses. This starts the question of the relativity of knowledge and the imparting of knowledge by economies and figures suited to the limitations of the recipient. And the subject

gradually develops in his mind, and he illustrates it by a variety of instances from which I will select a few:

Children, who are made our pattern in Scripture [he writes], are taught, by an accommodation, on the part of their teachers, to their immature faculties and their scanty vocabulary. To answer their questions in the language which we should use towards grown men, would be simply to mislead them, if they could construe it at all. . . . To speak to a blind man of light and colours, in terms proper to those phenomena, would be to mock him; we must use other media of information accommodated to his circumstances, according to the well-known instance in which his own account of scarlet was to liken it to the sound of a trumpet. And so again, as regards savages, or the ignorant, or weak, or narrow-minded, our representations and arguments must take a certain form, if they are to gain admission into their minds at all, and to reach them. Again, what impediments do the diversities of language place in the way of communicating ideas! [1]

He gives further instances, and the idea grows on him and becomes more inspiring as it becomes more fertile.

Even between man and man, then [he argues], constituted, as they are, alike, various distinct instruments, keys, or *calculi* of thought obtain, on which their ideas and arguments shape themselves respectively, and which we must use, if we would reach them. The cogitative method, as it may be called, of one man is notoriously very different from that of another; of the lawyer from that of the soldier, of the rich from that of the poor. The territory of thought is portioned out in a hundred different ways. Abstractions, generalisations, definitions, propositions, all are framed on distinct standards; and if this is found in matters of this world between man and man, surely much more must it exist between the ideas of men, and the thoughts, ways, and works of God.[2]

Then he advances to our human methods of expressing immutable and eternal truths by mathematical science, in a sense the borderland of theology which treats of the eternal God. He points out that the differential and integral *calculus* and the *calculus* of variations use different

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 340–1. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 343–4.

symbols to explore the same territory of eternal and immutable principles.

Yet they are, [he writes] one and all, analyses, more or less perfect, of those same necessary truths, for which we have not a name, of which we have no idea, except in the terms of such economical representations. They are all developments of one and the same range of ideas; they are all instruments of discovery as to those ideas. They stand for real things, and we can reason with them, though they be but symbols, as if they were the things themselves for which they stand. Yet none of them carries out the lines of truth to their limits; first, one stops in the analysis, then another; like some calculating tables which answer for a thousand times, and miss in the thousand and first. While they answer, we can use them just as if they were the realities which they represent, and without thinking of those realities; but at length our instrument of discovery issues in some great impossibility or contradiction, or what we call in religion, a mystery. It has run its length; and by its failure shows that all along it has been but an expedient for practical purposes, not a true analysis or adequate image of those recondite laws which are investigated by means of it. It has never fathomed their depth, because it now fails to measure their course. At the same time, no one, because it cannot do everything, would refuse to use it within the range in which it will act; no one would say that it was a system of empty symbols though it be but a shadow of the unseen. Though we use it with caution, still we use it, as being the nearest approximation to the truth which our condition admits.

Then comes the famous passage:

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science

of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound: they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.[1]

I think it is apparent to anyone who reads in its context this well-known passage that the great idea which gives it its beauty dawned on his imagination, as his intellect explored at high pressure this fruitful theme of the economy in the communication between mind and mind, and rose to the thought of the Infinite Mind in communication with the finite.

The 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine,' like the later University Sermons, also belongs to the period of transition between the old style and the new. It is the first of his works which at all shows the full extent of his literary power. He first finds approximately the full reach of his instrument of style in its pages. This is indeed apparent only here and there. There is not in this essay the sustained beauty and uniformly high level which are

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 345–7.

visible in the 'Apologia,' or even in the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties,' in spite of their controversial character. But its finest pages show Newman at his very best. In imaginative sweep, in eloquence, in richness of language, in the pathos of the concluding paragraph, we find a combination which opens a new chapter in Newman's history as a writer. In no other of his writings is the white heat of eloquence more manifest. As that eloquence is all directed towards a particular conclusion, the charge of special pleading is an inevitable consequence, and no charge is more fatal to a reputation for historical thoroughness. Yet those who make the charge have missed the essential character of the work. The eloquence, the beauty of style, is largely a direct result of the writer's very candour. It speaks of triumph over difficulties directly faced and explicitly stated, which the uncandid special pleader would ignore, of a rough road traversed. But the journey had been accomplished when he wrote the book, and in the actual writing the triumphant note of arrival is apparent. The obstacles are recorded, but the pain and anxiety they once caused are lost in present happiness. We know from his letters and diaries that the time of waiting—during which it was written—was a period of heartache, of impending separation from dearest associations at Oxford and in the Church of England. The stress of his fateful inquiry left an ineffaceable mark. The vision of Rome beckoned him in the distance; the Church of his birth, lifelong friendships, the clinging hold of early and sacred memories, held him back. In the 'Apologia' he compared the struggle to that of the death agony. It changed even his habitual expression of face—hitherto (as he tells us in his diary) characterised by a smile with parted lips—to the sad look, the drawn features, with which his later photographs make us familiar. Yet we know also that he emerged from a sadness which left ineffaceable scars into a repose and peace of conviction which never left him. Both aspects of his story are visible in the style of this famous essay. A trail of glory is visible in many of its pages—thrown in retrospect on a rugged path which has led to a scene to him

so inspiring. Hence the peculiar character of the style. Let the anti-Roman theological critic of the work say what he may against its argument, if he has any sense of the deep pathos of the drama of a soul he cannot read without emotion those pages in which the intensity and rich colouring of the drama become apparent.

The brief Epilogue to the 'Essay on Development' is quite as famous as the passage on music in the last of the 'University Sermons.' 'It will be remembered as long as the English language endures,' is the comment on it of a great critic not himself a Catholic—Mr. Richard Hutton. Like the passage on music, it is the outcome of protracted mental tension issuing in a great and momentous conclusion.

Such were the thoughts concerning the 'Blessed Vision of Peace,' of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own Hands, nor leave him to himself;—while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason, in the things of Faith. And now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.

> Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine,
> Secundum verbum tuum in pace,
> Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare TUUM.

We have, then, to face the fact that the 'regal English' which the critics have glorified, including indeed many of the passages they have singled out for admiration, was directly inspired by the theology—the controversy—so many of them have despised. The two can no more be separated than the beauty of the human expression of a Saint can be separated from the soul that speaks through it. But I desire to enforce no paradox. It was not the

dry bones of theology as such that inspired his style ; it was the great thoughts which emerged in the course of discussions which might include issues in themselves technical or even merely logical or trivial, and which remained trivial in the hands of the dry-as-dusts or of those who could not see the wood for the trees. And his emergence from the restlessness of tentative experiments and laborious doubts into the peace of deep conviction—the 'blessed vision of peace'—imparted to his style a new and deeper tone. There is little doubt that both the depth and the repose of his conviction had much to do with the vital force which gave the elasticity and the variety to Newman's later style. Where the mind ceases from mental struggle and is free to concentrate on conveying to others thoughts that already possess itself, literary effect comes far more easily. This is, indeed, of the alphabet of the art of writing. Where a subject is difficult, it is again and again necessary to write twice : first, in order to find out clearly what we want to say ; secondly, in order to say it effectively and convincingly. Thus his own achievement of a clear view after protracted labour left him free in later life to concentrate his efforts on finding the best manner of successfully conveying it to others.

> It was not indeed till after he became a Roman Catholic [writes Hutton] that Dr. Newman's literary genius showed itself adequately in his prose writings . . . in irony, in humour, in eloquence, in imaginative force the writings of the later . . . portion of his career far surpass the writings of his theological apprenticeship.[1]

The mental process which I have described as the source of the beauty of Newman's later style added greatly to his persuasiveness as a writer. There are two opposite ways of being persuasive in writing. You may persuade by intensity though it be narrow, or by breadth of sympathy. You may impress people by the passionate strength of your own conviction even though it be one-sided. Or, on the other hand, you may persuade by breadth of view and

[1] *English Leaders of Religion : Cardinal Newman*, pp. 11, 190.

keen sympathy with the objections which readers may see to the view you hold, thereby winning their trust. In Newman, however, the two sources of persuasion were closely combined. His conviction was intense, yet it had been gained by one who had keenly felt and only gradually found the answer to the reasons against it. He sweeps into the triumphant current of his argument—triumphant because of the depth of his present conviction—just those facts which hostile critics have used against Christianity and against all religion.

Mr. Hutton has singled out as one of the charms of Newman's style the manner in which it thus includes the cross currents which tell against his main drift. And at times, as he[1] notes, this combination of a definite onward current with qualifying clauses forestalling objections is apparent in individual sentences. But often the combination is more apparent in long paragraphs. He states at times the sceptic's riddle as Ecclesiastes does, with the most vivid and unmistakable feeling of its force. Yet the reader never for a moment forgets the central avowal of his own undoubting religious belief. A signal instance of this is to be found in a well-known passage in the 'Apologia':

> If I looked into a mirror [he writes], and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator.

[1] 'It is a style, as I have said, that more nearly represents a clear atmosphere than any other which I know in English literature. It flows round you, it presses gently on every side of you, and yet like a steady current carries you in one direction too. On every facet of your mind and heart you feel the light touch of his purpose, and yet you cannot escape the general drift of his movement more than the ship can escape the drift of the tide. He never said anything more characteristic than when he expressed his conviction that, though there are a hundred difficulties in faith, into all of which he could enter, the hundred difficulties are not equivalent to a single doubt. That saying is most characteristic even of his style, which seems to be sensitive in the highest degree to a multitude of hostile influences which are at once appreciated and resisted, while one predominant and overruling power moves steadily on.'—*Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith: Cardinal Newman*, by R. H. Hutton, p. 59.

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope and without God in the world,'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.[1]

He thus presents the case for agnosticism with an imaginative sympathy with the agnostic view which is found in few Christian writers. Yet the man who thus sees and states the case against the being of God is the same who has told us that from his earliest years he rested in the thought of two luminously self-evident beings—himself and his Creator.

It is the same with the famous apologetic for the incidental failures of Roman Catholicism (in the Development Essay), in which their force as arguments against its claims is broken by the record of the parallel failures of the Christian Church in the fifth and sixth centuries. These are depicted as vividly as the apparent absence of God from His own creation is recognised in the passage just quoted. After a minute and unsparingly frank summary of the straits to which the Church was reduced about the year 500 by victorious assailants and internal corruptions, he thus sums up:

If then there is now a form of Christianity such, that it extends through the world, though with varying measures of prominence

[1] *Apologia* (Oxford University Press, 1913), pp. 334–5.

or prosperity in separate places ;—that it lies under the power of sovereigns and magistrates, in various ways alien to its faith ;—that flourishing nations and great empires, professing or tolerating the Christian name, lie over against it as antagonists ;—that schools of philosophy and learning are supporting theories, and following out conclusions, hostile to it, and establishing an exegetical system subversive of its Scriptures ;—that it has lost whole Churches by schism, and is now opposed by powerful communions once part of itself ;—that it has been altogether or almost driven from some countries ;—that in others its line of teachers is overlaid, its flocks oppressed, its Churches occupied, its property held by what may be called a duplicate succession ;—that in others its members are degenerate and corrupt, and are surpassed in conscientiousness and in virtue, as in gifts of intellect, by the very heretics whom it condemns ;—that heresies are rife and bishops negligent within its own pale ;—and that amid its disorders and its fears there is but one Voice for whose decisions the peoples wait with trust, one Name and one See to which they look with hope, and that name Peter, and that see Rome; —such a religion is not unlike the Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries.[1]

In both of these eloquent passages Newman's persuasiveness is due largely to the fact that the very objections which to the hostile critic had seemed final against the claim of the Catholic Church are set forth fully and even with sympathy, and are included in the onward march of his own mind to the acceptance of that claim. He pleads in the first passage, not on behalf of a Theism as luminous as the sun in the heavens, but of a 'hidden God' invisible to many, yet visible to the pure of heart. He pleads in the second not for a Church which realises all its ideals, but for a Church which has worked amid a world of sin and received from time to time wounds, the scars of which in the eyes of some disfigure its divine character almost beyond recognition.

One cannot but feel in reading the last passage I have quoted the profound justice of M. Loisy's protest against Auguste Sabatier's assertion that Newman was driven to make 'concessions' to history. 'He never attempted to

[1] *Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine*, pp. 321–2.

shut his eyes to a single truth,' writes M. Loisy. 'He had no thought of a "concession," but simply of explaining the facts of history in outlining his theory of Christian development.'

Now it will certainly be said that in some of these remarks I am doing a disservice to Newman's memory. People were ready to forget or to put in the background the fact that he was so poor a thing as an ecclesiastical controversialist, and to treat him as an English classic; to forget what Stanley calls the parochial side of him, and dwell on something world-wide—on literature as literature, style as style. Yet I am (it will be objected) doing all I can to prevent this, and trying to set the sectarian stamp on his best work, and on the style itself as part of its essence. I am depicting him as not merely a Christian controversialist (a rôle, even this, which indicates one who is heated and one-sided, and not among the truly great), but a Popish pamphleteer whose Popery is often of the very essence of his writing. The sting in this objection arises largely from the peculiar state of public opinion on religion in which we live, in which Roman Catholicism is identified with the limitations of its narrower exponents, and is regarded as inevitably 'sectarian' in the invidious sense of the term. Certainly, if the thoughts of Newman which so deeply marked his style were what may be truly called 'sectarian' arguments, his place among the immortals would be very insecure. But definite conviction is one thing. Its attainment by a sectarian path or its maintenance in a sectarian form is another. It is not the attaining to a definite conclusion, but the being insufficiently alive to the universe of facts as seen by others that is fatal to the highest claims as a thinker, and as a writer in cases where the writing and thought are in some sense inseparable. Those who fail to understand Newman are more open to this charge than Newman himself, who so clearly masters the negative position which he rejects. The author of the sermon on 'Wisdom as contrasted with Faith and Bigotry' can hardly be charged with narrowness of outlook, or with not being alive to the intellectual poverty involved

in 'bigotry,' however gifted the bigot may be. Pascal, like Newman, was a Christian and a Catholic thinker. His conviction was in later years absorbing; yet there was nothing sectarian in his thought. I make a similar claim for Newman. He dealt in controversies often disfigured by sectarianism, but never himself lost sight of a wider horizon.

But indeed we can never escape from the truth of Buffon's often quoted aphorism, 'Le style c'est l'homme même.' And 'the man' is what his own particular experience makes him. Newman's experience was in the field of religious inquiry, of the philosophy of theology. To attempt to find the complete man, the counterpart of the style, if we cut this field off, is intrinsically absurd. To take a noteworthy instance. What was in his own eyes the great discovery of his life—the functions of a world-wide Church in preserving Christianity from first to last—was recorded by the 'Essay on Development.' And the gaining of it fired his imagination and added richness and intensity to his style. We cannot divorce the style of the man from the nature of the experience he records in this work and which made him what he was. The richness and imagination visible in some pages of the 'Essay on Development' never afterwards left his writing. He had seen a vision. If to others it seems an illusion, to himself it was real. And it came with something of the keen sense of reward with which a glorious view bursts upon us suddenly at the summit of a mountain after a long and difficult ascent. Had it not been then for his personal history, his sufferings, his joys, his doubts, his faith, his laborious thought and its issue in 'the blessed vision of peace,' we should never have had some of his greatest writing. As with all mystics, the emergence from the Slough of Despond, from the struggle of indecision, gave an intensity of reality to his subsequent happiness; and this left an unmistakable impress on the style which no mere artistry could have effected. He was indeed contemptuous of the mere literary man who studied artistic effects instead of speaking out what was in his heart. A literary man, he once said, can say strong things because

no one believes he means them. The eloquence of the 'Apologia,' like that of the 'Development,' was the outcome of heartache and many tears. It records his experience in the field in which his life was lived, his participation in current controversies, his view of their relation to the deepest problems of human life.

And this brings me back to my original point of departure. His style is no mere ornament to be admired by literary connoisseurs. It was for him the medium by which, to use his chosen motto, 'heart speaketh unto heart.' It may be admired by the literary artists, but it was elaborated with no thought of them. It arose, as true eloquence ever arises, from his simple and earnest desire to communicate to others the experience of his own life, which moved him to deep feeling. And the record found expression in such shape as was natural to an exceptionally refined nature and cultivated mind with the artist's sense of form—just as charm of manner often follows spontaneously from sweetness and refinement. If the mere artist would praise Newman's style, let him; but his craft can no more fathom its deeper sources than one who draws a true picture of a great battlefield can therefore feel or depict all the sufferings of the wounded, all the exaltation of the conquerors.

LECTURE IV.

NEWMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I PROPOSE in this lecture to point out some of the contributions to philosophical thought which are to be found in Newman's writings. And while in my second lecture I emphasised the bearing of his thought on the great enterprise of his life—the strengthening of Christian faith—in this lecture I shall, on the contrary, deal primarily with his philosophy as philosophy, and endeavour to show its value in a field at once wider and narrower than the religious—wider as applying to a more general problem, narrower as appealing to specialists in philosophy rather than to the multitude of religious men.

I should not have the impertinence to pretend to prove Newman's depth as a thinker. I must leave the proof to his own words and thoughts. But experience shows that the care and sympathy requisite for the understanding of deep thought are not bestowed by those who do not look for it. People are apt to find only what they look for. If they look merely for brilliant literary qualities, or ingenious controversy, or persuasive rhetoric, or theological polemics, they find these things and no more. In Newman's writings all these things are actually present, and will be duly noted by all. Many will be satisfied that in noting them they have noted all that is there. The profound philosophy which is also there will not be seen by those who do not look for it.

The rhetorical manner in some portions of his philosophical writing, and the incomplete statement in others, the episodical occurrence of some of his philosophical ideas

in the course of theological tracts, as well as, in some cases, the controversial form of his arguments often prevents his contributions to philosophy from being obtrusively obvious. A real effort is needed to find them—and that effort will, in the ordinary course, not be made. Passages will be regarded, from Newman's eventual application of their argument, as special pleading for Rome, which contain in reality a subtle and candid analysis of the human mind, or a dispassionate survey of the forces at work in history. Many readers will note the ingenuity with which certain theories are enlisted on behalf of Roman conclusions, who will not note the deep thought and keen perception of the true character of problems of general interest, philosophical and historical, which created the theories themselves. With a view to obviating this failure I have already, in my first lecture, emphasised the misconception of Newman's genius which is, in so many quarters, current, and have pointed out that he combines what is very seldom combined—namely, the gifts of an advocate and literary artist with the brooding thought and conscientious search for truth of a philosopher.

In the present lecture I shall therefore attempt to put together some lines of his thought which relate to philosophical problems, and I shall separate them of set purpose from those applications to the Roman controversy which have disguised their true character from many. When I have so stated them, my task will be done; and they must be left to the judgment of philosophers for an estimate of their value.

The first point that strikes the careful reader is Newman's haunting sense of the difficulty of *any* adequate philosophy of knowledge, or *epistemology*, as it is called. In a letter of 1840 he writes:

> The human mind in its present state is unequal to its own powers of apprehension; it embraces more than it can master. I think we ought all to set out on our inquiries, I am sure we shall end them, with this conviction.[1]

[1] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, edited by Anne Mozley, vol. ii. p. 311.

In this statement that 'the human mind is unequal to its own powers of apprehension; it embraces more than it can master,' we have the key to his philosophy. It anticipates, more or less clearly, certain theories which have, in our own day, made a stir in the philosophical world. I will give three instances. He was the first to point out the immense importance of subconscious reasoning—'implicit reasoning,' as he called it. The processes analysed in the logical text-books which are fairly adequate as an account of conscious reasoning, are in many cases, he maintains, not equal to the complete analysis of the rational motives which actually lead the mind to its conclusions. And this is because those motives are largely subconscious. This is one case where the mind is unequal to its own powers of apprehension. It cannot explain what is subconscious. But secondly, besides his recognition of subconscious reasoning, he traced lines afterwards included, though with some differences, in another modern theory—which has become known as pragmatism,—a theory which estimates the significance of thought by its bearing on what is practical. Further, he was possessed by a third philosophical conception characteristic of our own day—the conception of evolution or development—of the evolution of thought in the human mind on which Hegel laid so much stress, and in the human race, of historical evolution, and, in a lesser degree, by that of biological evolution by which he (as Herbert Spencer did after him) illustrated certain aspects of the development of thought in history.

These three lines of thought were in Newman's mind closely connected. Subconscious reasoning has a large share in the thought that bears the pragmatist's test. Pragmatism aims at avoiding the waste of speculative thought, at keeping theory in touch with actual life and its necessities. Now close observation shows that just the point at which thought comes into closest touch with the practical, where thought throws light on truth in the concrete, is the point where it is apt to be partly subconscious and cannot be fully expressed in logical statement. Our habitual first principles in reasoning have much to say to our practical

conclusions, and these are often incomplete or are *prior* to explicit logical argument. Again, the accuracy of our judgment on the evidence before the mind cannot be reduced to any logical formula. The elements which distinguish an accurate from an inaccurate estimate of the import of the same evidence are necessarily subconscious. Yet it is the difference between accurate judgment and inaccurate that decides again and again between an argument being merely clever or also deep and true. This accuracy of judgment is partly due to a personal gift for the matter in hand,—to intuitive genius, which of course cannot be reduced to a formula. It is partly due also to the lessons which long experience brands unconsciously on the mind. Some of our experiences, no doubt, we can remember and quote explicitly. But it is the mass and variety of experiences in the course of life which really bring the judgment to perfection and make it sure in its decisions. And while these experiences leave their mark on the mind and impart wisdom to the man who has gone through them, he cannot adequately formulate their details because he has largely forgotten them. They have, therefore, become subconscious. Even with those that are roughly remembered their explicit statement is likely just to fall short of what is most valuable in them: the delicate shades of observation in real life which give precision to judgments based thereon can be described only roughly and approximately. Hence Lord Mansfield advised an experienced judge to give his decision confidently as it was likely to be right, but not to give his reasons as they would probably be wrong. This maxim for one profession Newman paralleled from other professions. The experienced general who is also a military genius will, he points out, rapidly draw conclusions as to the dispositions and plans of the enemy which he will rightly act upon promptly, and he is again and again justified by the event; but it is likely enough that, even given time for the fullest reflection, he could not express half the reasons which determine his conclusion. In such instances the subconscious processes of reasoning are those which really count in practical emergencies and meet the necessity pointed out

by the pragmatist. Thus Newman's theory of implicit or subconscious reasoning has a close connection with pragmatism. Newman's saying that 'judgment is the highest gift of the intellect' is an integral part of this theory, and it appears more significant the more we consider its full bearing. If the attainment of truth is the principal object of the intellect, then judgment, which truly weighs explicit evidence, and is also guided by the subconscious stores of evidence laid up in the course of past experience and by keen personal perception, is a far more valuable endowment than the more showy dialectical gift of the logician, which may easily be perverse in the all-important matter of drawing the just conclusion. The 'heart and the eye for truth' in passing judgment, which cannot be translated into formal logic, are supremely necessary to make sure of this result. From the very clearness with which logic examines and defines selected portions of the field of reasoning, it is apt to overlook other portions, and to make little of what it cannot define. Thus the mere logician may see the evidence with only half an eye for truth, and the heart for truth is a quality which is outside his purview. It is as much moral as intellectual. Logic then does not reach the personal qualities, powers, and dispositions on which a right conclusion often principally depends.

But again, different men have the eye for truth preeminently in different spheres. They are specialists by endowment, by taste, and by experience. If then such personal perceptions cannot be dispensed with in the search for all attainable knowledge, and if A possesses these perceptions in one field and B in another, a true theory of human knowledge necessarily regards it as co-operative. And here the theory of organic development in the race completes the theory of the illative sense in the individual. The combination of personal achievements in the course of history is indispensable to a complete theory of human knowledge. The knowledge of the race is, of course, a matter of gradual evolution. One generation learns both from the successes and the failures of its predecessor. Thus there is no contradiction between Newman's famous theory

on the intensely personal nature of the highest knowledge in the individual, and his emphatic words on the necessity of free co-operation among various thinkers in the search for truth. Both are appeals from the sterile formulæ of paper logic to the fruitful work of living minds. It is the author of the theory of the 'illative sense,' a theory which the Germans charged with excessive subjectivity, who also wrote the sentence 'truth is wrought out by many minds working freely together,' which indicates a method directly opposed to the subjective. But Newman had the same thought in both theories. In each personal perception and judgment are viewed as indispensable in the various fields of knowledge. The formulæ of the pedantic logician are recognised in both theories as falling short of what is most essential. The true correction of the one-sidedness of the single living mind, however penetrating, is effected by co-ordinating his intellectual perceptions with those of his fellows—other living minds. This prevents mere subjectivity of view, without reducing our knowledge to the sterile platitudes of the mere logician. Here then, Newman's insistence on the evolution or development of thought in the race comes in to complete what the insistence on subconscious reasoning and within certain limits on the pragmatist's aim began. All these three lines of thought, implicit reasoning, the pragmatist's insistence on what is useful, and the evolution of thought among many minds, are inspired by Newman's sense that the human mind is not equal to its own powers of apprehension. When thought is largely subconscious our analysis naturally cannot reach all its elements. Pragmatism aims at restraining the mind from travelling outside the sphere of its really significant apprehensions—a temptation which arises partly from the failures of logic in that sphere. For when logic cannot succeed in the field that really matters it is apt, in irritation, to make a showy display in other fields. And finally it is obvious that if analysis cannot even keep pace with the apprehensions of one mind, it is still more unequal to the thought of the community and the developing thought of the race.

I will now illustrate from Newman's works his line of thought on these three heads.

I will first take his anticipation of subconscious reasoning. If the human mind is, as Newman writes, 'unequal to its own powers of apprehension,' plainly conscious logic cannot always adequately test the accuracy of its apprehension. And a philosophy which disregards this—a philosophy which justifies belief only in cases where logical analysis *can* keep pace with our apprehension—is, he argues, an insufficient account of our reasoning powers as a whole. It will not work. It leaves theory and practice impossibly far apart. It leaves without rational justification, convictions on which the whole world is content to act confidently, because in holding them men are conscious that they *do* apprehend, although they are not conscious of the whole process which leads to their apprehension. Let us at least, he pleads, abandon the pedantry of a symmetrical theory against which the facts cry aloud.

This is the point urged first by him in some of the 'University Sermons' preached in the 'thirties and 'forties. Newman showed in these sermons that not formal logic but a man's spontaneous reasoning, which is largely 'implicit' or 'unconscious' of its own methods, is the process that does the important work in most of the practical convictions of this life. The subsequent attempt of the mind to analyse that process, to trace its steps in terms of formal logic and thus show their reliability, though not without value, fails to give anything like a complete account of it. It is only an outline sketch. Logic is, he holds, unequal to the complete ascertainment or expression of the actual mental process. And it is obviously unequal to *testing* the validity of what it does not fully *master*.

The phrase 'implicit reason' is used in the 'University Sermons' as equivalent to a man's spontaneous reasoning, which is largely unconscious of its own nature, 'explicit' reasoning being the formal arguments of which it *is* conscious.

I will read two extracts from the sermon on Explicit and Implicit Reason which present his position, the first clearly, and the second picturesquely. He first notes the

distinction between the spontaneous process of reasoning, which is largely subconscious, and its conscious analysis.

Here, then, are two processes, distinct from each other;—the original process of reasoning, and next, the process of investigating our reasonings. All men reason, for to reason is nothing more than to gain truth from former truth, without the intervention of sense, to which brutes are limited; but all men do not reflect upon their own reasonings, much less reflect truly and accurately, so as to do justice to their own meaning; but only in proportion to their abilities and attainments. In other words, all men have a reason, but not all men can give a reason. We may denote, then, these two exercises of mind as reasoning and arguing, or as conscious and unconscious reasoning, or as Implicit Reason and Explicit Reason. And to the latter belong the words, science, method, development, analysis, criticism, proof, system, principles, rules, laws, and others of a like nature. . . . The exercise of analysis is not necessary to the integrity of the process analysed. The process of reasoning is complete in itself, and independent. The analysis is but an account of it; it does not make the conclusion correct; it does not make the inference rational. It does not cause a given individual to reason better. It does but give him a sustained consciousness, for good or for evil, that he is reasoning. How a man reasons is as much a mystery as how he remembers. He remembers better and worse on different subject-matters, and he reasons better and worse.[1]

I will now read the second extract, a singularly eloquent and picturesque passage, in which he describes how a man of active mind often reaches his conclusion by a path largely subconscious, which baffles the pursuit of slow and systematic logic, and which yet—notably in the case of a great intuitive genius—again and again lands him in a true conclusion.

Reason, according to the simplest view of it, is the faculty of gaining knowledge without direct perception, or of ascertaining one thing by means of another. In this way it is able, from small beginnings, to create to itself a world of ideas, which do or do not correspond to the things themselves for which they stand, or are true or not, according as it is exercised soundly or otherwise.

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 258–9.

One fact may suffice for a whole theory; one principle may create and sustain a system; one minute token is a clue to a large discovery. The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness which has become a proverb, and a subtlety and versatility which baffle investigation. It passes on from point to point, gaining one by some indication; another on a probability; then availing itself of an association; then falling back on some received law; next seizing on testimony; then committing itself to some popular impression, or some inward instinct, or some obscure memory; and thus it makes progress not unlike a clamberer on a steep cliff, who, by quick eye, prompt hand, and firm foot, ascends how he knows not himself, by personal endowments and by practice, rather than by rule, leaving no track behind him, and unable to teach another. It is not too much to say that the stepping by which great geniuses scale the mountains of truth is as unsafe and precarious to men in general, as the ascent of a skilful mountaineer up a literal crag. It is a way which they alone can take; and its justification lies in their success.[1]

The case of men of genius shows Newman's theory at its best advantage. For the process is for them far more than in ordinary minds, beyond the power of analysis, whether of the thinker himself or of those who would reproduce his thought. And the confidence of the reasoner and the extent and accuracy of his actual achievement are also at their highest point when genius is present.

It is not too much to say [he writes] that there is no one of the greater achievements of the Reason, which would show to advantage, which would be apparently justified and protected from criticism, if thrown into the technical forms which the science of argument requires. The most remarkable victories of genius, remarkable both in their originality and the confidence with which they have been pursued, have been gained, as though by invisible weapons, by ways of thought so recondite and intricate that the mass of men are obliged to take them on trust, till the event or other evidence confirms them. . . . Consider the preternatural sagacity with which a great general knows what his friends and enemies are about, and what will be the final result, and where, of their combined movements,—and then say

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 256–7.

whether, if he were required to argue the matter in word or on paper, all his most brilliant conjectures might not be refuted, and all his producible reasons exposed as illogical.[1]

But the spontaneous process of the mind, even in smaller men, constantly baffles analysis. It may represent accurate reasoning *or it may not.* But we cannot test its accuracy by analysis. In order to analyse it we have to delineate accurately all that the living mind 'sees and feels'—and in such delineation, as in painting a face, the slightest wrong stroke may change the whole expression. The logician's formal methods cannot succeed in a task at once so difficult and so delicate. A writer does indeed often profess to analyse his arguments logically and to give his reasons in words. But he really cannot *succeed* in analysing them. The reasons he adduces as the equivalents of his mind's action are really but suggestions of it.

It is hardly too much to say, that almost all reasons formally adduced in moral inquiries, are rather specimens and symbols of the real grounds, than those grounds themselves. They do but approximate to a representation of the general character of the proof which the writer wishes to convey to another's mind. They cannot, like mathematical proof, be passively followed with an attention confined to what is stated, and with the admission of nothing but what is urged. Rather, they are hints towards, and samples of, the true reasoning, and demand an active, ready, candid, and docile mind, which can throw itself into what is said, neglect verbal difficulties, and pursue and carry out principles.[2]

Such is the nature of the distinction drawn in the 'University Sermons' between the reasoning process in the living mind which is spontaneous, and largely subconscious or implicit, and the attempts to reduce it to explicit argument which are never wholly adequate, and result at best only in its partial expression.

The 'Grammar of Assent' pursues the same subject more formally, and with great variety of illustration. The 'illative sense' is the term used in its pages to express the

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 216, seq. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 275.

mind's power of spontaneously reasoning and concluding, whether its action can be explicitly analysed or not. And Newman shows that in obvious instances the minds of all men do reason and conclude with invincible confidence, and even come to a common conclusion, in cases where the attempt to analyse the process logically and to make it explicit has not even been made, and when made proves impossible to complete quite satisfactorily. Moreover the mind retains its confidence in such a conclusion, even though this subsequent attempt at analysis has been made and has failed to justify that confidence. This testifies to the fact that all men do actually rely in many cases on their subconscious reasons, quite apart from all explicit logical justification of them. No man can consistently hold to a theory of knowledge which denies this. Newman gives such instances as the belief of each of us that he will die; and the belief which the mass of Englishmen who have never sailed round Britain confidently entertain, that Britain is an island. Of the second instance he writes thus:

We are all absolutely certain, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Great Britain is an island. We give to that proposition our deliberate and unconditional adhesion. There is no security on which we should be better content to stake our interests, our property, our welfare, than on the fact that we are living in an island. We have no fear of any geographical discovery which may reverse our belief. . . .

Our reasons for believing that we are circumnavigable are such as these:—first, we have been so taught in our childhood, and it is so in all the maps; next, we have never heard it contradicted or questioned; on the contrary, every one whom we have heard speak on the subject of Great Britain, every book we have read, invariably took it for granted; our whole national history, the routine transactions and current events of the country, our social and commercial system, our political relations with foreigners, imply it in one way or another. Numberless facts, or what we consider facts, rest on the truth of it; no received fact rests on its being otherwise. If there is anywhere a junction between us and the continent, where is it? and how do we know it? is it in the north or in the south? There is a manifest *reductio*

ad absurdum attached to the notion that we can be deceived on such a point as this.[1]

Yet, he argues, these reasons are not at all adequate to the confidence of the conclusion.

Negative arguments and circumstantial evidence are not all, in such a matter, which we have a right to require. They are not the highest kind of proof possible. Those who have circumnavigated the island have a right to be certain: have we ever ourselves even fallen in with any one who has? And as to the common belief, what is the proof that we are not all of us believing it on the credit of each other? And then, when it is said that every one believes it, and everything implies it, how much comes home to me personally of this 'every one' and 'everything?' The question is, Why do I believe it myself? A living statesman is said to have fancied Demerara an island; his belief was an impression; have we personally more than an impression, if we view the matter argumentatively, a lifelong impression about Great Britain, like the belief, so long and so widely entertained, that the earth was immovable and the sun careered round it? I am not at all insinuating that we are not rational in our certitude; I only mean that we cannot analyse a proof satisfactorily, the result of which good sense actually guarantees to us.[2]

We are certain, then, that Great Britain is an island, although we are unable to give explicit reasons fully justifying that certainty. Our minds habitually entertain the conviction with absolute certainty on grounds which we cannot reduce to conscious and explicit argument. But, even supposing that, after much reflection, we did eventually obtain a complete logical justification of the belief, we should not be more certain that Britain is an island after we had got the proof: we should not have the faintest doubt of its truth while we were in process of looking for the proof. Nor are we made the least uncertain of the fact when first we realise that we have not as yet got a complete proof. Thus it is clear that our certainty is caused by subconscious grounds for belief, and not by the conscious proof, the very need for which is an afterthought, and the gaining of which is a later discovery. In a very happy sentence Newman

[1] *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 294–5. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 295–6.

expresses this dependence of the mind for its confidence not on later analysis, but on its primary spontaneous judgment.

'The mind [is] unequal to a complete analysis of the motives which carry it on to a particular conclusion, and is swayed and determined by a body of proof, which it recognises only as a body, and not in its constituent parts.' [1]

Some of the most important determining causes in such a proof are often, he says, ' recondite and impalpable.' Such recondite and impalpable reasons we owe often to lessons of experience, forgotten in detail, leaving their mark on the mind and yet giving us a power of sound judgment on the ground they cover. Often a man with a ' heart and an eye for truth ' whom self-interest makes both cautious and alert, whom special experience makes wise in the particular field, can form a confident opinion on the evidence before him when the bare facts, plain to all alike, and thrown into syllogistic form, warrant no confidence at all. Here is a case in point given in the ' Grammar of Assent ' :

I will take a question of the present moment. 'We shall have a European war, *for* Greece is audaciously defying Turkey.' How are we to test the validity of the reason, implied, not expressed, in the word 'for' ? Only the judgment of diplomatists, statesmen, capitalists, and the like, founded on experience, strengthened by practical and historical knowledge, controlled by self-interest, can decide the worth of that ' for ' in relation to accepting or not accepting the conclusion which depends on it. The argument is from concrete fact to concrete fact. How will mere logical inferences, which cannot proceed without general and abstract propositions, help us on to the determination of this particular case ? It is not the case of Switzerland attacking Austria, or of Portugal attacking Spain, or of Belgium attacking Prussia, but a case without parallels. To draw a scientific conclusion, the argument must run somewhat in this way :— ' All audacious defiances of Turkey on the part of Greece must end in a European war ; these present acts of Greece are such : ergo ; ' where the major premiss is more difficult to accept than the conclusion, and the proof becomes an ' obscurum per obscurius.' But, in truth, I should not betake myself to some one universal proposition to defend my own view of the matter ;

[1] *Grammar of Assent*, p. 292.

I should determine the particular case by its particular circumstances, by the combination of many uncatalogued experiences floating in my memory, of many reflections, variously produced, felt rather than capable of statement; and if I had them not, I should go to those who had.[1]

Does Newman then, it will be asked, simply set aside logic as a corrective to false reasoning? He is not so foolish. He in no sense denies the *value* of formal logic or the importance of logical training. He only denies the adequacy of logic as an instrument of analysis for the subtler processes of reasoning. Logic can detect false reasoning in simple cases and in a limited field, but it cannot keep pace with the subtler or more extended operations of the human reason. Logical training has all the value of sham fights in military manœuvres. We rehearse our operations under chosen conditions at first simpler, then more complicated and difficult, and learn to perform them successfully. This is excellent practice for those yet more extended operations of actual warfare in which the conditions are not of our making. Trained skill guides us in a complex situation which we cannot completely analyse in all its details. The value of logical training for the mind is as unquestionable on Newman's theory as the importance of experience, of habits of sober and wise judgment, of an impartial survey of all relevant facts where this is possible. Such habits and discipline train the living mind, and enable it to do its work effectively and accurately in the unexpected conditions that life brings. But logic and analysis of the *data* before the mind cannot, as a rule, keep pace with its larger and more important operations, and so they cannot test its more important conclusions. There is no test of such conclusions beyond the confident assertion of the disciplined mind itself, the positive decision of the illative sense that the conclusion is warranted.

Now it is obvious that the theory of an 'illative sense' incapable of analysis might be made to consecrate the mere prejudice of an individual as reasoning of the highest kind. It is important, therefore, to remember Newman's pregnant

[1] *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 303–4.

maxim, 'truth is wrought out by many minds working freely together.' He fully realised that the thought and knowledge of others may be often necessary to enable an individual to reach a definite justifiable conclusion. One man's own experience and capacity may not cover the case. The accumulation from all quarters of really relevant explicit evidence is obviously in many cases a necessity for reliable judgment, though the individual brings also his own store of implicit evidence ; and inevitably he must use his powers of judgment in drawing his own conclusion. We must not forget the important line of argument in the Lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation,' in which he notes that every science has its bearing on the universe of knowable truth. This, as I have already said, does not clash with Newman's theory of the illative sense, but it supplements it. It does not impugn the view that the individual mind outstrips the logic it uses : though it shows that many minds see further and more widely than one. Newman seems to hold that a perfectly disciplined mind will not conclude positively beyond its own capacity, knowledge, and *right* to conclude. Many minds may be enabled to reach the truth on a given subject when one mind fails to do so ; but a well-trained mind will not regard a conclusion as certain where certainty is not warranted. These two important lines of thought—on the individual reason as transcending logic, and the corporate reason as transcending the individual—are set forth by Newman. They are mutually corrective ; he nowhere works out their full reconciliation, but it is suggested in his theory of the evolution of thought in the community and in the race, of which I shall speak later.

Such then, in outline, is Newman's theory of implicit or subconscious reason and the illative sense. I now come to his anticipation of 'pragmatism.' Pragmatism, like the illative sense, is concerned with bringing the theory of reasoning more closely into touch with the spontaneous reasoning of a healthy mind which is practical. 'I recognise,' writes Professor Schiller in a letter to myself, 'that Newman was one of the forerunners and anticipators of pragmatism, and that he discovered in a quite original and independent

manner the great discrepancy there is between the actual course of human reasoning and the description of it in the logical text-books.' The natural spontaneous reasonings of man in the affairs of life satisfy the pragmatist's requirements: but the scientific thinkers, while they often fail in analysing them by their science, are apt—so the pragmatist maintains—to elaborate instead artificial reasonings in spheres which are wholly apart from the needs of life. Their science thus fails doubly in its attempts to give a theory of knowledge. It fails to keep pace with our real and practical knowledge, and it directs attention into useless channels.

The term 'pragmatism' was first used by Mr. Charles Sanders Pierce in an article written in 1878. Professor William James, in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' thus summarises Mr. Pierce's account of what he meant by the term:

> Thought in movement has for its only conceivable motive the attainment of belief, or thought at rest. Only when our thought about a subject has found its rest in belief can our action on the subject firmly and safely begin. Beliefs, in short, are rules for action; and the whole function of thinking is but one step in the production of active habits. If there were any part of a thought that made no difference in the thought's practical consequences, then that part would be no proper element of the thought's significance. . . . Our conception of these practical consequences is for us the whole of our conception of the object, so far as that conception has positive significance at all.[1]

Professor James goes on to apply Mr. Pierce's principle of pragmatism in disparagement of the metaphysical attributes of God as distinguished from His moral qualities, an application which, as we shall see, Newman disputes. The metaphysical qualities have no practical consequences for us, the moral have. Theologians speak of God's 'aseity,' of His necessity, His immateriality, His simplicity, &c. And Mr. James contends, on the pragmatic principle, that such attributes have no practical bearing on our conduct and therefore cannot have any positive significance.

[1] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, pp. 444-5.

Pray, what specific act can I perform in order to adapt myself the better to God's simplicity? Or how does it assist me to plan my behaviour, to know that his happiness is anyhow absolutely complete? . . . What is the deduction of metaphysical attributes [by the theologians] but a shuffling and matching of pedantic dictionary-adjectives, aloof from morals, aloof from human needs, something that might be worked out from the mere word 'God' by one of those logical machines of wood and brass which recent ingenuity has contrived as well as by a man of flesh and blood. . . . One feels that in the theologians' hands, they are only a set of titles obtained by a mechanical manipulation of synonyms; verbality has stepped into the place of vision, professionalism into that of life. Instead of bread we have a stone; instead of a fish, a serpent.[1]

Far other, says Professor James, is the significance of the moral attributes of God. Here we are in a territory of really fruitful and practical knowledge. He continues as follows:

What shall we now say of the attributes called moral? Pragmatically, they stand on an entirely different footing. They positively determine fear and hope and expectation, and are foundations for the saintly life. It needs but a glance at them to show how great is their significance.

God's holiness, for example: being holy, God can will nothing but the good. Being omnipotent, he can secure its triumph. Being omniscient, he can see us in the dark. Being just, he can punish us for what he sees. Being loving, he can pardon too. Being unalterable, we can count on him securely. These qualities enter into connection with our life, it is highly important that we should be informed concerning them. That God's purpose in creation should be the manifestation of his glory is also an attribute which has definite relations to our practical life. Among other things it has given a definite character to worship in all Christian countries. If dogmatic theology really does prove beyond dispute that a God with characteristics like these exists, she may well claim to give a solid basis to religious sentiment.[2]

[1] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 446.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 447. It is not to my purpose to follow Professor James in his queries on this last question.

Newman appears to me to have been keenly alive to the incidental truths in these passages. And yet he guarded himself carefully against the exaggerations they contain. In his theory of implicit reason and the illative sense, he emphasised the fact that all the thought that most matters for us in life relates to the concrete, and bears on our actions. But he had even earlier—in his famous letters on the Tamworth reading-room—dwelt strongly on the pragmatist's initial plea that life is for action, and that action presupposes belief. He had argued on this ground for a generous faith prompted largely by the practical instinct and in excess of formal proof. There is, he pointed out, an over-cautious way of regarding and using the human reason which prevents it from keeping pace with the inevitable necessities of action. This is, to some extent, in line with the pragmatist's thought. The passage from the Tamworth letters is less guarded than his later treatment of the subject, but it is so eloquent and characteristic that I will quote it :

Life is not long enough for a religion of inferences ; we shall never have done beginning, if we determine to begin with proof. We shall ever be laying our foundations ; we shall turn theology into evidences, and divines into textuaries. We shall never get at our first principles. Resolve to believe nothing, and you must prove your proofs and analyse your elements, sinking farther and farther, and finding 'in the lowest depth a lower deep,' till you come to the broad bosom of scepticism. I would rather be bound to defend the reasonableness of assuming that Christianity is true, than to demonstrate a moral governance from the physical world. Life is for action. If we insist on proofs for everything, we shall never come to action : to act you must assume, and that assumption is faith.

Let no one suppose that in saying this I am maintaining that all proofs are equally difficult, and all propositions equally debatable. Some assumptions are greater than others, and some doctrines involve postulates larger than others, and more numerous. I only say, that impressions lead to action, and that reasonings lead from it. Knowledge of premises, and inferences upon them,—this is not to *live*. It is very well as a matter of liberal curiosity and of philosophy to analyse our modes of thought ; but let this come second, and when there is leisure

for it, and then our examinations will in many ways even be subservient to action. But if we commence with scientific knowledge and argumentative proof, or lay any great stress upon it as the basis of personal Christianity, or attempt to make man moral and religious by libraries and museums, let us in consistency take chemists for our cooks, and mineralogists for our masons.[1]

As we have seen, the theory of the illative sense is an attempt to include in his avowed philosophy of belief, the *maximum* of actually existing and practically influential evidence (explicit and implicit), not to limit it to that portion only which is scientific in form. All this is in accord with Mr. Pierce's and Professor James's principle of pragmatism. For it accords minor importance to arguments, however scientific, which fall short of the requirements of action. Again, it is to be observed that in dealing with Natural Religion in the 'Grammar of Assent,' Newman goes some way with the passages on the attributes of God which I have read from Professor James's pages. He concentrates his main attention on the knowledge of God which we gain through the human conscience—knowledge of a most practical kind. Conscience represents God primarily as our Judge (he holds). Yet also it presents God in His moral beauty, a God whom we can trust and love, a Father as well as a Judge. He also in large measure admits the principle which later pragmatists have avowed, that a belief which works is thereby shown to have truth in it. That truth may, of course, be only relative truth, as in the case of the astronomical beliefs of our forefathers in the Middle Ages who steered their ships by the stars, and yet wrongly analysed the causes of the phenomena which practically helped them.

But Newman entered a caveat against exaggerations of pragmatism in this field. While he recognised the primary importance of those beliefs which guide our actions, he also saw that we have no right to disparage dogmatically the importance of further truths of which we *cannot see* the

[1] *Discussions and Arguments*, Art. iv., pp. 295–6. Quoted by himself in *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 94–5.

pragmatic value. They may have a bearing on our welfare which our limited minds do not know, and may be in reality inseparably connected with truths whose connection with our well-being we do not see. If so they *have* real significance for us. Here his point is most clearly brought out by an analogy on which he often touches, though he never develops it. A blind man knows very little of the external world which, as we who have sight know, is constantly acting on him in multifarious ways. For him, only the knowledge gained through touch and hearing has pragmatic value. It may well be, Newman suggests, that we men have equally little direct knowledge of the full reality of things which act on us and affect our destiny. Yet if by inference or by testimony we gain some indirect or imperfect knowledge of it, we have no right to dismiss it as without significance for us. The blind man might be unable to understand the pragmatic value of information concerning distant objects which we who have sight might communicate to him. To him they might appear wholly unrelated to his own well-being, because the science tracing the relationship might be unintelligible without sight. Yet the information we communicate to him is true and of really practical importance to him. Similarly men have no right to dismiss the metaphysical side of theology as untrue, or even as having no practical significance for them. Newman holds that Divine Truth really affects us, yet is so imperfectly understood by us that we cannot know its full relation to ourselves. Dogmatic *formulae* are human attempts to express the revelation of portions of that truth which is imparted to us by a higher mind with wider knowledge than our own, and in reality—though we do not understand *how*—closely affects our destiny, just as we impart knowledge to the blind man which he can only partly understand.

It is, of course, obvious that to the end, while our faculties are as limited as they are in this life, the truths which stand *for us* the pragmatic test whose bearing on ourselves we *do* understand, affect our practical religious life and action in a far higher degree than the others of which the practical importance for us is understood only by a mind with wider

knowledge than our own. Yet here, too, the analogy of the information given by one who sees to the sightless holds good. His warning vision may tell the blind man of dangers which he cannot himself descry—of an approaching fire, of a falling house. The blind man moves in obedience to the information of one who sees its pragmatic value, though such movement is not inspired by any personal perception on his own part of that value. So, too, if we have indeed a revelation from God, we may most reasonably accept truths of which we cannot see the use, as being really the completion of what we can understand, as the world known to the blind by touch is more fully known by sight, and warnings based on such truths may be providential and wise.

In comparing John Henry Newman's teaching with William James's pragmatism, then, we have this difference. Professor James rejects, as having no real significance, what does not for us satisfy the pragmatic test. Newman also dwells on what does satisfy it as *most* practical for us. So far they are agreed. But Newman holds, and Mr. James seems to deny, that truths above the full comprehension of man may well have a practical significance for us which we do not adequately understand. Newman fully appreciates the value of the pragmatic test, and yet he regards it as intellectual impertinence to measure the reality or its significance by our direct and complete knowledge. He recognises half knowledge, things seen through a glass darkly, of which we shall not know the bearing on ourselves until the day when we see them face to face.

I will now speak of the philosophical views set forth in Newman's famous 'Essay on Development,' and in the almost equally famous University Sermon on the same subject. It is in these two works that we find his views on metaphysics outlined. And we find in them also, as I have already indicated, a valuable complement to his theory of the illative sense, for they deal with co-operative thought —with the evolution of thought in the community. In combining the evolution of thought with a theory of metaphysics Newman, however informal his manner, however

far it is removed from that of a Professor of Metaphysics, challenges a comparison with Hegel. True thinkers are apt to touch the same lines of thought, however different their method and their point of departure. Few would have suspected an affinity between Comte and Hegel before Caird pointed it out in his work on the social philosophy of Comte. And the theological object of Newman's essays makes one even slower to anticipate such affinity in his case. Yet there is in Newman's informal suggestions enough of resemblance to be worth noting. The idea of the gradual deepening of thought in the synthesis of aspects of objective reality is certainly common to Newman's idea of development and Hegel's conception of evolution.

Lord Haldane in his 'Pathway to Reality' thus speaks of evolution as conceived by Hegel:

> The world in which we live, the world as it seems, has an infinity of aspects. . . . The nature of thought is not to rest satisfied with any one of these aspects or with any one of the conceptions under which they arise. . . . It is not only in time that you have evolution; you have evolution in thought, in the stages of comprehension, and evolution in which what comes last in time is first in thought, because all the stages that precede it in time are really only fragments of it isolated by the abstractions of reflection.[1]

Now I will read some sentences from the account of Newman's philosophical theory of development in his famous essay.

'When,' Newman asks, 'does an idea represent an object'? This is ascertained, he replies, by its development. The individual mind or the collective mind of the community gradually comprehends the whole from the synthesis of its various aspects. And this constitutes the development of the idea relatively to us.

> It is a characteristic of our minds [he writes] that they cannot take an object in, which is submitted to them simply and integrally. We conceive by means of definition or description;

[1] 'The Pathway to Reality.' *Gifford Lectures*, vol. ii. pp. 109-10.

whole objects do not create in the intellect whole ideas, but are, to use a mathematical phrase, thrown into series, into a number of statements, strengthening, interpreting, correcting each other, and with more or less exactness approximating, as they accumulate, to a perfect image. . . . We cannot teach except by aspects or views, which are not identical with the thing itself which we are teaching.[1]

Newman applies this view to the whole field of knowledge of the 'things which come before us'—knowledge of the material universe, knowledge of the animal kingdom and of mankind, knowledge of the genius of a movement of human thought in history, knowledge of a philosophy or of a faith. All of these things make an impression on those who contemplate them. Each mind contemplates the object under one or more aspects. The complete idea of the object is the sum total of the aspects.

The idea which represents an object or supposed object [Newman writes] is commensurate with the sum total of its possible aspects, however they may vary in the separate consciousness of individuals; and in proportion to the variety of aspects under which it presents itself to various minds is its force and depth, and the argument for its reality. Ordinarily an idea is not brought home to the intellect as objective except through this variety; like bodily substances, which are not apprehended except under the clothing of their properties and results, and which admit of being walked round, and surveyed on opposite sides, and in different perspectives, and in contrary lights, in evidence of their reality. And, as views of a material object may be taken from points so remote or so opposed, that they seem at first sight incompatible, and especially as their shadows will be disproportionate, or even monstrous, and yet all these anomalies will disappear and all these contrarieties be adjusted, on ascertaining the point of vision or the surface of projection in each case; so also all the aspects of an idea are capable of coalition, and of a resolution into the object to which it belongs; and the *prima facie* dissimilitude of its aspects becomes, when explained, an argument for its substantiveness and integrity, and their multiplicity for its originality and power.[2]

[1] *Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 55. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 34–5.

In applying this view especially to our knowledge of material objects, Newman notes that, though we may rightly speak of them as objects, the object is only known to us in terms of such ideas as belong to our human intellects and senses, and we have no security that these are adequate to comprehending the full reality. In this connection especially he uses an analogy of which I have already spoken. A race without sight would picture objects under ideas derived from touch, smell, hearing, and muscular sensations. This would be an inadequate symbol of the world which we men know by sight. Our world would not be wholly conceivable to those who lacked the sense of sight. Similarly there may be a deeper knowledge of reality inconceivable to us which a further development of our intellectual and sense faculties might give. This view is enforced in the last of the University Sermons. We conceive external nature in terms of our present senses, its colours, shapes, scents, sounds. Our ideas of its objects are made up of the various aspects which these qualities represent. Yet they may be quite inadequate to the full reality; and Newman suggests that the reality might be more truly known by other senses, as different from our present ones as they are from each other. The Divine mind only, the perfect intelligence, can know the reality as it is in itself.

Newman's account of the evolution of human thought in its relation to an idea precedes his study of the development of an idea in history. They are two sides of the same process. History reveals the fortunes of an idea in the busy scene of life impinging on many minds, and by its action on them at once moulding the course of history and itself being modified by other ideas existing in those minds. It shows empirically how the various aspects reveal themselves gradually and successively to the community. Readers who study the 'Essay on Development' as mere history and controversy, giving little attention to the first chapters, which deal with the evolution of thought in relation to an idea, miss the character of the work, which is at once philosophical and historical. The junction between these two modes of looking at the process is given in a remarkable

section. Its length makes it impossible for me to quote here; but I will read the opening paragraph:

> Let [an] idea get possession of the popular mind, or the mind of any portion of the community, and it is not difficult to understand what will be the result. At first men will not fully realise what it is that moves them, and will express and explain themselves inadequately. There will be a general agitation of thought, and an action of mind upon mind. There will be a time of confusion, when conceptions and misconceptions are in conflict, and it is uncertain whether anything is to come of the idea at all, or which view of it is to get the start of the others. New lights will be brought to bear upon the original statements of the doctrine put forward; judgments and aspects will accumulate. After a while some definite teaching emerges; and, as time proceeds, one view will be modified or expanded by another, and then combined with a third; till the idea to which these various aspects belong, will be to each mind separately what at first it was only to all together. It will be surveyed too in its relation to other doctrines or facts, to other natural laws or established customs, to the varying circumstances of times and places, to other religions, politics, philosophies, as the case may be. How it stands affected towards other systems, how it affects them, how far it may be made to combine with them, how far it tolerates them, when it interferes with them, will be gradually wrought out. It will be interrogated and criticised by enemies, and defended by well-wishers. The multitude of opinions formed concerning it in these respects and many others will be collected, compared, sorted, sifted, selected, rejected, gradually attached to it, separated from it, in the minds of individuals and of the community. It will, in proportion to its native vigour and subtlety, introduce itself into the framework and details of social life, changing public opinion, and strengthening or undermining the foundations of established order. Thus in time it will have grown into an ethical code, or into a system of government, or into a theology . . . according to its capabilities: and this body of thought, thus laboriously gained, will after all be little more than the proper representative of one idea, being in substance what that idea meant from the first, its complete image as seen in a combination of diversified aspects, with the suggestions and corrections of many minds, and the illustration of many experiences.[1]

[1] *Development of Christian Doctrine*, pp. 37-8.

Here we are brought by another path to the subject dealt with in the lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation'—that 'truth is wrought out by many minds working freely together.' In that lecture he points out that human knowledge is gained by a synthesis of the sciences; each science deals with an aspect of nature, and their synthesis is attained adequately only by free discussion among the experts. In the Development Essay the process is described in relation to the development of a living idea amid the haphazard reasonings, feelings and prejudices of a large community. The process is indicated in the Irish lecture as applying to the work of experts in the whole field of knowledge. The first is an empirical account of what happens when a crowd of men who reason, some well and some badly, get hold of an idea. The last is the ideal condition for the truest development. It is the energy of human minds in co-operation that actually develops knowledge. If that energy is among the experts, whose knowledge is full and whose heart is set on truth, each in his own department, the progress is obviously towards ever exacter knowledge. Here, as in the individual illative sense, there can be no final *external* test. A perfectly trained mind and a heart set on truth, make the illative sense sure in its action so far as its knowledge goes. The same condition among the several thinkers who co-operate makes their action fruitful in a wider field.

Where an idea develops not among experts, but in the community at large, amid minds many of them incompetent or prejudiced, Newman still holds that if the idea is a real one it may be preserved and developed by a community which on the whole apprehends it truly and is possessed by it, although, of course, it may also be corrupted and become erroneous if false principles or principles inconsistent with the idea prevail in that community. He gives in his famous essay certain tests which indicate whether the process is leading to a true exhibition of the idea and not corrupting it. And as the living character of thought is what he preaches from first to last, these tests are not unnaturally taken from the science of life,—biology.

Seven tests of a true development—a development which preserves the same living idea—as distinguished from a corruption which changes or kills the living idea, are given by him: (1) preservation of type, as the type of the child is preserved, though altered and strengthened in the man; (2) continuity of principles, in the sense in which the principle of one language favours compound words, while that of another does not; (3) the power of assimilating apparently foreign material, as a plant will grow luxuriantly in one habitat and only sparely in another, but assimilates more or less foreign material in any habitat in which it will grow at all; (4) 'early anticipation' of the mature form, as the Russian nation began to aim at Constantinople centuries before they were a great Power even on the Black Sea, and as Athanasius was made a bishop by his playfellows in anticipation of his genius for ecclesiastical government, or as Sir Walter Scott delighted his schoolfellows by relating stories to them when he was a mere child; (5) 'logical sequence' of ideas, as when Jeroboam, in his anxiety to prevent a return of the ten tribes to their old allegiance, set up a worship that might wean them from their attachment to Jerusalem, on the express ground that if he did not, their religious instinct would be taking them back to their great Temple; (6) 'preservative additions,' such, for instance, as courts of justice, to the authority of government, which strengthens the government by protecting the obedient and punishing the rebellious; and finally, (7) 'chronic continuance,' as the chronic continuance of the American Union shows that the republican principle is still alive, whereas the gradual engrafting of imperial institutions on republican forms showed that the republican principle or idea was dying out in ancient Rome.

All these tests of true, as distinguished from corrupt or deteriorating, development [writes Mr. Hutton] are discussed by Newman with admirable subtlety, and a very fine sense for the scientific character of the conception of evolution itself . . . which was certainly very remarkable in the year 1845.[1]

[1] *Cardinal Newman*, by R. H. Hutton, p. 166.

We see, I think, in the outline I have given of Newman's positions that he was fully alive to the problems of epistemology and metaphysics. The characteristic of his treatment is a keen sense of fact and a dislike of the pedantry involved in theory which does not correspond to fact. Better an incomplete theory than this. It may be said that his minute study of the psychology of knowledge led him to the conclusion that no adequate epistemology is possible. Thus I am brought back to his saying: 'The human mind is unequal to its own powers of apprehension,' as limiting his view of the scope for fruitful work in philosophy. A complete theory presupposes that the human mind *is equal* to its powers of apprehension. To Newman such a complete theory had, I think, some of the absurdity of the famous recipe for catching a bird by putting salt on its tail. When you can catch the bird you will be able to put the salt on its tail; and when you can discern and submit to the philosopher's microscope all the elements of the living mind which thinks and knows, you can form a complete theory of knowledge.

But, impatient though he is of exaggerated claims for philosophy, he did not deny the necessity of noting the methods which ensure precision in our mental operations, and carefully investigating and roughly defining the sphere in which human reason may be exercised with fruitful results. The living energy of reasoning was fruitful where the mechanism of formal logic was sterile. Logic could not test the subtler and more important operations of the mind. Philosophy could not adequately describe regions beyond our present human experiences. But this did not mean that truth was in his view what each man troweth. The rules of the logician may help the living mind to be exact in its operations, though they cannot do its work or test its conclusions. The metaphysician could outline the relation of our mind to reality though he could do no more. As to the sphere in which our reasoning powers are competent and fruitful, like the pragmatist, he looked primarily to the region of experience; but he conceived of it as wider than our present human experience, just as that

is wider than the experience of the sightless or the lower animals.

In the field of human experience, as we have seen, he looked to co-operation among trained specialists for the fullest knowledge, the completest experience; and each field of their observation obviously had its own scientific methods. The synthetic mind that combines the results of experience in different fields must obviously be trained in logical habit. That the living mind said the last word did not mean that untrained instinct was to be allowed to determine its utterance or its field of action.

But while the perceptive experience of the race, which was at its highest in the experts, is for Newman the field of *direct* human knowledge, his metaphysic admits of indirect and imperfect knowledge transcending human experience. Human experience is only one stage in experience more widely conceived, which is the growing knowledge of reality corresponding to various existing and conceivable grades of consciousness. He seeks for knowledge of reality in the deepening of experience. So far he would endorse Mr. James, who writes:

> The absolutely true, meaning what no further experience will ever alter, is that ideal vanishing-point towards which we imagine that all our temporary truths will some day converge. It runs on all fours with the perfectly wise man and with the absolutely complete experience.[1]

But Newman places Mr. James's vanishing-point above the experience of even the wisest man. He conceives the whole field of experience as including what is above all possible human experience on earth (just as human experience is above that of lower grades of consciousness). We have no conceivable right to regard man's experience as the highest conceivable in the ever-growing relations between reality and knowledge which the animal kingdom reveals in its stages of consciousness. Experience as a whole thus includes for Newman what is transcendent to man's direct knowledge. Man's consciousness is itself transcendent to the sphere accessible to lower animals. An angel's is

[1] *Pragmatism*, by William James, p. 222.

transcendent to the human sphere. Yet we might conceivably receive intimations from the angels' higher sphere, as a dog learns from his master's orders, which are determined by his master's fuller knowledge. What is transcendent to the dog's own perceptions may thus be indirectly conveyed to it by a higher mind. So it may be with man in relation to truths above his own experience.

The results of this conception are most apparent in Newman's views of religious knowledge. Conscience is the point at which human experience touches the borders of the divine, and it supplies a touchstone for testing a revelation which comes from a mind whose direct experience is of Divine Truth. And Christ, who is at once God and Man, supplies the meeting-ground for human experience and divine. The Christian revelation is the fulfilment and further development of the voice in conscience which speaks to us of God and our duty, and is accepted by us as completing its intimations and expressed by the symbols of dogmatic formulæ. Conscience, though developed in various degrees in individuals, is universal to man. Marcus Aurelius speaks as distinctly as a Christian of that inner voice which told him, as it tells Newman, of the Divine Presence.

This line of thought is different from the traditionary arguments which argue logically from the seen to the unseen as its cause. It goes to meet the Kantian arguments against the validity of our reason beyond the sphere of experience. It depends on a certain view of experience as deepening with the evolution of thought, and full knowledge of reality as coinciding with the divine knowledge. Hence Newman's argument necessarily involved indications of those views on metaphysics and epistemology which I have brought together from scattered indications throughout his essays and sermons. Huxley said in his sketch of Hume's philosophy that here and there there was more of his own thread than of Hume's beads; and a similar defect has been quite inevitable in my account of Newman's philosophy, because lines of thought often thrown out in an occasional sentence are too deep to be lost, yet they are not developed or set firmly in their philosophical context by the author.

LECTURE V.

PERSONALITY IN APOLOGETIC.

I PROPOSE to-day to deal with an objection which I feel sure will have arisen in the minds of many of Newman's readers to the general view outlined in my previous lectures.

I said in them that the chief motive force which gave unity to his work was the intense desire to defend Christianity in view of the incoming tide of infidelity. I have also said that his sense of the plausibleness of religious scepticism was keen and constant. I have traced even some of the greater qualities of his style to his lifelong and passionate struggle to preserve Christianity against the sceptical movement. I have shown that his philosophy was primarily directed towards showing—as against Agnosticism—that the human mind can have some knowledge of the reality behind the world of sense. It will be urged against this view that if we look, not at the few works I have selected for comment, but at his writings as a whole, the subject of infidelity, far from being prominent, is one rarely alluded to. To take first his writings from the beginning of the Tractarian Movement in 1833, to the end of his connection with the *British Critic* in 1840—excepting only in the 'University Sermons,' preached at wide intervals—the subject of faith and unfaith does not enter into them at all. The 'Tracts for the Times' dealt simply with the current theological controversies of the hour, and with the High Church doctrines which he desired to revive. They were directed, not against infidelity, but against liberalism and latitudinarianism among churchmen. The first Tract was concerned with Apostolical succession; the most famous of the Tracts

dealt with a subject as far removed from sceptical speculation as the Thirty-nine Articles. In Tract 85, indeed, the question of faith and doubt is touched, but only slightly and incidentally. The Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church are entirely concerned with defending the Tractarian theory of the Anglican Church. Again, the lectures which made up his work on Justification are theological, and not philosophical. It is the same with his works subsequent to 1845. The 'Apologia' is autobiography; 'Callista' and 'Loss and Gain' are fiction; the poems are spiritual poems, not philosophical. They are much on the model of Keble's 'Christian Year.' The 'Idea of a University' is primarily educational; the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' and the 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' are defences of distinctive Roman Catholic doctrines. Indeed, as M. Houtin has recently said, it is the controversy between England and Rome which seems most closely to occupy Newman's mind in both periods.

But, again, a number of his writings are not controversial at all. They are literary, or biographical, or historical. Open the first volume of the 'Historical Sketches,' and you find lectures on the history of the Turks; open the second volume, and you find biographical sketches of the Fathers—St. Basil and St. Gregory, St. Anthony and St. Augustine, and studies of the Benedictine history and spirit; open the third, and you find studies of university life, and essays on the Athenian schools, on the Lombards, on the University of Paris.

To all this I reply, firstly, that Newman's preoccupation with the question of religious unbelief is not a theory, but a fact of which we have testimony in his own words and in those of his most intimate friends. Secondly, that the bulk of his writings do not deal directly with this question is, I admit, also a fact. Thirdly, I shall contend that the combination of these two facts not only does not contradict what I have said above if it is carefully understood, but confirms it.

If a wise and *practical* man was peculiarly sensitive to the danger of a revolution, he would not keep talking of the

subject or arguing about it—a course which might do as much to spread revolutionary ideas in the imagination of the many as it did to refute them for the reason of the few. On the contrary, his policy would be to encourage law-abiding conduct and principles, and to strengthen existing institutions and take from them such abuses or sources of weakness as might justify or provoke revolution; and the case is similar with religion.

If the complicated network of associations, which enshrine for a living mind and for a society its fundamental beliefs, were once broken up by disturbing argumentative discussion, it could not possibly be replaced by mere arguments.

I have said in my second lecture that Newman felt deeply that, in practice, reasoning and argument were not adequate defences or supports of religious belief. That a belief is justified by reason does not at all mean that in practice it will be effectively preserved by argument alone. He held with Pascal that custom, old associations, and tradition are valuable as securing the affections. But a further point has to be noted. In the course of a Christian education really cogent reasons and associations on behalf of belief become inseparably blended—the reasons being often subconscious and beyond the individual's power of analysis and expression. A process of conscious argument on infidelity might confuse minds which were unequal to it and might obscure deep reasons for belief which were not clearly separated by them from the feelings and old associations with which such reasons are intertwined. He aimed then primarily at strengthening the rational and spiritual supports of belief actually present in society and in individuals and its supports in their affections and their imagination, not at disturbing the habitual religious associations of their minds by argument on fundamental questions.

Arguments were, for most minds, in his judgment auxiliary and medicinal—no more. Medicine cures a living body that is diseased; it does not take the place of diet. The object of medicine is to restore the body to its normal state. And the normal religious life of a community

would not be helped by constantly dealing with fundamental questions which nine-tenths of that community could not understand.

This point is vital to his whole life-work. Newman was quick to see the just distribution of conservatism and reform, which would most effectively safeguard the faith of a community against a danger not yet apparent to all its members. If the existing network of living forces—rational or non-rational—which actually sustained the religious faith of so many were destroyed by the doubts which argument might suggest, further arguments, however able, would not effectually replace them. Logic had not the depth or tenacity of life. Its conclusions could not have the vital force of habitual beliefs on which men had long acted without question. To start an alarmist campaign of argument against unbelief might then most seriously weaken the faith of those devout minds which were not given to speculation and were not even conscious of the wave of unbelieving thought. He opposed the actual aggressive liberal movement in the Church of England, in which he saw the seeds of infidelity—but he did not advertise the dangers to Christian faith itself which he foresaw, and the spread of which he hoped to check.

His first work was to strengthen the existing Church of England, which embodied so much of the influence of custom and habitual association on behalf of Christian belief among a large section of Englishmen. The force of custom that Church did represent; the force of spiritual life and of appeal to the imagination it had largely ceased to possess. Hence a great revival of the Church of England was called for and undertaken in the Oxford Movement. That revival was calculated to break through the deadness of *mere* custom in an old establishment and at the same time to claim on the side of faith all the force which the Church still embodied of dogmatic teaching, of an inspiring spiritual tradition, and of long-existing bonds of affection. But Newman desired also to make it intellectually alive—that is, to make it realise the depth of its own foundations. He strove to point out that the powerful appeal of the

corporate Catholic Church to the affections and imagination could be represented by a comprehensive philosophy as in its essence a reasonable appeal. The assumption of the rationalistic liberals was that mere sentiment and the love of old associations stood on one side, cold reason on the other. But he argued that a deeper and more historical and philosophical view enlisted reason on the side of Christian tradition and Church. Like Coleridge, he insisted on the wisdom of the past embodied in existing traditions.

The intellectual basis of the Anglican Church, which consisted in the fact that it was part of an organic body, which had preserved by a continuous life the very spirit and dogmatic teaching of Christ, could only be realised by making good its claim as part of the Catholic Church. The 'Tracts for the Times' were then undertaken with that object. He lectured also at great length in Adam de Brome's chapel on the 'Prophetical Office of the Church,' vindicating the claim of the Anglican Establishment to be a truer representative of the Church Catholic than was the Roman Church itself. But this raised incidentally many theological discussions and such tracts and lectures as those on Justification and on Miracles were undertaken with a view to dealing with them in this connection. Thus there is no contradiction between the statement that his great preoccupation was to provide an antidote to the impending inroads of unbelief and the fact that his writings, during the Anglican period, are not for the most part directly concerned with the consideration of that danger. His writings were designed not to discuss a danger, but to meet it practically by strengthening the existing defences of religion.

The case is the same in a yet stronger degree with his later writings after he had come to hold that the representative of the corporate Catholic Church was the Catholic and Roman Church. His conviction became even more definite after 1845 that only the Catholic Church could supply an effectual defence, intellectual and social, against the incoming tide of scepticism. This position is stated with greater clearness in the 'Apologia' and the

'Development of Religious Error'[1] than in any of his earlier writings. And it was constantly reinforced by the drama of the battle between the Church and modern secularism, visible especially in the ecclesiastical politics of Italy and France. Nineteenth-century secularism saw in the Catholic Church its natural enemy; and the Church was the uncompromising foe of its irreligious tendencies which other religious bodies were apt to overlook. He found, as he tells us in the 'Apologia,' even in Rome's attitude of exclusiveness—her infallible claim—a providential antidote to modern intellectual excesses. The Church really strengthened the intellect for its profitable exercise by restraining it from useless and unpractical discussions.

In his new communion as in his old, his primary object was to work for the well-being of the Church, to extend its influence, to meet the objections which made many reject its claim. Hence such controversial works as his 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' on Marian devotion, his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' on Papal Infallibility, his lectures on the 'Difficulties of Anglicans.' These have an object similar to that of his Tracts and Lectures of early days. They were designed to strengthen the forces of the Church, to draw men to it or enable them to hold fast to it. Thus the fact that his writings do not for the most part discuss infidelity does not tell against my account of his purpose. They were designed not to discuss it but to prevent it.[2]

[1] *Contemporary Review*, October 1885. See *Life of Newman*, vol. ii. p. 505, for account of this article.—Ed.

[2] Similar was the object in the very valuable introduction of 1877 to the republished *Via Media* pamphlets. It was designed to meet criticisms which were based on an insufficient recognition of the variety of the Church's functions. She was often denounced as obscurantist, or as indifferent to truth and science. She was denounced as autocratic. But the key to her action was often found in the conflict of different duties equally imperative. The interests of order or devotion might for the moment take precedence of the interests of intellectual speculation or secular science—which were, after all, not her direct concern. He accounted for her occasional failure in one department by showing that it was attributable to her duties in another. The Church, he said, had three offices. She was the guardian of devotion and worship, the defender of theological truth, the embodiment of a great ecclesiastical polity. Her rulers had, therefore, to consider the several interests of devotion, of truth, and of expediency in ecclesiastical politics. Her rulers might on

But a further point has to be noted—and this brings me to the direct subject of this lecture. In his work of strengthening the existing supports of belief he saw that, as a matter of experience, religion is best kindled and intensified, not by argument, but by appeals to the whole man—his conscience, his affections, his imagination. And these appeals are the work of the personal influence of the great preacher or Christian writer. In his famous letters of 1841 on the Tamworth Reading Room we find some pregnant sentences on this subject:

The heart is commonly reached [he writes], not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma: no man will be a martyr for a conclusion. . . . Logic makes but a sorry rhetoric with the multitude; first shoot round corners, and you may not despair of converting by a syllogism. . . . To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful, and considerably less impressive. After all, man is *not* a reasoning animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal. He is influenced by what is direct and precise. . . . There is no difference here between true religion and pretended. . . . Christianity is a history supernatural, and almost scenic: it tells us what its Author is, by telling us what He has done.[1]

We see in this passage how large a place in the work before him was occupied by the functions of the preacher. The literary artist, too, could make the story of Christianity and the power of its ideal live by vivid historical description. Both were instances of what I may call the power of personality in apologetic.

occasion decline to disturb the devotion of the many by intellectual discussions in the domain of theology and science, not from indifference to truth, but from tenderness to the interests of worship and prayer. Or she might be severe on intellectuals who were also ecclesiastical rebels. Here again was a discussion with no direct relation to the infidel movement, yet all-important with a view to confirming trust in the Church which was the most effective opponent of that movement.

[1] *Discussions and Arguments*, Article 4, pp. 293-5, quoted in *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 92-6.

One of his famous Oxford sermons was on Personal Influence as a means of propagating religious truth, and that influence could be exercised not only by the intense personal conviction which communicates itself to others, but by the varied exhibition of the Christian ideal for which literature gives opportunities.

In his later days even more clearly than in his early career he saw that the infidel movement drew its force very largely from the growing prevalence of a secularist ideal of life and of the world from which religion was banished. One of his finest argumentative treatises in 'The Idea of a University' is directed to showing that the secularist ideal of education, which leaves religion out, is an imperfect one, not commensurate with human nature. But the secularist ideal might be refuted, and still if assumed and visibly set forth in the literature of the day it would leave its taint on the imagination. It was best counteracted by literature based on the Christian ideal. A work like 'Callista,' his sketches of the Benedictine ideal, and his works on the early Fathers contribute to this object. He was, I think, conscious of gaining influence on many minds, including those whom intellectual discussions might easily confuse, by exercising all the varied powers of a gifted personality on the side of faith. At Oxford his personality acted largely in direct intercourse with his disciples from the pulpit and in conversation. But in the retreat of Birmingham this personal contact of a religious leader was achieved mainly by the exhibition of his personality in his writings. Even his literary brilliance had its place in exposing injustice in the enemies of religion. His powers of irony had never been displayed at all in his Oxford days; now they found exhibitions which fairly amazed people—notably in the 'Present Position of Catholics' and in the Kingsley controversy. His poetry had hitherto consisted exclusively of short poems, but now he depicted the Christian view of life as revealed in the drama of death in a really great poem—'The Dream of Gerontius.'

All this explains how one who had the simple enthusiasm

of an apostle and the direct aim of a controversialist has left works which for art and imagination take so high a place in our literature. We should never have had the revelation we possess of a mind of singular grace, beauty, and brilliancy as well as holiness and penetration, but for the view Newman held of the wide field in which work for religion is profitable as an opportunity for bringing to bear on others the influence of a Christian personality.

His poetry, his fiction, his historical sketches, his Dublin satires on educational deficiencies—none of them are apologetic in the sense in which the works of which I have specially spoken in my second and third lectures are apologetic. And they contain charming contributions to literature and charming illustrations of the temperament of the man, passages wholly uncontroversial and purely literary, written with the artist's love of minute truth for its own sake. To take a few well-known instances—but for his wide view of the utility of literature in religious interests we should never have had his definition of the typical gentleman, for he would never have written it simply for its own sake. It comes as part of the theory of education ; and he had made up his mind that the work he was commissioned to do in founding an Irish University was an occasion given him by Providence for forming Christian minds by an exact analysis of a Christian education. The admirable character sketch of Jucundus—the typical Roman man of the world—would never have been given to the public except as part of a work in which the Greek heroine Callista affords the unique opportunity of delineating the rapidly transforming power of Christianity on a refined nature. Again, he would never, like Horace, have written for the sake of describing a ' bore ' ; but in the pages of ' Loss and Gain,' which presented the Oxford Movement in fiction, we have in Bateman the typical bore painted to the life.

These passages are the spontaneous exhibition of a nature alive to all around him, which is peculiarly interesting to observe in one whose special message to his fellow-men was that of the ascetic and the prophet. The description of the *beau idéal* of a gentleman, in one of his Dublin lectures,

has often been quoted, yet it will be well to read a page from it as illustrating what I have said:

> The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well-employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice.[1]

Let me now read from his tale, 'Loss and Gain,' as a good specimen of the quiet humour with which he alertly watched men and things, his introduction of Bateman, the bore:

> . . . They saw before them a tall, upright man, whom Sheffield had no difficulty in recognising as a bachelor of Nun's Hall, and a bore at least of the second magnitude. He was in cap and gown, but went on his way, as if intending, in that extraordinary guise, to take a country walk. He took the path which they were going themselves, and they tried to keep behind him; but they walked too briskly, and he too leisurely, to allow of that. It is very difficult duly to delineate a bore in a narrative, for the very reason that he *is* a bore. A tale must aim at condensation, but a bore acts in solution. It is only on the long-run that he is

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 209.

ascertained. Then, indeed, he is felt; he is oppressive; like the sirocco which the native detects at once, while a foreigner is often at fault. *Tenet, occiditque.* Did you hear him make but one speech, perhaps you would say he was a pleasant, well-informed man; but when he never comes to an end, or has one and the same prose every time you meet him, or keeps you standing till you are fit to sink, or holds you fast when you wish to keep an engagement, or hinders you listening to important conversation,—then there is no mistake, the truth bursts on you, *apparent dirae facies*, you are in the clutches of a bore. You may yield, or you may flee; you cannot conquer. Hence it is clear that a bore cannot be represented in a story, or the story would be the bore as much as he. The reader, then, must believe this upright Mr. Bateman to be what otherwise he might not discover, and thank us for our consideration in not proving as well as asserting it.[1]

For exhibitions of his higher powers of humour and irony he needed a direct and urgent call of duty. These powers are fully visible in only two publications—the lectures on 'The Present Position of Catholics'—delivered at the time of the agitation of 1851 against the 'Papal Aggression,' as it was called—and the controversy with Kingsley. In both cases he felt that only by exerting to the full his brilliant gift of irony could he make an effectual impression on public opinion. The lectures of 1851 aimed at discrediting a really gross libel on Catholics which had become current coin. Not only did he let out his full force of sarcasm and humour, but his style was transformed to suit the occasion. Little is visible of those cross currents of which I spoke in my last lecture, which in most of his works represent and anticipate the objections and exceptions to the views he set forth. The very close perception of facts which, in ordinary cases, made him alive to objections to general statements or strong statements, made him now alive to the absence of material objections or exceptions. The hue and cry against Catholics at that time was grossly unjust, and was not based on really plausible objections to the action of the Catholic religion to which he was as keenly alive as anyone. It was based on sheer ignorance and fanatical bigotry. Therefore he

[1] *Loss and Gain*, pp. 11–12.

let himself go for all he was worth in ridiculing it. We have the very curious spectacle of a grave religious apologist giving rein for the first time at the age of fifty to a sense of rollicking fun and gifts of humorous writing, which if expended on other subjects would naturally have adorned the pages of Thackeray's *Punch*. I can only give an idea of the first of these lectures by extracts which run to some length, as its special character is due to the thoroughness with which Newman throws himself into a sustained and elaborate burlesque. He attempts to bring home to Englishmen the absurdity of the scarecrow of Papal Aggression and Popery which their prejudices and lack of real knowledge of Roman Catholics had erected, by comparing it to an imaginary scare against English aggression and John Bullism amongst the Russians, whom he supposes to be as ignorant of the real England as Englishmen are of the real Catholic Church. He supposes heated speeches in Russia against John Bullism, parallel to the heated speeches against Popery which were in 1851 being daily delivered in England.

I will suppose, then [he writes], a speaker, and an audience too, who never saw England, never saw a member of parliament, a policeman, a queen, or a London mob; who never read the English history, or studied any one of our philosophers, jurists, moralists, or poets; but who has dipped into Blackstone and several English writers, and has picked up facts at third or fourth hand, and has got together a crude farrago of ideas, words, and instances, a little truth, a deal of falsehood, a deal of misrepresentation, a deal of nonsense, and a deal of invention.

Those were days when the British constitution was profoundly admired and beginning to be widely imitated on the Continent, and the Russian Count Potemkin warns a mass meeting at Moscow against the insidious and perfidious atheistical machinations of John Bullism, which is engaged in one enormous conspiracy against all European states, and which was even aiming at modifying the old institutions of the north and dressing up the army, navy, legislature, and executive of Russia in the livery of Queen Victoria. He

is horrified at learning that this John Bullism is actually making dupes and finding sympathisers among educated Muscovites. This fills him with amazement. Newman thus epitomises his remarks :

> He could understand those who had never crossed out of their island, listening to the songs about 'Rule Britannia,' and 'Rosbif,' and 'Poor Jack,' and the 'Old English Gentleman'; he understood and he pitied them ; but that Russians, that the conquerors of Napoleon, that the heirs of a paternal government, should bow the knee, and kiss the hand, and walk backwards, and perform other antics before the face of a limited monarch, this was the incomprehensible foolery which certain Russians had viewed with so much tenderness. He repeated, there were in that city educated men, who had openly professed a reverence for the atheistical tenets and fiendish maxims of John-Bullism.

Then the Count proceeds to open the eyes of these dupes, and reveal to them what a combination of folly and knavery John Bullism really is, and to make good the words 'fiendish and atheistical' which he had applied to its maxims. He tells them of a certain volume called 'Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England'—not known to the ordinary Englishman, circulated only among the ruling and official classes—but which is, he explains, the esoteric gospel of John Bullism. He had obtained it after a long search at an immense cost. Far be it from him to suggest that Englishmen at large are aware of the insidious character of that John Bullism which is nevertheless the guiding principle of their legislature, and is nakedly set forth in this carefully concealed text-book which he has so fortunately unearthed. He imparts to his hearers, as they listen with breathless attention, some of the revelations in this really diabolical book as to the true inwardness of John Bullism.

> 'I open the book, gentlemen, and what are the first words which meet my eyes ? "*The King can do no wrong.*" I beg you to attend, gentlemen, to this most significant assertion ; one was accustomed to think that no child of man had the gift of impeccability ; one had imagined that, simply speaking, impeccability was a divine attribute ; but this British Bible, as I may call it,

distinctly ascribes an absolute sinlessness to the King of Great Britain and Ireland. Observe, I am using no words of my own, I am still but quoting what meets my eyes in this remarkable document. The words run thus. "It is an axiom of the law of the land that the *King himself can do no wrong*." Was I wrong, then, in speaking of the atheistical maxims of John-Bullism? But this is far from all. The writer goes on actually to ascribe to the Sovereign (I tremble while I pronounce the words) *absolute perfection*; for he speaks thus: "The law ascribes to the King in his political capacity ABSOLUTE PERFECTION; *the King can do no wrong!*" (Groans.) One had thought that no human power could be thus described; but the British legislature, judicature, and jurisprudence, have had the unspeakable effrontery to impute to their crowned and sceptred idol, to their doll,'—here cries of 'Shame, shame,' from the same individual who had distinguished himself in an earlier part of the speech—'to this doll, this puppet whom they have dressed up with a lion and a unicorn, the attribute of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!' Here the individual who had several times interrupted the speaker sprung up, in spite of the efforts of persons about him to keep him down, and cried out, as far as his words could be collected, 'You cowardly liar, our dear, good little Queen,' when he was immediately saluted with a cry of 'Turn him out,' and soon made his exit from the meeting.

Order was restored, and the Count resumed his speech and quotations. He had not yet brought out how completely this blasphemous doctrine is acknowledged in the aforesaid gospel of John Bullism. For this Blackstone, not content with saying that the King can do no wrong, goes on to commit himself to the following words:

'The King moreover is not only incapable of *doing* wrong, but even of *thinking* wrong!! *he can never do an improper thing; in him is no folly or weakness*!!!' (Shudders and cheers from the vast assemblage, which lasted alternately some minutes.) At the same time a respectably dressed gentleman below the platform begged permission to look at the book; it was immediately handed to him; after looking at the passages, he was observed to inspect carefully the title-page and binding; he then returned it without a word.

The speech proceeds and the burlesque heightens. He

shows that Queen Victoria by English law is entitled to assume the airs of divine sovereignty; she is spoken of by the shameless Blackstone as the 'fount of justice.' The book also predicates the ubiquity of the sovereign; Blackstone uses the very term, and explains that the sovereign is 'present in all his law courts.' He even predicates by an awful blasphemy immortality for the English monarch. The King, he says, never dies. With equally amazing blasphemies he describes the functions of the British parliament, his account of which seriously suggests the scriptural account of Antichrist, 'the lawless one.' The power of parliament is spoken of by Blackstone as being 'transcendent,' and he adds: 'It may make law; and that which is law it may make no law.'

The gallant speaker then delivered the following passage from Blackstone's volume, in a very distinct and articulate whisper: '"Some have not scrupled to call its power—the OMNIPOTENCE of Parliament!"' No one can conceive the thrilling effect of these words; they were heard all over the immense assemblage; every man turned pale; a dead silence followed; one might have heard a pin drop. A pause of some minutes followed.

The indictment of John Bullism at home and abroad which follows cannot be abridged within limits suitable for this lecture. As a running riot of a fantastic imagination and a keen sense of humour—of neither of which qualities Newman's earlier writings show any trace—it is very memorable, and those who wish fully to understand some characteristic gifts of the man should read it. I must content myself here with giving in conclusion the Count's peroration:

'And now, gentlemen, your destiny is in your own hands. If you are willing to succumb to a power which has never been contented with what she was, but has been for centuries extending her conquests in both hemispheres, then the humble individual who has addressed you will submit to the necessary consequence; will resume his military dress, and return to the Caucasus; but if, on the other hand, as I believe, you are resolved to resist unflinchingly this flood of satanical imposture and foul ambition, and force it back into the ocean; if, not from hatred to the English—far from it—from *love* to them (for a distinction must

ever be drawn between the nation and its dominant John-Bullism); if, I say, from love to them as brothers, from a generous determination to fight their battles, from an intimate consciousness that they are in their secret hearts *Russians*, that they are champing the bit of their iron lot, and are longing for you as their deliverers; if, from these lofty notions as well as from a burning patriotism, you will form the high resolve to annihilate this dishonour of humanity; if you loathe its sophisms, "De minimis non curat lex," and "Malitia supplet ætatem," and "Tres faciunt collegium," and "Impotentia excusat legem," and "Possession is nine points of the law," and "The greater the truth, the greater the libel"—principles which sap the very foundations of morals; if you wage war to the knife with its blighting superstitions of primogeniture, gavelkind, mortmain, and contingent remainders; if you detest, abhor, and abjure the tortuous maxims and perfidious provisions of its *habeas corpus*, *quare impedit*, and *qui tam*' (Hear, hear); 'if you scorn the mummeries of its wigs, and bands, and coifs, and ermine' (vehement cheering); 'if you trample and spit upon its accursed fee simple and fee tail, villanage, and free soccage, fiefs, heriots, seizins, feuds' (a burst of cheers, the whole meeting in commotion); 'its shares, its premiums, its post-obits, its percentages, its tariffs, its broad and narrow gauge'—Here the cheers became frantic, and drowned the speaker's voice, and a most extraordinary scene of enthusiasm followed. One half of the meeting was seen embracing the other half; till, as if by the force of a sudden resolution, they all poured out of the square and proceeded to break the windows of all the British residents. They then formed into procession, and, directing their course to the great square before the Kremlin, they dragged through the mud, and then solemnly burnt, an effigy of John Bull which had been provided beforehand by the managing committee, a lion and a unicorn, and a Queen Victoria. These being fully consumed, they dispersed quietly; and by ten o'clock at night the streets were profoundly still, and the silver moon looked down in untroubled lustre on the city of the Czars.[1]

This extract certainly shows a power of sustained and, one must admit, very broad burlesque which would win distinction as a humourist for a mere man of letters.

We may search in vain through his writings and corre-

[1] *Present Position of Catholics in England*, pp. 25–41.

spondence to find any such exhibition of it except when it was brought into play as the only means of effectively defending what he regarded as a sacred cause.

Perhaps the best instance of his powers of satire is found in the Kingsley controversy. And no instance is more typical than the *résumé* of Kingsley's rather clumsy letters of apology for his unjust and unprovoked attack on Newman in the correspondence which preceded the publication of the 'Apologia.' Let it be observed that Kingsley had slandered, not Newman only, but the Catholic priesthood at large. It was again in opposing injustice that Newman gave free vent to a biting irony for which there is no parallel in his other writings:

Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming,—'Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'

I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'

Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.'

I make answer: 'Oh . . . *Not*, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage.'

Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

I rejoin: '*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

I object: 'Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't.'

'Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will.'

My *word!* I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my

word that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen,' he says: 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley, who did not mean what he said. '*Habemus confitentem reum.*'

So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! 'I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: 'O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.' [1]

I will for one moment turn aside here to quote a very remarkable testimony to the crushing effect on Kingsley's reputation of the attack of which this passage constitutes the first chapter and the 'Apologia' the last. I quote it as testimony to Newman's power of carrying public opinion with him even in so unpromising a task as the defence of Popery in 1864 against a popular writer. Kingsley's friend, Max Müller, has left the following record of the effect of the controversy on public opinion and on Kingsley himself:

Kingsley felt his defeat most deeply; he was like a man that stammered, and could not utter at the right time the right word that was in his mind. What is still more surprising was the sudden collapse of the sale of Kingsley's most popular books. I saw him after he had been with his publishers to make arrangements for the sale of his copyrights. He wanted the money to start his sons, and he had the right to expect a substantial sum. The sum offered him seemed almost an insult, and yet he assured me that he had seen the books of his publishers, and that the sale of his books during the last years did not justify a larger offer. He was miserable about it, as well he might be. He felt not only the pecuniary loss, but, as he imagined, the loss of that influence which he had gained by years of hard labour.

[1] *Apologia* (Oxford University Press, 1913), pp. 20–1.

I have quoted specimens of his lighter vein at some length because it marks off Newman so completely from the ordinary theologian or controversialist. It shows him bringing to bear great personal powers of wit or sarcasm in order to expose an attitude of bigotry in his opponents which is the true source of their unfair controversial method. Such writing affords the very interesting spectacle of exhibitions which arrest the critic as literature—even as humorous and ironical literature—being prompted by the motives which inspire the religious apologist. A remarkably faithful psychology is apparent even when the writer makes controversial points—they are hardly caricatures, or only caricatures of the kind which brings true features into relief. And his great success in controversy was due to this. There were plenty of dispassionate critics who felt *rem acu tetigisti*.[1] The injustice of Kingsley's attack, the absurdity of the 'No Popery' movement in the form then so widespread, were, I think, on the whole brought home by him to the country at large. Kingsley has his defenders, and Popery is not yet popular, but the common opinion of the country has moved very many degrees, in consequence of Newman's writing. Extravagances which were widespread in 1851 are now confined to the successors of Mr. Kensit and to the Protestant Alliance.

No doubt these examples of Newman's humour have a directly controversial object. But they speak of a far subtler method than that of the typical controversialist. They show his power of playing on the mind of his hearers as on an instrument—of enlisting their sympathies by the art which belongs to the great man of letters.

A large proportion of his writings, however (as I have said), brings literary gifts *en évidence* without any controversial object.

These writings—in prose and poetry—not only show us his literary gifts, but bring the man himself nearer to us. We have not only his views, but the habitual thoughts

[1] Newman insists, and I think justly, that his imaginary picture of Russian Anglophobism, which may appear to us in 1914 to be extravagant, did not exaggerate the absurdities of the 'No-Popery' speeches of 1851.

which marked the man and the visions which were constantly with him. He exercised through them, as I have said, that indefinable power—personal influence. He was himself deeply sensitive to the power of personal influence. He has told us of the awe and reverence with which, as a young man, he had looked at Keble. Later he himself had exercised over a large circle a far greater influence than Keble's. His own deep sense of all that a great personality meant in life is conveyed incidentally in one of the essays of his Irish years on the School of Athens. He describes the progress of an imaginary visitor, and the sights that arrest his attention:

> Onwards he proceeds still; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe, which has bestowed its own name on Universities down to this day; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place, the groves, and the statues, and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by; many are the lessons which will be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion; but his eye is just now arrested by one object; it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says; he does not care to hear; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation; what he sees is a whole, complete in itself, not to be increased by addition, and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life; a stay for his memory to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond of union with men of like mind, ever afterwards. Such is the spell which the living man exerts on his fellows, for good or for evil. How nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue, or genius, or name, the qualification for our doing so! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy, simply to see Livy; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education, and something to tell of to his grandchildren.[1]

Newman's sense of the dominating force of personal presence and influence, which this extract illustrates, gives the key to the view I am taking of the life-work of the man

[1] *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii., pp. 41–2.

himself, for that force enters into all those departments of his work which I have attempted to analyse. He realised in his own self the power of a great personality which he here depicts in the case of Plato and which was so much to him in life. I have said that his varied work, by revealing his own attractive and gifted mind and soul, brings the man himself nearer to his readers. He was steeped in Christianity. And he endeavoured to impart to others the visions and feelings as well as the arguments which inspired his own faith. By bringing them nearer to himself he made his own personality react upon them. He brought to the aid of the Christian Church in winning and keeping human sympathies all the force of his great individuality. He realised the theme of his own sermon on 'Personal Influence as the means of Propagating Religious Truth'; he realised his own chosen motto, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. By winning the personal love of his followers he gained the supremacy over them which enabled him to instil with authority the Christian *ethos* which filled his own nature. He was by nature and culture alike a true artist, and he communicated to his disciples by means of his art his own self, with its many-sided living and intensely Christian way of looking at the world. This really sums up all I have said of his philosophy, his history, his apologetic and his style. When he argued he communicated not dry, formal, theoretical arguments, but the living process of mind through which he had himself passed. So, too, in history. The picture he had formed for himself from his study of the literature of the early church, he passed on to his readers. All his views were presented through the pictorial medium of his own mind—a medium of very exquisite make. In this sense the German insistence on Newman's 'subjectivity' is just. It lies at the root of his strength and of his limitations alike. His most objective study was of the genius of the Church as manifest in succeeding civilisations—the subject of the 'Essay on Development.' Here his knowledge of the early Christian literature was so thorough that the reader often feels even closer to the facts than to the artist who paints them. Still, from first to last the method is the same.

It is that of an artist who is likewise poet, historian, thinker and theologian, painting, with a minuteness which only great literary endowment can achieve, the living process of his own mind—his philosophical thought, his historical studies, his imagination, his emotion—presenting to others the picture of Christianity which this process first paints for himself, depicting also the depth of his own conviction as a testimony to the force of the considerations which have convinced him. Occasionally rhetoric or irony are invoked to brush away obstacles which may prevent the public for which he paints from giving due attention and just appreciation to his work. But the main outcome of the writings is that they convey his own vision of Christianity to the intellect and imagination of his readers, and his own resulting passionate conviction ; his principal aim being to form in them the Christian mind and the Christian character—to bind fast to Christianity with numerous and fine tendrils the imagination, the conscience, and the intellect of his disciples ; to draw them within the ark of the Christian Church while the deluge of unbelief is being poured throughout the world at large (to use his own chosen metaphor), while the old Christendom is being transformed into a new and non-Christian civilisation.

LECTURE VI.

NEWMAN'S PSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHT.

THIS lecture will be in some sense an epilogue, but I hasten to remind you that a woman's postscript is often proverbially the most important thing in her letter. I propose to speak of Newman's psychological insight. This gift constitutes perhaps the most important clue to the main problem I raised in my first lecture. I pointed out in that lecture how much of Newman's deepest work is widely unnoticed and unappreciated by the world of savants. In subsequent lectures I analysed much of that work. The scope of those lectures has been mainly to draw attention to gifts not generally admitted or realised to the full. But one gift is universally admitted—namely, his psychological insight. I speak of it in the form of an epilogue for this very reason, because it falls outside the primary scope of my lectures. Yet, by a curious paradox, this universally recognised gift is one main cause of other gifts I have claimed for him being disguised and thus not recognised. I have insisted that in philosophy, theology and history he really had the specialist's gifts, yet he did not so use them as to do a specialist's work on a considerable scale and secure recognition from specialists in general. I have no doubt shown that this was partly due to such studies being undertaken not for their own sake, but as ministering to the defence of religion. This limited the extent to which such studies were pursued. But in addition to this I have pointed out that we never find in his writings quite the objective scientific treatment natural to the specialist, and the fundamental reason for this was, as I shall now endeavour to explain, because

his psychological insight—of which everyone knows in general—haunted him in a degree which is perhaps not generally understood, and disabled him from such merely objective treatment. His consciousness (while writing) of the living minds with which his words were bringing him into contact was almost like a sixth sense. He was so acutely conscious of the effect of any sentence he wrote on the various minds of different classes of readers that merely objective treatment, which neglects the mentality of the reader or is designed for expert minds all on one plane, was impossible to him. I should say that he had an almost uncanny insight into the minds he was addressing. He could not bring himself to say merely what was objectively true while he so exactly saw that the impression such utterance would produce on A, B, or C would not be true, and would not correspond to what he had in his own mind. He met this difficulty with great dexterity in his writings, introducing saving clauses to forestall and prevent misunderstanding on the part of certain classes of readers. But this course was at once to desert the straight logical road and take to devious psychological by-roads. The plain, objective, scientific treatment of philosophy, theology and history for expert readers was impossible to one who was so haunted by the effect of each word on others who were not experts. He could not bring himself to go straight ahead regardless of these personal misunderstandings. And his insight into the minds of his hearers was part of his extraordinary psychological insight into the various phases of human nature.

Therefore these lectures—though designed mainly to point out gifts which are not generally observed—would be incomplete if I did not speak expressly of this quality, though it is universally acknowledged. But, indeed, though acknowledged in general terms, it is in every respect worth attention in detail, for its scope is not by any means as widely realised as its existence. It was the secret of his greatest gifts as a writer. And it was also responsible for his limitations. I shall first dwell simply on the various fields in which this psychological insight was

apparent. Afterwards I shall speak of some of its consequences, over and above the special consequence I have alluded to.

In the first place, psychological insight was specially apparent in the pulpit—the earliest field of his influence. He was not, in the ordinary sense, an eloquent preacher. But James Anthony Froude and others of his Oxford disciples have told us how in the pulpit at St. Mary's he would pierce the heart by a sentence which revealed to the hearer the secret of his own soul. The half-acknowledged or unacknowledged doubts and difficulties which held many back from genuine religion were vividly and truly painted by the preacher to whom religion was the most real of all things. Men were overcome by the vision of the unseen which was so completely undimmed in the very man who saw so clearly the difficulties which dimmed it for themselves.

But this penetrating psychological insight was not confined to the knowledge of the human conscience and human nature in general, which he showed in the pulpit. Its range was wider, and gave special persuasiveness to his prose writings. He read the minds he addressed and knew how to touch them. He saw how men of various sorts and antecedents were thinking about life. He noted the peculiarities of national character. He was alive to the strength and weakness of various types—the man of learning, the mere abstract philosopher, the man of letters. He analysed the mind of the unspeculative man of action, of the man of narrow mind, of the victim of invincible prejudice, of the sceptic whom no reason satisfies, of the spiritual genius who sees reasons unseen to the unspiritual. It was this universal sense of the most various mentalities among his readers which gave his prose writing a character quite as persuasive as his preaching. No doubt he was an artist in prose, but his art was guided by these subtle perceptions as a preliminary to delineation, enabling him so to delineate as to produce the desired effect on those whom he addressed.

I will cite some instances of his powers of psychological observation and analysis. The typical narrow mind is

described by him with remarkable subtlety in the University Sermons, and I will read a portion of his analysis :

Narrow minds have no power of throwing themselves into the minds of others. They have stiffened in one position, as limbs of the body subjected to confinement, or as our organs of speech, which after a while cannot learn new tones and inflections. They have already parcelled out to their own satisfaction the whole world of knowledge ; they have drawn their lines, and formed their classes, and given to each opinion, argument, principle, and party, its own locality ; they profess to know where to find everything ; and they cannot learn any other disposition. They are vexed at new principles of arrangement, and grow giddy amid cross divisions ; and, even if they make the effort, cannot master them. They think that any one truth excludes another which is distinct from it, and that every opinion is contrary to their own opinions which is not included in them. They cannot separate words from their own ideas, and ideas from their own associations ; and if they attain any new view of a subject, it is but for a moment. They catch it one moment, and let it go the next ; and then impute to subtlety in it, or obscurity in its expression, what really arises from their own want of elasticity or vigour. And when they attempt to describe it in their own language, their nearest approximation to it is a mistake ; not from any purpose to be unjust, but because they are expressing the ideas of another mind, as it were, in translation.[1]

So much for the narrow mind in general. Elsewhere in the 'Idea of a University,' he analyses one particular class of narrow mind—that of a man who may be so full of curious and varied learning as to appear at first sight to have a claim to real intellectual breadth. Yet in reality his knowledge is no guarantee of real mental perception, of elasticity of mind, of a philosophical view of the large mass of facts which such minds may indeed know, but cannot locate or reconcile. Here again his analysis, though brief, is penetrating.

There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists ; they may be learned in the law ; they may be

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 307–8.

versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind.[1]

It is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.[2]

A great memory . . . does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar.[3]

It is to be observed—by the way—that this subtle perception of intellectual narrowness not only enabled Newman in his persuasive prose to manipulate and persuade men of narrow mind whom he understood so well, but it also enabled him to forestall an occasional disparagement of his reasonings in the *terrain* of history, on the ground that acknowledged experts in history disagreed with him. His analysis rules out of court as real judges or authorities on trains of historical reasoning many supposed experts. The supposed expert may be, for all his learning, narrow in his angle of vision, or deficient in historical imagination and philosophical observation, and therefore incompetent as a judge on the particular point at issue.

Still more impervious than the narrow mind to an argument that tells for an unwelcome conclusion is the typical prejudiced man, though he too may not be destitute of ability. The narrow man or the merely learned man may have the will to understand, though his idiosyncrasy may deny him adequate power. But the prejudiced man is so convinced that he is right that he does not even try to weigh the reasoning against his favourite conclusions, though that reasoning may include statements of actual fact. Newman's analysis of this type has a true touch of humour. It occurs in the lectures on 'The Present Position of Catholics,' and is there applied to the attitude of many an Englishman in 1850 towards the Roman Catholic religion and its defenders. He sets before us the picture of a big, blustering bully, who holds by right of invincible prejudice that certain popular charges against Rome are so notorious that to deny them

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 135. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 142.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 135.

is absurd. He is angry at being asked even to consider their denial or the reasons by which it is supported. It is, he declares, like being asked to consider arguments to show that America or India do not exist. No one would think of taking such arguments seriously. Newman's account of the attitude of the Prejudiced Man when someone shows him a controversial article on the Roman Catholic side is too long for quotation in full, but I will read a typical extract:

> What is the good [asks the Prejudiced Man in anger], of laboriously vindicating St. Eligius, or exposing a leading article in a newspaper, or a speaker at a meeting, or a popular publication, when the thing is notorious; and to deny it is nothing else than a vexatious demand upon his time, and an insult to his common sense? He feels the same sort of indignation which the Philistine champion, Goliath, might have felt when David went out to fight with him, 'Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a staff? and the Philistine cursed him by his gods.' And, as the huge giant, had he first been hit, not in the brain, but in the foot or the shoulder, would have yelled, not with pain, but with fury at the insult, and would not have been frightened at all or put upon the defensive, so our Prejudiced Man is but enraged so much the more, and almost put beside himself, by the presumption of those who, with their doubts or their objections, interfere with the great Protestant Tradition about the Catholic Church. To bring proof against us is, he thinks, but a matter of time; and we know in affairs of every day, how annoyed and impatient we are likely to become, when obstacles are put in our way in any such case. We are angered at delays when they are but accidental, and the issue is certain; we are not angered, but we are sobered, we become careful and attentive to impediments, when there is a doubt about the issue. The very same difficulties put us on our mettle in the one case, and do but irritate us in the other. If, for instance, a person cannot open a door, or get a key into a lock, which he has done a hundred times before, you know how apt he is to shake, and to rattle, and to force it, as if some great insult was offered him by its resistance; you know how surprised a wasp, or other large insect is, that he cannot get through a window-pane; such is the feeling of the Prejudiced Man when we urge our objections—not softened by them at all, but exasperated the more; for what is the use of even incontro-

vertible arguments against a conclusion which he already considers to be infallible ?[1]

Newman's psychological insight is not only directed towards analysing the mentality which fails to appreciate really cogent reasoning. But, as I have said, it also permeates his own way of presenting his own reasoning, so as to persuade men of the most various mentality among his readers. And I will, therefore, give some instances illustrating the extent of his sympathetic understanding—which guides his pen with a constant and subtle sense of effect, much as a tactful converser in a mixed company instinctively says what is suitable to all.

His wide outlook on life is shown in his perception of the peculiar genius of different callings, and this is sometimes indicated in a few pregnant sentences. I will first take as instances his words on the soldier's life work, and his analysis of literary genius—two very opposite fields. His sympathy with a calling so far removed from his own as that of a soldier is remarkable. When he read Gurwood's 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington,' he said to James Anthony Froude, 'They make one burn to be a soldier!' And the same keen sympathy is visible in a passing allusion in one of the 'Sermons on Subjects of the Day':

> [A soldier] comes more nearly than a King to the pattern of Christ. He not only is strong but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on the bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others; he defends us by it; we are indebted to him; we gain by his loss; we are at peace by his warfare.[2]

Far removed from the soldier in his calling and ideals is the man of letters. And here, typical man of letters though he himself was, he was keenly alive to the weakness to which the literary temperament is liable. He depicts it no doubt in many places at its best and in its strength; but he also depicts it at its worst and in its weakness. Literature that has no due regard to the realities of life degenerates

[1] *Present Position of Catholics*, pp. 239–40.
[2] *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, p. 57.

into the use of what he calls 'unreal words.' But if it takes its proper place in life it is an immense practical force. Great master though he was of literary form, he never forgot the danger lest literature, instead of ministering to action, inspiring it or expressing it so as to communicate the inspiration to others, should be content with merely an artistic aim; should be simply pursued as an art without ministering to the deeds which make up all that really matters in human life. 'Let not your words run on,' he says in an early sermon; 'force every one of them into action as it goes.' And again, 'That a thing is true is no reason why it should be said, but that it should be done.' For the mere literary man who disclaims partisanship as vulgar and decries what he has not the courage or sense of duty and reality to act on, he has the contempt, which the following passage expresses:

> A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing; and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he were degrading his calling by enthusiasm, and becoming a politician and a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence; because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one.[1]

On the other hand, no one was more alive to the greatness of literature in the hands of those who added reality of mind and purpose to the gift of expression.

As I have said in my lecture on the sources of his style, Newman himself regarded the true function of really great literature to be the full expression of the inspiring visions before a writer's mind. Thus it had a normal alliance with action as its incentive or its expression.[2]

[1] *Parochial Sermons*, vol. v. p. 42.

[2] How great literature may express even the simpler and more obvious facts of the life of the writer himself, he notes in the case of Cicero:

'Cicero vividly realized the *status* of a Roman senator and statesman, and the "pride of place" of Rome, in all the grace and grandeur which attached to her; and he imbibed, and became what he admired. As the exploits of Scipio or Pompey are the expression of this greatness in deed,

He sums up the part actually played by great literature in the field of life in a passage in the Irish Lectures, in which accuracy of perception and practical good sense accompany the touch of grandiloquence which the taste of his Irish audience so often prompted. The immediate purport of this passage is an exhortation to the young Irishmen of his University to be thorough students of literature.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.[1]

In this connection be it observed that Newman's analysis of literary genius is too true to be touched by sectarianism. He makes no claim for great literature as being

so the language of Cicero is the expression of it in word.' (*Idea of a University*, (pp. 281–2.)

Again classical English literature has made the thoughts and the genius of those who formed it a part of ourselves, expressed in the language which is in daily use:

'The literature of England is no longer a mere letter, printed in books and shut up in libraries, but it is a living voice, which has gone forth in its expressions and its sentiments into the world of men, which daily thrills upon our ears and syllables our thoughts, which speaks to us through our correspondents, and dictates when we put pen to paper. Whether we will or no, the phraseology and diction of Shakespeare, of the Protestant formularies, of Milton, of Pope, of Johnson's Table Talk, and of Walter Scott, have become a portion of the vernacular tongue, the household words, of which perhaps we little guess the origin, and the very idioms of our familiar conversation.' (*Idea of a University*, p. 313.)

[1] *Idea of a University*, pp. 293–4.

primarily or exclusively a weapon for doing good in the world or justifying a particular religion. Its alliance with action does not mean this. It expresses the whole breadth of human nature and human history which are full of crime, therefore it cannot be always religious or even moral.

Man's work will savour of man; in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such, too, will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle's words, are really 'exercised to discern between good and evil.' 'It is said of the holy Sturme,' says an Oxford writer, 'that, in passing a horde of unconverted Germans, as they were bathing and gambolling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them that he nearly fainted away.' National Literature is, in a parallel way, the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leapings and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of God's intellectual creation.[1]

So much for Newman's subtle analysis of the gifts and powers of the man of letters with all his occasional defects, and with the immense possibilities of his vocation.

Besides the types produced by various callings, Newman's psychology notes the types produced by various nationalities. Of his observations on national character I will give two instances. He was impressed by the conspicuous practical success of Englishmen, and yet their inability to theorise or systematise. The Crimean War was the occasion of his observations. It found Englishmen wholly unprepared—so little was this unimaginative race impelled to forecast the future or prepare for its eventualities systematically. Yet when Englishmen were actually in the field of war, and face to face with its practical necessities, their efficiency was amazing. It was the individual English-

[1] *Idea of a University*, pp. 316–17.

man in action who did great deeds. The Government which represented the department of systematic planning and arrangement was again and again at fault. This was conspicuous in the story of the Empire. Our Colonies began for the most part in private enterprises. The United States are the outcome of the endeavours of individual Englishmen. Even our great Indian Empire was the outcome of the labours of the men who united and formed the East India Company. The turning-point was the unofficial military exertion of Clive. Newman's psychological analysis of our national character in this respect, at this moment offers an interesting contrast to the German who does all by the medium of planned organisation under official authority. He leads off with Clive's work:

Suddenly a youth, the castaway of his family, half-clerk, half-soldier, puts himself at the head of a few troops, defends posts, gains battles, and ends in founding a mighty empire over the graves of Mahmood and Aurungzebe.

It is the deed of one man; and so, wherever we go all over the earth, it is the solitary Briton, the London agent, or the *Milordos*, who is walking restlessly about, abusing the natives, and raising a colossus, or setting the Thames on fire, in the East or the West. He is on the top of the Andes, or in a diving-bell in the Pacific, or taking notes at Timbuctoo, or grubbing at the Pyramids, or scouring over the Pampas, or acting as prime minister to the King of Dahomey, or smoking the pipe of friendship with the Red Indians, or hutting at the Pole. No one can say beforehand what will come of these various specimens of the independent, self-governing, self-reliant Englishman. Sometimes failure, sometimes openings for trade, scientific discoveries, or political aggrandisements. His country and his government have the gain; but it is he who is the instrument of it, and not political organisation, centralisation, systematic plans, authoritative acts. The polity of England is what it was before,—the Government weak, the Nation strong,—strong in the strength of its multitudinous enterprise, which gives to its Government a position in the world, which that Government could not claim for itself by any prowess or device of its own.[1]

Less sure and exhaustive perhaps is his analysis of the

[1] "Who's to blame?" *Discussions and Arguments*, pp. 337–8.

genius of the Turks—yet worth studying. I will read a section of it.

[The Ottoman Empire] has in its brute clutch the most famous countries of classical and religious antiquity . . . ignorantly holding in possession one-half of the history of the whole world. There it lies and will not die, and has not in itself the elements of death, for it has the life of a stone, and unless pounded and pulverized, is indestructible. Such is it in the simplicity of its national existence, while that mode of existence remains, while it remains faithful to its religion and its imperial line. Should its fidelity to either fail, it would not merely degenerate or decay; it would simply cease to be.[1]

Let these last words be noted, for they place the policy of the Young Turk as spelling the annihilation of Ottoman power. It is characteristic of his accurate sense of the effect of his words on various readers that he anticipates some hesitation to accept some of his criticisms on Turkish cruelty, on the part of the traveller in Turkey who may have liked and admired his hosts there.

A traveller finds [the Turks] in their ordinary state in repose and serenity. . . . He finds them mild and patient, tender to the brute creation, as becomes the children of a Tartar shepherd, kind and hospitable, self-possessed and dignified, the lowest classes sociable with each other, and the children gamesome. It is true; they are as noble as the lion of the desert, and as gentle and as playful as the fireside cat. Our traveller observes all this; and seems to forget that from the humblest to the highest of the feline tribe, from the cat to the lion, the most wanton and tyrannical cruelty alternates with qualities more engaging or more elevated.[2]

I will pass now from Newman's psychology of national character and speak in some detail of what I alluded to in general terms in connection with his influence as a preacher—his psychological insight into the way in which men reflect on life and on religion. He is alive to the trying thoughts which often subconsciously haunt this or that man in reflecting on his destiny, and to those which trouble

[1] *Historical Sketches*, vol. i. p. 220. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 186–7.

us all. He often—even in a pregnant passing sentence or brief paragraph—gives that relief to the mind which comes when we see clearly expressed the explanation of what has long obscurely haunted and tried us. He does not insist. He does not develop. But he puts his finger with a sure touch on the source of the evil. And the man who feels the healing touch is thereby inspired with confidence in the moral physician and open to persuasion from him. I will give one instance. How many of us are tried by the disenchantments of life—by the failure of the causes and the men whom we once idealised not only to realise their full promise but even so far to justify it as to sustain our allegiance. This depression gives a pessimism which may make us sceptical of all inspiring causes. 'This is no doubt plausible,' we are inclined to say, 'but we should find it out in the end as we have found out others.' Newman forestalls this attitude by reducing the truth which underlies it to its just limits. A certain measure of disenchantment in life is but the inevitable continuation of a process which begins in infancy. Human nature instinctively forms at first sight dazzling fancies, which gradually give place to rigid facts. This is the normal condition of the growth of knowledge, and begins in childhood.

The little babe [he writes] stretches out his arms and fingers, as if to grasp or to fathom the many coloured vision; and thus he gradually learns the connection of part with part, separates what moves from what is stationary, watches the coming and going of figures, masters the idea of shape and of perspective, calls in the information conveyed through the other senses to assist him in his mental process, and thus gradually converts a kaleidoscope into a picture. The first view was the more splendid, the second the more real; the former more poetical, the latter more philosophical. Alas! what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry, and attaining to its prose! [1]

This brief comment goes deep into the experiences of life. It allays pessimism and scepticism. And by the very recognition that such trials, such disenchantments, are part

[1] *Idea of a University*, pp. 331–2.

of the law of life he prevents his readers from being unduly disheartened by them when they come. The thought comes home to the experiences of so many. The heroes of our youth cease to be heroes when we know them as well as the great man is known to his *valet de chambre*. The boy who has regarded his father and mother as infallibly right in all their differences with others mixes with the world and learns that there are two sides to the question. Lacordaire, young and ardent, idealised the Liberal party of France. He gained a seat in the Chamber in 1848 as a Liberal candidate. He found himself side by side with scoffers and atheists. Pius IX dreamt of adapting the Papal Government of Rome to modern requirements, and early in his reign a lay Prime Minister—Count de Rossi—for the first time presided in the Councils of the Pope-king. The result was De Rossi's assassination, the flight of Pius to Gaeta. He awoke from his dream, and the rest of his life was marked by intense conservatism. These were cases of disenchantment by experienced facts. But there are also the disenchantments of argument. Take a man whose whole soul is intent on his country's success in a great war. Resentment against its foes, enthusiasm for the triumph of its cause are his deepest feelings in life. There will be many such on both sides. Yet one side may be flagrantly in the wrong, and the man who, in the midst of the struggle, for the first time reads the white book which shows the state of the case may, if his mind is just and candid, experience a disenchantment which is harder to bear than defeat itself. He finds that he is staking his happiness, perhaps his life, on the triumph of patent injustice.

These are specimens of a law of disenchantment which holds in every field. Life for a man of open mind is a succession of disappointing discoveries paralysing to enthusiasm and action. Such a comment as I have read from Newman's lecture gives at least the sense that this is due to an inevitable law which begins in infancy. We submit and cease to rebel when we understand that it must be so, and why it must be so. Our hopes are no doubt tempered. The ready enthusiasm of youth and inexperience is parted with.

But the general panic is destroyed when we realise that we are in presence not of a capricious demon who makes all our faiths crumble to dust when we hoped to realise them, but of a law of nature which has its assigned limits and ministers not to universal scepticism, but to exact knowledge.

Somewhat similar in its soothing effect is a passage in one of his Sermons, in which he analyses the greatness and the littleness of human life. Here again the failure of great ideals, the disproportion between our sense of the possibilities we feel within ourselves and see suggested in the great field of life, and our actual achievement, the sudden breakdown of high aspiration and the occasional irresistible imperiousness of the lower nature, which almost suggests that the consistent assertion of the higher was a mere unpractical dream, leave us torn between the thought that human life is a sphere of incalculably great possibilities and that it is nothing at all. The only solution lies in the thought of a field for our action more adequate than this present life by itself. And this life itself then takes on some reflection of the greatness of the larger scheme of which it is a part. He suggests this solution in a single sentence.

> The very greatness of our powers makes this life look pitiful; the very pitifulness of this life forces on our thoughts to another; and the prospect of another gives a dignity and value to this life which promises it; and thus this life is at once great and little, and we rightly contemn it while we exalt its importance.[1]

Again in the case of religious knowledge when, in spite of all Newman's persuasiveness, his readers are dissatisfied with the religious solution of human life as being inadequate, and incline to pessimism and scepticism, once more Newman's psychology comes to our rescue. For he warns us beforehand that there are moods in which we shall *not* find even the truest solutions satisfactory. The highest and the truest view is not seen by us steadily, but only at moments. To this thought he recurs again and again. He does not scoff at the pessimistic mood as unreal. He shows that it corre-

[1] *Parochial Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 218.

sponds with a not unnatural view of human life, though it falls short of the widest and deepest. He admits that pessimism may even have a pleasure of its own which is alluring. He gives us in the 'Grammar of Assent' a whole page on the resigned philosophy of the confirmed doubter or agnostic with a sympathy which no religious writer except Pascal has ever shown.

> Are there pleasures of Doubt? . . . In one sense, there are. Not indeed, if doubt simply means ignorance, uncertainty, or hopeless suspense; but there is a certain grave acquiescence in ignorance, a recognition of our impotence to solve momentous and urgent questions, which has a satisfaction of its own. After high aspirations, after renewed endeavours, after bootless toil, after long wanderings, after hope, effort, weariness, failure, painfully alternating and recurring, it is an immense relief to the exhausted mind to be able to say, 'At length I know that I can know nothing about anything.' . . . But here the satisfaction does not lie in not knowing, but in knowing there is nothing to know. . . . Ignorance remains the evil which it ever was, but something of the peace of Certitude is gained in knowing the worst, and in having reconciled the mind to the endurance of it.[1]

Such an attitude of resigned and almost satisfied pessimism is then a real one, which Newman recognises. It accords with a genuine mood of human nature. Yet he shows that it does not accord with human nature as a whole. It ignores aspects which in other moods are vividly apparent. And the pessimists' mood with its one-sided vision cannot last. Thus he takes the sting out of the pessimistic mood by acknowledging that it is plausible, and yet pointing out that it fails to take account of our deepest thoughts and instincts.

The deeper view is witnessed to most clearly by the greater spirits of our race whose instincts penetrate beneath the changing surface, and recognise unity beneath—though even the greatest may only see the complete truth by flashes which come and go. The view such flashes give is unmistakable, as a flash of lightning may show the landscape in an instant with absolute

[1] *Grammar of Assent*, p. 208.

clearness. His psychology depicts the seer as it depicts the doubter. Such great souls confirm the masses of men whose view is weak and unstable.

Firmness and greatness of soul are shown, when a ruler stands his ground on his instinctive perception of a truth which the many scoff at, and which seems failing. The religious enthusiast bows the hearts of men to a voluntary obedience, who has the keenness to see, and the boldness to appeal to, principles and feelings deep buried within them, which they know not themselves, and which he himself but by glimpses and at times realises, and which he pursues from the intensity, not the steadiness of his view of them.[1]

And this leads me to say a word more of that thought which haunted him in his psychological study of the religious mind—the witness borne to religion by the heroes of goodness. His insight was as piercing in detecting heroism and its significance as in detecting human weakness. The clear recognition of whole-hearted devotion and religion in the few whose vision was strong enabled him to keep the religious ideal at its very highest in his preaching to those in whom it was weak, without its failing to be practical, without its degenerating into hypocrisy or unreality, for the saints did practise what they preached. There are preachers who take so unreal a note—a note which removes their sermons so far from what is practical or what they can possibly be supposed to regard as practical—as almost to throw doubt on their sincerity. They use the stock phrases of religious sentiment, and their preaching impresses the many as mere unreal cant. Straightforward men of the world who don't like being preached to perhaps even by saints rejoice to have an opportunity of showing up these preachers as pretenders. Mr. Chadband and Mr. Stiggins were popular with many readers of Dickens for this reason. A reaction against such cant was visible in the healthy, practical, moral preaching of the liberal Churchmen—which in different degrees watered down ultra-religious phraseology and even the high ideals of the Gospel, while exhorting men in sober language

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, pp. 219-20.

to a healthy practical morality. The element of religion, though not to be discarded, should, in their view, refrain from being too obtrusive lest it should become morbid—in some hypocritical, in others unreal. Kingsley and the muscular Christians belonged to this school. It decried celibacy and the saintly ideal as superstitious and unnatural. Its line was a concession to the actual capacities of human nature, a watering down of the Gospel. Newman had all the practicalness of this school—all its hatred of unreality. He realised as much as they how far removed was ordinary human nature from the full Gospel ideals. But in place of watering them down he pointed to their realisation in a chosen few. And he attempted so to exhibit high ideals that instead of repelling ordinary men as unreal they should be intelligible and admirable; though their great difficulty is admitted by him for the mass of men. Men cannot scale the heights before they have learned to walk on the plains. Newman in this endeavour put his mind to that of the man of the world. He took infinite trouble to be persuasive to the man of the world. But he made no concession to his lower standards. This is an important trait in his mental character. We are familiar with the sympathetic mind which sees another's point so clearly that it is weak and cannot hold its own. We are familiar with the strong and narrow religionist who regards the worldly as in outer darkness and refrains from entering at all into a state of mind which he simply reprobates. But keen sympathy allied with uncompromising firmness is very rare indeed. Newman, as I have said, reconciled the high standard of the Gospel with the obvious facts of human weakness by concentrating the limelight of his pictorial and rhetorical art on the Christian heroes who practised what they preached, and who showed our nature's possibilities, and thus stood out as a witness against the canters on the one hand, and those who decried true religion as cant on the other.

Faith, viewed in its history through past ages, presents us with the fulfilment of one great idea in particular—that, namely, of an aristocracy of exalted spirits, drawn together out of all

countries, ranks, and ages, raised above the condition of humanity, specimens of the capabilities of our race, incentives to rivalry and patterns for imitation.[1]

In the University Sermons we have the idea of a succession of great spirits, each holding the torch of faith for his own generation, and then transmitting it to the great ones who shall succeed him :

> A few highly-endowed men will rescue the world for centuries to come. Before now even one man[2] has impressed an image on the Church, which, through God's mercy, shall not be effaced while time lasts. Such men, like the Prophet, are placed upon their watch-tower, and light their beacons on the heights. Each receives and transmits the sacred flame, trimming it in rivalry of his predecessor, and fully purposed to send it on as bright as it has reached him; and this the self-same fire, once kindled on Moriah, though seeming at intervals to fail, has at length reached us in safety, and will in like manner, as we trust, be carried forward even to the end.[3]

Of the moments of spiritual illumination which come to great souls and are tokens of a greatness in man out of all proportion to his earthly destinies, he speaks in the 'Parochial Sermons':

> Men there are, who, in a single moment of their lives, have shown a superhuman height and majesty of mind which it would take ages for them to employ on its proper objects, and as it were to exhaust; and who by such passing flashes, like rays of the sun, and the darting of lightning, give token of their immortality.[4]

And, in another of these sermons, he depicts the inner life of peace and contemplation which possesses those great spirits who are the strength of the many weak ones who wish to be good but need the guidance and encouragement of the strong.

> Holy souls . . . have risen with Christ, and they are like persons who have climbed a mountain and are reposing at the top. All is noise and tumult, mist and darkness at its foot; but on the mountain's top it is so very still, so very calm and

[1] *Discussions and Arguments*, p. 288. [2] Athanasius.
[3] *University Sermons*, p. 97. [4] *Parochial Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 218.

serene, so pure, so clear, so bright, so heavenly, that to their sensations it is as if the din of earth did not sound below, and shadows and gloom were nowhere to be found.

Now it is characteristic of his accurate psychology, and of his divination of the minds of those to whom he speaks, that he is aware that some hearers will not rise to this picture of the Saints. Very few religious writers indeed realise so clearly the repellent elements which some would find in the saintly souls who are the beacon lights of the world. Many a man of the world will see in them something not congenial to his habits of thought and action. The picture of a saint is to him the picture of a bore. Moreover, he will not be attracted by the intensely religious men he happens to meet—the living examples of Newman's spiritual aristocracy. They may be wanting in refinement, not agreeable, not well-informed. In his treatment of this feeling Newman is true to his rôle. He does not inveigh against it, but he faces it to the full. He shows that he is quite aware of it. He explains elaborately the causes why minds differing so widely as the saint and the man of the world are not congenial to each other. But in this instance again he does not forget that it is the Saints who represent what is highest, while their critics dwell on what is trivial. He yields in no degree to the criticism which he sees and meets. Of the deficiencies which may make some holy men unpersuasive he speaks in the 'Occasional Sermons':

I grant, that, from the disorder and confusion into which the human mind has fallen, too often good men are not attractive, and bad men are; too often cleverness, or wit, or taste, or richness of fancy, or keenness of intellect, or depth, or knowledge, or pleasantness and agreeableness, is on the side of error and not on the side of virtue. Excellence, as things are, does lie, I grant, in more directions than one, and it is ever easier to excel in one thing than in two.[1]

He speaks more fully in an earlier Sermon—too long to quote—of the inevitable want of sympathy between those

[1] *Occasional Sermons*, p. 8.

who live for and in another world—in aim and in imagination—and those, even good men, whose thoughts and actions are habitually concentrated on this world. The men of spiritual insight cannot bring their perceptions down to the categories of thought by which the ordinary man judges and reasons. And the want of understanding is reciprocal. The spiritual rarely grasps fully the mind of the unspiritual.

Newman's psychological insight which showed itself in so many fields had a marked effect on his philosophical writings. It was responsible for the strong points and the weak in his philosophy of reasoning which I described in my fourth lecture. It made him so keenly conscious of the way the human mind actually reasons that the imperfect account of it given by the logicians was exhibited by him with singular perspicacity. His theory of the illative sense was far truer to fact than any theory involving the all-sufficiency of explicit logic. But he was at times so pre-occupied with the psychology of actual reasoning as to seem almost to lose sight of the distinction between accurate spontaneous reasoning and inaccurate. His perfect psychology of reasoning seemed to make him at times forget his epistemology.

I do not think that his psychological insight damaged his power as a historian. On the contrary, it helped him to write history, for it gave him the keen imaginative perception of the workings of human minds in the past, which is so valuable for the historian. It was more unreservedly a source of strength than in the case of his philosophy. It is also, I think, a chief source of his power as a writer of verse. The two poems which have become universally popular are 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'The Dream of Gerontius.' And in each it is insight into man's life that holds us. The life of faith is depicted in one—the following of a light amid darkness ; the attitude of hopeful trust ; the dream of the happy vision in the end, when

Those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

And the 'Dream of Gerontius' depicts the last act of a Christian—the separation of body and soul—with a power which one of his best critics considers unrivalled in literature. The psychological insight on which I am insisting forms a large part of that element of personality in Newman which, as we have seen in my last lecture, pervades his writing on all subjects. He was not, indeed, like some writers, so overcome by psychological insight and sympathy as to lose his own individuality. What was remarkable was the combination of a closeness and variety of psychological perceptions which almost invariably leads to weakness, with a strong individuality which in most other cases is accompanied by a certain narrowness of sympathy and outlook. If 'personality' is very marked it means more often than not that there is an individual way of treatment which, though compelling by its force, fails in—does not even aim at—delicate universal sympathy. Personality in Newman combined the two sources of influence—strength and sympathy. And this is a very rare combination.

Thus I bring to an end my account of a genius, spiritual and intellectual, marked by rare concentration and unity of purpose, and rare variety of gifts and perceptions. The unity of purpose made him occasionally enter fields in which he does not stand in the first rank. He was not a great writer of fiction. He was not a great poet, though he wrote true poetry. It also led him into several fields in which he might have been a great specialist—theology, history, and philosophy. That he never acquired the reputation of a great specialist in these fields was partly due to the fact that his use for them was confined to the limits in which they subserved his life work, which was the preservation and deepening of religious belief for the modern civilised world. And it was due also to the various other causes I have enumerated in my first lecture, which all had a common source in the fact emphasised in the present lecture, that he was an artist haunted and inspired by the intense psychological insight which enabled him and compelled him so to depict his conclusions as to appeal to living minds. He addressed sometimes special groups of readers, at others

a large and motley number. He could only have gained the reputation of a great specialist by writing expressly for specialists. Had duty called him to make a department of the learned world his special audience, to bring his psychological insight to bear on the specialists themselves, had his purpose exactly coincided with his specialist gifts, we should have had a work which he never in fact produced. But his purpose and mission were those of a prophet ; and he spoke to those who needed him—either to his close followers who depended on him or to the world at large as a religious missionary ; while the group of academic students in each department were disposed to listen rather to a professor. They had no relish for an apostle. Though he respected their labours and learnt much from them, they were not those whose needs inspired him to white heat. He never brought to bear on them his special powers of persuasion, his special psychological treatment, his special gift of sympathy, by adopting provisionally their own standpoint, their own methods, their own language—I might add their own prejudices. Newman was ever an apostle, and they were never his special disciples. His was no doubt an adaptable apostolate. He wrote theology, philosophy, history, poetry, fiction, to help the religious inquirer in very various fields. He devoted himself in Ireland to the cause of university training as an educative force for young men at large, but to undertake the prolonged studies of a specialist professor for the merely intellectual instruction of the purely academic world would have meant a change in his whole life-work. Such a task would have been too elaborate to leave time for much else ; and nothing short of this would have taken from his writing the persuasive touch of the rhetorician, and would have transferred his psychological insight to the tastes and needs of a class which required rather a rigidly scientific method of writing. Had he been, as he once contemplated, a professor of philosophy at Oxford, I believe that the apostle in him would have reinforced the philosopher in him. He would have adopted the appropriate method and terminology which were necessary in order to influence the world of

philosophical thought and win its recognition. The effective propagation of a true philosophy, the winning of a reputation in philosophy in order to gain influence for great ends, would, at the call of duty, have appealed to him as a veritable apostolate. But as this would have been an absorbing life-work in itself, one may be thankful that we have kept the preacher, the essayist, the literary artist, the poetic thinker which we might have lost in the philosophical professor. The gain to philosophical specialists would have been loss to the world at large; and the world would have known only one side of a genius especially noteworthy for its many-sidedness.

It would have understood better the Newman of the 'Grammar of Assent,' but it would have lost entirely the Newman of the 'Apologia,' of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' of 'The Dream of Gerontius,' the brilliant chastiser of Kingsley's impudent slander, the painter of the picture of the Christian maiden in 'Callista,' the delineator of the Church of the Fathers. And such a loss would seem greater the more closely we contemplate it. It would not merely have meant the loss of individual writings, it would have been the loss of the exhibition of peculiar genius which their combination presents. That combination illustrates the power of the human mind to grasp religious belief on many sides and with many faculties, and this power it was the dominating wish of Newman's life to bring home to his own generation. We might afford to lose any one of the works I have named, we could not afford to lose the exhibition of his many-sided religious genius in their combination. That combination is a far more convincing argument for Christianity than the best philosophical or historical specialist could supply. It gives us the spectacle of Christianity fully satisfying one great mind, his spiritual needs, his poetic dreams, his affections, his historical research and imagination, as well as his philosophical thought—of the authority of the Christian Church directing and developing by the very restraint it imposed on this many-sided genius. This is an invaluable influence on behalf of Christianity. We can then afford to accept with equanimity the fact that the

learned world has not as yet done Newman entire justice either as a philosopher or as an historian. And we can be thankful that we have as the legacy of his life-work not a few technical *magna opera* sealed with the approval of the savants, but the outpourings of a rich nature, rich in the gifts of spiritual insight and devotion to duty, rich in the imagination and knowledge of the historian, and the fancy of the poet, rich in the brilliancy of literary form as well as in philosophic meditation—riches not cast in scientific mould, but the free outpourings of his nature, given to the world as occasion offered, bringing the man in close contact not with the learned few, but with the human many, realising his chosen motto by making his heart speak to theirs, refining them, enlarging their minds, deepening their thoughts, directing their consciences, imparting to them a deep sense that while the riddle of life, which was present to him so vividly, can never be solved, its keys are held by God and the Christ whom He has sent.

Follow His teaching through the darkness of life and you will in the end come to the daylight where riddles are solved and all is plain.

This is the lesson, moral and intellectual, which Newman's varied writings read to us all, and it is contained in the simplest form in that early hymn of his which you all know, and which is known wherever the English tongue is spoken, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' The man speaks in this hymn more truly than he could speak in any philosophic tome, and as I should wish you to leave this hall at the end of my course of lectures, which you have followed with an attention for which I am profoundly grateful, with his own words ringing in your ears rather than mine, I will read before we part those tender, wistful lines, so full of humble, patient faith and hope amid the trials and mysteries of our existence, of hope that those who are faithful in the darkness will one day reach the daylight where they will see again those 'angel faces,' which were near us in the innocence of childhood, but have been lost amid the confusion and obscurity of life.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ON THE METHODS OF DEPICTING CHARACTER IN FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY.

LECTURE I.

THE NATURE AND LIMITS OF A CHARACTER STUDY.

I PROPOSE to submit to this audience in the three lectures which I am to have the honour of giving before the Royal Institution some observations on the various methods of depicting character in biography and fiction. The principles I shall submit to you are mainly my own generalisations from those existing models which I have studied most carefully, and I shall take my illustrations, most of which will be given in subsequent lectures, from well-known and classical biographies and novels.

I must at starting emphasise the limitations of my subject. To depict character is only part of the work of the biographer or of the novelist. Some biographies are little more than histories with published diaries and letters, which in the case of a reserved man tell little of his character. In some novelists' work incident and description is the strong point rather than the delineation of character. In these lectures, however, I shall deal with that portion of the novelist's and biographer's craft which my title indicates. I shall consider both the novelist and biographer in so far as they aim at presenting character. Here a further word of explanation is needed as to the sense in which I use the word 'character' in the title of my lectures. The word 'character' is sometimes used as synonymous with moral character. But I use it in these lectures rather in its

etymological sense as signifying the distinctive traits or marks of individuality.

Now in depicting individuality a writer must aim at what is practicable and possible. He can hardly hope to penetrate to what Tennyson has called the 'abysmal depths of personality.' To speak first of biography, what the writer must attempt to do is to make the subject of his biography known to his readers much as he would have been known to those who came across him in real life. He cannot do much more. He will have achieved signal success if he does as much.

Of course in the knowledge we have of our neighbours there are many degrees, and the biographer's presentment will as far as possible take account of those degrees. First, there is the knowledge of mere external appearance, voice and mannerisms, which one or two meetings will give; then there is the further knowledge of ways and characteristic traits in intercourse and action which familiar acquaintances acquire; and then there is the knowledge of habits of mind, tastes, principles or want of principle, which a man's intimate friends or neighbours have. Such things become apparent as a man lives his life of action and of speech among fellows and friends. That life has to be presented by a biographer. But over and above the qualities which thus become apparent there are in the case of most human beings—in some more, in others less—elements of character which even the most intimate friends cannot fathom; and the solution of any such mystery is outside the biographer's immediate sphere. On most characters that are at all subtle the judgments passed by different people who knew the man well will more or less differ. What the writer of biography is called upon to do in the first place is not to state his own personal, subjective view of disputed or disputable points in a character, but to depict the living and breathing human being, his acts, his words, his contribution to the world's story. The biographer has to present both what is readily intelligible and what is not readily intelligible. What is obscure in real life must not be clear in his pages. He must present his characters, so to speak, objectively so

that they will be recognised by all alike. In biography the great test of success in this respect is that all who knew the man should say when they have read his life, 'This is the man we knew,' though they may differ in their estimate of him *as they did while he still lived among them.* 'Is A. a worldly man?' 'Is B. a mean man?' 'Is C. guilty of consummate swagger, or is it mere shyness?' Such debates are common among people who knew A. and B. and C. very intimately. We constantly discuss those neighbours with whom we are most frequently in contact and who are equally well known to us all, and we often differ as to their real character on important points. 'X. is a very conventional man but I do not think a worldly man,' says one friend. 'Is that your view?' replies another. 'I think, on the contrary, that his conventionality is a part of his calculating worldly prudence.' 'I do not think that Y. is quite straight.' 'There I am sure you wrong him. He is very subtle and complex in his outlook on life, and sees much more than the ordinary man in the street sees, therefore to simpler minds he sometimes appears to be not straight; but I have known him long and intimately, and in essentials I have found him always absolutely straight.' Was Cardinal Manning primarily a holy man with a strong touch of mysticism? was his pertinacity in the schemes he undertook due to a strong conviction that they were for the good of the Church, and that he was doing the will of God? or were his strongest motives those of an ecclesiastical politician? I have heard this closely debated between men who knew the Cardinal really well. Was Disraeli a mere opportunist with no aim beyond self-advancement, as Lord Cromer has maintained, or was he a great statesman, as Mr. Monypenny would have us believe? Was Mr. Gladstone a profoundly conscientious man, as many appearances seem to betoken, or was a good deal of his apparent conscientiousness something of a mannerism which cloaked a nature at bottom intensely ambitious? All this kind of talk may go on in respect of actual living beings whom we know well. A biography aims in the first instance at giving its readers that knowledge of a man which his friends had

in real life. Therefore after the best biographical presentment there is likely to be room for such discussions, and if the biographer entirely shuts the door on them it means that he is going beyond his province. He is not giving an objective picture, but insisting on his own subjective view.

In fiction the case is somewhat similar in this respect. Here one crucial test of success in character drawing is of course that the reader should feel, 'This is a man or woman whom we might meet any day in real life.' This result is, I think, invariably achieved by that perfect artist in a limited range, Jane Austen. Of all her characters without exception we feel that they may have lived and we might have known them. But the most perfect delineation of a character in fiction as well as in biography often leaves its complete explanation open to debate. Opinions will differ as to its true interpretation, and judgments will often differ as to the praise or blame to be accorded to fictitious characters as well as to real persons. This is true even of Jane Austen's somewhat conventional group of *dramatis personæ*. Was Fanny Price in 'Mansfield Park' a weak and colourless person, or was there immense charm in the tenderness and sensitiveness which made the unperceiving regard her as weak and colourless? Was Elizabeth Bennet a rather forward minx lacking in perfect taste, or was she as charming and *spirituelle* as Darcy himself thought her? Such questions are apt still to confront us after the most perfect delineation has been achieved, and as a rule if the novelist decides them one way or another it will, as I have said in the case of biography, be a sign that he has gone beyond his province, which is presentment, not explanation. He has done more than delineate, he has analysed and passed a judgment. He has made clear in his account what would not be clear in actual life. He has done more than present characters as they are known in real life, for, as I have said, in real life even among those who know an individual very well there will always be an inability to penetrate to the full explanation of him, always room for difference of judgment.

Hence it is evident that both in biography and in fiction to begin by analysis is the wrong way in depicting character. It is not the way of the greater writers in either department. A man must be depicted as living and gradually impressing his character on his fellows. Analysis pre-supposes that all the elements are known, but in human character they are not. They become gradually though never fully known as the character is seen moving and playing its part in life. The novelist or biographer has in the first instance to depict the character working itself out and expressing itself in word and action, impressing different people in different ways, to allow its elements to develop themselves and become manifest, before analysis can become possible. He is an artist and not a philosopher. An artist with the brush or chisel presents a living being as he is seen by his fellow creatures, not as he is seen under the microscope of the naturalist. The painter or sculptor is not an anatomist who investigates the scientific laws and physiological phenomena of life, he rather presents the life itself. So too with the literary artist. I will not say that analysis has no place whatever in his work. What its place is I shall eventually consider, but it should certainly come last and not first. It is bad art readily and confidently to explain the meaning and motive of the actions of the man we are depicting. Neither actors nor onlookers are fully aware of the meaning or motive of many an action. Cardinal Newman has written an amusing page on this defect in reference mainly to some of the better known lives of the Catholic Saints. The biographer, he says, will insist on interpreting Lord Burleigh's nods, and ascribing motives where he really has no adequate knowledge entitling him to do so. 'The Saint,' we read, 'when asked a question was silent through humility,' or, the Saint said nothing 'in order to give a gentle rebuke.' Perhaps, implies Newman, the Saint was silent because he had nothing to say.[1]

So far, then, the aim of the writer of fiction and of biography is much the same. They both want to make their

[1] *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 220.

characters live and breathe and be real persons. In order to do this they *exhibit them in action and speech* rather than explain them. They both want to convince their readers that however differently one or another of them may judge those characters on some points, they are being presented as real objective persons, and the reader is not given merely the subjective view of them entertained by the biographer or novelist himself.

The great difference, of course, between fiction and biography is that while fiction has for one of its objects to convince the reader that the character is possible, in biography the character described is a really existing human being. It is quite unnecessary to show by any art that Macaulay and Disraeli are possible beings. *Solvitur ambulando.* They have proved their possibility by existing. Truth is often stranger than fiction, and the biographer will sometimes find letters or diaries or recorded actions so hard to reconcile or make consistent with known features in his hero's character that the novelist would not have dared to invent them.

Hence the artist's gift in writing is a more questionable advantage for the biographer than for the novelist, for two reasons. First, the artist's gift is in one respect unnecessary to the biographer while it is essential to the novelist. Much of the novelist's art is, as I have said, directed towards convincing the reader that his *dramatis personæ* are life-like, but the reader of biography—as I have just remarked—knows already that the man before him actually lived, therefore he needs no art to convince him that he could have lived. Secondly, the artist's gift may tempt the biographer to form a fancy picture, which is easier to paint and more effective than the truth because it ignores some of the perplexing and apparently contradictory evidence in the documents. It may tempt him to prefer what is really vivid and effective fiction to *dry, puzzling, authentic* fact. Let me say a few words more to make this point clearer.

I say that in biography an authentic likeness is the first demand, and a far better artist may give a far less truthful

representation. In his desire to give an effective picture he may set aside difficult and perplexing material which is of real importance in judging the man truly, though it is too perplexing to lend itself to a finished, clearly outlined, vivid picture. He feels he can make a more effective account from a portion only of the known elements in the character, supplying the rest from his imagination. Carlyle's vivid pen strokes have placed his own idea of Sir Walter Scott before us in a memorable essay. Had he been writing fiction I should have nothing to say against that essay. The real criticism of it is that he has not got at the true Sir Walter Scott revealed to us so fully in the evidence which Lockhart so laboriously and completely placed before the world. For one thing, he makes the serious mistake of identifying Scott's passion to be the head of a great Scottish family with a mere greed for gold. No one would compare Lockhart to Carlyle as a literary artist, yet Lockhart has presented to us the true Walter Scott, Carlyle has just missed the mark. The same holds of many a sketch by a brilliant hand. Charles in the pages of 'Woodstock' is a living and interesting figure, but the account of him is not quite true to history. Carlyle's vivid but bigoted pen-pictures of such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge present conceivable human beings, but not the particular human beings he had in view. Mr. Purcell's picture of Cardinal Manning is also vivid, but so untrue that the careful reader of the very documents he quotes in his famous Life is in a position to correct the biographer's summary of them. Further, I repeat that though both novelist and biographer have to convince the reader that he has a real human being before him, the one has, in the first place, to paint by his art a real man, to the other this contribution of art is not essential, for the reader knows that the man has actually lived. What is essential is that the biographer should bring enough facts to show that he is presenting *the* real man. For this the artist's gift, though desirable, is not indispensable. The reader can form *his own picture* if enough authentic material is set before him in the words and acts of the man. The presentment must in both cases be objective; but in the

case of novels, objectivity is secured primarily by *art*, in biography by *evidence*.

The objective character in biography which convinces by presenting adequate evidence may be attained in various ways. Letters often give traits of a man's character; so do diaries; so do personal anecdotes; so do reminiscences of his conversation and personality by different people who knew him on different sides; so do the records of actions that illustrated his character. All good biographers aim at being objective by the use of such authentic material as evidence. But the insight of a first-class biographer generally goes beyond his evidence. His narrative becomes objective because the biographer so selects his material as to paint a man whom he himself sees clearly as an objective person. The best biographies are written by those who knew their subject well in real life. They can supply the best reminiscences—though they must never forget that it is presentment rather than their own analysis that is wanted in such reminiscences. Moreover, this personal knowledge enables them to estimate the value of the various kinds of material and to use it successfully. The point generally comes for such a biographer in studying his material at which he feels 'I now largely understand this man'; his personal knowledge coupled with the revelations in the written material gives him this sense of real understanding, which guides him in his use of further material. It enables him to interpret the written word truly, it enables him to preserve a just proportion in what he publishes, for accidental circumstances may make written records fail in this respect. An unduly large number of letters may have been preserved which illustrate some failing because that failing was apparent in some important transaction, the records of which have been carefully kept. Perhaps some litigation of great moment in his life brought into evidence elements of rancour or irritability by no means characteristic of the man in ordinary circumstances. The biographer who thoroughly grasps his subject's character can correct this one-sided impression. His knowledge enables him to estimate truly the outcome of the whole

evidence which is at his disposal. I have known remarkable instances of this. If his insight is real, it is sure to be proved and established by the fact that fresh material confirms and illustrates his view. It may enlarge his view as well as confirm it. It will never contradict his view.

The biographer's work then falls into two departments. First he must study all available material in order to make his own idea of his subject quite complete. He must then attempt as an artist to present the picture which has been formed in his own mind from the whole material, by choosing for publication a convincing selection from that material.

This is the only true method of biography. *All* available facts must first be carefully studied. I repeat this for it is a matter which must be insisted on and is often disregarded. Superficial study of the material is a false start. It may give a one-sided view; and if the biographer begins to write with a one-sided view, though it may be an ingenious view based on some significant fact, it vitiates his whole subsequent treatment. The initial error often proves quite irretrievable. Again, material must not be neglected by the biographer on the ground that it has already been published. Not only must such material be read, but if necessary it must be reproduced in the biography itself, for writing a man's life is not a case of merely bringing out hitherto unpublished remains. The two ideas are quite different. Doubtless where the same views or qualities are illustrated equally well in published and in unpublished material, what is hitherto unpublished should be chosen by preference. Again, a comparatively brief reference to what has already been published, if it is well known, may at times suffice in place of elaborate quotation. But the biographer must study all and use at his discretion whatever serves best for a convincing picture. That must be his sole principle in selection. I had a hot argument last year with a very eminent statesman and man of letters as to Mr. Monypenny's extensive use of the novels of Disraeli in that statesman's life. My opponent, as I will call him in this particular case, argued that the novels were already

published, therefore the biographer was boring the world by his liberal quotations from what his readers must already know. My own reply was that, however well known they may be, it is only by quoting from their pages that he could place before the reader of the Life many of Disraeli's most characteristic thoughts, feelings, and habits of mind. These must not be only known but remembered and presented as part of the authentic picture which the biographer claims to give. It is not enough that they are known; they must be in the picture itself. The record of his life which claims to be convincing, the lasting memorial for posterity, cannot possibly exclude those words of the man which alone present a clearly authentic account of his mentality in matters of the first importance.

The objectivity required for a character study is then secured in all biography by the use of authentic material; and with the best biographer by personal insight, whereby he sees the man from indications found in the material, and is able to paint the man he sees.

In the case of novels only the novelist's genius and his knowledge of his own creations can give his readers the sense that they have real men and women before them. As Coleridge has said, the veritable creator of character in fiction or drama gains his knowledge of human nature by combining observation of actions in real life and meditation on the psychological causes of those actions. The result is that his characters are absolutely real psychologically as well as externally. The novelist is bound by no records that have to be reconciled, but, on the other hand, his own clear perception of the character he has created often limits and determines that character's actions as inexorably as historical documents limit and determine the actions of the subject of biography. The great novelist knows his own characters so intimately that he cannot bring himself to make them in his pages do what they would not have done in real life.

Trollope in his Autobiography describes his personal intimacy with his own creations, his feeling that they were really living beings, and he speaks of the development of

his characters as something which naturally comes to pass quite apart from the elucidation of his plot.

> The novelist [he writes] has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. . . . He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. . . . And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change,—become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them,—so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him.[1]

Sir Walter Scott also distinctly says in his diary that it was his success in bringing out his characters which often finally determined the actual direction of his plot, and made it vary from his original design.

Thackeray writes as follows in the 'Roundabout Papers':

> [My characters] *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that ?[2]

The novelist's characters are apt to develop themselves much as in our dreams we often find the persons we know do or say characteristic things which they have never actually done or said in real life. Somewhat similarly a perfect mimic can give us precisely what A.B. would have said in certain circumstances. Mr. Max Beerbohm's parody of G. K. Chesterton's writing in his little book called 'A Christmas Garland' was a study of mimicry of this high order. The mimic had entered into the very soul and mind of Mr. Chesterton and had written exactly what Mr.

[1] Trollope's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. pp. 49-50.
[2] *Roundabout Papers*, 'De Finibus,' p. 229.

Chesterton might have written himself, but never did write. The really first-class mimic who invents sayings for the man he is mimicking will give a far more convincing picture of that man's characteristics than many a witness of no fineness of perception can give by recording what he actually saw and heard. For such a man may miss what is essential. The fiction of the one will be a truer picture of life than the fact of the other. I have in my mind some published records of conversation with an eminent writer, which, though based on notes of what he actually said, gave in my judgment a wholly wrong impression of his views and conversation. On the other hand, Boswell could have given us pages of what Dr. Johnson would have said in given circumstances, but never did say at all, which would have afforded an absolutely convincing picture of the great man's talk.

Boswell could then have invented conversations which would have conveyed Johnson's personality truly because of his perfect knowledge of the man, and I should cite this gift of perception as a parallel to the gift which makes a novelist scrupulously true to his objective vision of his own creations in giving their sayings and doings. But of course Boswell does not set down fictitious conversations, however true to life, in his great biography: in biography there is an obvious risk in giving free rein to the imaginative method. Boswell was no doubt greatly assisted by this keen perception. It helped him immensely in making his record of Johnson's conversation quite exact, for he could test its accuracy by his close knowledge of the Johnsonian *ethos*. But the precision of Boswell's perception was due to a really exhaustive study of his material, and his mind was constantly held in check by that material. If, on the other hand, the biographer's perceptions are not quite accurate and his knowledge not quite thorough, the imaginative method may easily mislead. The writer may construct, as I have already said, fancy pictures based on a one-sided view, on insufficient knowledge, on an imperfect survey of the facts and documents before him. This is in our day a common fault among those whom I may

call the higher critics in biography. A notable instance was the Abbé Brémond's study of Cardinal Newman.

His smaller mind could not grasp the Cardinal's larger mind. The Frenchman could not quite understand the Englishman. He has studied minutely a certain amount of the material, has noted hitherto unnoticed points, stretches their significance much too far and bases on them conclusions which are quite at variance with the evidence as a whole. He is not a man of the philosophical cast of mind, and Newman's theory of religious belief which represents so important a side of his mentality and his interests is as unintelligible to M. Brémond as music to a deaf man. He had never been in a position to know the Newman of Oxford tradition—a most important part of the real material. The result was an extraordinarily ingenious book which presented a largely fictitious Newman seen through French spectacles—impressing by its cleverness those who had little knowledge of Newman, clearly untrue to fact in important particulars in the eyes of those who knew him well.[1]

The biographer has indeed all the responsibility of the historian, and the ingenious guesses of these higher critics in biography—so much in vogue just now—must be subjected to the severest criticism. These guesses are, I should say, illustrations of the invincible credulity of the human

[1] In Mr. Ward's copy of *The Mystery of Newman* he has marked many passages illustrative of what he says here in the text which he had not time to quote in delivering the lectures. Page 9 is heavily scored, and is a good instance of the hopeless mystification into which the method of ingenious guesses may lead the biographer. In this passage the Abbé Brémond says that it is a fact that, whether consciously or unconsciously, Newman has himself in view whenever he represents to us the heroes of his choice. 'I cannot in detail,' he writes, 'do the honours of this new gallery of portraits.' He then mentions St. Paul, St. John Chrysostom, St. Athanasius, Theodoret, St. Philip Neri. 'It is as well,' he adds, 'to pause in the Parochial Sermons at every mention of the Patriarch Jacob.' But almost more surprising is it that, having decided that 'the exquisite definition' of a gentleman in the Dublin lectures is self-portraiture of 'the better, the truer Newman,' he considers it also to be an involuntary criticism of Newman's past self as the incumbent of St. Mary's. He not unnaturally concludes, 'Can we be surprised after this that the final biographer of Newman is slow in coming?'—ED.

race. Credulity dons in them the garb of cautious science, mistrustful of the traditions to which the uneducated cling and which prescientific ages unsuspiciously accepted. It says, 'I will reconstruct the past critically and scientifically from the evidence which new material supplies to the science of to-day.' What an admirable programme! What a sound general principle! but 'dolus latet in generalibus.' If we examine how the principle is actually applied we find that in place of scientific caution there is too often an atmosphere of ingenious guess-work, based not on an appreciation of the whole evidence but on a few perhaps hitherto unnoticed facts which have excited the writer because they are new, but which are quite unequal to the weight thus imposed on them. The artist's gift runs riot, and the artist quiets his conscience by calling his imaginative guesses scientific reconstruction of the past.

The great novelist then *must*, I say, have the gift of artistic presentation. The biographer is the better for having it, but only provided that it does not impair that absolute fidelity to fact which is the first essential to his work. If he has not got the artistic gift he must keep to the presentation of authentic records and leave his readers to form the imaginative picture for themselves. Scrupulous fidelity to fact is his first duty, because it is possible to present a picture which is ingenious and vivid, but false.

Here I may remark that the art of the caricaturist, while allowable in novels, is fatal in biography. A biographer who changes the proportions of different qualities in John Smith, may thereby amuse us and make a very vivid presentation; but old friends will say, 'This is very entertaining, but it is not the John Smith I knew.' On the other hand this kind of art may make a really great novelist like Dickens. To be a caricaturist in novels involves no slander, no falseness to history, and caricature may bring out characteristic features most forcibly. Its very violation of true proportion may add to our realisation of what is true, just as a magnifying glass or a microscope adds to our knowledge by exaggeration.

The question has often been much debated whether

Dickens' characters are *really* true to life. The only satisfactory reply has been suggested by Mr. Chesterton. The people Dickens saw were real people, but he saw them with the eyes of a boy. He saw real men and women, but from the outside and with certain features unduly exaggerated. The boy is keenly alive to external peculiarities and eccentricities, and exaggerates them. His eyes magnify them by isolating them. He has neither the habit of reflection nor the penetration necessary to understand character. A boy's account of a master at school is entirely made up of his peculiarities, voice or manner. Dickens concentrates on those aspects of his characters which would delight the boy or delight the caricaturist. Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, Mr. Mantalini, Mr. Squeers, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Mrs. Jellyby, are all real human beings presented just as they would in real life have appeared to the keen and intelligent boy. But we feel that to reflect on any of them seriously as conceivable human beings, whose biography is to be written, is to take us on to an absolutely different plane from that of Dickens' pages. Dickens' way of writing is quite lawful to the novelist, but not to the biographer. If Dickens had invented Benjamin Jowett or Disraeli he would have found in them subjects quite as effective as Micawber or Pecksniff or Mr. Winkle, and he would have treated them just as he treated those worthies in his novels. The Jowett he would have given us would have been precisely the Jowett of the undergraduate. We should have had the cherubic face described and have heard the high-pitched staccato tones. We should have had the story of Jowett's walk with the garrulous freshman who airs his views on Plato, on politics, and on society in the company of the silent Master, and the parting observation of the Master, 'Good morning, Mr. Smith. That was not a very luminous observation of yours about Plato.' We should have been told about the pompous pupil who consulted the Master about the arguments for the existence of God, declaring that he found them unconvincing; and Dickens would have given us Jowett's reply, 'I am very sorry for your troubles, Mr. Jones, but I am afraid I must inform you that if by

eight o'clock to-morrow morning you don't find arguments to convince you of the existence of God, I shall have to ask you to go down into the country.' We should perhaps have ended with the death-bed scene in which Jowett was surrounded by distant and dull relations who desired to be present at the last and whose company bored him to extinction. We should have been told how they remained at the bedside till in feeble staccato tones the Master whispered to his old friend and servant, Mr. Knight, 'Tell them I do not think they need stay; I don't think I shall do anything definite to-night.' All this is the Jowett of the boy or of the undergraduate, and it is fair game for Dickens. But we should get from Dickens no hint of the faithful friend to so many in need, of the deep devotion to the welfare of his college, of the hero-worship for Tennyson. We should have no idea of Jowett's life-story, his childhood, his early aspirations, any more than we know of the early struggles of old Mr. Turveydrop, or the love affairs of Mr. Chadband. And yet such things are essential to Jowett's biographer. I myself was present at a scene when Tennyson read to Jowett his 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.' At the end Jowett's eyes were streaming with tears and he could not speak. Later on I ventured to remind him of this, and he replied, 'What would you have? The two men for whom I had the greatest admiration are the late Duke of Wellington and Tennyson, and one was reading what he had written of the other.' Such a story is invaluable for the biographer, but it would fall wholly outside the scope of Dickens' novels if Dickens had created Jowett. Such a story would really disfigure Dickens' pages. It would be incongruous just as a scene would be incongruous in which Sam Weller broke down and sobbed, or an overwhelming love affair for Mr. Harold Skimpole would have been incongruous, or a tender interview between Mr. Veneering and his mother. Indeed it is almost incongruous to imagine that Mr. Veneering ever had a mother. Dickens' art absolutely forbade him in many instances to penetrate beneath the surface, and where he did so he was as a rule a bad artist. Paul Dombey, Edith Dombey,

Little Nell, all go below the surface, and they are not good creations. His really successful art ever remained on the surface, except perhaps in the 'Tale of Two Cities.' The biographer's duties are wholly inconsistent with such limitation in his art.

I could in a similar way illustrate what Disraeli would have become in the pages of Dickens as contrasted with what he must of necessity be to his biographer. All that external side of Dizzy which Sir John Tenniel immortalised in the pages of *Punch*, painting him now as a rope-walker, now as an acrobat, now as Fagin the Jew, teaching his pickpockets to steal, we should have had described to perfection. We should have seen him walking down Regent Street in green trousers and telling Bulwer Lytton that all the population made way for him, which convinced him of the story about the opening of the Red Sea which he now knew from experience. We should have seen the impassive countenance, sphinx-like, inscrutable, and the half sneer which told of his cynicism. We should have had the first florid speech, the hooting of the Commons, and Dizzy's strident scream, 'You won't hear me now, but one day I will make you hear me.' We might have had some of the biting attacks on Peel which Mr. Gladstone used to say were the most wonderful pieces of sarcasm he ever heard in the House. This picture would not have suited Dickens quite as well as Jowett would have suited him, but I could imagine it in his pages. It would have been the Disraeli so well known to the public eye, but the loving brother and affectionate husband and the dreamer of dreams would have been dropped out. They would have fallen outside that aspect of Disraeli which would have suited Dickens' method. Yet these things are most important to Disraeli's biographer.

The novelist then is at liberty to keep on the surface and to confine himself to certain aspects and to exaggerate them, while the biographer has no right to do so.

But while the novelist has a right not to go so deep as the biographer, he has also the right to go much deeper. We can see deeper into the characters we create than we

can see into real human beings. Some of the greatest work of novelists takes the form of psychological delineation, the record of the movement of mind and heart. This is notable in George Eliot and Tolstoy; but even Miss Austen, who seldom sounds the deeper depths of human thought and feeling, is often exceedingly subtle and deep in her psychological delineation in the limited phases of life which she does contemplate. The account of Elizabeth Bennet's changing attitude towards Darcy, notably the effect of the two readings of the famous letter, and the story of the subsequent stages in her growth of feeling towards him, a growth of which she was only half conscious, is done with a penetrating psychological insight beyond praise. Scarcely less good is Fanny Price's relenting towards Henry Crawford. How subtly does the writer delineate the effect of the mean social surroundings of her home in making her less indisposed towards a great worldly match, while the effect is so subconscious that even by mentioning it one seems to wrong her! On the greater scale, George Eliot and Tolstoy are supreme in psychological analysis. What biographer would dare to go so deep as they? It would be an absolute violation of all rules of biography. We cannot venture to penetrate into the secret movements of the mind of Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Johnson, or Newman, or Manning, as we should if they were characters of our own creation, and not really existing human beings. Even Boswell, who I think could have divined much of the inner history of his hero, would never have ventured to have published what would seem to be a mere guess. In such matters the biographer must of necessity confine himself to the diaries and letters and autobiographical notes of his subject. Comment indeed may be given by him, but it must be tentative and reverent. Therefore the primary duty of fidelity to fact which forbids the biographer from being content with a surface picture, and makes it imperative to present those traits which indicate the whole man, makes it also unlawful to go still deeper; for these depths are in the case of a real human being matter only for conjecture.

So far I have considered both biography and fiction

merely as having for their object the delineation of individuality, the presentation of characters in such a manner that they are felt to be real, to be known to readers as they would have been known to contemporaries, and in the case of biographies as they actually were known. And much must, as I have said, remain disputable in a complex character truly presented. But there may be in a man's lifetime flagrant misrepresentations—qualities disputed or denied on which the honest study of evidence not known in the man's lifetime leaves no doubt whatever, and on these a biography should, even at the expense of artistic requirements, aim at securing a true verdict from history. There is, of course, nothing parallel to this in fiction. Here I must explain and qualify what I said at starting. I remarked that biography makes a man known to posterity as he was known to his contemporaries. It will be objected that the judgment of contemporaries on a man is sometimes reversed by the publication of his biography. In some instances, as I have just said, the biographer brings indisputable evidence, refuting hitherto prevalent misconceptions. This was the case with Cardinal Vaughan. The essential nobility of his character can nevermore be doubted since the appearance of Mr. Snead Cox's Life. The idea of him widely prevalent in his lifetime as a swaggering, proud prelate, with great love of display and of power, was killed for ever by the authentic records of his words and acts. A first-class biography should determine the verdict of history on the true outline of the character by indisputable records, which were perhaps unknown to many before the biographer made them public. This view of the case does not really conflict with my assertion that the biographer's duty is to make a man known to posterity as he was known to his contemporaries. Contemporaries are one thing, but those particular contemporaries who are responsible for the cry of public opinion at any moment, the changeable popular voice, are a widely different thing. While in more superficial matters the biographer depicts a man so that all contemporaries alike can recognise him, in the further estimate of his gifts and character it is the knowledge

of those contemporaries who are his intimates which the biographer should preserve for posterity, and not the misconceptions of the fickle and ignorant mob which may cry 'Hosanna' one day and 'Crucify Him' the next.

The biographer must have the reputation of his subject very closely at heart, and occasions may arise when he must act both as an advocate and, up to a certain point, as a judge. And while these rôles are distinct from that of the artist, the artist's gifts will help him in assuming them successfully. It is only by something of the artist's sympathy that we can really understand a man. No one should write the life of a man who does not admire him. Similarly, no artist should paint a man he thoroughly dislikes: he will miss what is best in the expression, and ten to one will put in something which is suggested by his dislike. I have known instances of this. The same principle applies to the artist in words. If only love and sympathy can fully detect the man's goodness and greatness, the biographer must have these dispositions in order to *know* his subject adequately. He presents to his readers qualities which his own sympathy has enabled him to realise, and he maintains their presence against those whom dislike or indifference blind to their very existence. There may be exceptional incidents in which he must even insist on evidence hitherto unknown which refutes a calumny or sets right a false impression. At moments, as I have said, he may have to be an advocate, and to forget the artist, though it is the artist's sympathy that makes him a successful advocate. But he must at such times be also a judge. He must not indeed decide in what is really disputable and beyond the evidence, but he must sum up the evidence impartially. He must show that the sympathy which illuminates his judgment is something different from the partiality which blinds and is one-sided. He must be fully alive to defects which the enemy may exaggerate as well as to the qualities which the enemy fails to see. As Lord Morley once said, the way to refute untruth is to explain the place held by the half-truth which it contains in a larger and deeper view. On some points then, unlike the writer of fiction, the biographer

must lay aside for a moment the rôle of the artist, pure and simple.

Again, the biographer's work differs from the novelist's as a rule in that he surveys a whole life—the beginnings, the moulding influences, the developments, the effect of circumstances. It is a more complete view of life than the novelist as a rule takes. There are, however, exceptions. Tolstoy, for instance, does give in the great novel of 'War and Peace' the long story of the various phases in the life of some of his *dramatis personæ.* And one of George Eliot's greatest triumphs was the life-story of two human beings, Tom and Maggie Tulliver. But these are exceptions. Novelists rarely attempt this special task with its appeal to our sense of the depths and mystery of human life as a whole. The biographer must attempt it, however imperfect or incomplete his material may be. He must cover a larger surface than the novelist. He must describe the gradual growth of mind and soul, while the novelist may be satisfied with the picture of one stage only of the human existence.

Let me now briefly recapitulate the main general principles that I have endeavoured to indicate.

(1) Both in biography and in fiction the writer should aim at presenting his characters *objectively* as real living persons. Objective presentation is wanted and not subjective analysis. The writer is an artist, not an anatomist. We want a picture, not a scientific explanation for which materials are only gradually and never completely accumulated as life goes on. The personality therefore should be exhibited as living and gradually revealing itself.

(2) In fiction much of the novelist's art is employed in depicting the characters as unmistakably lifelike, in thereby convincing the reader that they might conceivably have lived. This art is less necessary to the biographer because his readers know that the character he depicts has actually lived.

(3) Moreover, skill in the art of vivid presentation may be a drawback to the biographer. It may tempt him to make a vivid picture at the expense of that scrupulous accuracy to complex puzzling fact which is the first requisite of a good biography. Or it may tempt him to the theories

of the higher critic, who bases an ingenious guess on a few newly discovered facts which the available evidence as a whole does not bear out, and calls his guess scientific reconstruction. His first duty is mastery of all material which may ensure accuracy in his character study. If he can also put life in his picture so much the better, but any want of conscientious fidelity to his documents is a fatal defect.

(4) The authentic material from which an objective picture is made in biography is to be found in the letters and diaries of its subject, the anecdotes and reminiscences of his friends and the records of his words and actions. The whole of this material must be mastered by the biographer. Not even his published writings must be left out of account if they throw light on the mind and character.

(5) The material is most successfully utilised in an actual biography by one who knew the subject of the biography intimately. Such a one will best select from the material what will convincingly depict the man as known to him both by personal intercourse and more completely by a study of all the material at his disposal. Thus insight and artistic genius are very valuable to a biographer, provided they are exercised with a scrupulous regard to the evidence presented by the authentic material which ensures accuracy and authenticity.

(6) In the case of a novelist, the requisite objectivity of the living picture can only be secured by the insight and genius of the novelist himself. Great novelists have borne witness that their characters are to them living beings, who act in their own way; like Pygmalion, they put independent life into their own attractive creations; or, like Frankenstein, they make their own monsters live and breathe.

(7) Certain consequences follow from the difference between depicting true and imaginary characters. The novelist is at liberty to treat the character superficially, or even to caricature, like Dickens, certain aspects in characters that might well have been real. Or, on the other hand, he may describe in his men and women their most intimate psychology, for he may read the deeper movements of the

personality he invents. But the biographer may do neither of these things. He must be faithful to his evidence, giving neither less nor more than it presents. He must give the whole man truly so far as his material enables him to do so; but he cannot penetrate into the heart of a living man as the novelist can penetrate into the heart of an invented man.

(8) Another prominent feature of biography in which it differs from a novel is that while in both cases a good deal is depicted in a character which cannot wholly be understood by onlookers, there is likely to be in a biographer's material a certain amount of evidence which contributes unmistakably to true history. False impressions formed during a man's lifetime may be finally dissipated by the perusal of his correspondence. In this matter there is a stringent claim on the conscience of the biographer which has no parallel in the case of the novelist. He must, if necessary, go beyond the rôle of the mere artist in setting right a calumny or wrong. He must in such a case be an advocate and a judge—though it is partly the artist's sympathy that enables him to judge accurately.

The net result of all this is that the biography must be authentic, even at the possible cost of not presenting an artistic living picture such as a novelist must give. But biography reaches perfection only if the biographer's art does also give a living picture of the man who is revealed by the evidence before him. In this respect Boswell stands and is likely to remain supreme. He is supremely accurate and supremely vivid. But the combination of accuracy and vividness is, I should maintain, to a great extent within the reach of most biographers, and how in practice it is best effected I propose to consider in my second lecture.

Note on Preceding Lecture.

I have all through the lecture carefully limited the sense in which I used the word 'objective.' I explained at starting that when I say a picture in a biography should be

objective, I only mean that it should be such that any one who knew the original should recognise it as true to life.

It is true that we do not all see an acquaintance exactly alike. There is a subjective element in our vision. But we see him sufficiently alike to recognise a good picture of him. The picture should be objective in the sense in which our own vision of the man is objective. I recognise that there is a subjective element, in the page in which I explain that the great biographer comes to *see* the character and paints the man he sees.

If seven artists painted the same individual, each would see him and paint him somewhat differently, yet each would recognise the resemblance to the man in his fellow artist's picture if it was a good one.

Though there is a subjective element, the objective resemblance is the primary aim, and the artist is not satisfied until others recognise the likeness. I have often seen great artists inviting help from competent critics in order to ascertain what minute mistake it is which prevents their picture from being an exact likeness. I have seen them adopt the suggestions of the critic in order to improve the likeness. Such an artist is not content with having caught some particular look which interested him unless others recognise the man in the picture.

In the case of a painting any such deviation from objective truth as should damage the likeness would not be thought of or tolerated. But in a biographical sketch it is common, because the subject does not present his features to be copied, but his personality is realised by a large mass of indications not all present at the same time. A biographer then may be satisfied with his conception of a character without having in reality mastered it as a whole, and therefore without being able to obtain an objective likeness. For this reason, while it would be superfluous to preach the necessity of objectivity in painting, it is often very necessary in biographical writing.

But, moreover, I have insisted that in biography one must sometimes prefer objectivity to art, leaving the reader to do some of the work of the artist, and being content with

supplying him with material for an authentic picture, because it may be beyond the biographer's power to depict the real man with artistic perfection. And, on the other hand, the biographer must sometimes be too subjective to be a genuine artist, as, for instance, in explaining his conclusions from evidence not hitherto known as to important traits in the character before him.

All this is in my lecture. I have never said that the biographer's picture should be in such sense objective as to exclude any subjective element. If it were, it would not give the man as his friends knew him in real life, which is the primary aim that I urge, for there is a subjective element in our knowledge of our friends.

The above contains only a small part of my contentions, but I hope it clears up the point about objectivity. It is difficult for me to see how the lecture as a whole could be misconstrued on this point, though of course the brief summary which appeared in the *Times* might without explanation give a false impression.

LECTURE II.

THE CHARACTER STUDY IN BIOGRAPHY.

In my first lecture I laid down as one of the chief requirements for a successful character study in biography that it should be objective, that it should not give an analysis of the biographer's subjective view, but should so depict the character in speech and action that all who knew the man should recognise the picture. And I added that a biography ought to contain enough indisputably authentic material to convince the reader that it is a faithful likeness. I propose in the present lecture to treat of the various ways in which a clearly authentic likeness may be secured by the biographer in his use of the material at his disposal. The principal kinds of material at the disposal of the biographer for this purpose are, I suppose, (1) letters, (2) recorded conversation, (3) diaries and autobiographies, (4) the reminiscences of friends, (5) incidental self-revelations in works already published. Here I instanced some of Disraeli's outpourings in his novels, which give his outlook on life. My general thesis is that there is no golden rule as to which of these classes of material is most suitable and effective for the purpose in question. It depends mainly on the particular gifts and qualities of the man whose life is being written and the special character of the available material in the particular case. It depends also partly on the biographer's own gifts. Boswell's great triumph was the record of Johnson's conversation, but it is literally a unique case. Boswell was supreme not only as an industrious recorder, but also in his close, almost intuitive, perception of Johnson's peculiar ways of thought and speech. He

realised to the full Coleridge's method, of which I have already spoken, of observation and meditation. He took exact notes of what he heard, and he understood so thoroughly the mind and genius of Johnson that he could test and complete his notes by this knowledge. Coleridge, of course, was speaking of the knowledge of human nature which gives the novelist or dramatist his skill in presenting imaginary characters, but his words apply almost equally to a first-rate character study in biography. Boswell became, by a prolonged process of observation of Johnson's ways and meditation on his mentality and character, an infallible judge of the presence in a recorded dialogue of the true Johnsonian *ethos*. He would, I should say, have rejected his own notes of a particular conversation as inaccurate if they did not produce on the reader that particular effect which he himself remembered to have been produced by Johnson's spoken words.

So much for Boswell's special gifts and opportunities as biographer; but Boswell's subject was also, as I have said, almost without a parallel in its suitability to this particular method. For few men stand before us so vividly in their conversation as Johnson did before his contemporaries. Thus the combination of writer and subject was quite unique. In more recent times Jowett and Carlyle were celebrated men whose individuality was vividly apparent in their conversation, but neither of them had his Boswell. Mr. Lionel Tollemache's records of Jowett's conversation are distinctly valuable, but they fall far short of the Boswellian standard. It is so unlikely that another biographer should have this unique gift coupled with a unique subject and unique opportunity that I shall not pursue this theme further, though I shall later on say some words as to the value of those partial records of characteristic sayings in conversation which we *may* look for and which a biographer may utilise, not indeed as material of the first order, as was Johnson's recorded table-talk, but as material not to be neglected.

A far more practical subject is opened by the place of *letters* in an objective presentment of character. It has often

been said that contemporary letters are the best material for this purpose, because they are the most close and authentic contemporary expression of a man's mind. They are unquestionable historical facts. They are an indisputable correction to the imaginative excursions of the higher critics in biography much as the monuments test and resist the speculative critics of the Bible. The reminiscences of contemporaries have not this indisputable character. They may be vitiated by limitations in the perceptive powers of the witness, or one-sidedness in his view, or by failure in his memory; or his memory may be coloured by hostile prejudice or by undue partiality. Letters, on the other hand, are indubitably authentic as far as they go.

I am not going to dispute the great value of letters to the biographer. But it is one thing to admit their great value, it is quite another to admit that, as some have contended, they are all-sufficient by themselves. The precise place of letters in biography illustrates in reality what I said at starting—that there is no golden rule. The letters of one man are obviously self-revealing, those of another are reserved and partly self-disguising. Carlyle's letters resemble his conversation. Both supply a veritable picture of the man. Johnson's letters are very unlike his talk. His talk gives a true picture of his social personality; his letters, though representing truly some aspects of mind and character, would suggest, taken by themselves, a somewhat different social personality from the real one—something a little heavier and less terse in expression. Disraeli's letters give the social personality of the man very vividly, though they do not give the theoretic tendency of his mind which his novels disclose. We need 'Tancred' and 'Coningsby' in order to do justice to this tendency. Most of Mr. Gladstone's letters present his personality even less than Johnson's. Dr. Arnold's letters do represent with tolerable adequateness a simple, straightforward, and very interesting character and mind. Macaulay's letters are brilliant. They have not the defect of the letters of one who lacks the gift of expression in correspondence, but, on the other hand, they often have the character rather of brilliant essays

destined for publication than of the self-revealing outpourings of heart and spirit. There is a certain lack of sympathy in his letters. A keen sense of the personality of your correspondent, a desire to confide in him, is one quality that makes letters vocal and vivid and self-revealing. This includes an element of sympathy which varies widely in different persons. Southey once said that letters tell us more of the man to whom they are written than of the man who writes. This is true of some letters. The late Father Tyrrell was intensely affected by the personality of his correspondent. The very views expressed in his letters written at the same time on the same subject vary according to the mentality of the person written to. He was apt to think at the moment that he agreed with the particular friend to whom he was writing. On the other hand, he would hardly concede any point in writing to an enemy. Cardinal Newman was closely affected by the personality of those to whom he wrote, though in a different way. He did not express different views to different people; but he did express the same views very differently—and he chose different topics according to his correspondent. The capacity, the point of view, and the circumstances of his correspondent are taken the closest account of in his letters. Some letters to intimate friends are veritable outpourings of a spirit that craved for sympathy. Others to comparative strangers are reserved or diplomatic. His letters to women, to children, to the uneducated, are all carefully adapted to the mentality of each class.

On the other hand, Gladstone's letters stand at the opposite pole. To read fifty pages of Mr. Lathbury's enormous collection of his religious letters is enough to make one realise the total absence in the letters of sympathetic understanding of his correspondent. He writes in the same way to young and old, to intimates and strangers. [To one who can remember the immense charm of his talk, especially in the sympathy he showed to young men, the contrast offered by the letters is extraordinary.] They betray absolute insensibility to the mentality of the man to whom he wrote. They show

little gift of self-expression. They reveal very little of the finer qualities of the writer's mind, nothing at all of the person to whom they are addressed. The most remarkable instance of letters which do completely reveal the writer's personality that I ever came across is that of the late Mr. George Wyndham. A selection from his letters has been privately circulated, and I never in my life had such a close sense of companionship with the living man as I had from reading these letters. It was as if the veil between the two worlds was removed and one heard his voice again. This sense is entirely absent in reading Mr. Wyndham's published works. These are almost useless to the biographer from this point of view, though as evidence of his great gifts and acquirements they have considerable value. But the man does not speak in them at all, while, as I have said, he speaks to each friend in his letters almost as he spoke in real life. Some of Carlyle's letters are almost equally vocal, though they do not betray equal consciousness of the person he is addressing. But if Carlyle's letters had not sufficed to give the man, his biographer would have the record of his published works in which he speaks with almost equal vividness. Mrs. Carlyle also speaks in her letters. With some persons, on the other hand, letters have value for the contrary reason. The very reserve in the letter helps in depicting the character. The letters of the late Duke of Devonshire are of this kind.

Sir Walter Scott's letters are to some extent of this kind. They are of great importance, yet they are a complete falsification of the theory that letters are by themselves sufficient to present character. Indeed, though of course they afford our most direct point of contact with the man, I do not think they hold by any means the most important place in the very faithful picture which Lockhart has given. Carlyle, in his famous essay on Lockhart's work, has very truly indicated their somewhat conventional character.

His letters . . . [writes Carlyle] are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one

may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing ; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind ; but with the man of the world always visible in them—as, indeed, it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion.[1]

Carlyle's estimate is unquestionably just.

We must know a good deal about Sir Walter before we can duly appreciate his letters. On this subject I can give my own testimony, for when the letters were published I read them, not having ever read Lockhart's Life. They interested me much, but I did not feel that the man revealed himself intimately in his letters. On looking at them again after reading Lockhart's Life, their value and significance was trebled. The picture of Sir Walter's character given in the Life was the necessary key to the letters. Coupled with the diaries and the chronicles of his life story, and the numerous reminiscences of him by friends, especially by Mr. Lockhart himself, they throw very valuable light on his mind and character. When we realise that they are the letters of a somewhat conventional and reserved man, we have the key to their true significance. We gain much knowledge from them when we have learnt what knowledge we must not expect to gain.

Perhaps the palmary instance of the insufficiency of mere letters without the biographer's help towards the understanding of their value and exact significance is to be found in the 'Life of George Eliot.' Her letters are given mechanically with a connecting thread of narrative. Extracts from letters to different correspondents are strung together, and the sense of distinct personal intercourse is thus reduced almost to vanishing point. The book, of course, contains much that is interesting. But a less

[1] *Carlyle's Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. v. pp. 256–7.

lifelike picture, though based on unquestionably authentic material, has rarely been given to the public.

Letters then are nearly always material of great value in the hands of a good biographer, but it is essential that before the biographer uses them in his work he should estimate their true place in the particular instance as revelations of character and give his readers the clue to their interpretation. He must himself locate them and interpret them. He must also judge what selections are really representative of the man's individuality and what are not. Moreover, he has to consider in the case of letter-writers who lack the literary gift, whether to quote correspondence *in extenso* will not make his book very dull. If in your book you delineate a bore *in extenso*—it has been well said—the book is as much a bore as the man it describes. And there are men who are bores in their letters though not in private life. It is probably for this reason that Lord Morley has used Mr. Gladstone's letters with a very sparing hand. With some men to take up the pen means to become exceedingly discursive and argumentative, yet these men are not so at all in conversation. The reader who judges of the man by his letters would in such an instance picture to himself not only something inadequate to the reality, but something diametrically opposed to it. I have known talkers whom the presence of a friend to whom they are talking makes exceedingly tactful and keenly alive to his feelings and his point of view, careful not to bore him or to annoy him, and who entirely lose this instinct when they sit down to write letters. The *future* effect of the written words on the friend who will *eventually* read the letter is forgotten, and the letter loses all trace of a very real gift of sympathy which is apparent in the writer's conversation. The conversation is terse and tactful, the writing prolix and tactless. I have myself found at times that even the telephone lessens that sense of close personal intercourse which usually protects conversation from any failure to consider the effect of words on the person addressed. But of course the writing of letters is more liable still to this defect, which may, as I have said, not be a defect in the man himself, but only a

consequence of the conditions of letter-writing which deprive him of the personal presence which in the case of the particular man is needed for rousing his gift of sympathy.

In treating of this question I think I shall be most actual and practical if I give my own experience as a workman in the biographer's craft. It is, I think, a case where egotism is the truest modesty, for I shall be making an authentic contribution to the record of the experience of biographers as a class from instances under my own observation; I shall not be claiming any right to judge and generalise for all conceivable cases.

I wrote the biography of four persons. My own father, Cardinal Wiseman, Aubrey de Vere the poet, and Cardinal Newman. In each instance, my method of presenting the personality—more especially my use of the letters—was determined by the peculiar nature of the case. It was a different method in each instance.

In the case of my father I naturally had a very intimate knowledge, a most definite idea of his personality, yet a son is precluded from putting himself forward as a witness, for his impartiality is suspect. I had then to obtain material for a picture of which I could test the accuracy from my own knowledge, while I could only sparingly put forward that knowledge as evidence. My father's personality was by the confession of all a very unusual one—original, his friends said, 'eccentric' was perhaps the phrase of his enemies; 'Whose living like I shall not find,' Tennyson wrote of him. He had qualities which at first sight appeared opposite. Before beginning to write his Life I obtained personal reminiscences and impressions from his surviving friends, including two writers of great eminence, namely Tennyson and Dean Church. These impressions were most graphic and truthful, presenting the man to the public as I myself remembered him. Church's took the form of a sketch in prose; Tennyson's was a character study in six lines of poetry. On the other hand, the mass of the letters of the man whose Life I was writing—the material to which the biographer usually looks in the first instance—not only failed to illustrate my own knowledge of the personality or the picture

given by his contemporaries, but in general they went in the teeth of such authentic evidence. Dean Church in his history of the Oxford Movement, characterises my father as 'the most amusing and most tolerant man in Oxford.' The bulk of his letters, it is not too much to say, would give the very opposite impression. They would give the public the idea of a man who has been very dull and very intolerant. You will ask how this is possible. The explanation is not so difficult as might be expected. My father with his pen in his hand usually became an argumentative and dialectical machine. He was not a man who poured forth confidences in letters or sought for sympathy in them. He rarely wrote letters of any length except in the way of theological and philosophical discussions. His mind was greatly occupied with peculiar points in theological controversies, subtle points on side issues which appealed only to few and in which he held theologically a rigidly ultramontane position, with the intolerance that logically follows from it. In actual life, on the other hand, he was anything but a mere logical machine, and whatever intolerant theories he may have held, he was practically exceedingly tolerant. He positively revelled in listening to the most frank anti-Christian statements from a strong agnostic. He is also described by his friends in the reminiscences I published as full of humour and humanity. He was a great lover of music and a great enthusiast for and critic of the drama. The sympathetic elements are quite absent from his letters. They were conspicuous in his conversation.

Thus to have quoted his letters at length would have been absolutely to change the proportions in the characteristic qualities known to his friends, to have magnified absurdly a peculiar logical vein of which nine-tenths of his acquaintances were simply unaware, and to have relegated to a minor place all that made up the personality with which his friends were familiar—to have painted one whom his friends described as a most amusing man as a bore. He was one of those men who rarely get their personality into their writing, only occasionally in incidental sentences or in brief personal notes; and those sentences and notes were of

course very precious to his biographer as *ipsissima verba* illustrating a picture drawn in outline mainly by onlookers at his life. To illustrate my meaning I will quote some extracts from the very few letters which were in this respect valuable.

His geniality and tolerance towards theological opponents and personal liking for many of them were often coupled with the strongest denunciations of the disastrous effect of the views they advocated. This peculiarity appears incidentally in one or two short letters. The most curious case was that of Newman. In the years succeeding the 'Apologia,' while his love and reverence for Newman were never obscured, my father regarded him as giving the support of his great name and leadership to the extreme liberal Catholic party, the party represented in England by Lord Acton, in Germany by Professor Friedrich. Such a sentence as the following in a letter to Newman's intimate friend and follower, Lord Emly, is highly characteristic and useful to the biographer:

> Pray believe how sincerely I respect you and many others whom I regard as grievous enemies to the Church most unintentionally; and in particular how undying are my gratitude and affection towards the illustrious leader of your formidable and dangerous band.

Again, in sketching a man whose interests were so intense in directions startlingly opposite, whose passion for things ecclesiastical and theological was only equalled by his passion for the theatre, and who enjoyed the resulting paradox himself, some brief sayings and bits of letters in this connection were likewise useful to the biographer. 'I always give my mornings to things *dog*matic, my evenings to things *dram*atic.' Or again, 'Oh, that I may live to see the Bancrofts at the Haymarket; I shall then sing my *Nunc Dimittis*.' And again, after the Bancrofts had gone to the Haymarket and he came from the Isle of Wight to Hampstead to be in reach of the theatre, he wrote as follows to myself in reply to my congratulations on the good effect of the Hampstead air on his health. 'You philosophise

wrongly about my health. The Haymarket is the region whence salvation cometh. Hampstead is only the *sine qua non.*' Again, his extreme ultramontanism was caricatured by himself in the remark, 'I should like a fresh Papal Bull every morning with my *Times* at breakfast.' I will give one more illustration. At a time when he was a martyr to sleeplessness and an effectual cure had just been found, while at the same moment an ultramontane victory had been secured by Manning's nomination as Archbishop, he writes thus to a friend: '*Te Deum laudamus*, good sleep at night, a good Archbishop by day (and a good opera in the evening) are surely adequate to human felicity.'

I have quoted enough for my purpose. The personality as I remembered it could not be represented by long quotations from letters. But the full reminiscences which his friends sent me *were* effectively illustrated by such brief extracts from personal notes which gave the seal of authenticity to their account. 'His sayings and doings,' wrote Jowett concerning Oxford times, 'were in the mouth of everyone.' The record of these sayings, written and spoken, and of his doings illustrated my narrative on its lighter side. Of the more serious side Tennyson's six lines, if not great poetry, were an absolute photograph:

> Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,
> —Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord,—
> My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
> Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward,
> How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,
> How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

They summarise the character of the man whom his pupils at St. Edmund's described at length in reminiscences written for my book as he appeared in moments of religious enthusiasm, lecturing on philosophy. His mentality was best painted by summaries of his positions rather than *ipsissima verba* of one who often dwelt with such prolixity on minor issues. Stories and reminiscences then supplied much material to both sides of the picture, the more serious and the lighter: while extracts from short letters confirmed and

illustrated these. To publish his letters *in extenso* would have been to paint a wholly different kind of man. Such a course would have given about as much of the real man as the publication of the great American chess player Morphy's moves in his games at chess would represent his social personality. Chess absorbed Morphy. It was the passion of his life. So, too, theological debates, often on minute points, absorbed my father and filled much of his life, but the genial human personality is no more apparent in them than Morphy's living self would be revealed in the moves of his chess-men. Letters were therefore a very minor part of my material. The bulk of my father's letters had simply to be excluded. On the other hand, anecdote, authentic sayings and doings, and personal impressions were so copious and so readily forthcoming that I think I obtained a really living picture, to which Dr. Jowett, Dean Goulburn, and Dr. Lake contributed almost as effectively as Tennyson and Dean Church.

In the case of Cardinal Wiseman's Life the place occupied by letters is very curious. The Cardinal's cosmopolitan education seriously damaged his English, making it very cumbrous and sometimes ungrammatical. As a rule, his letters are not effective reading; they do not, indeed, hide his personality or misrepresent it as my father's did, but they have not the light touch which is desirable if letters are to be printed *in extenso.* They are generally heavy and obscure. They are rather boring. But while the use of his native tongue in correspondence was thus damaged by his familiarity with so many languages, in one at least of those languages, Italian, he wrote with such clearness and facility that his Italian letters done into English are really good material for the biographer. They are neither dull nor obscure. He lived for years in Rome. The Roman custom, like the French, demands absolute clearness of expression in letters, and he acquired the Italian manner of letter-writing, much as he gained other Italian habits.

On the other hand, letters were not with him the natural vehicle of complete self-expression. Some of his most characteristic tastes and feelings are absent from them.

There are scattered passages in his published writings, notably in his 'Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times,' which supply the biographer with far better indications of a really picturesque mentality and an attractive character. These indicate the nature and variety of his tastes. They fill in the picture suggested by an interesting remark of his Vicar-General, Dr. Whitty, that Cardinal Wiseman represented the historical Catholic Church, not as a Saint does, on the spiritual side only, but much as a national poet represents the all-round genius of his country.[1] Wiseman represented the Church as giving its impress to civilisation. He himself had much of the typical great churchman in a Christian civilisation, according to ecclesiastical authority its due place, not dominated or oppressed by the Church, but a civilisation saturated with Christian influence, Christian art, Christian literature, and Christian social work. All this can be illustrated from his lectures and essays—hardly from his letters. In his case, as in my father's, the reminiscences of friends gave a good indication of the personality. Unlike my father's case, his correspondence as a whole was really valuable to the biographer, as enabling him to fill in certain details of a picture of which friends presented the outline. Wiseman's letters contained many indications of the man, while my father's longer letters reveal almost exclusively a side quite apart from his social personality. Wiseman's letters illustrate his shyness, the element of the schoolboy which stayed with him through life and which prevented his being a thorough man of the world, the touch of vanity which at times beset him, his kindliness, geniality, and sensitiveness. Nevertheless the English letters are too heavy to form the bulk of the Life. They supply the biographer with evidence and illustrations of important points of character. They are more valuable for the indications they give than for the quotable material they supply. And the reader feels that they form, even with explanation, an inadequate picture of the man whose mentality we know from other sources.

[1] *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, vol. ii. pp. 151–2.

He never got his vivid imagination or his varied tastes into his letters.

In writing the 'Life of Aubrey de Vere' I had a comparatively simple task; for his own letters and recollections, coupled with those revelations of a singularly beautiful nature which are to be found in some of his poems, especially the shorter ones of his youth, did nearly the whole work. Little was necessary in the way of biographer's comment or explanation. Indeed on reading his papers as his literary executor it was my own discovery of the completeness of the picture of the man which his correspondence supplied which decided me to edit his papers in the form of a memoir. He had left me free option on this point. The letters are remarkably well written, and to some of his correspondents, notably Stephen Spring Rice and Sarah Coleridge, he laid open his whole mind. In the more reflective letters to these correspondents we see all the thoughts which habitually beset him. That is what makes letters most valuable for biographers. In letters to other friends as well as to these two we can see that he is at pains to make them realise the scenes and persons he describes. His pen is exceedingly graphic. He had, in short, that keen sense of *intercourse* in correspondence which makes letters of the first value as self-revelations. All the chief traits of his character are apparent in these letters: his 'singular passion of the past,' to use Tennyson's phrase, his equally unusual hero-worship for Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Cardinal Newman, his absorption in religion. It was a gentle, holy, sweet, somewhat womanlike and very tender nature, falling short of full virility either in strength of action or in passion; perfect in its refinement, hopeful, uncritical. All these qualities stand out in the letters, and what they do not give adequately is supplied by his reminiscences, while characteristic thoughts of beauty and depth are added by such short poems as 'Sad is our youth' or the sonnet in which affliction is greeted as a heavenly visitor to be received with reverence and gratitude. The religious passion, the only real passion he ever had, is given in the wonderful short poem which begins with the words 'Love thy God, and

love Him only.' The distinctly Catholic devotion which filled so large a place in his later life is to be found in the collection of poems to the Blessed Virgin called 'Carmina Mariana.' The biographer seldom had a task less complicated, more negative. He had to deal with a simple nature which needed little explanation, and with a man whose power of self-expression and habits of reflection left little to be added to his own self-revelations.

If the correspondence of Aubrey de Vere speaks for itself, and needs hardly any explanatory comment, if complication is absent from it and simple directness is its characteristic, in the case of John Henry Newman the very opposite is true. Newman's letters are every bit as important to his biographer as de Vere's, yet his mind and nature were so complex and subtle that the task of editing was most wearing and difficult.

A large volume of his letters might no doubt be published so selected as to need no explanation, as in the case of Aubrey de Vere himself. Such a volume would include conventional letters to comparative strangers, letters of spiritual and theological advice, intimate and familiar letters marked often by affectionate playfulness, letters, in short, in which the special complexities of his mind, his peculiar sensitiveness, and the difficult circumstances of ecclesiastical politics in which his later life was lived have no place. But for the biographer to have written a life based on such a selection would have been worse than useless. It would have been most misleading. If such a life had appeared, other letters would at once have been made public by unauthorised persons showing aspects of an exceedingly complex mind, often working in very complex situations, and of a singularly sensitive nature of which the published letters would have given no suspicion. The conventional and simple biography would have edified a few for a week, and then would have been utterly discredited. In these circumstances the biographer's task, which was at its simplest in the case of Aubrey de Vere, was at its very hardest in the case of Newman. Two tasks were imperative—(1) the whole of Newman's story and attitude of mind

at every stage of his career had to be mastered by the biographer, so that when printing an individual letter which by itself would give a one-sided impression, he could remind the reader of the other side which the particular letter itself did not present; (2) letters had to be given so selected as to represent, in Newman's own words, *his very various points of view* and obviously to justify the biographer's explanations, to prevent the charge that they were based on his own personal views, and thus to preserve the objectivity of the picture. A mere summary of Newman's attitude on the points in question would not have sufficed and would have been impossible. His own words had to be given. I may be allowed to make use of what I said on this subject in an essay published a year ago—The man's nature was so complex and subtle that the biographer dared not trust to a summary. A subjective estimate must always be open to dispute. The documents must speak for themselves, for in some places they appear to present almost insoluble contradictions. An account could have been written of the scheme to found an Oratory for him at Oxford in 1865, illustrated by authentic documents, which would have given the impression that Newman never wished to go to Oxford, and was simply relieved when the scheme was abandoned. Another account could have been written showing him almost heart-broken that this new opportunity for influence in his old University was denied him. Letters could be given in which he seems to think that the ecclesiastical authorities had on grounds of consistency and common sense no choice but to put an end to the scheme, and other letters in which their action is severely criticised. He might be represented by selected letters as distressed and annoyed beyond measure at having to collaborate with Lord Acton and Mr. Simpson in the conduct of the *Rambler* magazine, and as out of sympathy with its conductors. He might have been represented by other letters as considering it the most important work within his reach, undertaken in conjunction with men with whom on the whole he keenly sympathised. His attitude towards the Vatican Council appears in the letter he wrote about it to Dr. Bloxam to be

predominantly one of joy at the prospect. In other letters we see his dismay at the tone and action of those who were responsible for the trend of its proceedings. To analyse the excessively subtle distinctions which reconcile these apparently opposite views, as well as the changes of mood and phases of thought which further explain such apparent contradictions, would be a difficult, perhaps an impossible, task. At best it would be the biographer's personal interpretation, open to vigorous criticism from those who habitually choose one aspect or another of Newman's attitude of mind as representing the real man. Personally, I think that a profound consistency of view is apparent under all the subtle variations of mood and the interaction of his estimates of different aspects in each case. But obviously a field of endless controversy would be opened up by any theory on the subject—or by any personal estimate of the outcome. Only the record of his own self-revelations at different times and to different persons could possibly meet the case and have the necessary quality of objective fact. The publication of documents telling only this way or only that way would have been unfair. It is one of those cases in which the situation is so complex and subtle, that nothing but the truth minutely told will meet the case.

A less closely knit nature or a simpler nature than Newman's might have been otherwise dealt with. Some biographies can be truthful without being intimate or psychologically minute. But in Newman apparent contradictions form a part of the consistent whole to be exhibited; and it is only his most intimate revelations which give the clue to the real state of mind of which partial aspects shown in letters to certain correspondents so often appear to be simply inconsistent.[1] In these circumstances to have published his letters, without the most careful editing and occasional explanation from one who knew Newman's temperament and standpoint minutely after studying the entire correspondence, would have been often to mislead the average reader of a single letter, and to bewilder him if he

[1] For the article referred to in these paragraphs see *Men and Matters*, pp. 285-7.—Ed.

read many. If it took the biographer himself years to understand them adequately and reconcile apparent contradictions, what must be their effect at first blush on a reader who is more or less new to the subject?

One of the sources of difficulty in dealing with this correspondence arises from the degree to which the tone and substance of Newman's letters were affected by the standpoint of his correspondent. There are two letters, too long for quotation in this place, but published in the biography, dealing with the probable results of the Vatican Council. One was written in January 1870, the other in the following month. One was addressed to his Bishop, the other to his old Anglican friend, Dr. Bloxam, who was known as the Father of Ritualism. If these letters were read by one who is not familiar with Newman's mind, they would appear to give exactly opposite estimates of the Council. To the Bishop he writes of the proceedings of the Council in dismay, to the Anglican he writes in almost an *exalté* tone of hopefulness. Yet there is no real discrepancy of view between the two letters, though it takes a good deal of consideration and knowledge to understand this. I will endeavour to explain the apparent difference and real consistency by a comparison. It was wittily said of Hume and Reid that though they were reputed to be at opposite poles in metaphysics they were really agreed. It is only that Hume shouts what Reid whispers, and *vice versa.* Reid shouts, 'You cannot help believing in an external world,' and then whispers, 'But you can give no good reason for your belief.' Hume shouts, 'You can give no adequate reason for retaining any belief in the external world,' then he adds in a whisper, 'But you cannot get rid of the belief.' To some extent this is parallel to the case I am considering. Owing to the circumstances of his two correspondents Newman whispers to the one what he shouts to the other. Writing to his Bishop, who has an influence in Rome which may materially affect the future proceedings of the Council, he dwells on the evils which he dreads from the action of what he calls an 'insolent and aggressive faction'; and on the impending definition

which he regarded as so unfortunate, though he did not question the truth of the doctrine. The circumstances of the letter made it of importance not to minimise the dangers he apprehended and hoped perhaps by speaking strongly to avert. In writing to the Anglican, on the contrary, these considerations had no place. He desired to point out the good wrought by all Ecumenical Councils as such, quite apart from the dangers of the existing situation, in which the Anglican vicar could be of no use, and on which it would be unseemly to dwell in writing to a non-Catholic. Therefore he barely touched in the letter to Dr. Bloxam on the possibilities which tried him so much, and the burden of his forecast as to the results of the Council was the good which must be effected by any general Council; the benefit to the Church which must result from its various rulers in different countries meeting and comparing their different experiences. The two letters, then, are not contradictory if they are carefully considered and studied in the light of Newman's mentality and the circumstances of the time. Yet I venture to say that unless these conditions which explain them had been clearly indicated in the biography, the letters would easily have been taken by an average reader as indicating that Newman expressed in February a precisely opposite view as to the prospects of the Council to that which he had expressed in January.[1]

Another point has to be considered in viewing Newman's letters as an index to his character. To very intimate friends like Father Ambrose St. John he was apt to pour forth letters full of complaint. The plain reader who peruses them might get an impression of an inveterate grumbler, of a man who loved to air his grievances. They would seem at first sight to indicate a serious lack of fortitude, and often of magnanimity. Now here the biographer knew from other sources a most important fact which entirely changes the significance of these letters as indications of character. Those who lived with Newman are unanimous in their testimony that in the most trying times

[1] See *Life of Cardinal Newman*, vol. ii. ch. xxix., 'The Vatican Council (1869–1870).'—Ed.

he was in conversation absolutely uncomplaining. He made no allusion whatever to events which those who have read his Life know well were exceedingly trying and hard to bear. His letters to less intimate correspondents confirm this testimony. They are in this respect dignified and reserved. Here, then, was a man of intense sensitiveness who used letter-writing to one or two most intimate friends as a kind of safety-valve, who poured forth to sympathetic and understanding ears as a relief the story of his troubles, while in general company he showed veritable fortitude—fortitude, it may be said, of the highest kind because it received no aid from natural insensibility, but was entirely due to self-restraint. This is a critical matter in estimating what these particular letters reveal of the man. They show us his most intimate *feelings*, but without due explanation they are not at all true indications of his *character*. This distinction is of great importance. The letters I speak of are numerous They give no evidence of that invariable self-restraint in his intercourse with his friends of which we know from other sources. They might be taken as proofs that such self-restraint was altogether wanting. Hence without the biographer's careful comment they might be seriously misleading.

As material, therefore, for Newman's Life, while his letters are quite invaluable, they have characteristics which falsify his own theory: 'My own notion of writing a life,' he says in a letter, 'is the notion of Hurrell Froude, to do it by letters.' There are two chief reasons why his own letters are insufficient from this point of view without careful editing. First Newman's letters, as I have just said, needed the most careful noting of points in his own temperament and circumstances of which the ordinary reader might not be aware and which qualify the apparent significance of individual letters as indications of his views and his character. Second, the information given by the correspondence itself can only be correctly estimated, in the case of one whose points of view were so various and subtle, by a more extensive selection of letters than the artistic requirements of a biography would strictly allow.

I had special reasons for largely disregarding this second point. It was essential above all things to be objective and to record the testimony of his own words even at the cost of somewhat infringing on the demands of art. Much more than I gave by way of explanation, much less in the way of printed letters would have improved the book from the artistic standpoint. It would have made my picture stand forth in clearer and bolder outline. I was free in this respect when I wrote of Cardinal Wiseman. I was not free in the case of Newman. Newman's views are so hotly canvassed by opposite parties, his very character is in certain matters so generally debated, sides are taken with so much heat, that it would have been fatal if the word had been passed around, 'This is Mr. Ward's interpretation, it is not the real man.' Therefore, while in a less contentious subject the requirements of art would have led me to treat the material somewhat differently, and to have given more of comment and less of the text of letters, I had in some degree to disregard the demands of art in order that Newman's intellectual attitude and personal character should be as far as possible presented simply in his own words. Many pages were added for this reason which were unnecessary for the effectiveness of the book as a picture of the man. But the gain is, I hope, that the authenticity of the picture cannot be gainsaid even by the captious critic, if he is intelligent. Criticisms from the unintelligent can never be avoided.

In each of the four works I have described, then, the various classes of material had a widely different place in the presentation of a true picture to my readers. The letters more especially called for very different treatment in each case. There is, I have said, no golden rule applicable to all cases alike. Hence the importance of what I insisted on in my first lecture, that the biographer should thoroughly master the whole material before he begins to write at all. His method in each case mainly depends on the result of his study. It was a thorough acquaintance with my father's long theological letters which led me to appreciate how little they would be helpful for my purpose, how misleading in conveying the true picture of the man their extensive

quotation would have been. It was a prolonged study of Newman's correspondence which determined the character of my selection, and brought home to me the necessity of explaining many individual letters by information derived from others far too numerous for inclusion in my work. Thus in addition to the main theme of this lecture—that there is no golden rule as to the right material or method which would present a man to the general reader—I *reiterate* what I said in my first lecture that the best method of presentation can only be satisfactorily determined by the biographer after he has himself thoroughly mastered the life and character of his subject by a study of all available material. The two biographies which have often been called the best in our language, Boswell's Johnson and Lockhart's Scott, both convince the reader by their own pages of the thoroughness of the writer's mastery of his material. Boswell excels as a psychologist and as an artist; he is a more vivid painter than Lockhart both of the outside and of the inside of his hero. Both men are equally faithful and thorough. The ingenious higher critic in biography who builds his account of character on a few suggestive facts and letters may write a very pleasant book but inspires no confidence.

There is one class of material which both these writers use with effect of which I have not yet spoken in detail, namely, the diaries and confessions of the subject of the biography. In Johnson's Life these hold a very important place, and in Scott's they have an importance that is by no means negligible. The deepest elements in Johnson's character, more especially his religious feelings and principles, are conveyed almost entirely by his own notes. They are fervent outpourings of mind and soul.

In the case of Scott much of the man's character is apparent in his diaries. Their very reserve is significant. Something of the nature of the man is witnessed to by the very fact that he clearly was not one to write confessions resembling those of Johnson. Cardinal Newman's 'Journal Intime'[1] has in it something of the character of Johnson's

[1] See *Life of Cardinal Newman*, vol. i. p. 574.—Ed.

confessions. It is a valuable index to his mind and his feelings on some subjects. I have so far left aside this special source of the biographer's information not because I count it of minor importance, but because its character is so special as to call for separate treatment. In one sense autobiography brings us closer than anything else to its subject, for the writer's testimony about himself is the testimony of the most intimate witness, yet in fact nothing needs more careful scrutiny in determining its true historical value. Some see themselves very truly, others very falsely. Some write frankly, others fail completely in frankness. Some do their best to get at their own thoughts and motives, others write for effect. Some remember the past accurately, others see it deeply coloured by the glasses of their present feelings. I propose then to devote a considerable portion of my next lecture expressly to autobiography, and then I shall give a few illustrations of methods of character study employed in fiction. I shall leave it for those for whom fiction is their special department to say more on this subject than I shall venture to do. Its direct interest to me is that of a reader and not of a writer, for I have never attempted to write fiction. But it also has an indirect interest for a writer of biography from the fact that both forms of literature have a common aim in the endeavour to depict character. There is common ground between the task that lies before the artist who depicts real characters and him who depicts fictitious characters. For these reasons, while I do not propose to illustrate what I have to say widely from the immense field supplied by modern novels, I do propose to illustrate from a few of our classical novelists what I have shown in the case of biography, the application of the principles laid down in my first lecture to the novelist's work in individual cases. My next lecture will therefore have for its title, 'Character Study in Autobiography and in Fiction.'

LECTURE III.

THE CHARACTER STUDY IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND IN FICTION.

THIS lecture will consist of two separate parts—though both are equally related to my central theme, the nature of a character study. I propose first to speak of autobiography regarded as a character study, and then to say something on character studies by a few great novelists.

Autobiography supplies facts as to a man's past life which no one else can know, from the closest witness on the subject. So far as opportunity for knowledge goes that single witness knows far more than all the rest of the world put together. At first sight it might seem that if only a man has written his autobiography, especially if it is an intimate record and not merely a narrative of external events like Anthony Trollope's, if it is a story of his mind and heart, it should outweigh all other evidence as to the true character of the man.

This is, I think, not an over-estimate of the conceivable possibilities of autobiography. But what is conceivable is one thing, what is generally realised is a very different thing, and such an estimate would be quite false in relation to most existing autobiographies, because certain defects in human nature are apt to be fatal to the actual realisation of what seems abstractedly possible.

In point of fact the very immensity of the accumulation of evidence before the mind of the man who reviews his own past experience presents great difficulties in the way of obtaining from it the accurate and successful picture for which it does supply the constituent elements.

(1) When a great mass of facts are before a man's mind the sense of proportion has to be extremely just if he would so present what he does see as to give a true impression to the reader.

(2) When we attempt a record of our own thoughts and feelings candour and self-knowledge are indispensable. They must be present in a high degree. Yet many men and women are seriously lacking in both these qualities.

(3) When we write of our own state of mind in a period long past, there is great danger lest we look back through spectacles coloured by the present. For example, one may record views which were inchoate and undetermined, which might have developed in other directions than those which, owing to circumstances, they actually took:—as though they had then far more in them than they really had of what they have since become. Or one may describe one's past feelings towards others as they became afterwards, and not as they were at the time. But indeed how far-reaching in its results this defect may be is quite obvious.

(4) Again, there is the temptation, when a man writes of himself, unconsciously to pose as having been, and still being, what he likes to imagine himself, instead of concentrating his endeavour on seeing and telling what he really was and is.

Therefore while a man, who, in writing his autobiography, has what has been well called the 'heart and the eye for truth,' possesses in the knowledge of his own past absolutely unrivalled material for a character study of himself, the man who lacks these qualifications may, for any or all of the reasons just indicated, give a false picture of himself. There are indeed autobiographies which deal chiefly with the external events of life. In these there is little temptation to stray from the truth, and little difficulty in conveying it. Most writers of such books are glad to confirm their memory by contemporary documents. Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography is an admirable piece of work of this kind. Anthony Trollope's, though less ambitious and complete, is also mainly a plain authentic story of external events, and he uses contemporary notes. It reveals, it is true, much of

the character of the man in the narrative of his dogged determination; but it does not attempt any record of his mental history. Such books do not give the intimate revelations and confessions which coming from a candid man are so priceless, neither have they occasion to betray the ignorance of self, which is apparent in the revelations of the uncandid.

Herbert Spencer's Autobiography is written on the general plan of a biography incorporating the writer's past correspondence. Part of it is a record of external events like Trollope's or Sir Henry Taylor's, and its self-revelations do not rest on the memory of the writer, but are based on contemporary evidence.

But the interesting problem I have raised is presented when the writer attempts to give from memory an account of his past views and feelings. Here successful achievement supplies a work of extraordinary interest, but it is also in such an ambitious attempt that failure is most conspicuous. There have been men of obvious candour and moral earnestness whose autobiographies are veritable self-revelations. This is often evident on the face of them, and they take their place as classics largely on this very account. Such a book is the 'Confessions' of St. Augustine. Such surely to a great extent is Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' although it is not in form biographical. Such is Mill's 'Autobiography.' Such are some of the autobiographical notes left by Cardinal Newman and published in his Life. Such in part is the same writer's 'Apologia pro Vita Sua.' Of St. Augustine we feel that he is writing on his knees as in the presence of the all-knowing God, that he would tremble at the bare thought of deviating from the truth. Far from disguising the worst—the chief temptation in autobiography—he is even eager to exhibit it fully and frankly, and to atone for it. As to John Stuart Mill, Gladstone's phrase that he was 'the saint of rationalism' occurs to one in reading his autobiography. We may feel a certain want of depth and richness in his nature as we read that book, but his candour and veracity are stamped on every page. Some of Newman's autobiographical notes were like St.

Augustine's 'Confessions' obviously written with a sense of the presence of God. The case of the 'Apologia' is slightly different. It is largely a defence of himself. But there too his anxiety to secure an accurate record is unimpeachable. In doubtful cases he was not satisfied without obtaining his own contemporary letters from his friends to make sure of his actual state of mind at the time. The conscientiousness of the historian is everywhere apparent in the book. Bunyan's work has no conceivable motive beyond giving the true record of his spiritual experiences. 'The heart and the eye for truth' are both apparent in all these works.

But candour may arise from some other than the religious or quasi-religious cause which operates in the instances I have mentioned. There may be a remarkable gift for self-knowledge and self-analysis; and this also tends to ensure candour and truthfulness in self-presentation, largely because we love to exercise gifts in which we excel. Rousseau's autobiography is a case in point. His truthfulness is that of the great artist and not of the great moralist, nor of the penitent who would unburden his soul by a true confession. He has none of the horror of sin which makes St. Augustine long to confess fully and frankly his own past transgressions. Neither has he the want of self-knowledge which makes so many hide their vices even from themselves. Nor, again, has he the shrinking of an uncandid man from their open avowal. He has simply the artist's love for seeing and depicting things truly. His candour is intellectual and devoid of any moral element. He sees the past faithfully in spite of the mist of years, through which he looks back. He tells us more that is unpleasant about himself than what is pleasant. A certain moral insensibility diminishes the ordinary temptation to hide the worst in himself, of which he is not in fact much ashamed. The picture is absolutely lifelike, as any of his readers will testify, and Lord Morley has told us that the records which have come to light since it was published more and more confirm its accuracy. Here then we have the 'heart and the eye for truth,' due not to conscientious heart

searchings, but to the artist's gifts, and these gifts ensure, on the whole, candour and the just sense of proportion in self-portraiture. As an artist he prefers a genuine picture of the past to the indulgence of a pose.

On the other hand a book like the Autobiography of Miss Harriet Martineau is positively painful from the absence of these necessary qualities. Want of candour and self-knowledge are evident in every page. She has neither the artistic accuracy of Rousseau nor the self-accusing conscience of Augustine. While Newman and Mill and St. Augustine and Rousseau stand clearly revealed in the record of themselves, Miss Martineau's account of herself was so misleading that her best friends were shocked at it. She idealised herself in some respects; but, on the other hand, her sense of the effect of her own words on the general reader was so inaccurate that she gave the world in some of her pages a quite unduly unpleasant impression of herself. Her friends spoke of these pages as a libel on her real character. In the works of Mill and Newman candour and humility and self-knowledge stood clearly revealed, and these were just the qualities which vouched for the truth of the record. In Miss Martineau's an entire lack of self-knowledge and of ordinary humility in the estimate of her own position and work were equally plain, and her book in consequence brings no conviction to the reader of the value of her record as evidence. The real self is revealed in one case and largely disguised in the other. Yet perhaps we may say truly that Miss Martineau's book does not successfully disguise her real self, but rather bears its own evidence of the faults in her character which make the record untrustworthy. Her great friend, Mr. W. R. Greg, wrote of it as follows, at the time of its appearance:

> Self-knowledge, humility, just and moderate appreciation of their qualities and achievements, we may desiderate, [in writers of autobiography,] but we have no right to demand. The very absence of these mental or moral gifts may be amongst the most salient characteristics which it is the worth of autobiography that it reveals to us. We cannot claim from the painters of their own portraits, or the writers of their own lives, that they

shall tell us truly what they were, only that they shall tell us truthfully what they appeared to themselves to be—and this requisite of biography Miss Martineau rigidly fulfils. . . . She *tells* the truth wherever and so far as she could see it, and *betrays* it almost as plainly where it was obviously hidden from her eyes.[1]

A yet stronger instance of an autobiography which reveals the writer's faults rather than himself is that of Father Tyrrell. Here there is much more candour than in Miss Martineau's book, but it is candour of a very peculiar kind which does not contribute to a true picture. It is a candour more like Rousseau's than like Mill's or Newman's. One does not detect, I think, any religious motive in the candour, but one does see a certain intellectual impatience with shams, a desire to penetrate beneath conventions that are not wholly sincere and reach the underlying fact. Where however he fails entirely to follow Rousseau is in his complete deficiency in Rousseau's greatest quality, the artist's sense of accuracy and just proportion. Such a quality is best cultivated by an exceedingly calm and patient review of the past. This helps to a vision that is faithful and accurate. Tyrrell's pages are, on the contrary, marked throughout by haste, passion, and prejudice. The sense of proportion is frequently lost. Where he penetrates beneath certain slight conventional insincerities his impatient disclosure of what he considers the truth is so distorted and magnified as to be less true than the convention it displaces. The same holds with some avowals of his own shortcomings. They are not at all convincing, they savour of irritation and a love of startling effects. He was a far better man than he paints himself. It is quite as uncandid to exaggerate one's faults as to conceal them. Father Tyrrell's is the candour of a morbid mind which sees things out of proportion, and looks at the past through spectacles coloured by the present. He writes at a time of disillusion, and by a grotesque perversion he throws the shadow of the later disappointment on the very record of the earlier days of hope and enthusiasm, and represents himself as having been more or less of a hypocrite.

In regard to the more successful autobiographies I do not

[1] *Miscellaneous Essays*, W. R. Greg, pp. 177–8.

here propose to say very much. They largely fulfil the high expectations of those who look to autobiography for the most intimate and authentic account of their subject's mind and feelings. Such works, as I have said, generally bear on their pages the marks of the high moral characteristics and intellectual truthfulness which make them so convincing. Autobiography, as more or less self-revealing, answers a very natural expectation. It should indeed very rarely be accepted as infallible in detail, but given the characteristics I have noted, it is likely to tell the world far more of a man's intimate history than anything else can tell.

A much more interesting and complex study is presented by autobiographies like Miss Martineau's and Father Tyrrell's which fail, in this respect: they are not on that account valueless to the biographer, but quite the reverse. Their very falseness as records, as I have already said, tells a great deal of the real characters of those writers. And I shall say a few words more on the two books of this description which I have selected.

Harriet Martineau's Autobiography gives notable instances of the fact that autobiography may sometimes be simply self-disguising, also other instances of an inaccuracy which tells us a great deal of the psychological causes of that inaccuracy. Her immense self-absorption made her give little heed to the effect inevitably produced on others by her words. And she lacked the sense of proportion. She was not really an unkindly woman though she was intensely egotistic and self-confident. She had some of the geniality which accompanies an undoubting belief that everybody admires you. But the faults I have just noted caused her to pour forth a stream of dogmatic judgments of an unfavourable kind on certain eminent men, which gave the impression of a sour and extremely censorious person. I cannot do better than again quote her friend, Mr. W. R. Greg, both in admission of the effect produced by her words, and in contradiction to its being justified by the facts:

The tone in which she speaks of at least half her London acquaintances [writes Mr. Greg], her sketches of friends and foes alike, the sovereign contempt in the one set of portraits, the

rancorous animosity in the other, and the utter injustice and almost libellous character of many, are probably the features of her book which will leave the most painful impression.

. . . It is difficult for readers not to receive the impression that Miss Martineau was essentially ill-natured and given to bitterness and depreciation. In conveying this impression she does herself grievous injustice. There has seldom been a more kindly-hearted or affectionate person, or even one more given to an over-estimate of her friends, perhaps even more prone to make idols out of not quite the finest clay, more watchfully considerate to all dependent upon her, more steadfastly devoted to those who had once got hold of her imagination or attachment, unless they tried her constancy too hardly by criticism, opposition, or condemnation. All her geese were swans. All her servants and junior relatives were devoted to her, and with good reason, for there was a vast element of geniality about her. In spite of the painful description she gives of her early life (which we believe her connections scarcely recognise as faithful), she was, we should pronounce, from the time she had once found her work and made her mark, a singularly happy person; and continued to grow happier and happier, illness notwithstanding, till near the end. Her unflinching belief in herself, her singular exemption from the sore torment of doubt or hesitation, helped to make her so. Now, happy people, where really good-hearted and sociable, are genial; their enjoyment is so simple and genuine, and their confidence in the prompt cordial sympathy of those around them is so undoubting and so provocative of response.[1]

These passages in the Autobiography then merely disguise Harriet Martineau's personality and give a false impression of it. The testimony of the best witness, herself, is given in a manner so ill-judged that instead of adding to our knowledge of her it diminishes that knowledge. It needs correction from outside witnesses like Mr. Greg, who would presumably know less. But there are other passages in this book equally open to exception as veracious history, which by their very falsehood suggest her true character most vividly. She describes herself as in a constant attitude of self-defence against the multitude of celebrated people, or people of high rank, who were running after

[1] *Miscellaneous Essays*, W. R. Greg, p. 180.

her and seeking her intimacy, and whom she had to keep at a distance. Again and again she explains that eminent people who allude to her as if they knew her well were really only very slight acquaintances. Here the amusing part is that the words she quotes from these acquaintances can only suggest the idea that they eagerly claim intimacy with her, by the application of the immense magnifying-glass of her own vanity, through which she reads them. All this part of the book conveys a positively ludicrous picture, evidently false and yet revealing vividly a colossal self-conceit. We hear how Lord Lansdowne was so eager to make her acquaintance that after having sent her four most flattering invitations, all of which she declined, he smuggled himself into her house at an evening party under the wing of one of the invited guests. A very funny passage is one concerning her relations with John Stuart Mill, whose character is sufficiently well known to make its full absurdity apparent to everybody.

> I never understood him at all [she writes], and was duly surprised to find that he represented himself to be my most intimate friend. But the delusions of his vanity were so many and so gross that one may easily be let pass among the rest.[1]

This passage is really sublime. That John Stuart Mill was a vain man is a strange assertion, but that the height of conceivable vanity should be that he supposed himself to be a friend of Harriet Martineau's is quite unsurpassable. Both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt fare very badly in the Autobiography. Apparently they had alluded in print to knowing Miss Martineau. Half a page is devoted to resentment of this impertinence. Miss Martineau writes as follows:

> I can only say that I do not remember having seen Mrs. Howitt more than twice in my life, and that I should not know her by sight, and that I have seen Mr. Howitt about four or five times. Three or four times in London and once at Tynemouth, when he came with a cousin of mine to cool himself after a walk on the sands and beg for a cup of tea. This he and Mrs. Howitt have represented in print as visiting me in my illness. Such

[1] *Autobiography of Harriet Martineau*, vol. i. p. 415, edition 1877.

service as they asked of me in London to obtain a favourable review of a book of Mr. Howitt's, in which he had grossly abused me, I endeavoured to render; but I really was barely acquainted with them.[1]

I have taken Father Tyrrell's Autobiography as my other instance of self-description which is unreliable, because its faults are just the opposite to Miss Martineau's. We see in Miss Martineau a want of candid self-knowledge, a vision of herself as on a pedestal which she never in fact occupied, a constant self-satisfaction not at all justified, considering her obvious faults of which she was wholly unconscious. Father Tyrrell's is a case not of a want of candour, but of an exaggerated candour; not of self-satisfaction, but of morbid self-depreciation; not of a man blind to his own faults, but of one who applies a magnifying-glass to those faults which exhibits them out of all proportion. And the inspiring motive of his book is, as I have said, to depreciate his past religious belief, which to his friends at the time bore every mark of sincerity and reality, by throwing on it the light of the disenchantment which had come to him at the time he wrote of it.

It is part of his unquestionable candour that he is not wholly unaware of this last defect, as we see in a passage which I will read to you:

> The very style, however [he writes], of this analysis which I make of myself may perhaps tend to falsify things, by reflecting my present mind and intelligence back to those days when I was utterly incapable of diagnosing the processes of my life and thought; what is now clear was then confused; what now I see, then I felt; and mingled with all the dim reasoning and precocious rationalism there were the fancies, the instincts, the interests of the boy, and the child.[2]

But what one finds in the book as a whole, though verifying this anticipation, goes far beyond it. We find in his retrospect all that appeared to his friends to be deep and real at the time, dismissed as a mere mood or a mere pose

[1] *Autobiography of Harriet Martineau*, vol. i. pp. 415–16.
[2] *Autobiography and Life of G. Tyrrell*, by M. D. Petre, vol. i. p. 106.

always at variance with his deeper self, and we have as the culminating instance a doubt expressed whether at heart he had not been and still was not destitute of all belief whatsoever. The past moods of faith and hope are recorded, but he reads into them an underlying scepticism of a kind somewhat parallel to the arguments by which Hume proved that we have no reason to believe in the external world. And the passage to which I have referred suggesting total unbelief comes as a natural climax to such a way of testing all his past beliefs. I will quote a few examples. When he is describing the state of mind which led him to join the Catholic Church he notes the contrast between the effect on his mind of Anglican Ritualism—which he treats as the fad of a small sect—and the Catholic ceremonial which represented in his eyes the normal clothing of the age-long universal church. This is clearly a feeling which at the time was genuine, and greatly influenced both his acts and the course of his mental history. But writing at a time when he was disgusted both with Ritualism and with Catholicism, he makes the account of the past quite unreal by implying that even at the earlier date he had been at bottom quite sceptical as to the value of the impressions of the Catholic Church, which in fact determined the course of his life for many years. He recalls a visit he paid to a beautifully conducted ritualistic service at St. Alban's on Palm Sunday.

I cannot to this day lay my finger on any solid ground for the impression; for the service was as reverently and liturgically conducted as one could wish; but the sense of levity and unreality about the whole proceeding was to me so strong that I left the church in a few minutes with a feeling of sickness and anger and disappointment. I should say now that what I missed was that appeal to our historical sense which precisely the same ceremony would have made in a Catholic church, where it would have been the utterance of the great communion of the faithful, past and present, of all ages and nations, and not merely of a few irresponsible agents acting in defiance of the community to which they belonged. This it is, I fancy, and not any intuition of the Sacramental Presence, that makes so many say that they never *feel* at a ritualist function, however reverent and correct, as they *feel* at a Catholic function, be it

never so careless and irreverent. Who could feel in a new-built cathedral, of the noblest proportions, what he would feel in some plain old Norman church, unspoilt by the restorer's sacrilegious hand?

And of this view I had some confirmation. For while I hung about Holborn, waiting to join Dolling at the end of the service, chance took my wandering steps into Ely Place, where I beheld people descending into the bowels of the earth, whom I followed, to find myself in the crypt of St. Etheldreda's, where, in darkness and 'mid the smell of a dirty Irish crowd, the same service was being conducted, in nasal tones, most unmusically, by three very typically popish priests. Of course it was mere emotion and sentiment, and I set no store by it either then or now, but oh! the sense of reality! here was the old business, being carried on by the old firm, in the old ways; here was continuity, that took one back to the catacombs; here was no need of, and therefore no suspicion of pose or theatrical parade; its aesthetic blemishes were its very beauties for me *in that mood*.[1]

I beg of you to observe that instead of describing this feeling simply and, as it evidently was at the time, as a powerful and influential feeling which contributed to his surrender to the Catholic Church, in which for years he worked so devotedly, he keeps insisting parenthetically that he knew at the time that this was merely an emotion and sentiment of no value, a passing mood. That no doubt was his view in 1901, when he wrote the Autobiography; but one is very slow to believe that it had been his view at a time when just the attitude of mind he describes determined his whole career and purpose in life during many years. Somewhat similar in character is another account of his visits to Catholic churches before he joined the Roman Communion.

About 1877–1878 I first began stealing into Roman Catholic Churches for Mass and Benediction; and though my taste was revolted and my reverence shocked by the tawdriness and falsity of the decorations, and the perfunctoriness of the priests in their graceless ministrations, yet there was a certain sense of rest and reality about it, inasmuch as I felt it was the bottom towards which I was gravitating. I did not say to myself: 'Well,

[1] *Autobiography and Life of G. Tyrrell*, by M. D. Petre, vol. i. p. 152. The words 'in that mood' were italicised by Mr. Ward.—ED.

some day it will end here; and if you do not like these things you will have to lump them; it is a connected whole, and must be all taken or all left'; yet this about expresses the sort of interest that drew me to an early Mass at Gardiner Street or Marlborough Street. My whole bent was to make out a case for Rome; to find justification for practices and beliefs that did then, and do still, offend my personal taste and religious instincts. It was just because *in my heart of hearts*, I felt these things as *vulgar* or *absurd*, that I was very angry if my mother or anyone else spoke of them as such; for I wanted to think otherwise if I could, and did not like to be reminded of, and strengthened in, my *real sentiments*.[1]

Here again, while the record is doubtless substantially true, he obviously inverts the proportions of his two feelings and gives to 1877 the proportions that held in 1901. He gives as his 'real' sentiments held in his 'heart of hearts' what were doubtless the more real and deep ones at the later time, but at the earlier time they were probably not more than matter for faint irritation in a mind which was irritated by everything. His spirit was singularly changeable, but it *was* set at that time in a definite direction, the Catholic direction, and continued for years in that direction. The strong presumption is that this represented what could most justly be described as his real state of mind and heart. But his attitude when he wrote the Autobiography made him look through a magnifying-glass at the slight qualms of accompanying annoyance and misgiving to which a highly speculative and sensitive man is ever liable in religious thought and practice, as though *they* were *the real* state of mind and as though the beliefs which actually determined his onward movement were not sincere. As I have said, the culminating passage which marks unmistakably the true nature of this curious morbid candour is found where he expresses a doubt as to having any belief at all. This passage I will read:

Sometimes I think it must be that, in the deepest depths of my self-consciousness, I believe nothing at all, and am

[1] *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, by M. D. Petre, vol. i. p. 126. The italics are Mr. Ward's.—ED.

self-deceived in the matter; and the recognition of the manner in which I have, all along, allowed the 'wish to believe' to play upon me, rather confirms this melancholy hypothesis.[1]

The whole attitude revealed in this book is clearly one in which the mentality has become unhealthy and morbid with too much thinking, accompanied by physical disease. The human mind, it has well been said, 'is unequal to its own powers of apprehension. It embraces more than it can master.' Even the most candid self-analysis falls short of the full grounds of many a belief. We cannot master the full grounds, and in a morbid man the failure of his attempts to reach and express these grounds issues in the feeling that there are *no* adequate grounds and consequently in scepticism. If the morbidness is accompanied by positive physical disease, this result is more inevitable. The whole book is an almost unparalleled instance of this morbid candour.

My general conclusion is that while we have in autobiography the testimony of the closest witness as to a man's past, we need a judge to estimate the value of that witness's testimony. This function will most naturally and efficiently be fulfilled by the biographer who is in possession of contemporary documents and can test the accuracy of the writer's reminiscences. In most cases autobiography will be first-class evidence as a record of mere fact, especially if reinforced by contemporary documents; but as a record of past opinions and past states of mind, autobiographies vary very widely. Sometimes the biographer who reads his subject's self-revelations will judge that they supply priceless evidence and are transparently candid and truthful; in other cases autobiographies suggest the question whether the witness does not stand too close to be quite candid and impartial—too close to see the past in true perspective: or again, whether the view of the past may not be morbid or the memory coloured more or less deeply by more recent events.

It must be remarked that in autobiography taken by itself and without comment from any biographer, the witness and the judge are in its pages the same man. There-

[1] *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, pp. 133-4.

fore the impartiality of the judge can hardly be relied on. And moreover the objectivity, on the necessity of which for true portraiture I have laid so much stress, is necessarily wanting in a man's impressions of himself. Thus the idea of autobiography as the final and authentic record of a man's life can hardly ever stand. It is, I repeat, valuable as material for the biographer, sometimes quite priceless, and without appeal; sometimes not. It must be used and interpreted just as letters are used and interpreted. In both cases the value differs very widely, in neither case can *a priori* rules be laid down as to their value.

I will now pass to the second part of this lecture and consider a few instances of character studies in novels. To speak of the great artists in fiction who have excelled in depicting character would be a large subject, on which many more competent than myself have already spoken. But I will make a few observations on the subject. The question has been raised by Mr. Henry James and Mr. Arnold Bennett as to how far dialogue is a good means of painting character, and they are both in favour of its severe restriction. Mr. James, writing in the *Times Literary Supplement*, goes so far as to say that dialogue is interesting 'only when no other mode of presentation is equally or more so, which other modes of presentation have a constant liability to be.' Now I think that the question of dialogue in fiction as a means of presenting character is much the same as the question of letters in biography. Are a man's letters a good means of presenting his character? It depends entirely on the nature of the letters and the gifts of the writer. Is dialogue a good means of presenting character in fiction? It depends entirely on the novelist's power of writing dialogue which is true to life. Very few indeed have this gift in a high degree.

The flood of uninteresting talk in a novel written by those who have not the almost magical sense of how people actually speak in real life is the worst possible means of conveying a character. Indeed, its failure in dramatic truth may be so great as positively to obscure the characters. It may reach the point at which not only does it not impart

life, but it damages life. It may be a bit of false painting in the picture, of painting distinctly unlike the living subject. When a novelist feels that he or she is incapable of making characters talk as men and women really talk, if such a novelist is a true artist he will avoid too much dialogue; and Mr. James, who, in spite of his wonderful psychological insight, has not this special gift, preaches rightly for himself, but he preaches wrongly for the few who are really experts in dialogue. If a novelist cannot write dialogue it is better to resort to Mrs. Humphry Ward's way of describing the effect of dialogue on the hearers, than to give actual words which would not in fact have been spoken. Though I confess at the same time that when Mrs. Ward pictures a scene of immense animation in conversation and alludes to wonderful and stimulating epigrams and the brilliancy of her talkers, one does occasionally long to be allowed to test the brilliancy for oneself by having even a few instances supplied to one. But the real masters of dialogue present the social personality by it far more vividly than by any other means. Their presentation gives the nearest approach in fiction to actual presentation on the stage of life. Few writers are supreme in this respect. Very few indeed have that absolute fidelity to life which makes their dialogue infallibly lifelike. For the moment I can recall no parallel in this respect among English novelists to Miss Austen and Dickens. What a long list one could make of the characters who live in the dialogue of these two artists: in the one case as vivid pictures of what people really are, in the other as equally vivid though caricatured. Mr. Woodhouse, Miss Bates, Mrs. Norris, Lady Bertram, Mrs. Elton, Mrs. Bennet, Lydia Bennet, Mr. Bennet, all these stand out in their spoken words quite as vividly as Dickens' characters stand out, and their absolute fidelity to life and freedom from exaggeration makes the woman novelist's feat the more remarkable of the two. The dialogue of Miss Austen is in other cases equally faithful, but less distinctive. This again is part of her absolute fidelity to truth. For in real life there are many people whose way of talking reveals little of them, or is simply colourless; while, on the other

hand, there are dead friends whom the perfect mimic can bring back to us as though they were still alive: partly no doubt from catching their intonation, but almost equally from a perfect mastery of the peculiarities of their way of speech. In Dickens' pages the case is similar to Miss Austen's, though of course caricature takes the place generally, though not always, of absolutely faithful portraiture. Certain of Dickens' characters we see living before us, not in virtue of his description of them, but far more in reading their own words. Such are Sam Weller, Old Weller, Alfred Jingle, Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Mantalini, Harold Skimpole, and many others. But the rarity of this gift of amazingly vivid dialogue is shown in the fact that I think few here present could at a moment's notice name any novelist who stands in the same rank in this respect as Dickens and Miss Austen, or hardly even a character in a novel who reaches their mark. Charlotte Brontë's Paul Emanuel in 'Villette' reaches the same high standard. But it is an exceptional instance in her work. Some of M. E. Francis' dialogue has the same quality. But the gift is far rarer than is generally supposed. This gives some justification for Mr. Henry James' remarks, for his advice is sound for at least ninety-nine out of one hundred writers. Even that wonderfully accurate student of psychology, George Eliot, has not in her dialogues the infallible touch of which I speak. One gets the magic feeling of reality from her dialogue in some cases, but not in all. With Miss Austen I get it in all. I get it in the case of Mr. Tulliver. I get it in the case of Tom Tulliver as a boy, but not always in the case of Maggie Tulliver. The gift of truthfully presenting individuality in dialogue is as rare in novels as in biography. In biography Boswell stands alone. In English fiction the two artists I have mentioned have hardly a fellow.

I said in my first lecture that the method of analysis with the purpose of describing character is bad art in fiction as it is in biography; but this does not apply to psychological analysis, which is the record of the movement of the mind and heart. What is to be avoided is the novelist's

giving a list of the various traits of a character as conceived by himself in order to convey that character to the reader. This, as I have said, is to fail in that objectivity which is essential. Psychological analysis, on the contrary, is the presentment of the human being living his life. The inner life is as truly part of life as the outer life, and with some novelists character is delineated by psychological analysis more vividly and effectively than in any other way. George Eliot is a remarkable instance of this. In all her novels action and psychological analysis have far more to do with her successful presentation than any magical vividness in the dialogue. Let us call to mind a few noteworthy instances from among her most subtle and successful creations. Maggie's relations with Stephen Guest and with Philip Wakem are conveyed entirely in this way. Tito Melema's whole character, his relations with Baldassarre, his relations with Tessa, his relations with Romola, are shown by action and psychological analysis far more than by distinctive touches in the dialogue. The author has seldom done a more wonderfully vivid piece of character drawing than this. Again, Rosamond Vincy's thin, shallow, pertinacious egotism is brought out almost entirely by psychological analysis and action. Dialogue of course comes in, but it adds little to the peculiar vividness of the picture; this more in the case of Rosamond than in the other cases. The central figure in 'Middlemarch,' Dorothea, is conveyed almost entirely in the same way. Another among the most successful of her portraits is Silas Marner, and all that is most interesting in his story is an inner history which could not be rendered by dialogue. George Eliot's dialogue has little of that arresting character as picture painting which Miss Austen's has. The fact is that some writers can photograph thoughts, but are not always able to photograph words, and George Eliot was one of these. Thus, as I have already said, while for the few who can achieve it successfully dialogue is an unrivalled means of presenting personality, there are others for whom psychological analysis is best. But, I should add, the results are not quite the same, and the gain of vividness and truthfulness attained by the

two methods are somewhat different. We know Maggie Tulliver better than we know Elizabeth Bennet or Emma; that is to say, we know her character more closely, but the individuality does not stand out better. Jane Fairfax is a person of whom we know little, yet her reserved character stands out vividly. Each method, then, has its advantages. Psychological analysis makes us see deeper and understand men and women better. But it does not make a character more living or an individuality more definite. The psychological method makes us know people as great intimacy makes us know them. The method of dialogue hardly attains this, but it does succeed in making the more superficial individuality stand out more vividly than can psychological analysis alone. It makes us see the *dramatis personæ* as we see them when actually before us on the stage of life. George Eliot does indeed sometimes photograph the words as well as the thoughts and combine the two methods. I have instanced the case of old Tulliver. I will add those of Lisbeth in 'Adam Bede,' of Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Tulliver.

I have maintained then that psychological analysis is lawful and often successful, but the method of analysis in the sense of describing a character by giving its leading traits as seen by the author is bad art. It will be objected that that great artist Jane Austen sometimes adopts this method. Let me quote one or two instances. Here is the account of Mr. Collins in 'Pride and Prejudice':

> Mr. Collins was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of Nature had been but little assisted by education or society; the greatest part of his life having been spent under the guidance of an illiterate and miserly father. . . . The subjection in which his father had brought him up had given him originally great humility of manner; but it was now a good deal counteracted by the self-conceit of a weak head, living in retirement, and the consequential feelings of early and unexpected prosperity. A fortunate chance had recommended him to Lady Catherine de Bourgh when the living of Hunsford was vacant; and the respect which he felt for her high rank, and his veneration for her as his patroness, mingling with a very good opinion of him-

self, of his authority as a clergyman, and his right as a rector, made him altogether a mixture of pride and obsequiousness, self-importance, and humility.

Take again the brief but vivid description of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet:

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

These are surely, it will be said, instances of drawing character by analysis?

I reply that in both these cases, and they might easily be added to indefinitely, Miss Austen did not *rely* upon her analysis in presenting her characters. The analysis does not come first in either of the instances I have quoted. In the case of Mr. Collins we have had two whole chapters describing Mr. Collins in action, including a wonderfully characteristic letter from him, before the author gives any analysis. And that analysis is rather the summing-up, with slight additions and explanations of what had already been presented in action, than the means chosen by the author of presenting her character. The analysis is, if I may so express it, critical comment on her own presentation, which has been already given. The same holds good of the analytical summary of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet which comes at the end of a singularly vivid dialogue, in which we see the two characters plainly. Nevertheless, even used in this limited degree, this type of analysis was, I think, in Jane Austen a concession to the fashion of her time. Personally, when coming from so acute a mind and perfect an analyst of her own characters, I find it welcome and helpful. I am not equally sure that I find it artistic.

Another source of vividness in biography which is found in some novels is the tracing of many successive stages in the

history and development of a character. This arouses a very deep sense of reality and life. Such a work as Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables' employs this method with success. Tolstoy also does it in 'War and Peace.' Of course a great triumph in this respect is the story of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, which I dare say many people here present have, like myself, read again and again, feeling every time afresh the power by which it presents the mystery of life and individuality in the form of fiction.

Another method which is very serviceable in fiction is the account of how a character strikes other characters in the novel, not the novelist himself, and this is perfectly good art. The novelist being creator speaks *ex cathedra*, therefore it is not good art for him to give his decision on his own creation, because, as it is without appeal, it prevents readers from holding that attitude of observant attention and gradual learning of the character which is our attitude towards living human beings. But it is quite otherwise when we have depicted the effect of one character upon others. This closely corresponds with our way of learning men and women in real life. We hear what A. thinks of them, what B. thinks of them, what C. thinks of them, and the nature of the reaction of a character on different minds is one source from which we often draw our own impressions of individuals. It is a little parallel to the functions of reminiscences in biography. Reminiscences by different hands show the various aspects of the same character which present themselves to different friends and acquaintance, and by learning the different aspects we gradually approach to understanding their synthesis. When Henry Crawford appears on the scene in 'Mansfield Park' we learn his character very gradually, and largely by those very means. His sister's impressions of him as charming and restless, the sensitive Fanny's horror of him as a heartless flirt, and the fascination he has for the Bertrams combine, and it takes us some time to form our own impression by observing the way in which he impresses others and at the same time watching him in action. Darcy is also indicated largely in this way. We have the impression of his

pride and exclusiveness made on the countryside at Meryton, we have Wickham's hatred of him, and Elizabeth's first impression. With him also it is a record of the impressions he makes on others, and his action, which gradually reveal the character.

I will not pursue further this question of the various methods of depicting character in fiction. The field is a large one and the true expert is the writer of fiction himself. But I have said enough of the general principles which are apparent in the work of some classical novelists, to indicate both their coincidence and divergence from those which apply to biography. For both classes of writers objective presentation of a living person is, I repeat, the great aim. Neither the great novelist nor the great biographer allows himself to be bound by hard and fast rules as to its successful attainment. Each considers how in the individual instance he may best succeed. And a competent biographer, I have contended, is not necessarily an artist. What is essential to biography is unmistakable authenticity in the likeness. In order to ensure this the biographer must master *all* material before he writes. Artistic reconstruction of a man's past from guess-work based on insufficient material may make a picturesque and interesting book, but it is very bad biography. I have raised the question of autobiography as a separate form of biography only to dismiss it. Autobiography is really only material for the biographer like letters. Like letters it may be simply self-revealing or it may be largely self-disguising. A sufficiently good biography may be wanting as a work of art, but when we get to the first rank of biographers and the most favourable conditions—when we have an artist who knew his subject intimately, and who has conscientiously mastered material which is in itself first-rate, because his subject had the gift of expression—we have art, vividness, and accuracy combined. The difference of method between biography and fiction is then reduced to far smaller dimensions. There are generally certain pages in a great biography which could stand as part of a good novel. Dr. Johnson's table-talk at the club would have been quite an effective creation

for any novelist. There are scenes in the Life of Jowett or Disraeli which would have stood in Dickens' novels side by side with pages about Alfred Jingle or Mr. Micawber. The unalterable difference between the two classes of work is that a biography is the thorough study of one man co-extensive with authentic material. The novelist, on the other hand, may depict only an aspect of character and only a limited period of life, and this for many characters, and not only for one. And he may, if he pleases, trace the psychology of his characters beyond the point at which such psychology can be traced by an onlooker in real life and therefore by the biographer. His work is bound by no fetters made up of inexorable external fact. Allowing for such differences, the writer must in each department choose his own method, according to the scale and character of the picture he wants to draw, and its possibilities, having careful regard for the nature of his own capacities. If he sets out with fixed rules as to the place of letters in biography, or of dialogue in fiction, he may fail; for such rules are likely to be true for one writer and one subject, false for another writer and another subject. He must concentrate on the endeavour to see the character he would paint and to make others see him as he sees him himself. The study of great models will help him. But as it is a question of an art, not a science, general rules can never reach the most critical point at which the judgment and skill of the writer are the deciding factor. And the particular rules that *are* applicable at all depend on the concrete case.

CANDOUR IN BIOGRAPHY.[1]

'PUBLISH everything. To suppress is to falsify history. The frank, manly, honest, straightforward biographer knows that he would do small service to the character he is portraying by omitting anything. The timid or cunning friends who ask that documents should be suppressed are calling on the biographer to be untruthful. If I bowdlerise I shall idealise and give a false picture. I will brave the anger of surviving friends. I will have the courage to speak out.' This, and a great deal more of the same quality, is often urged in defence of what is popularly called 'the candid biography.' And as these considerations have a force of their own, and open a question beyond their special occasion, I shall attempt to make a few suggestions on the theory of biography which they imply. I will examine the theory on its own merits and without reference to any existing exemplification of its possible consequences.

I begin by entirely admitting that the careful student who wishes to form an accurate judgment of a given character should see the whole available evidence. The suppressions of the 'astute' or the 'timid' are so far prejudicial to perfect truth and accuracy. I go a step further, and do not care to dispute that, apart from letters unintelligible or misleading without explanation of their circumstances, the public may, in the long run, form the truer impression of a man for a very liberal publication of his letters. No doubt the judgment of the general public is far more superficial and liable to bias than that of the best critics,

[1] This brief article is reprinted here as it helps to complete the subject of the preceding lectures. The volume in which it has already appeared, *Problems and Persons*, is now out of print.—ED.

or of those deeply interested in forming a true judgment. But in the long run the evidence will be sifted by the more careful students, and their verdict will obtain with the majority.

Here, be it observed, a tolerably true impression may be gained at some cost. Feelings may be hurt; failings may be brought into prominence, which friends would prefer to forget; faults may be placed in such relief as to give quite an erroneous impression—from the accidental preservation of an undue proportion of letters in which they are vividly disclosed. Still, if choice is to be made between two inaccurate versions of a man's character, one due to the suppression of letters in which faults are exhibited, the other to their over-free publication, the less pleasant is likely to be nearer to the truth.

But the biography of a man is on an entirely different footing from the mere publication of his remains. It is not a collection of documents, but a narrative, illustrated by documents. The process of sifting the evidence is supposed to have been already gone through by the biographer. The reader takes him as a guide. He knows that the publication of *all* documents is an impossibility. No biography could be endurable which attempted it. Selection there must have been; and he trusts to the biographer's judgment, to his personal knowledge of his subject, to his opportunities of seeing *all* the evidence, that the selection has so been made as to give the various elements of the character justly. The reader does not, in the first instance, sit as a judge or sift critically. He knows that material for so doing is largely inaccessible to him. He accepts the character as it is depicted by the biographer, with the aid of the materials of his choice.

And the writer obviously chooses from his mass of material that which will exhibit the conception of the character which he has been led to entertain by the conscientious study of *all* the evidence available. Two biographers who have formed different conceptions would not choose the same material. If Carlyle and Macaulay had adhered to their respective estimates of Boswell, after reading all

his papers and letters, and if each had then proceeded to write the life of Boswell, the letters which would strike each as characteristic would be largely different. To one writer he was a toadying busybody, with a touch of reverence, to the other a reverent disciple with an element of the prying busybody. Many of the letters chosen, and the suggestion in the text as to their relative significance, would differ accordingly. And the impression left on the reader—who, be it ever remembered, does not at first study the matter as a critic, but takes in the general effect of the book as a whole—is likely to be determined by the biographer's own judgment.

In other words, a biography is *not* primarily an accumulation of evidence. It is a picture.

Now, nothing is more striking in painting a likeness than the minute changes which may alter the whole expression. One finishing touch is added to an excellent picture. The casual observer may still say, 'Like, very like. The long nose, the lanky limbs, the big eyes—just what I remember.' But the intimate friend groans and says, 'That line has spoilt the whole picture. It gives a sinister look which tells of a wholly different nature.'

This may happen from a momentary lapse in the painter's art. But if so minute a change has so considerable an effect, how extensive must be the powers of the caricaturist, whose aim it is to paint an unmistakable likeness, which shall nevertheless have certain features so exaggerated as to produce a ridiculous effect! His art consists in delineating what is true, but out of proportion. He fascinates by his vividness, and it is often waste of time in the ordinary onlooker to try and hunt out the secret of the false impression produced. Every feature can be defended as corresponding with the original. And it is an endless task to trace in detail the numerous changes in relative proportion which in combination produce so startling a result. No more amusing caricatures are made than by the mechanical process of reflecting a figure in a convex or concave mirror. Here the laws of nature ensure a real correspondence between the reflection and the object reflected. And yet a comparison between

the two reflections will show what absolutely opposite effects can be produced from the same 'material' by the reversal of its proportions.

It is obvious that a similar result may be obtained in biographical narration. All human characters are made up of the same primary affections and passions; just as all human faces have eyes, nose, mouth, and chin. It is in minute varieties of form and in the proportion they bear to one another that the difference lies. And here is the opportunity for the biographical caricaturist. Turn a man's occasional weakness into a besetting sin, by accumulating instances of it without reminding the reader that five occasions may be spread over fifteen years; depict an odd mannerism as though it were of the essence of his manner; dwell on three instances of resentment and leave barely described twenty cases of generosity—this is the kind of treatment which may manufacture from true items of evidence a grotesquely false representation of a man, both of his bearing and of his character.

And there is another tempting method of caricature. It used at one time to be the fashion in schoolroom histories to make the characters embodiments of some leading quality, of some characteristic marked out, it may be, beforehand, by political or religious prejudice. Becket has been the proud and ambitious Churchman; Queen Elizabeth has been Good Queen Bess; Mary, Bloody Mary. And on the other side Luther has been little more than an insincere sensualist.

A biography on such broad lines would carry its inaccuracy on the face of it. But the temptation remains to make one quality the characteristic to which all others are subordinate. And this is a common means of effective caricature either in painting or in writing. The Jew is caricatured as being the embodiment of a nose. The vacant fop may be typified by want of chin. And in literature there is often the temptation to give the typical miser, the typical spendthrift, the typical hypocrite. To do so enables the author to be more graphic and leave a more definite impression on the reader's mind than he is able to leave by

observing the true proportions and giving fully the complex web of human character. You may even give forcibly a perfectly true aspect. But such pictures as a whole are utterly untrue to the original. They stand out in the memory as Dickens' Harold Skimpole, or Jingle, or Fagin, or Pecksniff, or Micawber, as vivid and never-to-be-forgotten sketches of certain aspects of men who, if they ever lived, were something so much more, that the sketches are not real representations at all.

A caricaturist, then, seizes true aspects and develops them out of proportion. A literary caricaturist does the same for some salient features of character, or external mannerism in a creation of his own. The biographical caricaturist does it for the subject of his biography. And, as Dickens was all the more effective because, as his friends tell us, he used in real life to see only the peculiarities he depicted, and to be so fascinated by them as to neglect looking further, so the biographical caricaturist is the more vivid and effective if he writes with conviction, if he sees in the character he is describing almost exclusively the peculiarities he is led to dwell on and to depict out of proportion. He gives the man as he sees him; instinctively selects material illustrative of the aspect which fascinates him by attraction or repulsion; interprets everything by the leading feature; makes a Macchiavelli, or a Mephistopheles, or an Iago, of one who had in reality many human qualities very evenly balanced.

In fact, he commits precisely the same offence against true art as the idealising biographer, with the addition of an offence against kindliness. The idealiser takes the good traits, chooses instinctively by preference material illustrative of them, neglects weaknesses or faults. The other takes the special characteristics which have amused or struck him; notes a trace of them in every letter he prints; seizes with delight and places in boldest relief such documents as really bring these characteristics out; and achieves a result similar to that of the born caricaturist in art, who has from the first *seen* in his subject mainly suggestions of the giraffe, or the peacock, or the hawk; who

instinctively concentrates his attention on the features to which such suggestions have been due—the prominent nose or chin, the long neck, the strut, the lanky legs—and develops them with fascinated amusement, until the other features appear to have scarcely any connection with the character of the face—to be mere appendages, or a necessary background for the significant excrescence. The conviction grows upon the artist that the features which have struck him are the key to the whole face, and he is more and more inclined to treat reduction to proportion as suppression of truth. He defends his sketch with perverse ingenuity. He has done full justice to the other features, he declares. He enlarges on their beauty and significance, though he has, in point of fact, traced them hastily and faintly in the actual picture. He will not reduce by a hundredth part of an inch the uncomely mouth and chin which he has made so large and distinct. They are there in the original man, and on no account will he rob his picture of its realistic details which he has so carefully elaborated. And the chief offence against accuracy being a change of proportion, it is waste of time to argue with him in detail. The inaccuracy cannot be adequately measured in words or figures. No broad statement can be commensurate with the far-reaching error. A tenth of an inch too much here and too little there is only in all two-tenths; the faint colouring or blurred outline elsewhere cannot be described in its exact degree; yet the untrue effect of the whole is grotesque.

All this holds good of biography. The caricature, which is due mainly to a one-sided view of the character, held with conviction, is likely to be at once the most vivid and the most misleading. A memoir of Dr. Johnson is, we will suppose, to be written, shortly after his death. The writer who undertakes to deal with his remains and write his life (Boswell by hypothesis being non-existent) has barely known Johnson. The only time he met him, in 1755, Johnson had eaten too much, was somewhat the worse for liquor, and was extremely rude to one or two of the writer's friends. He has adopted Horace Walpole's estimate of

Johnson, that 'he may be a very good man at bottom, but is a most disagreeable man at top.' The sight of him with his swollen veins after excess in eating and drinking has made an indelible impression. Of his brilliant conversation he knows only by hearsay. He does not deny or doubt it. But all he heard and saw was rudeness obviously joined with drunkenness. He reads Johnson's papers and diaries, noting as most significant the confessions of excess in eating and drinking, the slothfulness, the other faults liberally owned to. The picture takes shape and grows vivid in his own mind. 'Here is a man who, from his great talent and reputation, has been idealised by his friends. I have no such prepossession. I will depict the man as I saw him myself. I will extenuate nothing.' And the writer is as good as his word. He gives the picture of a drunken sot, an uncouth bear, rude to every one, hardly human, without sense of propriety. He does not deny that Johnson reformed and gave up drink, that there were better traits in his character; nay, having read the diaries and letters, he says that the character was in some respects a noble one—when he was sober. But such admissions are addenda and appendices. The book is, on the whole, a protest, full of righteous indignation, against idealisation. It is a picture 'of the man as I saw him, as I knew him.' It is not the Johnson whose piercing perceptions, vigour of mind, moral elevation of judgment, wonderful brilliance and wide information, commanding force of will and intellect, have made us almost forget that such a scene as impressed this biographer may have really occurred. It is a picture drawn from that one evil hour, by one to whom that evil hour is a living fact, and the rest a matter of hearsay or reading.

The friend of Johnson is indignant. 'Where,' he asks, 'is Johnson's piety?' The author triumphantly shows in a footnote the words 'in spite of his religious feeling.' 'Where is his constant charity?' The author has set down twenty lines in the 700th page of vol. ii. which give a long eulogium of his charity and goodness of heart. 'But you represent him as unkind in the great bulk of the text, and even in this passage you do not convince the reader

that you believe in his kindness, or give instances of it.' Here, indignation is the effectual retort :

' When I acknowledge the faults of the man I am accused of telling lies, yet when I speak in admiration of him I am told that I do not say enough. Because I do not give you a set of goody-goody stories suitable for a saint's life, I do not satisfy you.' ' How about his tender love for his wife ? ' Two whole pages on it in the seventeenth appendix. ' I had not observed these pages. Still, the general effect is contrary to the drift of such passages. You do not give his good qualities due proportion. Take, for example, his real sense of the fitness of things, quite inconsistent with this picture of a mere boor—take his interview with George III., his visit to the Duke of Argyll ? ' Five pages including both episodes, in the twenty-seventh appendix. The biographer here becomes effective and even triumphant. ' False proportion [he exclaims] is now the burden of your criticism. How could I emphasise such a quality more than by concentrating the instances of it, collecting them together and giving it as a salient feature in his character ? The fact is you want me to suppress his excesses and sottishness. This I will never do. His was a noble character, and will not be served by such unworthy subterfuges. He was a downright and truthful man, and would be the last to sanction such suppressions himself.'

We have our Boswell, and such a book would do Johnson no harm. But had it given to Englishmen their first idea of Johnson, it might have taken years for the proportions to be set right—for the *evidence* in the book itself to have corrected the *picture* in the book. Appendices seventeen and twenty-seven would eventually be reached by some literary Columbus, would be enlarged upon in their bearing on the rest. A fresh key would be thereby supplied to letters hitherto read for the sake of their incidental illustrations of blunt rudeness. Confirmation of the new view of Johnson would come from the book itself, read under the influence of this new suggestion. Further confirmation would be given by the anecdotes and letters

supplied by surviving friends. The current of opinion would be changed, and the secret of the one-sided biography analysed.

But, meanwhile, the unpleasant picture of the original biographer may have been reproduced by reviewers without the favourable admissions which even his own text supplied, to qualify the painful effect of the whole; and for a generation Johnson would have lived for the popular mind a vivid figure, painful to his surviving friends from the very authenticity of the anecdotes against him so carefully collected, and the rude letters preserved. The picture would, for the time, remain in the public mind as the true Dr. Johnson, whom his friends had invested with a halo which the evidence produced had for ever removed.

I will only add that, such being the power of the biographer from his own erroneous or prejudiced judgment to turn the picture derivable from a man's writings into a caricature, in which the proportions are distorted, it has naturally been the custom to leave private papers to be dealt with by a friendly hand. To obtain a true likeness is difficult. It is nearly impossible that one who is not a friend should so far understand those remarkable traits which make a man worth writing about as to execute a true likeness. And though many a friend will give an idealised portrait, it is certainly juster to the dead that the selection and description should be carried out on the principle of illustrating good qualities at the cost of giving insufficient space to bad, than of illustrating faults in such lengthy detail as to leave little space for anything else. The latter method can give no real picture of those qualities, but for which the biography should not be written at all. Neither course is satisfactory; but if omissions are to be called 'suppressions,' and to be regarded as uncandid, it is hard to understand how a biography is more candid which is written on the principle of omitting nothing which tells against a man, than one which leaves nothing unsaid which would tell in his favour. Luckily the latter class is the commoner. The fault of ignoring weak points is popularly

criticised; while that of giving them the most prominent place is less commonly considered, because fortunately we have not yet reached the time when many persons are ready to write the life of a good or eminent man, without feeling before all things interested in depicting those qualities to which his goodness or eminence has been due.

MR. BALFOUR'S GIFFORD LECTURES.[1]

It is in some respects a favourable moment for the discussion which Mr. Balfour gives us in his Gifford Lectures. His lines of thought form a natural sequel to controversies which were prevalent among English and Scottish philosophers during a century and a half. Such debates call into evidence just those gifts of clear and subtle argument for which Mr. Balfour is conspicuous. They were interrupted in the 'eighties by the undue ascendancy of German philosophy. The mentality created by its almost exclusive study was unfavourable to the continuance of these particular controversies. Into the merits and defects of the philosophies of Hegel, Schelling, and Fichte I do not propose here to enter. But they appealed to gifts very different from Mr. Balfour's. And I concur heartily with the recent remark of a distinguished writer that they were not in harmony with the special genius of the English mind. The thought of these Germans was massive and imaginative and did not lend itself to the precise issues which the practical Englishman, when he is a thinker, is disposed to set himself to attempt to resolve. Their influence created an atmosphere almost fatal to the form of dialectical reasoning in which Mr. Balfour is an expert. The philosophies whose influence preceded theirs in England were far more akin to the English taste and brain and were such as gave scope for Mr. Balfour's special gifts. Berkeley's 'Dialogues,' Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature,' and Reid's 'Inquiry' were marked before all things by lucidity and close reasoning.

[1] *Theism and Humanism; being the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow,* 1914. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. Hodder & Stoughton. 1915.

The same may be said of the writers who continued the struggle and discussed the rival systems of Empiricism and Intuitionism in the days of Mr. Balfour's youth. Mill and McCosh were both dialecticians. So also was Sir William Hamilton. Huxley, who succeeded Mill as champion of Empiricism, was a dialectician. The Cambridge philosopher whose influence on Mr. Balfour was so close and who held the balance between rival views with such delicate poise—Henry Sidgwick—was supremely lucid in argument ; Dr. Martineau had more imagination, and his style was more rhetorical, but his thought was equally clear. The two last named lived to see the domination of Germanism in thought, and were both, I think, somewhat disconcerted by it. Martineau, at seventy years of age, with characteristic youthfulness, tried to row with the stream and buried himself in German philosophy for years. He told the public when he was more than eighty years old that the result had been on the whole a profound disappointment and a sense of wasted labour. Sidgwick never wholly took to German methods of thought ; his mind was cast in a different mould. Whatever view we may take of the respective claims of the various thinkers of whom I have spoken, German philosophy unquestionably created a fashion in thought unfavourable and somewhat contemptuous towards the attempt to come to close quarters in argument. The genius of these Teutonic writers has always had in it something of the barbaric. Fertile suggestion and imagination were more remarkable in them than finished processes of reasoning or the statement of definite issues.

The war has led men to look with a critical eye at the undue ascendancy of Germanism in any department. This result may of course take ridiculous shapes, as in the proposed banishment of German music from the concert-room, but it also has a rational side. Germanism in philosophy had assumed some of the intolerance of a fashion. Oxford was spoken of by a witty critic as the place where 'good German philosophies go to when they are dead.' The saying certainly implied that in some quarters the awe-stricken deference paid to Germanism was irrational. It

would be absurd to question the genius of the classical German thinkers, but it is well to realise their limitations, and it is well to recognise that they have unjustly disparaged lines of argument regarding the foundations of belief which are really fruitful and valuable.

I think, then, that Mr. Balfour's work is more likely to commend itself to the thinking public at the present time than it would have been twenty years ago when he published his 'Foundations of Belief.' He has, indisputably, much of the lucidity and the power of close and explicit reasoning which marked the English and Scottish writers to whom I have alluded, and he takes up the very problems which the rival schools discussed in two centuries, though he considers them especially under the aspects brought into evidence by the theory of evolution since the days of Mill's supremacy. And he is especially occupied with the developments of modern science and their bearing on epistemology.

These Gifford Lectures have great literary merit. They abound in happy illustrations and telling sayings. Lifelong convictions are expressed with a literary power which their author has not hitherto shown in the same degree. The argument is less closely worked out than the criticisms on Naturalism in the 'Foundations of Belief,' and there is nothing in these lectures which goes so deep as the chapter in the earlier work which treats of 'Beliefs, Formulas, and Realities.' But some of Mr. Balfour's favourite lines of argument, first outlined in the 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' are now given with fresh wealth of illustration. And there is much incidental speculation of interest on side issues. The central contentions in the lectures are—as already intimated—those on which Mr. Balfour had insisted in his former works. But they are more directly applied to the construction of a philosophy of Theism. He shows once again most effectively (1) that the naturalistic account of the origin of human knowledge derives the rational from the purely non-rational, thus vitiating the high claims of our rational nature by the poverty of its source; (2) that Darwin's theory of evolution, taken in its simplest form in which the struggle for existence and the survival of the

fittest are the determining causes of the development of the higher from the lower, entirely fails to explain the existence of our higher faculties—notably of our æsthetic and moral impulses, for these cannot be shown to have any survival value. The ultimate conclusion on which special stress is laid in the Gifford Lectures is given in the following passages:

> My desire has been to show that all we think best in human culture, whether associated with beauty, goodness, or knowledge, requires God for its support, that Humanism without Theism loses more than half its value. . . .
>
> The root principle [in these lectures] which, by its constant recurrence in slightly different forms, binds together, like an operatic leit-motif, the most diverse material, is that if we would maintain the value of our highest beliefs and emotions, we must find for them a congruous origin. Beauty must be more than an accident. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational. If this be granted, you rule out Mechanism, you rule out Naturalism, you rule out Agnosticism; and a lofty form of Theism becomes, as I think, inevitable.[1]

I cannot but think that the book with all its power shows traces of Mr. Balfour's besetting sin, a love of paradox and of dialectical puzzles. Had greater space been given to elaborating his central argument more fully, and less to the puzzles—some of which have no real existence—the work would have been more effective. There are no doubt paradoxes which are insoluble as there are antinomies which are ultimate—which the human mind cannot transcend. And the recognition of them is necessary to any satisfactory account of human knowledge. But to see a paradox or an antinomy where mature reflection finds neither the one nor the other is not helpful. On the contrary, it savours of a taste for riddles and generates a certain mistrust in the reader.

Mr. Balfour is apt to carry his thought just so far as to reach a paradox and then to stop short with a certain apparent glee at having reached it. Had he carried his

[1] Mr. Balfour's *Gifford Lectures*, pp. 248–50.

thought a little further the paradox would have disappeared. The contrasts he draws would no doubt be less startling and rhetorically effective, but his conclusions would be more accurate. A noteworthy instance of this habit of mind was the chapter in the 'Foundations of Belief' in which he dealt with non-rational causes of belief. Up to a certain point his argument was exceedingly successful and powerful. As a refutation of Locke's famous *dictum* which aroused Cardinal Newman's wrath in the 'Grammar of Assent' as much as it has aroused Mr. Balfour's—that no one should 'entertain any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built on will warrant'—Mr. Balfour's argument was irresistible. He showed with great clearness and with abundance of telling illustration that the mass of beliefs on which individual men act and must act in daily life are not the result of a careful weighing of evidence. And this led him to discuss the province of authority in generating our beliefs. We accept on many subjects the current beliefs of the society in which we live without any explicit reasoning process at all. In this sense we act by authority and not by reason. Authority has many forms. There are the current maxims of our day and of our country. There is the influence, on which Mr. Balfour has always laid so much stress, of psychological climate, in determining our beliefs. There is our habitual trust in experts; we trust our banker, our doctor, our lawyer; we may even trust a favourite newspaper for our views on public events.

But Mr. Balfour in several passages of his book alluded to such beliefs as though they were *simply* due to the influence of authority and not in any sense to the action of reason. He spoke of them as simply 'non-rational.' But is this generally so? I think not. In the first place a vast mass of current beliefs which the individual in any society accepts on authority are due to the reasoning of many persons and to the experience and thought of mankind in the past. The reasoning of a community is co-operative. The banker and the lawyer each reasons—so does the journalist. The doctor has at his back the discoveries of medical science, which include a mass of experiment and

reasoning in the past among acute experts. This at once marks off the causes of the beliefs we accept for our daily use from wholly non-rational causes of belief even where the beliefs are non-rational in the individual himself.

But, moreover, the individual man does not as a rule accept such beliefs blindly, but has some reasons for their acceptance; partly conscious, partly sub-conscious. The fact that a man does not institute a process of explicit reasoning does not mean that his beliefs are simply non-rational. There is throughout the process an interaction between reason and authority for which Mr. Balfour does not adequately allow; and this greatly impairs his telling contrast between the two categories. The individual believes no doubt very largely on faith in authority, but that faith is not a wholly non-rational faith.[1] The wide sphere in which authority acts on our beliefs is largely due to our latent consciousness that we are part of a rational social system. Mr. Balfour's effective paradox, that 'our chief superiority to the brutes consists not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reason as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of authority,' breaks down. Authority itself acts on us largely through its appeal, more or less distinct, to our reason. The brutes do not detect as we do the rational claim of authority. The dog's obedience to his master *is* non-rational. A man's deference to the expert is not. The reverse of Mr. Balfour's paradox would be nearer the truth than the paradox itself.

In the above argument Mr. Balfour has however initiated an investigation of the utmost importance into the rational and non-rational causes of belief—an investigation for which we may be extremely grateful, though some of his statements are exaggerated and paradoxical. But in the present volume he takes up the same subject—of non-

[1] I do not forget Mr. Balfour's distinction between 'authority' as a non-rational cause of belief and the acceptance of 'authorities' as a rational source of belief. His argument fails, I think, to bear the distinction adequately in mind. I have dealt with this point in *Problems and Persons* (Longmans), p. 169.

rational causes of belief—and carries his contention to a further paradox, which I venture to think is simply a case of confused reasoning, and has not the fundamental utility of the earlier discussion. He asks if, regard being had only to those causes which Naturalism recognises, even the conclusions of Euclid are the products of 'uncontaminated reason,' and he decides that they are not in the following passage:

> It is neither self-interest nor party passion that induces us to believe, for example, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Has our thought, then, in this case, freed itself from the dominion of a-logical conditions? Is our belief the child of uncontaminated reason? I answer—No. Though the argument, *qua* argument, is doubtless independent of time, the argumentative process by which we are in fact convinced occurs in time, and, like all psychological processes, is somehow associated with physiological changes in the brain. These, again, are part of the general stream of physical happenings, which in themselves have nothing rational about them. Follow up this stream but a little further and every trace, not only of mind but of life, is completely lost; and we are left face to face with unthinking matter and its purposeless movements. Logical inference is thus no more than the reasoned termination of an unreasoning process. Scratch an argument, and you find a cause.[1]

Is there not in the above passage a real confusion? Mr. Balfour might as well argue 'If I am dead, I cannot reason. Therefore a heart and lungs in activity are among the causes of my accepting certain logical conclusions, which are accordingly partly due to, and contaminated by, non-rational causes.' This argument regards the physical condition of mental activity as one of the causes of our drawing a particular conclusion from certain premisses. Surely this is inaccurate. Life with its physiological processes is a condition of all cerebral activity, which is the concomitant and condition of reasoning in man on earth, but it is not a cause of our conclusions being logical, or indeed a cause of our actual conclusions at all, except in the limited sense

[1] Mr. Balfour's *Gifford Lectures*, p. 48.

that you cannot reach any conclusions whatever if you have not vitality enough to think—which is a useless truism. Such a contention as Mr. Balfour's in this passage is not, like his treatment of the contrast between reason and authority, an exaggeration of what is useful. It is hard to find in it anything but a useless truism or a useless paradox. Nor does the Euclid illustration help Mr. Balfour's central argument, on behalf of which it is put forward. Rather, it drives that argument to the point of scepticism. The central argument is not a sceptical argument. He points out in it that in the course of evolution the living derives from the non-living; the rational and moral from the non-rational and non-moral; reason—presumably uncontaminated reason—succeeds in course of time to the wholly non-rational. This derivation includes all that Naturalism knows in the causal series, therefore we are driven to postulate a further rational and moral cause of which Naturalism knows nothing. To that cause are due the new elements which arise in the course of evolution—life, reason, conscience. But if we go on to maintain, as Mr. Balfour does in the Euclid illustration, that the present conclusions of reason are still observably contaminated and due to non-rational causes because mental activity demands certain physical conditions, we impair this main argument that the truly rational derives from the non-rational. For there is no such thing as the truly rational if reasoning is invariably contaminated by non-rational causes. We regard the operations of reason as so observably untrustworthy in the present that our very inference to a rational cause of evolution becomes worth very little. The argument becomes similar to Huxley's attempt to prove that memory is trustworthy by remembered instances of its veracity. And we have the old puzzle of Epimenides the Cretan. God is invoked no longer as the rational cause of what is observably rational in us, but as a *Deus ex machina* who performs the constant miracle of purging our reason from the contamination of physical conditions which make its conclusions in the ordinary course non-rational. Mr. Balfour almost suggests the formula of the eighteenth-century materialist,

'The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile.' But even the materialist did not maintain that the *conclusion* of the reasoner was 'contaminated' by the physical cause of the reasoning process.

But the strongest and most important instance of these somewhat unsatisfactory paradoxes is to be found in Mr. Balfour's views on the history of thought, which seem to pass suddenly from legitimate criticism to complete scepticism. These views are a survival, apparently, of a youthful impatience which he describes in an interesting autobiographical passage:

> I went to Cambridge in the middle sixties with a very small equipment of either philosophy or science, but a very keen desire to discover *what* I ought to think of the world and *why*. For the history of speculation I cared not a jot. Dead systems seemed to me of no more interest than abandoned fashions. My business was with the groundwork of living beliefs; in particular with the groundwork of that scientific knowledge whose recent developments had so profoundly moved mankind.[1]

The disposition evinced in this passage to regard the history of thought as merely a history of successive intellectual fashions, with no bearing on the groundwork of living beliefs in the present, appears to me to be the deepest intellectual defect in Mr. Balfour's system. He would probably no longer state the case in the simple and rather crude language of his undergraduate days, but the opinion itself is apparent in the concluding lecture of this work. He distinctly intimates that no beliefs remain exactly the same for all men in all ages and at all stages of culture.

'That there are beliefs,' he writes, 'which can and should be held, with the same shade of meaning, by all men, in all ages, and at all stages of culture, is a view to which by nature we easily incline. But it is, to say the least, most doubtful.'[2] And again, 'My view is that the contents of a system are always reacting on its fundamental principles, so that no philosophy can flatter itself that it will not be altered out of all recognition as knowledge grows.'[3] It

[1] Mr. Balfour's *Gifford Lectures*, p. 137. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 263-4.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 263.

appears to me that in these passages we have a true position exaggerated to the point of absurdity. Doubtless there are discoveries which transform many an intellectual system as completely as Copernicanism transformed some chapters in Christian theology. Indeed theology does supply a good illustration of Mr. Balfour's contention so far as it is true. Historical critics and Biblical critics are now doing far more than making additions. Their conclusions do react on beliefs once so little deemed open to question that they appeared fundamental. But Mr. Balfour's sweeping statement goes far beyond this and is, I venture to think, quite unwarranted by the facts. There are many philosophical beliefs which are held in the same sense in each successive age and present the same problem to its thinkers. They are 'living' beliefs for every generation. And if some among them defy the recognised epistemologies in our own time they have always done so. The growth of knowledge works in their regard no such complete change either in belief or in philosophy as Mr. Balfour maintains. Our knowledge of the existence of other thinking beings besides ourselves is to my mind the most impressive of the beliefs which are permanently the same and present permanently insoluble problems in the attempt to find their rational justification. No one has ever succeeded in analysing the grounds for this belief. The advance of thought neither modifies the belief nor changes its explanation.

Our belief in the external world—an assumption on which the value of all scientific knowledge rests—is in the same position. Take again the working postulate of science, that the future will resemble the past; this also is a permanent belief while it is incapable of proof and has always been so. Once more, our belief that memory tells truly of the past—a belief which is the basis of all coherent reasoning—is not capable of any proof, and never has been. All these instances, while exceedingly cogent as directed against the idea that any epistemology can be complete which does not recognise the necessity of ultimate assumptions, are equally destructive of the paradox to which Mr. Balfour proceeds in the passages quoted.

The defect of many philosophers—that they believe they can give a full account of knowledge without admitting such unproved assumptions as have here been enumerated—was well worth pointing out. And Mr. Balfour has in these lectures, as in his earlier works, exposed it with great ability. Cardinal Newman in an early letter expresses the state of the case very happily. 'The human mind,' he writes, 'is unequal to its own powers of apprehension, it embraces more than it can master.' But this profound remark applies to systems of epistemology throughout the history of philosophy. They are all defective. And when once this is said, enough is said.

The enormous changes of modern times in our outlook on life, of which Mr. Balfour makes so much, do not affect the fundamental principles of philosophy. They affect its superstructure. The greatest change ever wrought in our outlook on the world is no doubt that which modern science has brought, and Mr. Balfour's keen interest in its development has led him, I think, before now to maintain that this immense change involves a revolution in philosophy itself. But this is precisely where I venture to join issue with him—notably in his criticism of Berkeley's Idealism. The difficulty of analysing how far our knowledge of that external world which science investigates is objective, and how far it is subjective, is a difficulty which permanently confronts the human mind. But it has no bearing whatever, as he seems to suppose, on our confidence in science. The more we reflect on the matter the more impossible it seems to assert confidently that the physical world, known to us under the categories of sensible knowledge, is the full reality. The man with five senses knows more than the blind man. We who know more than a race of blind men could know have no right to assume that we know all, or that the reality may not as far exceed our present conceptions as the world known to vision exceeds that known to touch. Reid's Idomenians conceived space as of only two dimensions. We have no right whatever to be sure that the aspects of the world revealed to us by our existing five senses are commensurate with reality. We can conceive of a higher

state in which what Tennyson has called ' a last and largest sense ' might as much enlarge our own knowledge of reality as the gift of sight would enlarge that of a race of blind men. Or we might even conceive with Newman that other senses might be given to us which would make the same reality appear quite different. They would make us cognisant of other aspects of reality. Such hypotheses may make us uncertain as to the true translation of physical truth into terms of metaphysics ; they may make some people sceptical of all metaphysics. But they leave untouched the basis of physical science, namely our belief in a world not ourselves which it investigates accurately in terms of those ideas of external reality which our senses supply. My knowledge of a table is constituted by my present senses. Yet I can reason from it quite securely on the same plane of knowledge, while the fact that I cannot reach another plane which may be attainable by a higher intelligence does not throw doubt on my conclusions, which remain on the same plane as my premisses. To make the tentative and uncertain nature of metaphysical speculation a ground for scepticism concerning physical science appears to me to be a confusion. The developments of physical science add no new difficulty. They only enlarge the sphere to which old difficulties apply.

Such defects as I have ventured to criticise in Mr. Balfour's habit of mind in no way impair, however, the great value of his central contentions or the literary merit of these lectures. Indeed I have almost unconsciously been led to dwell at perhaps undue length on the defects, just because I feel so strongly the value of much of Mr. Balfour's thought. His strength lies in the refreshing common-sense which marks some of his criticisms on current epistemology. Before all things Mr. Balfour seems to bid us to have no illusions, but to face frankly in our theory undeniable facts which we all admit in our practical beliefs. But when he goes on to urge some of the paradoxes here enumerated, as though they were on the same level with these important necessities of thought, the effectiveness of his position becomes greatly diminished for the general reader. The atmosphere of compelling common-sense seems to disappear. His examination

of the necessity of accepting certain important assumptions—certain beliefs, which are in this sense non-rational—is subtle, profound, and valuable. To show again how largely authority acts on us subconsciously is a most fruitful and interesting task, and one which throws real light on the genesis of knowledge in the individual. Mr. Balfour, if even on this subject he occasionally passes into exaggeration, has initiated a most fruitful discussion, on lines which after some correction of detail may be accepted. Authority is in some degree for the individual a non-rational cause of belief, and the investigation of its exact province and the limits of its indirect rational justification is an exceedingly interesting and important undertaking. But when he proceeds to assign non-rational causes for the conclusions of Euclid, and this by a process which I cannot but think to be simply inexact reasoning, the effect on the reader is irritating. Common-sense gives place to paradox. The seeker after truth appears to be transformed into the *dilettante* who makes a hobby of riddles and enjoys a puzzle for its own sake. To point out ultimate assumptions which are necessary, though we cannot adequately ascertain their grounds in reason, is a help to the thinker, not because it involves a puzzle, but because it recognises facts and necessities though they are puzzling. The Euclid paradox, on the other hand, gives only the pleasure which an acrostic or a chess problem may afford. The chief exercise of mind for which it calls is the discovery of the fallacy underlying a statement, as obviously false as Mr. Balfour's contentions in respect of the necessity of unproved assumptions are obviously true. Therefore I think the above criticism of real importance in Mr. Balfour's own interests, lest those who are irritated by the puzzles and impressed by the absence in them of any useful purpose may approach with mistrust other lines of thought which are marked, as I have said, by profound insight and common-sense.

To the present writer the reading of these lectures could not but bring back the scene in which he first heard Mr. Balfour's argument propounded, and that scene has perhaps now something of historical interest. On March 25,

1896, the Synthetic Society, the successor of the old Metaphysical Society, held its first meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and Mr. Balfour read the paper of the evening and outlined in it, roughly indeed, but unmistakably, the argument now elaborated in his Gifford Lectures. The scene was an interesting one from the presence of so many men who either then or afterwards were eminent in various fields, and it was rendered accidentally picturesque by the fact that it was the night of the Speaker's *levée.* Many members, including Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, and Lord Bryce, were in uniform. The venerable Dr. Martineau led the criticism on Mr. Balfour in a speech which showed extraordinary mental youthfulness in his ninety-third year. Richard Hutton drawled out in his deep tones some trenchant strictures on Martineau's speech and supported Balfour's paper in its essential points. Canon Scott-Holland threw the light of his singularly picturesque imagination on the discussion. Sir Oliver Lodge, who afterwards took so prominent a part in the proceedings of the Society, was not there. He joined, I think, directly after this first meeting. But most of our effective speakers were at this first meeting. The present Bishop of Winchester was in the chair and held the balance finely in his summing-up. Mr. Frederick Myers and the present Bishop of Oxford gave us what was well worth listening to, and Bryce was especially clear and effective in his dialectic. Lord Rayleigh was, I think, a silent listener.

In recalling the pictorial aspect of the scene one cannot forget the beautiful presence of George Wyndham, then a young man of thirty-one, in all the brilliancy of his early promise. He was in uniform like so many of the company, and he and I, as the secretaries to the Society, sat at the bottom of the table at the dinner which preceded the discussion. Most brilliant he was in his table-talk, but I do not think that he took a share in the formal debate.

Mr. Balfour's central argument at this meeting, as in the present volume, was that the sequence of causes of the evolution of the human reason which Naturalism supplies traces back in the last resort to wholly non-rational causes.

Mankind with its gift of reason derives from animals without reason, these in turn derive from the non-sentient creation until ultimately we get back to the primitive *nebula*. The ultimate cause then of the human reason, so far as Naturalism can tell us anything about it, is non-rational, and he insisted that an ultimate rational cause must be postulated as an alternative to the human reason being wholly discredited by its source. If reason is to have a rational value it must have a rational origin. Again he argued that natural selection will not explain the genesis of the higher powers in man, in so far as these powers do not in fact tell for success in the struggle for existence. This point I remember was a favourite one with Huxley in relation to the sense of beauty. It materially qualified Huxley's advocacy of naturalistic principles.

But there is in the story of evolution another important confirmation of the presence of mind behind physical nature, on which Mr. Balfour did not touch at this meeting, and does not touch in the Gifford Lectures. As conscious reason develops from the non-rational in the course of evolution it finds in the physical universe itself tokens of a reason already at work in nature and determining its course. This point was put with great effect at the second meeting of the Synthetic Society by the late Mr. R. H. Hutton. Mr. Hutton's words have never been published, and they are worth publishing. Moreover, they enlarge the sphere of Mr. Balfour's argument and develop it.

What I wish to discuss is the most reasonable explanation of the evident correspondence between the external universe in which we live, and the constitution of the faculties which we find so serviceable in helping us to explain its order and to resolve the secrets of its manifold resources.

The simplest way of accounting for the correspondence, and I think the truest, was that which Plato long ago suggested when he said ὁ Θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ. He did not know, of course, that one day we should discover that the course of a planet around its central sun, if undisturbed by other attractions, is an ellipse, and that we should evolve a calculus by which we could prove that in that ellipse the radius vector of the planet would sweep over

equal areas in equal times. But he knew enough to be sure that there was plenty of geometry in the constitution of the world, and, as it is certain that man did not make the suns and planets, there seemed to him the most striking evidence that he who did make them was a being furnished with a mind, and that, a mind greater than that of the greatest geometrician; and further that we men had received from him the faculties for elaborating our comparatively limited geometry. . . .

This seems to me to be the ultimate issue between the theist and the agnostic. The theist begins with the greater, and accounts for the less; the agnostic begins with the less, and, I will not say accounts for, but traces its tardy expansion into, the greater. Now, which is the better procedure? I have no choice but to prefer the former, and on the following grounds. Every step which even the agnostic takes in explaining the slow flowering of reason out of that (as it proves) intelligible universe with which alone he starts, lets in a flood of new light which comes from a much wider horizon of thought than any which the groping of an individual consciousness could command.

Hutton's addition to Mr. Balfour's argument opens the door, I think, to a fertile field of thought. He adds strength to Mr. Balfour's argument for a rational cause alike of the universe and of human reason, and for a rational author of evolution, in the remarkable fact that the human mind finds in the non-rational world elements corresponding to its own rational knowledge. The greater and smaller aspects of the universe alike, as presented by astronomy and chemistry and other sciences, show clear indications of a mind already at work in the constitution of that universe. The universe presents movements and combinations which are calculable by the mathematician.

But this suggests a yet further addition to Mr. Balfour's argument for Theism which Hutton did not elaborate. We can now see that even before the dawn of human reason evolution was a gradual unfolding of Reality to the sentient consciousness. We thus find in the general course of evolution a cogent argument not only for the validity of the reasoning process, but for the validity of many beliefs which are at present outside the sphere of our rational analysis. Evolution is a long process, in the course of which the

sentient and subsequently the rational consciousness are constantly attaining to fresh relation with reality, that reality being perceived at first only dimly amid illusion, afterwards more clearly and coherently. The story of evolution therefore justifies a faith which is in excess of our ability at the moment to verify rationally, because it shows that faith—dim and partly confused—is normally the precursor of further knowledge. New faith amid illusion again and again gives place gradually to corresponding knowledge from which illusion is banished. Thus the religious consciousness has a *prima facie* claim to represent our relations to a Reality higher than anything accessible to the lower animals—though as yet we men see that Reality through a glass and darkly. Our conception of God is the crowning faith in this long process. It awaits the full conditions of experimental knowledge in a higher state.

This argument from the past course of evolution is best brought home by considering the immensity of the new world opened out to the sentient being by the first dawn of sight. The sense of sight eventually gave to the inhabitants of this small planet a direct relation with the solar system and the fixed stars. The problem of the origin of the eye gave Darwin to the last, he used to say, 'a cold shiver,' from the difficulty of accounting for the origin of a sense which ultimately gave such far-reaching relations with the environment. If we trace the eye from its earliest rudiment in the lower forms of sentient life—pigment cells covered with transparent skin—to the first appearance of the optic nerve, then onward to the appearance of the lens, and then onward to the complete vertebrate eye, it is clear (assuming the development of the organ to correspond to a parallel development of the sense) that there has been a gradual advance in sensible experience, from mere sensitiveness to light to a confused recognition of external objects, which steadily became more and more exact until the animal consciousness reached the comparatively perfect vision of our own eye with the vast field which it opens to our investigation. It is tolerably plain that at each stage there was a growth of illusion—because the increase in extent of

perception lacked precision at first. Even at the present stage our own accurate vision gives by itself, until corrected by reason and observation, many fresh illusions, one of the most obvious of which is the idea of the position and movement of the stars conveyed by sight alone. Sight so rudimentary that it could not descry the stars at all would have been free from these particular illusions. To other optical illusions also individuals are liable, as in judging of distances or in the apparent direction of a stick lying under water; to others, again, from some special defect, as with the colour-blind. At an earlier stage, when sight was rudimentary, there would probably be illusions still more marked and various as to the distance and position of neighbouring objects vaguely perceived.

If we conceive rational endowment to have come at a low stage in the development of the visual organs—for instance, if we imagine the first appearance of the optic lens to have come to beings with minds—we should have a case in some respects parallel to that of our present religious consciousness. In the early stages of sensitiveness to light there might have been agnostics as to the claim that these new impressions gave real knowledge of objective reality. They might have maintained the whole of this new kind of experience to be purely subjective. Others, noting the universality of the new ideas, their consistency and their coincidence with undeniable experiences in touch, might have maintained that this new phase pointed us to 'a beyond,' though the exact nature of that 'beyond' could not yet be known. And their faith would have been justified by the event.

The theological agnostic maintains in Tyndall's words that we have 'neither a faculty nor the rudiment of a faculty' for apprehending God. He regards theological controversies as simply so much waste of energy, issuing in nothing, corresponding to no subject-matter on which the human mind can have any knowledge.

The position I would maintain is the opposite one—that the rudiment of a faculty is precisely what we have. The rational and moral nature of man—the highest develop-

ment yet reached in that unfolding of the faculties of the sentient being to external Reality, which we can trace step by step from the lowest forms of conscious life—themselves point to a further evolution in the apprehension of Reality. Religious faiths have all, at the lowest, been attempts to express this initial apprehension. The test of the claim of a rudimentary faculty of knowledge—that it gives an initial apprehension of truth, and is not a mere source of illusions—must be indirect. The faculty does not come to be explicitly and fully rational until it has ceased to be rudimentary; therefore, direct rational justification is impossible. If it claims to be the instinctive continuance of an explicitly rational process—like the insight of genius in a scientific discoverer—it must justify its claim by success. If its efforts to realise itself issue in nothing coherent, in no line of fuller development, it fails to justify itself. If its activity, however confused, does show, like the developments of rudimentary sight, some coherent though inexact perception, it justifies its reality, though not its accuracy. Accuracy, like direct rational analysis, can only come with fuller development. May it not be maintained that the intimations of the rudimentary faculty for the apprehension of the ultimate Reality represented by religion have developed sufficiently to justify its claim in spite of the largely barren controversies which have accompanied the development? Such controversies are parallel to the immense waste which has ever been the concomitant of real advance in evolution.

I suggest then—not as a mere analogy, but as an induction from the laws observable in the process of evolution in the past, as an argument from one stage to another of the single process of ever-growing knowledge of Reality—that belief in Theism presents features which justify us in regarding it as an approach towards the apprehension of that Reality of which conscience makes human beings more dimly aware.[1]

[1] Of course we argue philosophically and by inference from the physical and psychical world on behalf of Theism, but such proofs are on an entirely different plane of reasoning from that which I am considering. They do not bring us to that direct knowledge of Reality with which I am here concerned, and which is attained fully only in another world.

When in the development of sensible perception sight gave new coherence to conceptions of magnitude and distance, which even after the fullest developments of touch would have remained obscure, while it explained the past, it gave the first glimpses at the future ampler revelations of sight itself. The developed eye of the mammal gave in turn some sensible knowledge of that solar system which it needed the whole Copernican theory to explain with any approximate adequacy. The reality of sensible knowledge is more and more confirmed in the course of evolution by the fertility of the field of coherent discovery it opens, and the consistency of the system it reveals.

May it not, then, be maintained that similarly the rational and moral faculties of man, while they explain lower stages of experience, likewise suggest further and higher stages? that while they explain the past, they forecast the future? that while they explain phenomena of which sensible knowledge by itself gave only an initial apprehension, they give likewise an initial apprehension of a further Reality, full knowledge of which would, in turn, complete their somewhat indefinite intimations? Is not this an intelligible explanation of the appearance, at the highest stage of evolution hitherto reached, of conscience and the religious consciousness? And when—in spite of theological logomachies which represent partly, as I have said, the waste incident to evolution—men of religious genius one after another give a more coherent account of the Being to whose existence all religions point, have we not the growth in consistency which justifies faith or trust, and is the first test that we are on the track of more systematic knowledge? When the Elohim who created heaven pass into the Jehovah, the personal God—yet conceived partly as tribal and not without human passions—and the Jehovah Himself becomes more definitely moral in the teaching of the Prophets until He passes into the Christian God clearly conceived as the embodiment of holiness; and that conception itself becomes gradually more definite as the content of the moral law is more clearly seen and the remnant of anthropomorphism is driven out by a more spiritual concep-

tion, have we not, in this definite line of advance, good cause for believing that we are witnessing a further unfolding of knowledge, an advance in the perceptions of the race, and not merely bitter wrangling over a fantastic illusion of the brain—an ironical reversal of the development of the sentient and rational nature towards wider knowledge?

Lastly, when the Christian revelation comes to us ultimately on the authority of One who lays claim to a supernatural inspiration, to an actual experience of the spiritual world, which ordinary man has not, are we not justified in accepting His teaching by at least two of the tests which guide us in accepting, in the course of the evolution of scientific knowledge, a great unifying hypothesis framed by genius, (1) because it develops further what our own moral faculties suggested, and thus gives us trust in the insight and veracity of the teaching authority; (2) because it is found to work in practice as affording a basis for moral action? Descartes included in his 'Morale par Provision'—the rules he followed while his methodic doubt was in process of being resolved by philosophy—adherence on authority to the religion of his birth. I maintain the philosophical value of this view over and above its ethical convenience. For only by its acceptance can we find whether the religion in question does or does not supply the clue to the normal development of the transcendental intimations contained in ethical experience.

I submit, then, that while the ground for trust in the authority of the Christian Church, which traces firmly the lines of Theism, is not similar to the ground for trusting a scientific teacher which is supplied by an elaborated discovery to a mind capable of verifying it in detail, it has a real similarity to that ground which is regarded as an adequate working philosophy by a man of average intelligence, who can sufficiently understand the discovery to trust in the discoverer's higher knowledge, and whose trust is practically confirmed by finding that the discoverer's hypothesis explains the facts of experience.

And the further claim of revelation as appealing to faith, as enabling us to see only 'through a glass darkly,'

is, at all events, an evidence that the exponents of Christianity themselves have recognised this element of rational trust as distinguished from complete reasoning, and this distinction separates the grounds assignable for our acceptance of religious truths from those which establish the truths of science. No one denies that a knowledge of the Reality represented by religion far more logically explicit than we possess is conceivable, and we should be very glad to have it. The question is which is the greater paradox, to deny that the highest development of the rational and moral nature is pointing to a truth at all, or to assume that it must be, and acting on that assumption to adopt the best clue we can find towards its further explanation.

The above argument is supplementary to the generally recognised proofs of Theism, and deals not with inferences from the visible world to its cause, but with the capacity of man to have a direct knowledge of God—a capacity not realised in this life, but which, if the argument is sound, would result from a further development of human knowledge and especially of the human conscience. The argument is directly complementary to Mr. Balfour's central contention in the Gifford Lectures. Neither line of thought excludes the other. Both arguments are based on the assumption that the evolutionary hypothesis is true. But Mr. Balfour's argument for Theism looks back to evolution in the past, the argument sketched in these pages looks forward to the future. According to Mr. Balfour God must be postulated as the ultimate Reality, the initial cause of a process which evolves the rational from the non-rational, the moral from the non-moral. The rational and the moral are ultimately derived from a Being who is Himself rational and moral. The considerations sketched in the above pages supply an argument not from the derivation of development in the past, but from the direction and outcome of future development; they point to the fact that the evolution of conscious nature is leading us towards a direct knowledge of that Reality from which Mr. Balfour contends that it ultimately proceeds.

I first outlined this argument at the Synthetic Society

in February 1897, and later on I received support from the fact that Professor James Ward, who had no knowledge of my paper, and who joined the Society some years afterwards, put forward an argument closely similar in April 1902, under the title 'Faith and Science.'. The similarity of our contentions was so remarkable that I venture, with his permission, to quote some of his words. He argues that throughout evolution a primitive credulity is subsequently justified by reasoned knowledge—that is by proofs that beliefs arising in the course of evolution did in fact represent further relations between the consciousness and Reality.

A certain 'primitive credulity' [he writes] characterises our earliest ventures; we do not wait till there are sufficient reasons for action: it is enough for youthful energy that there are none against action.

And he proceeds to justify this instinctive tendency by the actual results in the course of past evolution of acting on instinctive faith. Such instinctive faith has in fact again and again proved to have been coincident with what is ultimately established as verifiable knowledge.

If we took a wider sweep and glanced back at the history of the organic world, describing it analogically, in terms of experience rather than in the language of biology—in which, however, such terms are more or less covertly implied—the parable would not be uninstructive. We should find that almost every forward step could be formulated as an act of faith, not warranted by knowledge, on the part of the pioneer who first made it. There was little, for example, in all that the wisest fish could know to justify the belief that there was more scope for existence on the earth than in the water, or to show that persistent endeavours to live on land would issue in the transformation of his swim-bladder into lungs. And before a bird had cleaved the air there was surely little in all that the most daring of saurian speculators could see or surmise concerning that untrodden element to warrant any risk to his bones to satisfy his longing to soar; although, when he did try, his forelegs were changed to wings at length, and his dim prevision of a bird became incarnate in himself. Such illustrations are largely fanciful, I am well aware—too Lamarckian even for Lamarck. Still, when we regard the

development of living forms as a continuous whole, we seem forced to recognise as immanent and operative throughout it a sort of unscientific trustfulness, comparable, might I say, to the faith of Abraham, who, 'when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed and went out, not knowing whither he went.'

So far, then—psychologically and historically—there is nothing unique in religious faith at all: it is only the crowning phase of a long series.

This passage from Professor Ward's paper is exactly parallel to my own parable from the development of sight. Assuming the Darwin hypothesis, if the sentient being did not act trustfully on the first vague sensitiveness to light, the perfect eye of the mammal could never have been developed. A mistrusted and unused organ of vision could have been of no assistance in the struggle for existence. The usefulness of a faculty and the fact that it increases the relations of consciousness with external reality are the two sides of the same quality.

My own underlying assumption—which I think Professor Ward would not contest—is that the successive unfolding of fresh aspects of reality is a continuous process of which the ideal culmination is the full knowledge of Reality—thus physical evolution is a process leading *towards* that knowledge which is the subject-matter of metaphysics. Successive aspects of Reality are unfolded by a process which, if continued indefinitely, would issue in the unfolding of all its aspects.

One final word. Both Mr. Balfour's argument and the argument I have endeavoured to set forth in these pages agree in one point: they both endeavour to constitute a proof of Theism in a category outside the recognised demonstrative or metaphysical arguments. They are both directed against an attitude of mind which insists on demonstrative evidence of Theism as the only alternative to Agnosticism, which is tolerable to intellectual honesty. I do not personally question the view that a theistic philosophy is the true one, a non-theistic philosophy false; but we must never forget the important fact on which St. Thomas Aquinas

dwells in the fourth chapter of his 'Summa contra Gentiles,' that the road of philosophical demonstration is not possible to the mass of mankind. Broad considerations which do not amount to demonstrative proof may bring to light and reinforce some of the subconscious reasons which have led mankind to believe in God. Both Mr. Balfour's line of thought and my own urge on behalf of Theism certain presumptions raised by the evolution theory—presumptions directly opposed to that naturalistic interpretation of the theory which has been allowed to pass muster as its obvious correlative. Naturalism derives reason and conscience directly from associations of ideas and tribal instincts, and it is disposed to see no difference in kind between the parent and its offspring. But their earlier pedigree, if traced on the same principle, reaches antecedents which are yet more obviously non-rational and non-moral, and in the remote past were even non-sentient. This fact discredits the whole principle of estimating the significance of a faculty by its antecedents in the course of development as though such parentage proved that there was no new element in the offspring. It goes to show, on the contrary, that development is a truer idea than evolution—that the process is one of constant growth, constant addition. Clearly, when we come to conscious life each stage in its evolution gives new perceptions differing in kind from the previous stage. Mr. Balfour boldly claims this fact as ratifying the conviction of mankind, which demands a source for reason and morals distinct from the shady ancestry which naturalistic evolution provides, and finds that source in a holy and all-wise God, 'the root of the causal series which produces beliefs and of the cognitive series which justifies them.'

The position I have myself outlined opposes Naturalism from another side—the side not of origin but of direction. I contend that the dim knowledge of God in the human conscience assumes a fresh significance from the theory of evolution. Agnostic evolutionists have been wont to disparage the transcendental significance of conscience on the ground I have just intimated, that conscience is only

the development of certain social and tribal instincts, and therefore contains no more than these contained. I argue on the contrary that the significance of a faculty should be judged not by what it proceeds from but by what it leads to. The significance of the first pigment cells which make the living consciousness sensitive to light is shown not by the less developed organisation which immediately preceded their appearance but by the developed eye and complete sense of sight of which these pigment cells were the harbinger. In Hutton's phrase the greater explains the less. Theism is the highest of those ideas of reality which have been successively reached in the course of evolution, and if earlier faiths have been justified by the event, so presumably will the dim knowledge of God which the human conscience affords be justified when our nature receives such development as shall make its intimations no longer dim and obscure but clear and perfect.

I may add that this estimation of the significance of a faculty by the gradations of its development may stand independently of the theory of evolution itself—that is of the view that these gradations have developed successively, though of course that theory makes the argument more impressive. Whether the additions to the physical apparatus of sensation were or were not successive in point of time, they are actually before us as a fact in the animal kingdom. The dim perceptions of lower animals are further developed in higher. We thus have in any case the argument for the significance of conscience which is found in the hierarchy of knowledge and of consciousness. Conscience professes to give a dim knowledge of a fresh Reality which is to the animals as inaccessible as light is inaccessible to the lowest forms of sentient life. And if we can think of the development of consciousness apart from the concurrent development of its physical instrument, the idea of a beatific vision for man made perfect in another world is clearly correlative with the argument which we draw from our conscience in our present imperfect condition. In this life, where spiritual perception is inchoate, we see through a glass and darkly. Our spiritual and intellectual faculties, purified and perfected

in a higher sphere, will enable us to see the same Reality face to face.

If all man's highest endowments culminate in the knowledge of God we have then another path by which Humanism issues in Theism. Humanism reaches its perfection only when it is merged and completed in the full apprehension of the God from whom it proceeds.

THE WAR SPIRIT AND CHRISTIANITY.

When I was in the United States last year [1914] more than one American of the Republican party spoke gloomily to me of the decay of the English character. They were impressed by the weakness of the Government in letting Ulster arm; by our helplessness in dealing with the suffragettes; by Mr. Lloyd George's Utopian and dangerous campaign against property. It was chiefly on such matters of policy in the Liberal Government that they dwelt; but they argued for a general decay of English common sense and English courage. Whatever may be said as to the decay of common sense among extreme Radicals, the present war, I think, has shown conclusively that English courage is what it always was.

Indeed, we have had a remarkable and general experience of the fact that war may ennoble the character. War not only calls out all the Englishman's slumbering patriotism, but it offers to many the alternative of being heroes or cowards. It is thus an almost unique incentive to heroism. Rich men, hitherto leading lives of selfish pleasure, are undertaking the soldier's tasks, involving often the greatest privation and self-denial, as well as constant risk to life. The city clerk, whose ideals had not appeared to rise above the drudgery of his daily work and the hope for a holiday with his young lady, has suddenly shown that he is capable of similar heroism. The thought of helping his fellow-Englishmen in the battlefield inspires him to take all the risks of a campaign and endure all its hardships. The moment when recruits flocked in in largest numbers was just when things were going badly for us to all appearance; just when the war promised to be hardest and most dis-

piriting to those who joined. The 'war spirit' has made these men better Christians. Self-denial and devotion to the common good are Christian virtues. To defend your country and your weaker neighbours is to fulfil the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

Yet the present struggle has also brought us face to face with the corruption of human character that may be produced by the 'war spirit.' German arrogance and cruelty and treachery have shocked us profoundly and unexpectedly. The moral standards of the German army seem to have deteriorated in consequence of the deliberate cultivation of the war spirit in the last forty years. William I. said, 'I will make war on soldiers, not on harmless citizens.' The war of 1870 was talked of at the time—so many can testify who remember it—as being conspicuously humane. This may have been a *couleur de rose* view, and there are those who recall, even at that time, acts of cruelty. But the favourable estimate would have been quite impossible had the earlier war approached the standard of the present one, which has been a campaign of systematic cruelty. It is not an exaggeration to speak of it as a war of assassination, pillage, and destruction. Chivalry, honour, and humanity seem to have almost disappeared from the German army, and the laws of honour have been constantly set aside. Treaties were broken at the outset, the white flag has been constantly violated in the sequel.

The spirit fostered by the war has brought out in the one race an outburst of Christian virtue; in the other cruelty, excess, and treachery. No doubt there are German soldiers fighting in whom patriotism has a noble quality, and English soldiers are not all Sir Galahads. Neither the interests of truth nor the point of these remarks demand that one should minimise the immense courage or the whole-hearted devotion to the Fatherland which mark the German soldiers as a body. Love of adventure and of victory form part of the war spirit on either side. But the contrast of which I speak is a great outstanding fact. Whence does it arise? Without professing to answer this

question exhaustively, some suggestions may be made towards a reply.

The difference is partly to be found in the motives and habitual ideals of the combatants on either side. A nation whose ideals are peaceful has faults which peace is apt to beget; laziness, self-indulgence, a lifeless routine; a war braces it, and gives it intensity and purpose. A nation already habitually warlike, on the other hand, may become ferocious in time of war.

Again, the war is, for peaceable Englishmen, a reluctant war. It does not arise from hostility to Germany, but is undertaken primarily to defend our Belgian and French Allies from wanton aggression and cruelty. No doubt honesty is the best policy, and our duty is also our interest. But there is an element of chivalry in the *casus belli*. And chivalry touches the war spirit with the Christian *ethos* of the Middle Ages. On the face of it the motive of war on the German side is widely different. No English reader of General Bernhardi can be in any doubt as to the difference. The Prussian General cannot even believe in the existence of our English reluctance to go to war. Germany wanted war. In her it is a war of aggression, a war dictated largely by the ambition of a nation already intoxicated with conquest. Bernhardi's formula: 'World-empire or annihilation,' is ingeniously contrived for giving to ambition the excuse of self-defence.

But the root of the matter lies not merely in this obvious point of contrast. For a war dictated by ambition need not lower a nation as we see Germany lowered. The German war spirit is in its most extreme form deeply stained by the revolt of Young Germany against Christian ideals, by an avowed reversion to the warrior ideals of the old Goths which Christianity displaced in the fifth century. The warrior's courage is steeled by the banishment of pity. Christian altruism is decried as weakening. Thor and Odin are quite seriously summoned back again by the militant youth of the country. Germany made a mistake, they consider, in ever accepting Christianity. Now she means to repair that mistake. On this point so great a

friend of Germany as the late Professor Cramb insists in his remarkable lectures on Germany and England which we have all been reading. The 'faith of Young Germany in 1913; the prevalent bent of mind at the Universities, and in the army among the more cultured' is summed up by him in the form of new beatitudes which have, he testifies, effectually replaced those in the Sermon on the Mount:

Ye have heard how in old times it was said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne.' And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla.' And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve.' [1]

This 'religion of valour' has been preached and analysed by Nietzsche. Napoleon is for Young Germany the great exemplar of that religion in modern times. 'Corsica, in a word, has conquered Galilee.'

Allowing that the ethical ideals described in these lectures are not yet fully or universally realised, they represent without question the tendency manifest in the modern Prussian war-spirit. Nietzsche deliberately condemns the sentiment of pity as weakening to the character, and as injurious to the race, for it tends to the preservation of the weak and suffering who ought to be eliminated. The war-spirit developed under the influence of such principles is a temper which calls out and fosters not the *camaraderie* of the English soldier, not the devotion of the Red Cross nurse, but the 'pitiless soul' which Homer celebrates in Achilles. It is indeed devoted, persevering; it might be called 'high-souled' if courage alone were the perfection of nature, but it is also fierce, relentless, unscrupulous, pagan. In Prussia a reversion to pagan ideals was not unnatural. The Prussians became Christians only towards the end of the fourteenth century, and Christianity never

[1] *Germany and England*, by Professor Cramb, pp. 116–17.

obtained the complete ascendancy over them which it gained in its earlier conquests. War, for a Christian, is necessary in order to set right the wrongs of an evil world. The war spirit is in him zeal not primarily for war itself, but for the good cause he champions. The modern German war-spirit holds war to be a thing desirable in itself, success is the sole guiding motive, and the tempering scruples of Christianity are deliberately set aside as out of place in its conduct. Relentless cruelty and treachery, if useful in securing victory, are *ipso facto* desirable. We have the contrast between the Christian and pagan war spirit, vivid if idealised, in the pages of De la Motte-Fouqué. Folko of Montfaucon, the chivalrous avenger of the oppressed, stands out in contrast to Biorn 'of the fiery eyes,' who reverts to the spirit of his pagan ancestors for whom cruelty and revelry accompany the fierce joy of battle.

The average Tommy Atkins of this war is, indeed, no Crusader, no ideal knight of the Middle Ages. But he is the offspring of generations in which pagan savagery has been cleansed by Christianity; he is a good fellow; his pals may count on him at a pinch; he hates a man who does not play fair; he hates a bully; he hates a liar. All this is the translation into the modern English vernacular of a surviving remnant of mediæval chivalry. And there are occasions on which he rises to a degree of heroism which no mediæval knight ever surpassed. Tommy Atkins is not, like his German enemy, a man of ideals. The German has used his idealism deliberately to expel from war the remains of Christian generosity and charity which he, like the Englishman, inherited from Christian ancestors, and to set up in its place the old pagan warrior ideal uncleansed by the Gospel. If his standards became general, the principles of honour and humanity which make a healthy condition in time of peace would be most dangerously weakened in Europe. Overweening national pride is the sole justification of the German's views for the future of the world, ambition the motive, ruthless and unscrupulous militarism the means, a largely paganised civilisation would be the fruit of his success.

The amazing revolt of German militarism against Christian standards has, I think, one result of real value and importance. We have heard much of late years as to the failures of Christianity. And it is, of course, true that Christianity does not in this world adequately realise its ideal. But to see once again in action in a highly educated people the pagan code which Christianity drove out of Germany 1500 years ago, is of great utility in making us realise the comparative success which the Christian religion has achieved in spite of its failures. 'Things seen are mightier than things heard.' We have read of the warrior ideal in the pages of Nietzsche. But we now see how it works out in practice. The highest ideals are never completely realised, and we have to weigh against each other the actual successes and failures of rival systems. Christianity has been criticised for some years past, first as an impracticable dream, and secondly as not correlative to the whole of human nature—not adequate to complete self-realisation. Man, it is said, cannot realise the ideals of Christianity; the Christian cannot realise the possibilities of humanity. Christianity being in possession has had to endure all the criticism to which any working system is open when imperfect human nature is trying to carry it into effect. The Christian Church has on it the sins and scars of a long and adventurous life. Theory, on the other hand, can always be made to look perfect. Old pagan ideals, stripped of the actual consequences which made our forefathers who witnessed them sick of life, have been dangled before us by our *littérateurs* as promising the true fulfilment of human nature. They have been represented as the tree of knowledge which we were giving up to lead only a half life, a maimed life. Now suddenly this is reversed. We see pagan ideals, not in the form of a dream which isolates what is inspiring, but as a fact with its inevitable consequences and accompaniments. We are confronted with its translation into action. We see what self-realisation actually means in spheres where Christianity had preached self-restraint.

Modern science has not taught us the empirical method

for nothing, but the modern world is curiously slow to apply it. This age is certainly as ready as its predecessors to embark on unproved and untried theory and to desert the ground securely won by experience. In what is known as the Higher Criticism, ingenious hypothesis, covered and disguised by the barest clothing of scientific terminology, is again and again allowed to prevail over beliefs which have at least the empirical proof that they have long worked with some success. The dream of complete self-realisation in a sphere in which Christianity preaches self-restraint has come again to our age—with an amazing forgetfulness of the sickness of the world in which that dream was an acknowledged and attempted aim before the coming of Christ. The reply to the theory of life which underlies it is to be found, not in argument, but in this test of actual experiment. *Solvitur ambulando*. It is the empirical method that decides. We are confronted with the charge against Christianity that its ideal of self-denial robs life of its fullest content, makes it a maimed and imperfect life, a sickly life. A *grande passion* realised—this is to live. The pale ascetic does not live. Again the conquering hero lives. The meek Christian only exists. Life is not worth living if its fullest possibilities are deliberately renounced. This is a feeling which comes on many in youth and health.

And it erects an anti-Christian theory of life to justify itself. The reply—I say again—is not argument, but experience. We often see the theory set forth in modern fiction. The experience which refutes it is also set forth by the greatest makers of fiction. I can imagine no surer antidote to the view of life which makes a *grande passion* all in all than to read Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina.' It is a better antidote than the pages of Petronius, for the passion it depicts is far nobler. Tolstoy's work is no piece of Christian special pleading. It does not exhibit passion as merely sensual or as the fruit of the Dead Sea. As we read of the love of Vronsky and Anna, we are ready to think that at its zenith it represents something from one point of view infinitely fuller and richer than is conceivable in a life which renounces such things as unlawful. But the

awful Nemesis, the decay in the quality of the love itself, the dwindling of the two personalities, the misery at the close, are parts of the whole as actually realised. They are parts of what the dream becomes when it is enacted on the actual theatre of life in which innumerable other human interests and forces are at work, besides the love of those two human beings. Their story is an experimental proof of the psychological fact never better stated than by a German—Georg Wilhelm Hegel—that the assumption that passion represents the self which should be realised is false, and issues, not in self-realisation, but in deterioration; and that the paradox is true that self-realisation comes by self-denial. 'By an evil loving of myself,' says the Imitation, 'I lost myself, and by seeking Thee alone I found both myself and Thee.' As a theory which applies only to individuals, and to the short time in which the possibilities of passion are realised, and only to the favoured few for whom they are realised, the pagan theory may have some plausibility. But how about the sequel even for them? And how about the masses of mankind who cannot even realise at the time as much as Anna and Vronsky realised? The question does not bear consideration or discussion. It is only the blind credulity which passion retains, even in an age that boasts of being guided by cautious experience, which allows it to be asked. The theory can only be translated into a practical one at all for any large section of humanity by the programme—'a year or so of complete self-realisation in passion, and then suicide.' Anna's fate was no accident.

A thirst for the triumph of love is one of the two most imperious forces which revolt against the Christian theory. A thirst for the triumph of arms and of pride is the other. It may be admitted that the joys of victorious battle for a great nation give a wave of deep feeling, a sense of intense life which men could not know without it. But the present war-spirit in Germany goes far to vindicate Christianity in this field, as the psychology of Tolstoy's work vindicates it in the other. Here, as in the other case, the theory at its very best holds in its fulness only for one nation.

And it holds for that one nation in success only. Mr. Cramb's translation of Bernhardi's alternative, indeed, is 'world dominion or death.'

It was surely the world's long experience of these elementary facts of actual life which gave to the wonderful vision, which Christianity suggested, of the victorious and world-wide kingdom of peace, and self-restraint and universal brotherhood, a radiance which made it all-conquering. Pagan happiness had been in its most rational form bound up with wealth, health, honour, and success. Aristotle's magnanimous man presented a higher ideal than the crude warrior ideal. But it offered no Beatitudes for the poor, the suffering, the unsuccessful. Therefore, when the new ideal came on a world in which selfishness had become sated with lust and saturated in disappointment, it carried all before it. It was only an ideal. It had not yet been tried by the mass of mankind. But its boldness in proposing to find joy and success where the best thinkers had not dared to hope for anything but misery took the world by storm. All this has been said so often that it is by some regarded as a platitude to repeat it. But this means that it has for many become stale. It has become a mere familiar formula of which they no longer realise the significance. It has been well said that the world is now rejecting Christianity because it is ceasing to understand what it is. But we shall appreciate its significance again as did our forefathers if the pagan warrior ideal, the dark background which set forth for them the radiance of the new Beatitudes, becomes once more dominant. The outburst of courage, pity, self-denial and righteous indignation elicited by the war spirit in England has fanned the smouldering embers of Christian ideals among our own countrymen, and effectually proved that they are not extinct. The German warriors themselves will look in vain in their defeat for succour from those Christian ideals which their own war spirit has wantonly but effectively killed : and no redemption can be found for the defeated and the unsuccessful in the philosophy of life which that spirit represents. It has no Beatitudes for the poor. It has none for the conquered.

Yet the talk of the failure of Christianity is prompted in some degree by real facts of experience. The modern Prussian revolts from it, and the grounds assigned for that revolt deserve frank consideration. In a vivid sentence, a German writer has depicted the failure of Christianity to destroy 'the brutal German joy of battle.' Ruskin, in his 'Fors Clavigera,' asserts that the German does not know even the meaning of the words 'meekness' and 'mercy.'[1] Mr. Cramb declares that for thirty generations Germany has struggled 'to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her world-vision, to strive for a Heaven that was not her Heaven.'[2] And Heine has prophesied that 'the day will come when the old stone gods will arise from the silent ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor with his giant hammer will at last spring up and shatter to bits the Gothic Cathedrals.' This alleged incompatibility of the national character with Christian ideals is invoked by Young Germany as proving the failure of Christianity as a universal religion, and as justifying its revolt.

Dissatisfaction with Christianity is no doubt reinforced by a certain element of hypocrisy which ensues from a Christian civilisation. Mr. Stiggins and Mr. Pecksniff are the incidental outcome of a Christian civilisation. And those who want to break loose point with satisfaction to such fruits of a gospel externally professed and internally rejected. In a similar spirit, when romanticists idealise a holy war and sigh for the days when men took up arms for the Holy Rood, their pagan-minded critics point with a jeer to the dissipated conduct which history records among the crusading armies. Such attacks are, in fact, largely a testimony to the beauty of the ideal which is so easily defaced by human weakness or hypocrisy, as dirt at once arrests the attention in a bright light. But they are rhetorically telling, and enable the man who dislikes Christianity to sneer at it with some effect.

[1] Vol. iv. Letter xl., p. 84 [ed. 1874].
[2] *Germany and England*, p. 114.

In the full tide of youth and life and passion many experience this feeling that Christianity has failed. A religion which consecrates self-denial appears to them simply unnatural except for born saints. Their own nature breaks like a torrent through the weak opposition raised by the Gospel ideal. But this fact, even when recognised and admitted to the full, only brings us back to the point I have already insisted on. It is quite true that undisciplined human nature in full tide makes a very strong protest against Christianity. But undisciplined human nature does not indicate a practical alternative. The unchecked realisation of its imperious instincts spells disaster. And we are thus driven to look for a higher nature which may be developed by training and self-restraint, and prove a better guide. The ideal of self-realisation, by the very process of self-denial, is directed to finding that better nature and truer self. It involves, no doubt, for many a tremendous initial effort and act of faith, and for large numbers such a faith seems too impracticable to be even attempted. But its results when it has been put to the trial have largely justified it.

When a man protests that his nature is not Christian, and that he *cannot* find inspiration in the Christian ideal, he says what is in some sense unanswerable, because we cannot dispute a man's testimony as to his own sensations. If his sensations are to decide the matter for him, that is an end of it. But he gives to sensation an authority in determining his religion which we should be slow to allow it in any other field. If, on the other hand, we regard the case as already decided against him, if we begin with an absolute faith in the Christian ideal, and, in testing how it actually works, look in the first instance at a broad field of life rather than at an individual case, we find our faith on the whole justified. The incidental failure is only parallel to other failures attaching to nature's successes—to disease in the body so wonderfully made for health, to the waste of individual life which often accompanies preservation of the type.

And, moreover, the Christian account of human nature can *place* its critic's objections—can find room for them and for him. When the German critic complains that his nature

is not Christian, the Christian replies that he is not surprised, for original sin has corrupted human nature in Italy and England as well as in Germany. It is no new discovery that the lower nature is often stronger than the higher. This is the 'hardness of heart' which is the eternal obstacle to the success of the Gospel. And the Christian scheme prescribes as the best antidote a certain degree of self-denial which is calculated to soften and un-Germanise the heart—to starve the *anima naturaliter pagana* and find the *anima naturaliter Christiana.* When the German proceeds to object that he is quite indisposed to take any such disagreeable medicine, that the treatment prescribed involves acting on an ideal which does not inspire him, and that he cannot act without an inspiring motive, the Christian again recognises this as normal—only the Christian language is different from the German. The Christian says that he needs grace to overcome the results of original sin. He bids him ask the Holy Spirit to make him love what is right, or, in the words of the old collect, '*recta sapere.*' The two doctrines of original sin and grace correspond to the most disheartening facts of general experience—facts which, no doubt, we may find it hard to reconcile with the justice of Providence. The one involves a handicap arising from what is not a man's own fault. The other recognises dependence on a force outside our own power. We are responsible, and yet the conditions for success are not, it seems, within our reach. But at all events such doctrines do fit in with the experienced facts of life—from which we cannot escape. The doctrines are in no danger of being disproved by experience. We know where we are and what to expect. And if we have faith we believe that the benevolent Power who allowed the handicap will give the help necessary to overcome it if we do our part. Christianity has so clearly faced the existence of the handicap in our lower nature that it constantly insists on the necessity of early religious training to neutralise it. It knows that it takes generations completely to Christianise the ideals of a race. The fact that the Prussians were worshippers of Odin in the thirteenth century, when the rest of the German

Empire had long been Christian, is likely enough to keep the pagan instinct in a more active condition in that country than among its neighbours.

While the war ideal in the Prussian corresponds largely to his latent paganism, the Christian element in the English war ideal is partly due, as I have said, to a latent survival of mediæval chivalry—when kings would serve at table their royal prisoners of war. And this mediæval war spirit is possible because there is a side of the soldier's career which is intensely Christian.

> A soldier [writes Cardinal Newman] comes more nearly than a King to the pattern of Christ. He is not only strong, but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on the bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others; he defends us by it; we are indebted to him; we gain by his loss; we are at peace by his warfare.[1]

But again, war does in some sense illustrate the true nature of life, as a Christian views life, which we fail to realise in the moral drowsiness which a long peace is apt to bring. It is no mere platitude to say that our life is a warfare. A useful and purposeful life—the life that is worth while—has a close analogy to war. It is a struggle for high aims against obstacles. The great desideratum of life is to find the ideal aim which is an adequate motive for the constant effort which this implies. Faith in the aim and courage and energy are priceless boons. *Muth verloren, alles verloren.* This German proverb suggests how indispensable for happiness is the chief quality called out by war. Strenuous action is the true recipe against sensuality. It is the condition of a useful life. Scott used to say that Byron might have been a good man had some great cause come in his way and inspired him. The pagan warrior undergoes great hardship, but he misses its true *raison d'être* and its true reward which is to raise human nature above self-indulgence. He looks for repayment at the end in an intoxication of pride in conquest, and generally in a

[1] *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, p. 57.

glut of sensuality as compensation for his term of self-denial. But the ideal Christian knight who is urged to fight by the desire to see wrong righted, and who finds happiness in right prevailing, comes also to look on military self-denial as a good in itself. There is a reflection of this in the English soldier of to-day. The punctuality, the officer's care for his men, military obedience, the precise attention to dress and accoutrement, the constant self-discipline which the day's drill calls out—these are all relics of Christian chivalry. So much is this so that the Jesuits base their rule on that of an army.

Again, the constant risk to life, accompanied by the need for action and the aim at doing great things, realises vividly the great Christian paradox of human life as a whole—that life is everything and nothing. St. Ignatius's maxim, 'Work as though you were to live for ever ; be as detached as though you were to die to-morrow,' is precisely expressed in a soldier's strenuousness and in the risks he takes. The national cause can inspire us intensely only if we feel that life is in some sense great ; yet if we are to succeed it can only be by a courage which willingly and constantly risks death. The cause is felt to be so great that the sacrifice of his own life, and of many lives to attain it, is insignificant.

War, then, creates greatness of soul—the first condition of individual goodness. When we learn that the men we thought incurably selfish have gone to the front, and that crime has diminished in England fifty per cent., we see consequences of a common cause. We find unworthy jealousies and rivalries in abeyance. We see foolish political campaigns collapse in the presence of stern realities. We observe men whose ambitions had been set on petty social distinctions and triumphs, transferring their energy to work for the common good. We see superfluous energy which had invented enterprises really useless to give itself scope directed to the all-important end. War gives that for which all life cries out—a great motive which may inspire us to work unselfishly for the general welfare, and raise us above what is petty and selfish. The struggle for success is transfigured when that success is no longer merely personal,

but the success of a common cause. I do not say that the German gains none of this in his zeal for the Fatherland, but his orgies of cruelty and excess are a deliberate renunciation of the best. War by intensifying the whole of human nature leads to forced growths. It brings what is latent at once to the surface—what is potential it calls into action. It makes the Christian at heart more deeply Christian. It makes the pagan at heart more evidently pagan.

Since writing the above remarks I have read the interesting essay on the 'Illusions of War' which appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* of October 22, and it raises a question which bears closely on the above remarks. This writer deals—as I have dealt—with the war-spirit and its effects. But he appears to see only one spirit common to both sides—an ignoble one. He traces with extreme subtlety the national spirit which in time of war makes each side blacken the character of the enemy—makes the German see perfidious England in every Englishman, the Englishman see brutal Germany in every German. This is very true; but the writer's analysis surely falls curiously short of the actual facts in the indiscriminate conclusion that he draws when he writes:

> There seems to us to be nothing human or spiritual in the German invective against us. It is not Germans who speak, but Germany, and in what they say is expressed everything we hate in Germany . . . and this is what these hostile utterances are *on both sides*. There is no thought in them, but only the sensual passion of hatred disguising itself as thought, and the more absurd because of its disguise.

This absolute identification of the spirit animating hostile utterances on either side, as though they were necessarily equally unjust, is surely curiously wanting in subtlety. Or, rather, perhaps it may be termed an instance of that subtlety which overlooks the obvious in its search for the less obvious. It has also something of the—

> Candour that spares its foes and ne'er descends
> With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.

It is not the arrogant national self-sufficiency, as this writer supposes, but a plain sense of fact, that makes us see, as the rest of the world sees, that the spirit of the English Army is far removed from that which repels us in the German Army. It is a plain fact, written large in history, that there are two different kinds of warlike spirit. The spirit of the Black Prince, who served his royal captive at table, is not that of Achilles, Homer's hero, whose 'soul was pitiless.' And either spirit may attach to groups of men as well as to individuals. A corporate spirit is a most real thing, though its operation is subtle and hard to trace in detail. The theory that the principles of honour, chivalry, and humanity are out of place in war has undoubtedly deeply tainted the German Army, and removed its spirit poles apart from that of the English. It is not merely the enemies of Germany, but its friends—like Mr. Cramb—who have noted its return to the pitiless pagan warrior ideal. The brutal cruelties of German soldiers sickened Captain Napier and the English officers—their allies—during the Danish War of 1807. Now such acts are defended and multiplied in accordance with an avowed theory. English soldiers are fully ready to do honour to magnanimity in their foes. Their war spirit does not tend to blind them to signs of it. They have in the present campaign given full credit to German courage, while they have been disgusted by German inhumanity. The writer in the *Times* seems to me to utilise his subtle analysis of what, when once it is clearly stated, is an undeniable truism—that when nations are at war individuals concentrate their hostile national prejudices on individual opponents—in order to support the paradox that they lose the power of distinguishing between a generous soldier and a cruel one; that both are for the combatant in time of war the fictions of a blinding illusion which sees all the good on his own side, all the bad on that of his opponent. No doubt, the individual German may be unjustly hated for crimes which are not his. There are kindly and honourable soldiers in the German Army who may be detested for the corporate spirit they do not share. So far my contention coincides with that

of the *Times* writer. But according to the somewhat indiscriminate analysis of the *Times*, a hateful national spirit would seem to be non-existent, or if existent to be unperceivable by the blinded partisan. The hatred is (he seems to hold) on both sides equally the inevitable irrational consequence of war, however waged. It is instinctive *a priori* hatred for the enemy of one's country.

In point of fact, in the present war quite a different feeling has supervened, namely, indignation aroused by specific acts of tyranny, brutality and treachery, which are not at all the universal conditions of war. The peculiar hatred they arouse in our men is not a universal accompaniment of war. There was nothing like it in English feeling towards the Boers. Our soldiers have their full share of —

> . . . The stern joy that warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

Letters from the front have shown their great readiness to appreciate occasional signs of magnanimity, fair play, or humanity on the part of the enemy. The 'Illusions of War' which the *Times* writer so ably analyses are an unquestionable fact, but they are not so blinding as to make us unable to distinguish humanity from cruelty, treachery from the sense of honour. The writer appears to think that to discover that the enemy is a man and not a devil, proves that we were wrong in accusing him of crimes which are, after all, the crimes of men and not of devils; that to prove him human proves him also to be humane.

One other point. There is, I think, a good side to the feeling against the abstract German or abstract Englishman in time of war which this writer unreservedly deplores as 'the sensual passion of hatred.' The soldier on the battlefield hates the ideal incarnation of evil rather than the man he kills. This makes the slaying of a fellow-man possible to one whose attitude is still Christian. The hatred is not for an individual man, but for the evil cause he is regarded as embodying. It is an indignation against wrong, though he who feels it may be mistaken in his judgment of the cause.

This applies in a measure to German and English soldiery alike, and it should not be overlooked.

It supplies, moreover, the true answer to a common defence advanced on behalf of German brutality. The German often justifies treachery and cruelty which no English soldier would be induced to practise by a characteristically German logic. 'War is intrinsically unchristian,' he says, 'therefore Christian scruples are out of place in it.' This argument has the fault of mere logic, which is often false to facts. It ignores the patent fact that many soldiers actually do their work in the Christian spirit which Cardinal Newman has described in the passage already quoted, and that many more are not without a touch of that spirit. It ignores also the explanation of that fact—namely, the sense of duty and the holy indignation against wrongdoing or oppression, which may make a soldier feel in some cases that he is God's minister of vengeance. He is angry, but he sins not. Something of this may exist in him who defends his country against those whom he deems wanton aggressors against all that is dearest and most sacred to him. His anger is not 'the sensual passion of hatred' against a fellow-man, but anger against a great wrong of which he considers himself the appointed avenger. This spirit may touch any patriot who thinks his country's enemy a wrongdoer, but it is obviously far more natural and strong when there are dastardly crimes to be avenged, and the tyranny of the strong over the weak to be redressed. Thus it is likely to have no inconsiderable place among English soldiers in the present struggle.

OXFORD LIBERALISM AND DOGMA.

OXFORD was the home of the Oriel School who, in the 'twenties' of the last century, in Newman's words, 'unconsciously encouraged and successfully introduced into Oxford a licence of opinion which went far beyond them,' and were the precursors of the modern liberal theology. Oxford again was the scene of the great campaign of 1833–45, which fought liberalism, both theological and ecclesiastical, with the weapons of the theology of the Fathers. And now, after a further interval of eighty years, our eyes are once more directed to Oxford as the scene of the later developments of the same struggle. The Bishop of Oxford has again raised the standard, first unfurled by Newman and Keble in 1833, of the dogmatic principle as the only safeguard against the dissolvent forces of a liberal theology. The Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford has defended that theology in a tone of reasonableness and with an absence of violent party spirit which only show how deep the destructive forces have gone. The Oxford pasquinade has not been withheld. In 1845 broadsides in prose and verse were numerous enough. I recall a verse about my own father, written after his defence of 'non-natural' interpretation of the Anglican formularies in the 'Ideal of a Christian Church':

> There's Balliol's honest knave, 'non-natural' but real,
> To waft us o'er the wave, winding a blast ideal.

The present crisis has called out the genius of a cleverer jester than any whom the days of the Movement could boast. *Absolute and Abitofhell* was published before these later controversies had come to their most critical issue.

But its author has dealt with the present situation after the manner of Swift in a pamphlet called *Reunion All Round,* which is something better than a mere burlesque. It is a caricature only in the sense that it emphasises the main features of the situation. The picture the writer draws of a 'Church of England true to her Catholic vocation, which is plainly to include within her borders every possible shade of belief'; his substitution of '*quod unquam, quod usquam, quod ab ullis*' for the historic '*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*' appears to me to be hardly an exaggeration of the logical and practical outcome of principles maintained by the Dean of Durham. And Professor Sanday, though with studious moderation of tone, has taken a distinct step in the same direction in his pamphlet entitled *Bishop Gore's Challenge to Criticism.* If in commenting on the events of 1914 I recall those of 1833, it is largely because Newman's minute prescience foresaw at the earlier date both the issue and the antidote. It is plain to-day; it was not plain to most people in 1833. The recent Kikuyu controversy hinged on a point very debatable among the most sincere Christians of the Established Church. Even so good a High Churchman as Archbishop Laud had described the English Church as 'Protestant,' and Bishop Andrewes had treated belief in the Apostolic Succession as an open question. Whether it was more normal for the Church of England to fraternise with the Protestant sects or to hold aloof from them while joining in their protest against Rome, was a matter not obviously easy to determine. In the days of the Oxford Movement things had not got much beyond this. The Jerusalem Bishopric of 1843 involved a leaning towards the view now maintained by the Bishop of Uganda. Both sides stoutly upheld the fundamental Christian doctrines. But seventy years have since then wrought a great transformation. In 1913, no sooner had fraternity with the Protestant sects been claimed, than the principle on which it was claimed was extended, by its opponents and defenders alike, to the admission into the Established Church of those who deny the bodily Resurrection and the Virgin Birth of Christ—a denial distinctly

countenanced by Dr. Sanday in his pamphlet. The process of development in a negative direction which Newman foresaw in 1833 has been realised eighty years later.

People may object that the suggestion in Mr. Knox's pamphlet of the possible inclusion of atheists in the Anglican Church is *simply* a joke. They may say that not only theism, but also the doctrine of the Incarnation is quite safe on liberal principles. I wish this were indubitable. True enough, liberal Churchmen will not deny that the Divinity dwells in Christ, but I think a good many of them will be found also to hold that the Divinity dwells somewhat similarly in every man. True again, none would decline to admit in words that there is a God; but those who regard pantheism as the negation of real theism and therefore a form of atheism, will, I think, feel that Mr. Knox's final proposal is not a mere joke. Nor is this a mere question of speculative definition. How easily pantheism has been in our day made to issue in a denial of sin and responsibility needs no insistence.

The main interest of the situation lies in a very real and pressing problem, the attempted solution of which has brought about all this confusion. A large number of religious minds, keenly alive to the increase of knowledge and the transformation of outlook wrought in the past century by the advance of science and civilisation, have been anxious to bring Christian thought and learning into touch and in some matters into harmony with changed conditions. The reason why I have laid great stress on Newman's prescience in 1833 is because he foresaw and largely sympathised with this desire, yet he foresaw and viewed with dismay the modernist interpretation of its realisation, and even of its meaning. The desire itself is no new idea. It existed in St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century quite as evidently as in Dr. Sanday in the twentieth. The necessity it represented was as clear to Cardinal Newman himself as to Father Tyrrell. But Newman very early put his finger on an ambiguity which has been responsible for much subsequent confusion. It is an ambiguity which has led in his own case to the most

opposite charges. At Oxford the man in the street regarded him as old-fashioned and reactionary. In the sixties of the last century the man in the street regarded him as a liberal Catholic, and, later on, he was even claimed as a modernist. But there was no substantial change in his position in this matter. Such charges arose from the confusion of two quite distinct interpretations of the wish to take account of modern conditions in Christian apologetic writing.

To put it briefly, the nineteenth century unquestionably witnessed a sober and serious advance in the secular sciences, including those which bear upon the history of religion. Historical criticism and biblical exegesis have become, and are still becoming, more accurate. That a place for this movement should be found in the Christian schools adequate to the legitimate demands of science was an earnest wish of Newman's, and he held that very free discussion was advisable in ascertaining the exact limits of the conclusions it rendered certain or probable, and their bearing on religious problems. 'Truth,' he wrote, 'is wrought out by many minds working freely together,' and, in his lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation,' he enters an earnest plea for liberty of discussion and inquiry. He drove home the lesson of Copernicanism and the change it wrought in a cosmology which he considers to have been long regarded by Christians as inseparable from revelation itself. 'It was generally received,' he writes, 'as if the Apostles had expressly delivered it both orally and in writing, as a truth of Revelation, that the earth was stationary.'[1] 'Galileo's truth,' he writes elsewhere, '. . . revolutionised the received system of belief as regards heaven, purgatory, and hell.'[2] It was no longer clear that heaven was among the stars, hell in the bowels of the earth. 'The catalogue of theological truths was seriously curtailed,' he adds. 'Whither did Our Lord go on his Ascension? If there is to be a plurality of worlds, what is the special importance of this one?' He points out that such a change had to be accepted, though it 'revolutionised the received system of belief' and created 'disorder and dismay.' Again,

[1] *Idea of a University*, p. 467. [2] *Via Media*, vol. i. p. lv.

he showed sympathy in the 'sixties with the prospectus of the avowedly progressive *Home and Foreign Review.* The unperceiving and uneducated were suspicious of such symptoms. They noted in his earnest enforcement of the importance of recognising and finding a place in the Church for the new knowledge, signs of an outlook wider than that to which they had been accustomed; and they accused him, as St. Thomas Aquinas had been accused before him, of innovation and even of unorthodoxy.

But the key to their mistake is also the key to the confusion which reigns in the Church of England. Newman advocated liberty of thought in the domain of science and where thought could really be brought to a successful issue. He opposed it as anarchic beyond those limits.

Describing his opposition in 1833 to the theological liberalism which foreshadowed Dr. Rashdall and Dr. Henson, he writes thus: 'Liberty of thought is in itself a good; but it gives an opening to false liberty. Now by liberalism I mean false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters, in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place. Among such matters are first principles of whatever kind; and of these the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of Revelation. Liberalism then is the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of *claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the Divine Word.*'[1]

[1] *Apologia,* Note A, p. 493 (Oxford University Press, 1913). The italics are my own. Newman's distinction is, of course, in essence the continuous tradition of the Catholic schools. The Vatican Council places that tradition on record with great clearness:—'Hoc quoque perpetuus Ecclesiæ catholicæ consensus tenuit et tenet, duplicem esse ordinem cognitionis, non solum principio, sed objecto etiam distinctum: principio quidem, quia in altero naturali ratione, in altero fide divina cognoscimus; objecto autem, quia præter ea, ad quæ naturalis ratio pertingere potest, credenda nobis proponuntur mysteria in Deo abscondita quæ, nisi revelata divinitus, innotescere non possunt.' With respect to the first kind of knowledge we read:—'Nec sane Ecclesia vetat, ne hujusmodi

In this passage we have the clue to his own position in 1833, and moreover we have the confutation of the *primâ facie* plausibleness of the liberal argument. It sounds very plausible to say with Dr. Sanday: 'The cultivated modern man may enter the Church with his head erect—with some change of language due to difference of times, but all of the nature of re-interpretation of old truths.'[1] It seems common sense to say, 'Thought does not stand still, knowledge does not stand still, Christianity was given to the world in a state of civilisation very different from the present. The changes of 1900 years cannot be ignored. It may be a divine message, but it must be re-stated and re-interpreted for the present generation.' This, I say, is a plausible position, but an ambiguous one. Christianity, doubtless, was first taught in a pre-scientific civilisation. If the above plea means only that in the expounding of a divine message the early teachers in the Church used incidentally elements in the secular knowledge of their day, which have since been proved inaccurate and must be discarded, we may assent to it, and in doing so we admit all that is irresistibly plausible in the plea. But liberal Churchmen go much further, and in doing so have no such plausible defence.

Christianity included from the first a challenge to the secularism and naturalism which reappear in different forms in successive civilisations and bear fruit in the culture and philosophy of each. The philosophy of necessity *versus* the philosophy of Providence is no new discovery of our own day. The rejection of nature miracles on *a priori* grounds is not a peculiarity of nineteenth-century culture. The explaining away of the Incarnation of Christ by

disciplinæ in suo quæque ambitu propriis utantur principiis et proprio methodo; sed justam hanc libertatem agnoscens, id sedulo cavet, . . . ne fines proprios transgressæ, ea, quæ sunt fidei, occupent et perturbent.' That revealed truth is beyond the sphere in which human judgment is an adequate instrument is stated in the following passage:—'Divina mysteria suapte natura intellectum creatum sic excedunt, ut etiam revelatione tradita et fide suscepta, ipsius tamen fidei velamine contecta et quadam quasi caligine obvoluta maneant, quamdiu in hac mortali vita peregrinamur a Domino: per fidem enim ambulamus, et non per speciem' (Sessio III., Caput IV.).

[1] Bishop Gore's *Challenge to Criticism*, p. 30.

postulating similar incarnations in man is at least as old as Amalric of Bena. No student of the first half of the thirteenth century can fail to see many of the same forces at work in the University of Paris in those years as we witness in modern England.[1] Already in Abelard's time St. Bernard's letters were full of lament on the loss of faith arising from rationalistic discussion of individual doctrines in place of their simple acceptance—from the attempt to apply the canons of our limited reason to truths belonging largely to a sphere which is not within our grasp. Abelard is suspicious of God's word—so Bernard complains—and will not believe what he has not first submitted to the investigation of reason.[2] His disciples, he adds, debate in the streets the Virgin Birth and the Sacrament of the Altar.[3] The state of the argument on such questions was then essentially what it is now. That uniformity is normal in the course of nature was understood by the educated then as now, though it may be impressed on the imagination now in greater detail. Thus liberal Churchmen of to-day in many of their contentions only clothe an old tendency in a modern dress. They give the excuse of modern necessities to absolve us from an intellectual self-restraint which was, in all ages, irksome. If consideration for modern necessities means that Christianity must be evacuated of antagonism to the more important historical and philosophical speculations of the day, it will mean the denial of much that revelation has stood for from the first. Many theories of the higher criticism are simply speculations based on wide critical knowledge indeed, but also on naturalistic assumptions. The assumptions on which they rest are the rival assumptions to those of Christianity. A naturalistic habit of mind doubtless comes easily in an age of science. Yet it is un-Christian.

I cannot but think that Dr. Sanday's pamphlet, in spite of the obvious personal religiousness of the writer, shows traces of both the characteristics of 'liberalism' which

[1] See *Men and Matters* (Longmans), pp. 323 *seq.*

[2] Deum habens suspectum credere non vult nisi quod prius ratione discusserit (Letter cccxxxviii).

[3] Letter cccxxxii. The 'parturition,' not the 'conception,' was the point commonly discussed in the Middle Ages.

Newman rejects as unphilosophical and inconsistent with the acceptance of revelation. He tests individual doctrines, which belong as a whole to a region beyond man's full understanding, by their appeal to his own human preconceptions. And, moreover, these preconceptions are influenced by the naturalistic tendency which Christianity has always opposed. Let us take these two points successively.

(1) He writes: 'Whatever the Virgin Birth can spiritually mean for us is guaranteed by the fact that the Holy Babe was divine. Is it not enough to affirm this with all our heart and soul, and be silent as to anything beyond?'[1] 'Let us,' he concludes, 'concentrate our strength on what is vital and verifiable.'

Here we have assumed what I have often in conversation heard set forth at great length, that we have rational and spiritual perceptions which justify us in accepting or rejecting individual doctrines of revelation according as they can be verified by our own limited faculties. The Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, in his recent pamphlet on 'The Miracle of Christianity' takes essentially the same line. We accept or reject doctrines according as they mean something spiritually which we can discern—according as we ourselves perceive them to be vital. This, as Newman points out in the passage I have quoted, is simply to deny that revealed truth is beyond human judgment. Doubtless, Newman holds our acceptance of a revelation to be a rational act, but it is not in its idea the proving of individual tenets by the human reason or human experience. It is rather the acceptance of a system which claims to be largely above our human reason and experience. This is brought out most effectively, I think, by a parallel which is suggested by a footnote to one of Newman's Oxford University Sermons. The knowledge revealed by an omniscient God to man with his imperfect faculties, may be compared to the account of the objects of sight given by one who saw them to a race of sentient beings who had not sight. Doubtless, there would be a good deal in the account which such a race could verify as responding to their needs. For the

[1] Bishop Gore's *Challenge to Criticism*, p. 20.

world known by touch is part of the same world which is known so much more fully by sight. The sightless community could verify enough of what they are told to bring home to them how much wider and exacter was their informant's knowledge than their own. But if the sightless community were reasonable, it would realise that there must also be a good deal of the description which, as belonging to a wider sphere of experience, was not within their powers of criticism or of full analysis. It could not be verified by them. They would have no right summarily to dismiss portions of the description as not 'vital' or 'verifiable.' What is or is not vital—in religion as in human life—is a matter not of sense, but of science. By evidence alone can it be verified. And the evidence would, *ex hypothesi*, in this case belong in part to an unknown range of ideas. Truths might be in reality inseparably connected which from the limited human point of view appeared quite distinct. In a future state of existence where the community in question might be supposed to have sight, they would understand the true unity and bearing on themselves of much information which at present they must simply accept obediently as fragments of truth.

This view represents a whole attitude of mind hardly even contemplated by Dr. Sanday or Mr. Bethune Baker. Yet I cannot but think that it meets some of the difficulties of the situation. The acceptance of dogma becomes largely a matter of obedience. Its explication and adequate interpretation are often, naturally enough, beyond us because they belong to a sphere which God sees and which we do not see. The revelation is conveyed in such instances by human speech and human figures which are not fully adequate to the reality. Even with truths of faith which belong in part to a sphere cognisable by the human senses, their adequate explication may be found only in a region beyond us. Since the disappearance of the mediæval idea that the earth was stationary and heaven in the blue sky above it, is it easy to form a precise idea of what we mean by saying that Our Lord ascended into heaven? That He left the earth and that He went to God is clear. Do a large

proportion of those who accept the dogma without question form to themselves a definite conception as to its further meaning in detail? Again, the dogma of the Resurrection of the body raises many difficulties not easily soluble as to what it precisely means. If none of the material particles are the same now as they were seven years ago, and if the identity of the body consists in those particles, an old man has had several bodies and not one. Again, that the risen body will be a spiritual body is an additional difficulty in the way of our understanding in what sense it can be identical with our present bodies. When reason investigates such questions it naturally ends in an *impasse* from the inadequacy of our comprehension of realities beyond the sphere of sense. But we do not, therefore, with Dr. Sanday keep silence and withhold assent. We believe the dogmas as being part of revelation, and therefore accept them, although we only partially understand what they involve or what their full bearing on ourselves may be. If it is objected that it is no belief at all to profess a doctrine without being able to explain exactly what it involves, I would point out that we are similarly circumstanced in respect of the most ordinary beliefs of daily life. We talk glibly of 'gravity' and 'electricity,' and know much of their action, but which of us knows what either of them is, any more than we know in what the identity of the body consists? Our belief in the external world itself, which is quite adequate as a basis of science, is for many persons a belief concerning which they cannot accurately state all that it involves, and does not involve. Those who read Berkeley and realise for the first time that colour is largely a subjective feeling, may find great difficulty in solving the problems raised by philosophers as to the objective and subjective elements in our knowledge; yet no one will maintain that their belief in a table as an external fact is, in consequence, not a true belief until they have resolved these problems.

(2) Dr. Sanday rejects the fact of Christ's Resurrection, partly because of the difficulties its precise analysis presents. But he goes further. He comes to a positive conclusion

that miracles which are 'against nature' do not occur. I fail to see in this anything demanded by distinctively modern culture. So far as he maintains that the only miracles that are credible are those which merely appear to our ignorance to violate nature's normal uniformities, he only repeats Lucretius's old contention. It is surely a concession to that naturalistic bias of which no one denies the plausibility, but which Christianity has from the first opposed. His modification of this ground at pages 23 and 26 is again hardly new in essence. Newman pointed out sixty years ago that most of the Scripture miracles were the intensification of a natural process rather than its reversal, and this is practically the distinction which Dr. Sanday draws between miracles which are *supra naturam* and not *contra naturam*.

But when Dr. Sanday goes on to infer from this that the Virgin Birth of Christ belongs to the latter category, and is, therefore, incredible, there is a gap and some incoherency in his argument. He states at page 23 that there could be no real breach of the physical order, yet he says elsewhere that Divine Providence overrules it and diverts it from its original direction. Surely there is an inconsistency here? As Dean Mansel long ago pointed out, all Providential interference means a breach of the purely physical order by the interposition of a spiritual cause. No doubt, man makes a similar interposition whenever he lifts his hand and moves a chair. We may, of course, count his action natural if we extend our view of Nature to include human action and interference. If Dr. Sanday similarly regards Providential action as according to Nature, because he takes so wide a view of Nature as to include the action and interference of Providence, surely we may equally include as natural such an interference as the Virgin Birth postulates. The distinction between '*above* nature' and '*against* nature' vanishes; only the distinction remains between degrees of interference with normal physical sequences. If Dr. Sanday gives up the ground that physical sequences are never really interfered with, and argues against the Virgin Birth merely because he cannot believe in so great an

interference, he no doubt quits the ground of pure naturalism. But does he not reject what has from the first been a dogma of Christianity without any clearly stated grounds at all? He is arguing in a region of which we have no *a priori* knowledge whatever. And, so far as our sense of congruity goes, if we grant, as he does, that there are Divine interferences with physical uniformity, is it wonderful that there should be an interference of unusual magnitude accompanying so wonderful and unique an event as the Incarnation, if it really took place?

Dr. Sanday's final statements amount to a qualified naturalism which admits some Providential interferences as natural and rejects others as unnatural. He hails the acceptance of his position as removing the 'greatest of stumblingblocks to the modern mind' and as paving the way to a recognition that 'the beautiful regularity that we see around us has been and will be the law of the Divine action from the beginning to the end of time.' This reluctance to believe in an exceptional marvel is certainly stronger in all ages among those who think and realise the normal uniformity of nature than among the uneducated to whom all nature is one constant miracle. But does it rest on any knowledge of our own time that is new in kind? I venture to think that the imagination has in all ages had a large share in it. And Dr. Sanday's argument deals with a sphere in which both our imagination and our reason are likely to be at fault—a sphere in respect of which, apart from the information given by revelation, our ignorance is the most noteworthy fact. Of course, no student of history denies the passion for the miraculous in early ages, and the possibility of exaggerations and of mythical stories gaining currency among the credulous many; but that is a matter of specific evidence in each individual case. And such evidence is impossible in the case of the Virgin Birth of Christ. Freedom then is claimed with all the urgency of a demand of modern knowledge; but the claim is found on examination to rest mainly on a difficulty felt by cultivated men in every age.

If revelation as a whole is a message from a higher sphere

handed on from generation to generation, the normal presumption is surely that the tradition should be accepted simply and in its natural sense, unless it is clearly shown that certain elements hitherto regarded as inseparable from revealed dogma have been in reality (as in the case of the Ptolemaic cosmology) human additions—that they do not belong to that divine sphere which is above our criticisms, as the world described by one who saw it to a sightless community would be beyond its full comprehension. In the transcendental sphere itself our attitude throughout is that we believe simply and without question, though we only in part understand. We extend widely what we are accustomed to avow expressly in such mysteries as that of the Trinity. We accept many truths in the sense in which the All-knowing God who revealed them understands or interprets them—a sense that we often cannot adequately know in this life. This cannot be wrong, and it is a way out of many a difficulty. It concentrates the ultimate trust of the mind not on any precarious process of logomachy, but on God Himself, Who is the source of the revelation.

I have dwelt mainly on the contrast between Dr. Sanday's position and that of Newman in his Oxford days, as affording the clearest debating ground in the issues between High Churchmen and liberals. But, of course, Newman's view found its necessary complement in the recognition of a definite organ of revelation in an authoritative Church whose definitions place certain traditionary beliefs indisputably in the category of Dogma revealed by God to man, and above the sphere in which the human reason is an adequate instrument of criticism and of investigation.

I will now ask one more question suggested by Mr. Knox's pamphlet, and by the above observations. Would it be possible in the face of public opinion to enforce in the Church of England the idea of a revelation as above expounded, even so as to cover an unquestioning belief in the Virgin Birth of Christ and His Resurrection—to exclude from the ministry all who would not say simply that they accepted these dogmas? I doubt it, much

as I should wish to believe it. I incline to think that it is not merely that effective machinery for the purpose is wanting in the Church of England, but that the absence of such machinery results largely from public opinion. A hundred years ago people might have had the greatest sympathy with Dr. Sanday's high character and ability, and yet have recognised that, like unitarians, dissenters and non-conformists, his place was outside the Church of England. Now it is otherwise. That the conclusions of an eminent and scholarly divine of high character should force him outside the Church of England would be regarded as involving intolerable tyranny. Public opinion would not stand it. This is, I think, among the most important and significant lessons of the events which have followed on the Kikuyu controversy. The Bishops of the Established Church have made a declaration, but I shall be surprised if it can be enforced as excluding even pantheism, provided it be decently covered, still less as excluding a denial of the bodily Resurrection and the Virgin Birth.

Renan once visited the rationalist Jew Bernays, and, to his surprise, found him celebrating the Passover with full ritual. Bernays explained that ritual was a principle of union, but that dogma had come to be a principle of disunion. Intellectual agreement among very subtle minds is nowadays (he said) impossible. Yet Bernays did not wish therefore to abandon those rites which commemorated the past traditions of his race and fostered their *esprit de corps*. The rites might now represent little or no belief. Yet they were a bond of union. This is the thought which seems to underlie Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Richard Meynell.' It was fully realised in Comte's positive religion, which faced the new situation with the naked frankness and exaggeration of a Frenchman. The machinery of a priesthood and worship was kept by him, but belief in the supernatural was explicitly rejected. It is surely a subconscious tendency in this direction in the illogical and conventional Anglo-Saxon which is responsible for the existing state of opinion, which would resent exclusion from the National Church on any ground of dogmatic opinion, provided certain

decencies of expression were preserved. And it is well to face the fact.

Thus eighty years have brought about a striking verification of Newman's saying that the essential principles of Revelation must lead men towards the Catholic and Roman Church; that the very unpopular machinery of its intolerance can alone secure them; and that the alternative principles of religious liberalism must issue in negation. The personal religiousness—often very great—of individuals who shrink from either extreme is ultimately no bar to the final realisation in course of time of the two tendencies.

For those who do not find this conclusion a very practical one, I will content myself with reiterating my most central and practical contention. Newman repeatedly urged, from his Oxford days to his very last publication on the 'Development of Religious Error,'[1] that the human reason, in a highly developed civilisation, always tends to negation in matters of religious belief. In its abnormal activity it outstrips its legitimate competence, and it unconsciously adopts in a greater or less degree current intellectual and ethical assumptions which in a fallen world are apt to be secularistic. The heretic has again and again been the 'modern man' of his age. How striking is the *prima facie* appearance of intelligent common sense in some of the arguments of Nestorius! The orthodox on their side have vindicated the traditional revelation against a reason that was overstepping its legitimate province. If this is true it is necessary, when conclusions are claimed as demanded by modern conditions of thought and knowledge, closely to cross-examine this claim. We must ascertain whether it is not in reality reinforced and the issue determined not by new nineteenth-century knowledge, but by fragments of the inveterate rationalism which recurs in all epochs of active speculation.

[1] See above, footnote, p. 107.

APPENDIX[1]

MEMORIAL TO MR. WILFRID WARD

LLANDAFF HOUSE,
CAMBRIDGE, *May* 19, 1915.

DEAR MR. WARD,—I think you will like to have the complete list of those who expressed agreement with the memorandum which I circulated in April in consequence of the rumour which was then current of the possible termination of your editorship of the *Dublin Review*. I am rejoiced, as will be all those whose names are here, that no such catastrophe is to take place.

Yours very sincerely,
(*Signed*) ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

MEMORIAL TO MR. WILFRID WARD

/e, the undersigned, being contributors to, or readers of the *Dublin Review*, have learnt with distress that a change of Editor is in contemplation. We wish to express our admiration of the way in which the Review has been conducted by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who has raised it to a position of dignity and influence among non-Catholics as well as Catholics, and we are convinced that in no other hands could its special value be so completely maintained.

[1] This Memorial, list of signatories, &c., are exactly reproduced from the copy sent by Mgr. Barnes to Mr. Wilfrid Ward in May 1915. No corrections have been made to bring the list up to date.

The ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL
,, ,, BIRMINGHAM.
The BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY.
,, ,, MIDDLESBROUGH
,, ,, SOUTHWARK.
,, ,, LEEDS.
,, ,, CLIFTON.
,, ,, NORTHAMPTON.
,, ,, NOTTINGHAM.
,, ,, HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE.
,, ,, AMYCLA (Dr. Fenton).
,, ,, TEOS (Dr. Hanlon).
BISHOP DE WACHTER (Auxiliary to Cardinal Mercier)
The ABBOT OF DOWNSIDE (President of the English Benedictines).
The ABBOT OF AMPLEFORTH, O.S.B.
,, ,, FARNBOROUGH, O.S.B.
,, ,, RAMSGATE, O.S.B.
The CATHEDRAL PRIOR OF BELMONT, O.S.B.
Mgr. BICKERSTAFFE-DREW ('JOHN AYSCOUGH').
Mgr. Provost SCOTT, D.D., V.G.
,, Provost CROFT, V.G.
,, PARKINSON, D.D., Ph.D.
,, KENNARD.
,, WATSON.
,, NOLAN.
,, BARNES.
The DUKE OF NORFOLK.
ADELINE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
The Right Hon. EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON.
The COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH.
Lady MARY HOWARD.
Viscount HALIFAX.
Lord LOVAT
Lord VAUX OF HARROWDEN.
Lord ACTON.
Lady ACTON.
Lord ASHBOURNE.
Lady ASHBOURNE.
The Dowager Lady HERRIES.
The Dowager Lady DE FREYNE.
Lord EDMUND TALBOT, M.P.
Lady EDMUND TALBOT.
Lord HUGH CECIL, M.P.
The Rev. Lord WILLIAM GASCOIGNE-CECIL
Admiral of the Fleet, Lord WALTER KERR, G.C.B.
Major-General Lord RALPH KERR
Lady MARGARET DOMVILLE.
Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR.
Marquis DE CHAMBRUN (*député*)
Marquise DE CHAMBRUN.
Comtesse DE FRANQUEVILLE.
Baron ANATOLE VON HUGEL.
Baroness ANATOLE VON HUGEL.
Sir JOHN ROSS OF BLADENSBURG, K.C.B.
Sir WESTBY PERCIVAL, K.C.M.G.
Sir HERBERT WARREN, K.C.V.O. (President of Magdalen, Oxford).
Sir BERTRAM WINDLE, F.R.S. etc. (President of U.C. Cork).
Lady O'CONOR.
The DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH (Vice-Chancellor of Oxford).
HERBERT A. L. FISHER, F.B.A. (Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield).
J. P. ARENDZEN, D.D., Ph.D.
Mrs. ARKWRIGHT.
W. D. ASTON (Fellow of Downing, Cambridge).
Mrs. REGINALD BALFOUR.
Canon WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.
Dom BAUCHER, O.S.B.
HILAIRE BELLOC.
W. J. BIRKBECK.
Mme. BLUMENTHAL.
Mrs. BLUNDELL of Crosby ('M. E. FRANCIS').
R. RAIKES BROMAGE (Sec. Catholic Universities Board).
J. BREITHOF (University of Louvain).
JAMES BRITTEN, K.S.G. (Hon. Sec. Catholic Truth Soc.)
F. C. BURKITT (Norisian Prof. of Divinity, Cambridge).
EDWIN BURTON, D.D. (Vice-

President, St. Edmund's College, Ware)
Charles Cave.
G. K. Chesterton.
Miss Mary Cholmondeley.
B. J. Collingwood (Prof. of Physiology, U.C. Dublin).
Stuart Dodgson Collingwood.
William Wistar Comfort (Prof. of Oriental Languages, Cornell).
Dom R. H. Connolly, O.S.B.
Mrs. Warre Cornish.
Harold Cox (Editor *Edinburgh Review*)
Mrs. V. M. Crawford.
Miss Mary Samuel Daniel.
C. Dejace (Professor Univ. Liége).
F. Deschamps (Professor Univ. Antwerp).
Bertrand Devas.
Max Drennan (Professor of English, U.C. Galway).
Hon. Eric Drummond.
F. Y. Eccles.
Gervase Elwes.
Dom Fehrenbach, O.S.B.
John Neville Figgis, Litt.D.
Hon. Gerald FitzGerald.
Miss Margaret Fletcher (Foundress Catholic Women's League).
Georges Fonsegrives.
R. E. Froude, C.B., F.R.S.
J. C. Gaisford St. Lawrence.
Dom Gatard, O.S.B. (Prior of Farnborough).
Fr. Gerard.
Fr. Gonne (St. Bede's College, Manchester).
Miss Louise Imogen Guiney.
Alfred Percival Graves.
Everard Green, F.S.A. (Somerset Herald).
H. E. Hall.
Miss Harting.
J. Havet (Professor Univ. Louvain).
A. van Heche (Professor Univ. Louvain).
Bernard Holland, C.B.
Canon H. Scott Holland (Regius Prof. of Divinity, Oxford).
A. van Hoonacker (Prof. of Biblical Exegesis, Louvain).
J. F. Hope, M.P.
Fr. Keating, S.J. (Editor of *The Month*).
Fr. W. H. Kent, O.S.C.
P. H. Kerr.
Mrs. Hamilton King.
D. C. Lathbury.
T. Pakenham Law.
Shane Leslie.
W. S. Lilly (Sec. of Catholic Union).
T. Longueville.
Major Macmillan, R.A.
Fr. Martindale, S.J.
Hon. Joseph Maxwell-Scott.
Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford.
Fr. McKee of the Oratory.
Dom Meunier, O.S.B.
Fr. Miller, O.S.C. (Superior).
Francis McCullagh.
Dom Lorenzo Nardini, O.S.B.
A. Newdigate.
Bernard Newdigate.
R. S. Nolan.
Dom Anselm Parker, O.S.B.
J. S. Phillimore (Prof. of Latin, Glasgow).
Fr. Charles Plater, S.J.
Fr. Pollen, S.J.
A. H. Pollen.
Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P., D.S.S.
G. W. Prothero (Editor *Quarterly Review*)
L. de la Vallée Poussin (Prof. Univ. Ghent).
Athelstan Riley.
F. Paschal Robinson (Washington University).
Wilfrid Robinson
Rev. Mother of Roehampton.
A. F. Roper.
Mother Mary Salome.
Canon Scannell, D.D.
Mrs. Scott-Murray.
Carlisle Spedding.
Fr. Sydney Smith, S.J.

Fr. St. Lawrence, O.S.C.
Dom Steuart, O.S.B.
The Hon. Bellamy Storer.
Mrs. Bellamy Storer.
Canon Sutcliffe.
Fr. Sylvester, O.S.C.
Fr. Tatum
Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson ('Katherine Tynan').
Miss Urquhart.
F. F. Urquhart (Fellow of Balliol, Oxford).
Fr. Vassall-Philips, C.S.S.R.
Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
Fr. Williams (Principal of St. Edmund's House, Cambridge).
Canon Wyndham
F. de Zulueta (Fellow of New College, Oxford).
And others.

Among those who have signed the memorial the following have written voluntarily expressing their appreciation :—

The Bishop of Shrewsbury : 'You will have received my telegram . . . "Regard contemplated change of editor disaster to Catholic periodical literature."'

The Bishop of Leeds : 'Toto corde I add my name to those of the other Bishops. There can be no two opinions in the matter.'

Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour : 'I have a very high regard for Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and should be sorry if anything occurred to diminish his sphere of literary activity.'

Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P. : 'I should hear with profound regret that any change of editors was contemplated for the *Dublin Review*. Mr. Ward has made the *Dublin* a publication of great interest and value, and his loss would be irreparable.'

Mr. Hilaire Belloc : 'Any change in the character of the *Dublin* would be a disaster.'

Mrs. G. K. Chesterton : Mr. Chesterton cannot imagine what reasons there are for altering the editorship of the *Dublin Review*. He says he always finds it excellently done—and as a literary man thinks it stands very high among periodicals.'

Marquis de Chambron (*député*) : 'It is my opinion that in no other hands could the Review be so successful and have such influence for good as under the wise and able direction of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, whose talent as an author and an editor is well known to me and many of my countrymen.'

Canon William Barry, D.D. : 'No quarterly editor has for years approached him in success or brilliancy.'

Mr. Harold Cox (Editor *Edinburgh Review*) : 'I need hardly say how much I value Mr. Wilfrid Ward's work, and how sorry I should be to see him disappear from a sphere in which we are more or less co-workers.

Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., President of Magdalen, Oxford): 'I have been much impressed with its merit and value and the *cachet* which his editorship has put upon it.'

Canon H. Scott Holland : 'Pray add my name, I could not do anything more joyfully. My whole heart goes with it.'

Mrs. Warre Cornish : 'Need I say how exceedingly I regret that it is possible there will be a change in the editorship of the *Dublin*. Mr. Maurice Baring told me he thought it the best edited quarterly in England.'

Fr. Sydney Smith, S.J.: 'I think it would be a great misfortune for the Catholic cause if the *Dublin Review* were to lose the editorship of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who has conducted it so ably and raised it to its present high position among Reviews.'

D. C. Lathbury: 'Mr. Ward has made it the most interesting of all the quarterlies, and its disappearance will be a real loss to English Journalism.'

Mr. Ward's reply ran as follows:—

Lotus, Dorking,
May 25, 1915.

Dear Monsignor Barnes,—I am indeed grateful to you and to those who have associated themselves with you for the memorandum which you forward to me. I feel, however, that any merit the *Dublin Review* has had during the last nine years is due far more to the admirable work of the distinguished contributors who have been associated with my editorship than to any efforts of my own. I have, of course, on many grounds a deep interest in the success and influence of what Cardinal Newman called as long ago as 1866 'the historic *Dublin Review*,' and it is welcome news indeed that so influential and representative a body of its readers are satisfied with what we have done. It is a real reward for past work and a great encouragement for the future.

Will you convey to your friends and accept yourself the expression of my most hearty thanks?

Yours very sincerely,
(*Signed*) Wilfrid Ward.

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