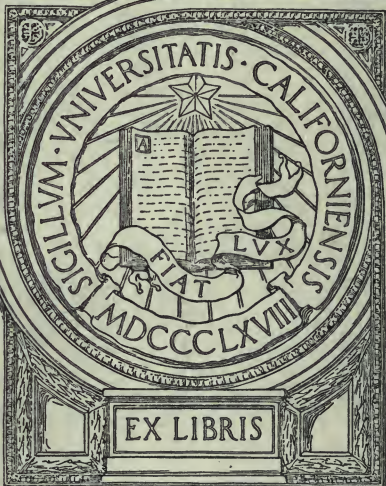


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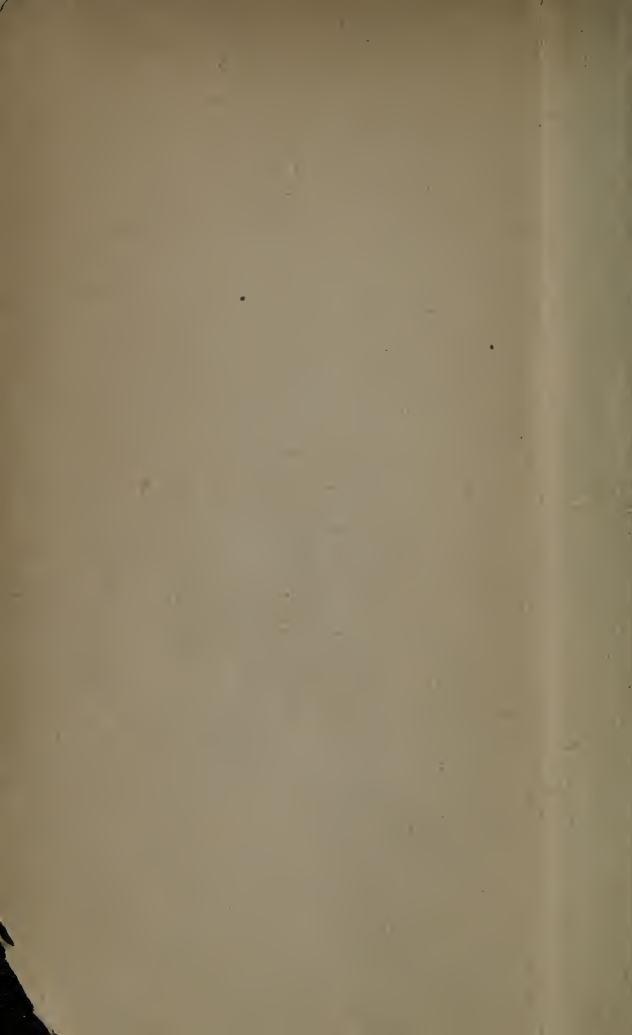
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APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN



THE
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TO THE
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PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1865

THE following History of my Religious Opinions, now that it is detached from the context in which it originally stood, requires some preliminary explanation; and that, not only in order to introduce it generally to the reader, but specially to make him understand, how I came to write a whole book about myself, and about my most private thoughts and feelings. Did I consult indeed my own impulses, I should do my best simply to wipe out of my Volume and consign to oblivion every trace of the circumstances to which it is to be ascribed; but its original title of *Apologia* is too exactly borne out by its matter and structure, and these again are too suggestive of correlative circumstances, and those circumstances are of too grave a character, to allow of my indulging so natural a wish. And therefore, though in this new edition I have managed to omit nearly a hundred pages of my original Volume, which I could safely consider to be of merely ephemeral importance, I am even for that very reason obliged, by way of making up for their absence, to prefix to my narrative some account of the provocation out of which it arose.

It is now more than twenty years that a vague impression to my disadvantage has rested on the popular mind, as if my conduct towards the Anglican Church, while I was a member of it, was inconsistent with Christian simplicity and uprightness. An impression of this kind was almost unavoidable under the circumstances of the case, when a man, who had written strongly against a cause, and had collected a party round him by virtue of such writings, gradually faltered in his opposition to it, unsaid his words, threw his own friends into perplexity, and their proceedings into confusion, and ended by passing over to the side of those whom he had so vigorously denounced. Sensitive then as I have ever been of the imputations which have been so freely cast upon me, I have never felt much impatience under them, as considering them to be a portion of the penalty which I naturally and justly incurred by my change of religion, even though they were to continue as long as I lived. I left their removal to a future day, when personal feelings would have died out, and documents would see the light, which were as yet buried in closets or scattered through the country.

This was my state of mind, as it had been for many years, when, in the beginning of 1864, I unexpectedly found myself publicly put upon my defence, and furnished with an opportunity of pleading my cause before the world, and, as it so happened, with a fair prospect of an impartial hearing. Taken indeed by surprise, as I was, I had much reason to be anxious how I should be able to acquit myself in so serious a matter; however, I had long had a tacit understanding with myself, that in the improbable event of a challenge being formally made to me by a person of name, it would be my duty to meet it. That opportunity had now occurred; it never might occur again; not to avail myself of it at once would be virtually to give up my

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cause; accordingly, I took advantage of it, and, as it has turned out, the circumstance that no time was allowed me for any studied statements has compensated, in the equitable judgment of the public, for such imperfections in composition as my want of leisure involved.

It was in the number for January 1864, of a magazine of wide circulation, and in an article upon Queen Elizabeth, that a popular writer took occasion formally to accuse me by name of thinking so lightly of the virtue of Veracity, as in set terms to have countenanced and defended that neglect of it which he at the same time imputed to the Catholic Priesthood. His words were these:

'Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.'

These assertions, going far beyond the popular prejudice entertained against me, had no foundation whatever in fact. I never had said, I never had dreamed of saying, that truth for its own sake, need not, and on the whole ought not to be, a virtue with the Roman Clergy; or that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the wicked world. To what work of mine then could the writer be referring? In a correspondence which ensued upon the subject between him and myself, he rested his charge against me on a sermon of mine, preached, before I was a Catholic, in the pulpit of my church at Oxford; and he gave me to understand, that, after having done as much as this, he was not bound, over and above such a general reference to my sermon, to specify the passages of it in which the doctrine, which he imputed to me, was contained. On my part, I considered this not enough; and I demanded of him to bring out his proof of his accusation in form and in detail, or to confess he was unable to do so. But he persevered in his refusal to cite any distinct passages, from any writing of mine; and, though he consented to withdraw his charge, he would not do so on the issue of its truth or falsehood, but simply on the ground that I assured him that I had had no intention of incurring it. This did not satisfy my sense of justice. Formally to charge me with committing a fault is one thing; to allow that I did not intend to commit it, is another; it is no satisfaction to me, if a man accuses me of *this* offence, for him to profess that he does not accuse me of *that*; but he thought differently. Not being able then to gain redress in the quarter, where I had a right to ask it, I appealed to the public. I published the correspondence in the shape of a pamphlet, with some remarks of my own at the end, on the course which that correspondence had taken.

This pamphlet, which appeared in the first weeks of February, received a reply from my accuser towards the end of March, in another pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled *What then does Dr New-*

man mean? in which he professed to do that which I had called upon him to do; that is, he brought together a number of extracts from various works of mine, Catholic and Anglican, with the object of showing that, if I was to be acquitted of the crime of teaching and practising deceit and dishonesty, according to his first supposition, it was at the price of my being considered no longer responsible for my actions; for, as he expressed it, 'I had a human reason once, no doubt, but I had gambled it away', and I had 'worked my mind into that morbid state, in which nonsense was the only food for which it hungered'; and that it could not be called 'a hasty, or far-fetched or unfounded mistake, when he concluded that I did not care for truth for its own sake, or teach my disciples to regard it as a virtue'; and, though 'too many prefer the charge of insincerity to that of insipience, Dr Newman seemed not to be of that number.'

He ended his pamphlet by returning to his original imputation against me, which he had professed to abandon. Alluding by anticipation to my probable answer to what he was then publishing, he professed his heartfelt embarrassment how he was to believe anything I might say in my exculpation, in the plain and literal sense of the words. 'I am henceforth', he said, 'in doubt and fear, as much as an honest man can be, concerning every word Dr Newman may write. How can I tell, that I shall not be the dupe of some cunning equivocation, of one of the three kinds laid down as permissible by the blessed St Alfonso da Liguori and his pupils, even when confirmed with an oath, because "then we do not deceive our neighbour, but allow him to deceive himself"? . . . How can I tell, that I may not in this pamphlet have made an accusation, of the truth of which Dr Newman is perfectly conscious; but that, as I, a heretic Protestant, have no business to make it, he has a full right to deny it?'

Even if I could have found it consistent with my duty to my own reputation to leave such an elaborate impeachment of my moral nature unanswered, my duty to my brethren in the Catholic Priesthood would have forbidden such a course. *They* were involved in the charges which this writer, all along, from the original passage in the magazine, to the very last paragraph of the pamphlet, had so confidently, so pertinaciously made. In exculpating myself, it was plain I should be pursuing no mere personal quarrel; I was offering my humble service to a sacred cause. I was making my protest in behalf of a large body of men of high character, of honest and religious minds, and of sensitive honour—who had their place and their rights in this world, though they were ministers of the world unseen, and who were insulted by my accuser, as the above extracts from him sufficiently show, not only in my person, but directly and pointedly in their own. Accordingly, I at once set about writing the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, of which the present volume is a new edition; and it was a great reward to me to find, as the controversy proceeded, such large numbers of my clerical brethren supporting me by their sympathy in the course which I was pursuing, and, as occasion offered, bestowing on me the formal and public expression of their approbation.

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HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS TO THE YEAR 1833

It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself; but I must not shrink from the task. The words 'Secretum meum mihi', keep ringing in my ears; but as men draw towards their end, they care less for disclosures. Nor is it the least part of my trial, to anticipate that my friends may, upon first reading what I have written, consider much in it irrelevant to my purpose; yet I cannot help thinking that, viewed as a whole, it will effect what I wish it to do.

I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course, I had perfect knowledge of my Catechism.

After I was grown up, I put on paper such recollections as I had of my thoughts and feelings on religious subjects at the time that I was a child and a boy. Out of these I select two, which are at once the most definite among them, and also have a bearing on my later convictions.

In the paper to which I have referred, written either in the Long Vacation of 1820, or in October 1823, the following notices of my school

days were sufficiently prominent in my memory for me to consider them worth recording: 'I used to wish the *Arabian Tales* were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans... I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.'

Again, 'Reading in the Spring of 1816 a sentence from [Dr Watts's] *Remnants of Time*, entitled "the Saint unknown to the world", to the effect that "there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them", &c. &c., I supposed he spoke of Angels who lived in the world as it were disguised.'

The other remark is this: 'I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion [when I was fifteen] used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark.'

Of course I must have got this practice from some external source or other; but I can make no sort of conjecture whence; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I only knew by name. The French master was an *émigré* Priest, but he was simply made a butt, as French masters too commonly were in that day, and spoke English very imperfectly. There was a Catholic family in the village, old maiden ladies, we used to think; but I knew nothing but their name. I have of late years heard that there were one or two Catholic boys in the school; but, either we were carefully kept from knowing this, or the knowledge of it made simply no

impression on our minds. My brother will bear witness how free the school was from Catholic ideas.

I had once been into Warwick Street Chapel with my father, who, I believe, wanted to hear some piece of music; all that I bore away from it was the recollection of a pulpit, and a preacher, and a boy swinging a censer.

When I was at Littlemore, I was looking over old copy-books of my school days, and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; and in the first page of it there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. I have the book before me now, and have just been showing it to others. I have written in the first page, in my school-boy hand, 'John H. Newman, February 11th, 1811, Verse Book'; then follow my first verses. Between 'Verse' and 'Book' I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be any thing else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old. I suppose I got the idea from some romance, Mrs Radcliffe's, or Miss Porter's; or from some religious picture; but the strange thing is, how, among the thousand objects which meet a boy's eyes, these in particular should so have fixed themselves in my mind, that I made them thus practically my own. I am certain there was nothing in the churches I attended, or the prayer books I read, to suggest them. It must be recollected that churches and prayer books were not decorated in those days as I believe they are now.

When I was fourteen, I read Paine's tracts against the Old Testament, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them. Also, I read some of Hume's *Essays*; and perhaps that on Miracles. So at least I gave my father to understand; but perhaps it was a brag. Also, I recollect copying out some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, against the immortality of the soul, and saying to myself something like, 'How dreadful, but how plausible!'

When I was fifteen (in the autumn of 1816) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations, and sermons, and the excellent man, long dead, who was the human means of of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a divine source, *viz.* the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I

believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, *viz.* in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator; for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, I thought others simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself.

The detestable doctrine last mentioned is simply denied and abjured, unless my memory strangely deceives me, by the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul—Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an undergraduate, I thought of making a visit to his parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition, even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death, in 1821, came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow. I hung upon the lips of Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, as in two sermons at St. John's Chapel, he gave the history of Scott's life and death. I had been possessed of his *Essays* from a boy; his *Commentary* I bought when I was an undergraduate.

What, I suppose, will strike any reader of Scott's history and writings, is his bold unworldliness and vigorous independence of mind. He followed truth wherever it led him, beginning

with Unitarianism, and ending in a zealous faith in the Holy Trinity. It was he who first planted deep in my mind that fundamental truth of religion. With the assistance of Scott's *Essays*, and the admirable work of Jones of Nayland, I made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine, with remarks (I think) of my own upon them, before I was sixteen; and a few months later I drew up a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed. These papers I have still.

Besides his unworldliness, what I also admired in Scott was his resolute opposition to Antinomianism, and the minutely practical character of his writings. They show him to be a true Englishman, and I deeply felt his influence; and for years I used almost as proverbs what I considered to be the scope and issue of his doctrine, 'Holiness before peace', and 'Growth is the only evidence of life.'

Calvinists make a sharp separation between the elect and the world; there is much in this that is parallel or cognate to the Catholic doctrine; but they go on to say, as I understand them, very differently from Catholicism—that the converted and the unconverted can be discriminated by man, that the justified are conscious of their state of justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. Catholics, on the other hand, shade and soften the awful antagonism between good and evil, which is one of their dogmas, by holding that there is a great difference in point of gravity between sin and sin, that there is the possibility and the danger of falling away, and that there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is simply

in a state of grace, and much less that he is to persevere to the end: of the Calvinistic tenets, the only one which took root in my mind was the fact of heaven and hell, divine favour and divine wrath, of the justified and the unjustified. The notion that the regenerate and the justified were one and the same, and that the regenerate, as such, had the gift of perseverance, remained with me not many years, as I have said already.

This main Catholic doctrine of the warfare between the City of God and the powers of darkness was also deeply impressed upon my mind by a work of a very opposite character, *Law's Serious Call*.

From this time, I have given a full inward assent and belief to the doctrine of eternal punishment, as delivered by our Lord Himself, in as true a sense as I hold that of eternal happiness; though I have tried in various ways to make that truth less terrible to the reason.

Now I come to two other works, which produced a deep impression on me in the same autumn of 1816, when I was fifteen years old, each contrary to each, and planting in me the seeds of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled me for a long course of years. I read Joseph Milner's *Church History*, and was nothing short of enamoured of the long extracts from St Augustine and the other Fathers which I found there. I read them as being the religion of the primitive Christians: but simultaneously with Milner, I read Newton's *On the Prophecies*, and in consequence became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St Paul, and St John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up

to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date, but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience. Hence came that conflict of mind, which so many have felt besides myself; leading some men to make a compromise between two ideas, so inconsistent with each other, driving others to beat out the one idea or the other from their minds, and ending in my own case, after many years of intellectual unrest, in the gradual decay and extinction of one of them—I do not say in its violent death, for why should I not have murdered it sooner, if I murdered it at all?

I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination, which at this time, the autumn of 1816, took possession of me,—there can be no mistake about the fact, *viz.* that it was the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since—with the break of a month now and a month then, up to 1829, and, after that date, without any break at all—was more or less connected, in my mind, with the notion that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years. It also strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world, of which I have spoken above.

In 1822 I came under very different influences from those to which I had hitherto been subjected. At that time, Mr Whately, as he was then, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, for the few months he remained in Oxford, which he was leaving for

good, showed great kindness to me. He renewed it in 1825, when he became Principal of Alban Hall, making me his Vice-Principal and Tutor. Of Dr Whately I will speak presently, for from 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the present Provost of Oriel, Dr Hawkins, at that time Vicar of St Mary's; and, when I took orders in 1824, and had a curacy at Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart, that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because in the first years that I knew him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.

He was the first who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.

Then, as to doctrine, he was the means of great additions to my belief. As I have noticed

elsewhere, he gave me the *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching*, by Summer, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I learned to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. In many other ways, too, he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic.

It was Dr Hawkins, too, who taught me to anticipate, that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the books and the canon of Scripture. I was brought to the same belief by the conversation of Mr Blanco White, who also led me to have freer views on the subject of inspiration than were usual in the Church of England at the time.

There is one other principle which I gained from Dr Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism, than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of Tradition. When I was an undergraduate, I heard him preach in the University Pulpit his celebrated sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was original with him, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, *viz.* that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse

to the formularies of the Church; for instance to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers, that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought. Dr Whately held it too. One of its effects was to strike at the root of the principle on which the Bible Society was set up. I belonged to its Oxford Association; it became a matter of time when I should withdraw my name from its subscription-list, though I did not do so at once.

It is with pleasure that I pay here a tribute to the memory of the Rev. William James, then Fellow of Oriel; who, about the year 1823, taught me the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church meadow: I recollect being somewhat impatient on the subject at the time.

It was at about this date, I suppose, that I read Bishop Butler's *Analogy*; the study of which has been to so many, as it was to me, an era in their religious opinions. Its inculcation of a visible Church, the oracle of truth and a pattern of sanctity, of the duties of external religion, and of the historical character of Revelation, are characteristics of this great work which strike the reader at once; for myself, if I may attempt to determine what I most gained from it, it lay in two points, which I shall have an opportunity of dwelling on in the sequel; they are the underlying principles of a great portion of my teaching. First, the very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God

leads to the conclusion, that the system which is of less importance is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of this conclusion the theory, to which I was inclined as a boy, *viz.* the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution. At this time I did not make the distinction between matter itself and its phenomena, which is so necessary and so obvious in discussing the subject. Secondly, Butler's doctrine that Probability is the guide of life led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the question of the logical cogency of Faith, on which I have written so much. Thus to Butler I trace those two principles of my teaching, which have led to a charge against me both of fancifulness and of scepticism.

And now, as to Dr Whately. I owe him a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, 'all his geese were swans'. While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. After being first noticed by him, in 1822, I became very intimate with him in 1825, when I was his Vice-Principal at Alban Hall. I gave up that office in 1826, when I became Tutor of my College, and his hold upon me gradually relaxed. He had done his work towards me, or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes, and to walk with my own feet. Not that I had not a good deal to learn from others still, but I influenced them

as well as they me, and co-operated rather than merely concurred with them. As to Dr Whately, his mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line. I recollect how dissatisfied he was with an article of mine in the *London Review*, which Blanco White, good-humouredly, only called Platonic. When I was diverging from him (which he did not like), I thought of dedicating my first book to him, in words to the effect, that he had not only taught me to think, but to think for myself. He left Oxford in 1831; after that, as far as I can recollect, I never saw him but twice—when he visited the University; once in the street, once in a room. From the time that he left, I have always felt a real affection for what I must call his memory; for thenceforward he made himself dead to me. My reason told me that it was impossible that we could have got on together longer; yet I loved him too much to bid him farewell without pain. After a few years had passed, I began to believe that his influence on me in a higher respect than intellectual advance (I will not say through his fault) had not been satisfactory. I believe that he has inserted sharp things in his later works about me. They have never come in my way, and I have not thought it necessary to seek out what would pain me so much in the reading.

What he did for me in point of religious opinion was first to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity, which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement. On this point, and, as far as I know, on this

point alone, he and Hurrell Froude intimately sympathized, though Froude's development of opinion here was of a later date. In the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he said much to me about a work then just published, called *Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian*. He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. One of our common friends told me, that, after reading it, he could not keep still, but went on walking up and down his room. It was ascribed at once to Whately; I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me; rightly or wrongly I yielded to the general voice; and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately.

The main positions of this able essay are these; first that Church and State should be independent of each other; he speaks of the duty of protesting 'against the profanation of Christ's kingdom, by that *double usurpation*, the interference of the Church in temporals, of the State in spirituals' (p. 191); and, secondly, that the Church may justly and by right retain its property, though separated from the State. 'The clergy', he says (p. 133), 'though they ought not to be the hired servants of the Civil Magistrate, may justly retain their revenues; and the State, though it has no right of interference in spiritual concerns, not only is justly entitled to support from the ministers of religion, and from all other Christians, but would, under the system I am recommending, obtain it much more effectually.' The author of this work,

whoever he may be, argues out both these points with great force and ingenuity, and with a thorough-going vehemence, which, perhaps, we may refer to the circumstance, that he wrote, not *in propria persona*, but in the professed character of a Scotch Episcopalian. His work had a gradual, but a deep effect on my mind.

I am not aware of any other religious opinion which I owe to Dr Whately. For his special theological tenets I had no sympathy. In the next year, 1827, he told me he considered that I was Arianizing. The case was this: though at that time I had not read Bishop Bull's *Defensio*, nor the Fathers, I was just then very strong for that ante-Nicene view of the Trinitarian doctrine, which some writers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have accused of wearing a sort of Arian exterior. This is the meaning of a passage in Froude's *Remains*, in which he seems to accuse me of speaking against the Athanasian Creed. I had contrasted the two aspects of the Trinitarian doctrine, which are respectively presented by the Athanasian Creed and the Nicene. My criticisms were to the effect, that some of the verses of the former Creed were unnecessarily scientific. This is a specimen of a certain disdain for antiquity which had been growing on me now for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, about whom I knew little at the time, except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing on the Scripture Miracles in 1825-6, I had read Middleton on *The Miracles of the Early Church*, and had imbibed a portion of his spirit.

The truth is, I was beginning to prefer intellec-

tual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of liberalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827, by two great blows—illness and bereavement.

In the beginning of 1829 came the formal break between Dr Whately and me; Mr Peel's attempted re-election was the occasion of it. I think in 1828, or 1827, I had voted in the minority, when the petition to Parliament against the Catholic claims was brought into Convocation. I did so mainly on the views suggested to me by the theory of the *Letters of an Episcopalian*. Also I disliked the bigoted 'two bottle orthodox', as they were invidiously called. I took part against Mr Peel on a simple academical, not at all an ecclesiastical or a political, ground; and this I professed at the time. I considered that Mr Peel had taken the University by surprise, that he had no right to call upon us to turn round on a sudden, and to expose ourselves to the imputation of time-serving, and that a great University ought not to be bullied, even by a great Duke of Wellington. Also by this time I was under the influence of Keble and Froude; who, in addition to the reasons I have given, disliked the Duke's change of policy as dictated by liberalism.

Whately was considerably annoyed at me, and he took a humourous revenge, of which he had given me due notice beforehand. As head of a house, he had duties of hospitality to men of all parties; he asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of port; he made me one of the party; placed me between Provost This and Principal That, and then asked me if I

was proud of my friends. However, he had a serious meaning in his act; he saw, more clearly than I could do, that I was separating from his own friends for good and all.

Dr Whately attributed my leaving his *clientela* to a wish on my part to be the head of a party myself. I do not think that it was deserved. My habitual feeling then and since has been, that it was not I who sought friends, but friends who sought me. Never man had kinder or more indulgent friends than I have had, but I expressed my own feeling as to the mode in which I gained them, in this very year 1829, in the course of a copy of verses. Speaking of my blessings, I said: 'Blessings of friends, which to my door, *unasked, un hoped*, have come'. They have come, they have gone; they came to my great joy, they went to my great grief. He who gave, took away. Dr Whately's impression about me, however, admits of this explanation:

During the first years of my residence at Oriel, though proud of my College, I was not at home there. I was very much alone, and I used often to take my daily walk by myself. I recollect once meeting Dr Copleston, then Provost, with one of the Fellows. He turned round, and with the kind courteousness which sat so well on him, made me a bow, and said 'Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus'. At that time, indeed, (from 1823) I had the intimacy of my dear and true friend Dr Pusey, and could not fail to admire and revere a soul so devoted to the cause of religion, so full of good works, so faithful in his affections; but he left residence when I was getting to know him well. As to

Dr Whately himself, he was too much my superior to allow of my being at my ease with him; and to no one in Oxford at this time did I open my heart fully and familiarly. But things changed in 1826. At that time I became one of the Tutors of my College, and this gave me position; besides I had written one or two Essays which had been well received. I began to be known. I preached my first University Sermon. Next year I was one of the Public Examiners for the B.A. degree. It was to me like the feeling of spring weather after winter; and, if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841.

The two persons who knew me best at that time are still alive, beneficed clergymen, no longer my friends. They could tell better than any one else what I was in those years. From this time my tongue was, as it were, loosened, and I spoke spontaneously and without effort. A shrewd man, who knew me at this time, said, 'Here is a man who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak; and, when he once begins to speak, will never stop'. It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils, and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert I. Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whately then, an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.

The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out

of sight. Having carried off, as a mere boy, the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower, to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my Undergraduate years. 'I had to hasten to the Tower', I say to him, 'to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground'. His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When, one day, I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble'! and with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of

St Paul's, Dr Milman, admired and loved him, adding, that somehow he was unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel, he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828: it is one of the sayings preserved in his *Remains*: 'Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.'

The Christian Year made its appearance in 1827. It is not necessary, and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language. When the general tone of religious literature was so nerveless and impotent, as it was at that time, Keble struck an original note and woke up in the hearts of thousands a new music, the music of a school, long unknown in England. Nor can I pretend to analyze, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful. I have never till now tried to do so; yet I think I am not wrong in saying, that the two main intellectual truths which it brought home to me, were the same two, which I had learned from Butler, though recast in the creative mind of my new master. The first of these was what may be called, in a large sense of the word, the Sacramental system; that is, the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen, a doctrine which embraces not only what Angli-

cans as well as Catholics believe about Sacraments properly so called, but also the article of 'the Communion of Saints' in its fulness: and likewise the Mysteries of the faith. The connexion of this philosophy of religion with what is sometimes called 'Berkeleyism' has been mentioned above; I knew little of Berkeley at this time except by name; nor have I ever studied him.

On the second intellectual principle which I gained from Mr Keble, I could say a great deal, if this were the place for it. It runs through very much that I have written, and has gained for me many hard names. Butler teaches us that probability is the guide of life. The danger of this doctrine, in the case of many minds, is its tendency to destroy in them absolute certainty, leading them to consider every conclusion as doubtful, and resolving truth into an opinion, which it is safe to obey or to profess, but not possible to embrace with full internal assent. If this were to be allowed, then the celebrated saying, 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!' would be the highest measure of devotion—but who can really pray to a Being about whose existence he is seriously in doubt?

I considered that Mr Keble met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine, not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. In matters of religion, he seemed to say, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain. but probability as it is put to account by faith and love. It is faith and love which give to probability a force which it has not in itself. Faith and love are directed towards an Object; in

the vision of that Object they live; it is that Object, received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction. Thus the argument about Probability, in the matter of religion, became an argument from Personality, which in fact is one form of the argument from Authority.

In illustration, Mr Keble used to quote the words of the Psalm: 'I will guide thee with mine *eye*. Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding; whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee'. This is the very difference, he used to say, between slaves, and friends, or children. Friends do not ask for literal commands; but, from their knowledge of the speaker, they understand his half-words, and from love of him they anticipate his wishes. Hence it is that, in his *Poem for St Bartholomew's Day*, he speaks of the 'Eye of God's word'; and in the note quotes Mr Miller, of Worcester College, who remarks, in his Bampton Lectures, on the special power of Scripture, as having 'this Eye, like that of a portrait, uniformly fixed upon us, turn where we will'. The view thus suggested by Mr Keble is brought forward in one of the earliest of the *Tracts for the Times*. In No. 8 I say, 'The Gospel is a Law of Liberty. We are treated as sons, not as servants; not subjected to a code of formal commandments, but addressed as those who love God, and wish to please Him.'

I did not at all dispute this view of the matter, for I made use of it myself; but I was dissatisfied, because it did not go to the root of the difficulty. It was beautiful and religious,

but it did not even profess to be logical; and, accordingly, I tried to complete it by considerations of my own, which are implied in my *University Sermons, Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles, and Essay on Development of Doctrine*. My argument is in outline as follows: that that absolute certitude which we were able to possess, whether as to the truths of natural theology, or as to the fact of a revelation, was the result of an *assemblage* of concurring and converging probabilities, and that, both according to the constitution of the human mind and the will of its Maker, that certitude was a habit of mind, that certainty was a quality of propositions; that probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty, might create a mental certitude; that the certitude thus created might equal in measure and strength the certitude which was created by the strictest scientific demonstration; and that to have such certitude might, in given cases and to given individuals, be a plain duty, though not to others in other circumstances:

Moreover, that as there were probabilities which sufficed to create certitude, so there were other probabilities which were legitimately adapted to create opinion; that it might be quite as much a matter of duty in given cases and to given persons to have about a fact an opinion of a definite strength and consistency, as in the case of greater or of more numerous probabilities it was a duty to have a certitude; that, accordingly, we were bound to be more or less sure, on a sort of (as it were) graduated scale of assent, *viz.* according as the probabilities attaching to a professed fact were brought home to us, and, as the case might be, to entertain about

it a pious belief, or a pious opinion, or a religious conjecture, or at least, a tolerance of such belief, or opinion, or conjecture in others; that on the other hand, as it was a duty to have a belief, of more or less strong texture, in given cases, so in other cases it was a duty not to believe, not to opine, not to conjecture, not even to tolerate the notion that a professed fact was true, inasmuch as it would be credulity, or superstition, or some other moral fault, to do so. This was the region of Private Judgment in religion; that is, of a Private Judgment, not formed arbitrarily, and according to one's fancy or liking, but conscientiously, and under a sense of duty.

Considerations such as these throw a new light on the subject of Miracles, and they seem to have led me to re-consider the view which I took of them in my *Essay* in 1825-6. I do not know what was the date of this change in me, nor of the train of ideas on which it was founded. That there had been already great miracles, as those of Scripture, as the Resurrection, was a fact establishing the principle that the laws of nature had sometimes been suspended by their Divine Author; and since what had happened once might happen again, a certain probability, at least no kind of improbability, was attached to the idea, taken in itself, of miraculous intervention in later times, and miraculous accounts were to be regarded in connexion with the verisimilitude, scope, instrument, character, testimony, and circumstances, with which they presented themselves to us; and, according to the final result of those various considerations, it was our duty to

be sure, or to believe, or to opine, or to surmise, or to tolerate, or to denounce. The main difference between my *Essay on Miracles* in 1826 and my *Essay* in 1842 is this: that in 1826 I considered that miracles were sharply divided into two classes, those which were to be received, and those which were to be rejected; whereas in 1842 I saw that they were to be regarded according to their greater or less probability, which was in some cases sufficient to create certitude about them, in other cases only belief or opinion.

Moreover, the argument from Analogy, on which this view of the question was founded, suggested to me something besides, in recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Miracles. It fastened itself upon the theory of Church History which I had learned as a boy from Joseph Milner. It is Milner's doctrine, that upon the visible Church come down from above, from time to time, large and temporary *Effusions* of divine grace. This is the leading idea of his work. He begins by speaking of the Day of Pentecost, as marking 'the first of those *Effusions* of the Spirit of God, which from age to age have visited the earth since the coming of Christ', (vol. i. p. 3). In a note he adds that 'in the term "Effusion" there is not here included the idea of the miraculous or extraordinary operations of the Spirit of God'; but still it was natural for me, admitting Milner's general theory, and applying to it the principle of analogy, not to stop short at his abrupt *ipse dixit*, but boldly to pass forward to the conclusion, on other grounds plausible, that, as miracles accompanied the first effusion of grace, so they

might accompany the later. It is surely a natural and, on the whole, a true anticipation (though of course there are exceptions in particular cases), that gifts and graces go together; now, according to the ancient Catholic doctrine, the gift of miracles was viewed as the attendant and shadow of transcendent sanctity; and moreover, as such sanctity was not of every day's occurrence, nay further, as one period of Church history differed widely from another, and, as Joseph Milner would say, there have been generations or centuries of degeneracy or disorder, and times of revival, and as one region might be in the mid-day of religious fervour, and another in twilight or gloom, there was no force in the popular argument, that, because we did not see miracles with our own eyes, miracles had not happened in former times, or were not now at this very time taking place in distant places—but I must not dwell longer on a subject, to which in a few words it is impossible to do justice.

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts—so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects, in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force, and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion,

which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart ; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative. not for their own sake, or because I love, and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as they have influenced my theological views. In this respect then, I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspect—as a man of high genius, brimful, and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, ‘The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants’ ; and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginitv ; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great Pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints ; he had a keen appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights ; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of

miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Medieval Church, but not to the Primitive.

He had a keen insight into abstract truth; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the detail or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy.

It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived

from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

There is one remaining source of my opinions to be mentioned, and that far from the least important. In proportion as I moved out of the shadow of liberalism which had hung over my course, my early devotion towards the Fathers returned; and in the Long Vacation of 1828 I set about to read them chronologically, beginning with St Ignatius and St Justin. About 1830 a proposal was made to me by Mr Hugh Rose, who with Mr Lyall (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) was providing writers for a Theological Library, to furnish them with a History of the Principal Councils. I accepted it, and at once set to work on the Council of Nicæa. It was launching myself on an ocean with currents innumerable; and I was drifted back first to the ante-Nicene history, and then to the Church of Alexandria. The work at last appeared under the title of *The Arians of the Fourth Century*; and, of its 422 pages, the first 117 consisted of introductory matter, and the Council of Nicæa did not appear till the 254th, and then occupied at most twenty pages.

I do not know when I first learnt to consider that Antiquity was the true exponent of the doctrines of Christianity, and the basis of the Church of England; but I take it for granted that Bishop Bull, whose works at this time I

read, was my chief introduction to this principle. The course of reading which I pursued in the composition of my work was directly adapted to develop it in my mind. What principally attracted me in the Ante-Nicene period was the great Church of Alexandria, the historical centre of teaching in those times. Of Rome, for some centuries, comparatively little is known. The battle of Arianism was first fought in Alexandria; Athanasius, the champion of the truth, was Bishop of Alexandria; and in his writings he refers to the great religious names of an earlier date, to Origen, Dionysius, and others who were the glory of its see, or of its school. The broad philosophy of Clement and Origen carried me away; the philosophy, not the theological doctrine; and I have drawn out some features of it in my volume, with the zeal and freshness, but with the partiality of a neophyte. Some portions of their teaching, magnificent in themselves, came like music to my inward ear, as if the response to ideas, which, with little external to encourage them, I had cherished so long. These were based on the mystical or sacramental principle, and spoke of the various Economies or Dispensations of the Eternal. I understood them to mean that the exterior world, physical and historical, was but the outward manifestation of realities greater than itself. Nature was a parable*: Scripture was an allegory: pagan literature, philosophy, and mythology, properly understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. The Greek poets and sages were in a certain sense prophets; for 'thoughts beyond

* *Vide* Mr Morris's beautiful poem with this title.

their thought to those high bards were given'. There had been a divine dispensation granted to the Jews; there had been in some sense a dispensation carried on in favour of the Gentiles. He who had taken the seed of Jacob for His elect people, had not therefore cast the rest of mankind out of His sight. In the fulness of time both Judaism and Paganism had come to nought: the outward framework, which concealed, yet suggested, the Living Truth, had never been intended to last, and it was dissolving under the beams of the Sun of Justice behind it, and through it. The process of change had been slow; it had been done, not rashly, but by rule and measure, 'at sundry times and in divers manners', first one disclosure and then another, till the whole was brought into full manifestation. And thus room was made for the anticipation of further and deeper disclosures, of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed. The visible world still remains without its divine interpretation; Holy Church in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments, will remain even to the end of the world, only a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expressions in human language of truths to which the human mind is unequal. It is evident how much there was in all this in correspondence with the thoughts which had attracted me when I was young, and with the doctrine which I have already connected with the Analogy and the Christian Year.

I suppose it was to the Alexandrian school, and to the early Church, that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the Angels. I

viewed them, not only as the ministers employed by the Creator in the Jewish and Christian dispensations, as we find on the face of Scripture, but as carrying on, as Scripture also implies, the Economy of the Visible World. I considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of those elementary principles of the physical universe, which, when offered in their developments to our senses, suggest to us the notion of cause and effect, and of what are called the laws of nature. I have drawn out this doctrine in my Sermon for Michaelmas day, written not later than 1834. I say of the Angels: 'Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God'. Again, I ask what would be the thoughts of a man who, 'when examining a flower, or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and ornaments those objects were, which he was so eager to analyze?' and I therefore remark, that 'we may say with grateful and simple hearts, with the Three Holy Children, "O all ye works of the Lord, etc., etc., bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."' "

Also, besides the hosts of evil spirits, I considered there was a middle race, δαιμόνια, neither in heaven, nor in hell; partially fallen, capricious,

wayward; noble or crafty, benevolent or malicious, as the case might be. They gave a sort of inspiration or intelligence to races, nations, and classes of men. Hence the action of bodies politic, and associations, which is so different often from that of the individuals who compose them. Hence the character and the instinct of states and governments, of religious communities and communions. I thought they were inhabited by unseen intelligences. My preference of the Personal to the Abstract would naturally lead me to this view. I thought it countenanced by the mention of 'the Prince of Persia' in the Prophet Daniel; and I think I considered that it was of such intermediate beings that the Apocalypse spoke, when it introduced 'the Angels of the Seven Churches.'

In 1837 I made a further development of this doctrine. I said to my great friend, Samuel Francis Wood, in a letter which came into my hands on his death, 'I have an idea. The mass of the Fathers (Justin, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, Sulpicius, Ambrose, Nazianzen) hold that, though Satan fell from the beginning, the Angels fell before the deluge, falling in love with the daughters of men. This has lately come across me as a remarkable solution of a notion which I cannot help holding. Daniel speaks as if each nation had its guardian Angel. I cannot but think that there are beings with a great deal of good in them, yet with great defects, who are the animating principles of certain institutions, etc., etc... Take England, with many high virtues, and yet a low Catholicism. It seems to me that John Bull is a spirit neither of heaven nor hell. Has not the Christian Church,

in its parts, surrendered itself to one or other of these simulations of the truth?.. How are we to avoid Scylla and Charybdis, and go straight on to the very image of Christ?' etc., etc.

I am aware that what I have been saying will, with many men, be doing credit to my imagination at the expense of my judgment: 'Hippoclidés doesn't care'; I am not setting myself up as a pattern of good sense or of any thing else; I am but vindicating myself from the charge of dishonesty. There is indeed another view of the Economy brought out, in the course of the same dissertation on the subject, in my *History of the Arians*, which has afforded matter for the latter imputation; but I reserve it for the concluding portion of my Reply.

While I was engaged in writing my work upon the Arians, great events were happening at home and abroad, which brought out into form and passionate expression the various beliefs which had so gradually been winning their way into my mind. Shortly before, there had been a Revolution in France; the Bourbons had been dismissed: and I believed that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and, much more, sovereigns who had the Divine Right of inheritance. Again, the great Reform Agitation was going on around me as I wrote. The Whigs had come into power; Lord Grey had told the Bishops to set their house in order, and some of the prelates had been insulted and threatened in the streets of London. The vital question was how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized? There was such apathy on the subject in some quarters; such imbecile alarm in others;

the true principles of Churchmanship seemed so radically decayed, and there was such distraction in the councils of the Clergy. The Bishop of London of the day, an active and open-hearted man, had been for years engaged in diluting the high orthodoxy of the Church by the introduction of the Evangelical body into places of influence and trust. He had deeply offended men who agreed with myself, by an off-hand saying (as it was reported) to the effect that belief in the Apostolical succession had gone out with the Non-jurors. 'We can count you', he said to some of the gravest and most venerated persons of the old school. And the Evangelical party itself seemed, with their late successes, to have lost that simplicity and unworldliness which I admired so much in Milner and Scott. It was not that I did not venerate such men as the then Bishop of Lichfield, and others of similar sentiments, who were not yet promoted out of the ranks of the Clergy, but I thought little of them as a class. I thought they played into the hands of the Liberals. With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval Mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognized the movement of my Spiritual Mother. 'Incessu patuit Dea'. The self-conquest of her Ascetics, the patience of her Martyrs, the irresistible determination of her Bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, 'Look on this picture and on that'; I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt

dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still, I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation.

At this time I was disengaged from College duties, and my health had suffered from the labour involved in the composition of my volume. It was ready for the Press in July, 1832, though not published till the end of 1833. I was easily persuaded to join Hurrell Froude and his father, who were going to the south of Europe for the health of the former.

We set out in December, 1832. It was during this expedition that my verses which are in the *Lyra Apostolica* were written; a few indeed before it, but not more than one or two of them after it. Exchanging, as I was, definite tutorial labours, and the literary quiet, and pleasant friendships of the last six years, for foreign countries and an unknown future, I naturally was led to think that some inward change, as well as some larger course of action, was coming upon me. At Whitchurch, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth, I wrote the verses about my Guardian Angel, which begin with these words: 'Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend?' and go on

to speak of 'the vision' which haunted me; that vision is more or less brought out in the whole series of these compositions.

I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean, parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily, at the end of April, and got back to England by Palermo in the early part of July. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself; I found pleasure in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. I had a conversation with the Dean of Malta, a most pleasant man, lately dead; but it was about the Fathers, and the Library of the great church. I knew the Abbate Santini, at Rome, who did no more than copy for me the Gregorian tones. Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignore (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese, shortly before we left Rome. I do not recollect being in a room with any other ecclesiastics, except a Priest at Castro-Giovanni, in Sicily, who called on me when I was ill, and with whom I wished to hold a controversy. As to Church Services, we attended the Tenebræ, at the Sistine, for the sake of the Miserere; and that was all. My general feeling was, 'All, save the spirit of man, is divine'. I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. I was still more driven back into myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.

It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolour. On my return, though forced to stop a day at Paris, I kept indoors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city, was what I saw from the diligence. The Bishop of London had already sounded me as to my filling one of the Whitehall preacherships, which he had just then put on a new footing; but I was indignant at the line which he was taking, and from my steamer I had sent home a letter declining the appointment, by anticipation, should it be offered to me. At this time I was specially annoyed with Dr Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked in conversation, at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian? it was answered that Dr Arnold took it; I interposed 'But is *he* a Christian?' The subject went out of my head at once; when afterwards I was taxed with it I could say no more in explanation than, that I thought I must have been alluding to some free views of Dr Arnold about the Old Testament—I thought I must have meant 'But who is to answer for Arnold?' It was at Rome too that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in *The British Magazine*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time: we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference, now that I am back again.'

Especially when I was left by myself, the

thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought, not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words, which had ever been dear to me from my school days, 'Exoriare aliquis'!—now too, that Southey's beautiful poem of *Thalaba*, for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind. I began to think that I had a mission. There are sentences of my letters to my friends to this effect, if they are not destroyed. When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity 'We have a work to do in England'. I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die'. I repeated 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light'. I never have been able to make out at all what I meant.

I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn, in the morning of May 26th or 27th, I sat down on my bed, and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer 'I have a work to do in England.'

I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks.

I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines 'Lead, kindly light', which have since become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day till I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of *National Apostasy*. I have ever considered, and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

1833 TO 1839

IN spite of the foregoing pages, I have no romantic story to tell; but I wrote them, because it is my duty to tell things as they took place. I have not exaggerated the feelings with which I returned to England, and I have no desire to dress up the events which followed, so as to make them in keeping with the narrative which has gone before. I soon relapsed into the everyday life which I had hitherto led; in all things the same, except that a new object was given me. I had employed myself in my own rooms in reading and writing, and in the care of a Church, before I left England, and I returned to the same occupations when I was back again. And yet, perhaps, those first vehement feelings which carried me on were necessary for the beginning of the Movement; and afterwards, when it was once begun, the special need of me was over.

When I got home from abroad, I found that already a movement had commenced in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening the religion of the nation and its Church. Several zealous and able men had united their counsels, and were in correspondence with each other. The principal of these were

Mr Keble, Hurrell Froude, who had reached home long before me, Mr William Palmer of Dublin, and Worcester College (not Mr W. Palmer of Magdalen, who is now a Catholic), Mr Arthur Perceval, and Mr Hugh Rose.

To mention Mr Hugh Rose's name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him a host of pleasant and affectionate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength, and shortened his life, 'Pro Ecclesia Dei', as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier, he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University Pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig Government came into power; and he anticipated in their distribution of Church patronage the authoritative introduction of liberal opinions into the country—by 'liberal' I mean liberalism in *religion*, for questions of politics, as such, do not come into this narrative at all. He feared, that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order, under such grave circumstances, to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the coming danger, he had, in 1832, commenced *The British Magazine*, and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers

for his publication; on that occasion I became known to him through Mr Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the centre of an ecclesiastical movement, if such a movement were to depend on the action of a party. His delicate health, his premature death, would have frustrated the expectation, even though the new school of opinion had been more exactly thrown into the shape of a party than in fact was the case. But he zealously backed up the first efforts of those who were principals in it; and, when he went abroad to die, in 1838, he allowed me the solace of expressing my feelings of attachment and gratitude to him, by addressing him, in the dedication of a volume of my Sermons, as the man, 'who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother.'

But there were other reasons, besides Mr Rose's state of health, which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close co-operation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for attaining it. Mr Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connexion through the country. Froude and I were nobodies; with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go a-head across country, as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was

a bold rider, as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr Rose said of him with quiet humour, that 'he did not seem to be afraid of inferences'. It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas, in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions, which, as it seemed to me, ever occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism—that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State—was the parent, or if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool, of Liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth—Rose was a 'conservative'. By bad luck, I brought out this word to Mr Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted into the *Magazine*. I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain, as Froude could have, of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation.

But there was another reason still, and a more elementary one, which severed Mr Rose from the Oxford Movement. Living movements do

not come of committees, nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post. This principle deeply penetrated both Froude and myself from the first, and recommended to us the course which things soon took spontaneously, and without set purpose of our own. Universities are the natural centres of intellectual movements. How could men act together, whatever was their zeal, unless they were united in a sort of individuality? Now, first, we had no unity of place. Mr Rose was in Suffolk, Mr Perceval in Surrey, Mr Keble in Gloucestershire; Hurrell Froude had to go for his health to Barbados. Mr Palmer, indeed, was in Oxford; this was an important advantage, and told well in the first months of the Movement—but another condition, besides that of place, was required.

A far more essential unity was that of antecedents—a common history, common memories, an intercourse of mind with mind in the past, and a progress and increase of that intercourse in the present. Mr Perceval, to be sure, was a pupil of Mr Keble's; but Keble, Rose, and Palmer, represented distinct parties, or at least tempers, in the Establishment. Mr Palmer had many conditions of authority and influence. He was the only really learned man among us. He understood theology as a science; he was practised in the scholastic mode of controversial writing; and, I believe, was as well acquainted, as he was dissatisfied, with the Catholic schools. He was as decided in his religious views, as he was cautious and even subtle in their expression, and gentle in their enforcement. But he was deficient in depth; and besides, coming from a distance, he

never had really grown into an Oxford man, nor was he generally received as such; nor had he any insight into the force of personal influence and congeniality of thought in carrying out a religious theory—a condition which Froude and I considered essential to any true success in the stand which had to be made against Liberalism. Mr Palmer had a certain connexion, as it may be called, in the Establishment, consisting of high Church dignitaries, archdeacons, London rectors, and the like, who belonged to what was commonly called the high-and-dry school. They were far more opposed than even he was to the irresponsible action of individuals. Of course their *beau ideal* in ecclesiastical action was a board of safe, sound, sensible men. Mr Palmer was their organ and representative; and he wished for a Committee, an Association, with rules and meetings, to protect the interests of the Church in its existing peril. He was in some measure supported by Mr Perceval

I, on the other hand, had out of my own head begun the *Tracts*; and these, as representing the antagonist principle of personality, were looked upon by Mr Palmer's friends with considerable alarm. The great point at the time, with these good men in London—some of them men of the highest principle, and far from influenced by what we used to call Erastianism—was to put down the *Tracts*. I, as their editor, and mainly their author, was not unnaturally willing to give way. Keble and Froude advocated their continuance strongly, and were angry with me for consenting to stop them. Mr Palmer shared the anxiety of his own friends; and,

kind as were his thoughts of us, he still not unnaturally felt, for reasons of his own, some fidget and nervousness at the course which his Oriel friends were taking. Froude, for whom he had a real liking, took a high tone in his project of measures for dealing with bishops and clergy, which must have shocked and scandalized him considerably. As for me, there was matter enough in the early *Tracts* to give him equal disgust; and doubtless I much tasked his generosity, when he had to defend me, whether against the London dignitaries, or the country clergy. Oriel, from the time of Dr Copleston to Dr. Hampden, had had a name far and wide for liberality of thought; it had received a formal recognition from *The Edinburgh Review*, if my memory serves me truly, as the school of speculative philosophy in England; and on one occasion, in 1833, when I presented myself, with some of the first papers of the Movement, to a country clergyman in Northamptonshire, he paused awhile, and then, eyeing me with significance, asked 'Whether Whately was at the bottom of them'.

Mr Perceval wrote to me in support of the judgment of Mr Palmer and the dignitaries. I replied in a letter which he afterwards published. 'As to the *Tracts*', I said to him (I quote my own words from his pamphlet), 'every one has his own taste. You object to some things, another to others. If we altered to please every one, the effect would be spoiled. They were not intended as symbols *ex cathedra*, but as the expression of individual minds; and individuals, feeling strongly, while on the one hand, they are incidentally faulty

in mode or language, are still peculiarly effective. No great work was done by a system; whereas systems rise out of individual exertions. Luther was an individual. The very faults of an individual excite attention; he loses, but his cause (if good, and he powerful-minded) gains. This is the way of things; we promote truth by a self-sacrifice.'

The visit which I made to the Northamptonshire rector was only one of a series of similar expedients, which I adopted during the year 1833. I called upon clergy in various parts of the country, whether I was acquainted with them or not, and I attended at the houses of friends where several of them were from time to time assembled. I do not think that much came of such attempts, nor were they quite in my way. Also I wrote various letters to clergymen, which fared not much better, except that they advertised the fact, that a rally in favour of the Church was commencing. I did not care whether my visits were made to high Church or low Church; I wished to make a strong pull in union with all who were opposed to the principles of liberalism, whoever they might be. Giving my name to the editor, I commenced a series of letters in the *Record* newspaper: they ran to a considerable length; and were borne by him with great courtesy and patience. They were headed as being on 'Church Reform'. The first was on the Revival of Church Discipline; the second, on its Scripture proof; the third, on the application of the doctrine; the fourth, was an answer to objections; the fifth, was on the benefits of discipline. And then the series was abruptly brought to a termination. I had

said what I really felt, and what was also in keeping with the strong teaching of the *Tracts*, but I suppose the Editor discovered in me some divergence from his own line of thought; for at length he sent a very civil letter, apologizing for the non-appearance of my sixth communication, on the ground that it contained an attack upon *Temperance Societies*, about which he did not wish a controversy in his columns. He added, however, his serious regret as to the character of the *Tracts*. I had subscribed a small sum in 1828 towards the first start of the *Record*.

Acts of the officious character, which I have been describing, were uncongenial to my natural temper, to the genius of the Movement, and to the historical mode of its success—they were the fruit of that exuberant and joyous energy with which I had returned from abroad, and which I never had before or since. I had the exultation of health restored, and home regained. While I was at Palermo and thought of the breadth of the Mediterranean, and the wearisome journey across France, I could not imagine how I was ever to get to England; but now I was amid familiar scenes and faces once more. And my health and strength came back to me with such a rebound, that some friends at Oxford, on seeing me, did not well know that it was I, and hesitated before they spoke to me. And I had the consciousness that I was employed in that work which I had been dreaming about, and which I felt to be so momentous and inspiring. I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered

and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well nigh faded away out of the land, through the political changes of the last 150 years, and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second Reformation—a better reformation, for it would be a return not to the sixteenth century, but to the seventeenth. No time was to be lost, for the Whigs had come to do their worst, and the rescue might come too late. Bishoprics were already in course of suppression; Church property was in course of confiscation; Sees would soon be receiving unsuitable occupants. We knew enough to begin preaching upon, and there was no one else to preach. I felt as on a vessel, which first gets under weigh, and then clears out the deck, and stores away luggage and live-stock into their proper receptacles.

Nor was it only, that I had confidence in our cause, both in itself, and in its controversial force, but besides, I despised every rival system of doctrine and its arguments. As to the High Church and the Low Church, I thought that the one had not much more of a logical basis than the other; while I had a thorough contempt for the evangelical. I had a real respect for the character of many of the advocates of each party, but that did not give cogency to their arguments; and I thought, on the other hand, that the Apostolical form of doctrine was essential and imperative, and its grounds of evidence impregnable. Owing to this confidence, it came to pass at that time, that there was a double aspect in my bearing towards others, which it is necessary for me to enlarge upon. My behaviour had a

mixture in it both of fierceness and of sport; and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many; nor am I here defending it

I wished men to agree with me, and I walked with them step by step, as far as they would go; this I did sincerely; but if they would stop I did not much care about it, but walked on with some satisfaction that I had brought them so far. I liked to make them preach the truth without knowing it, and encouraged them to do so. It was a satisfaction to me that the *Record* had allowed me to say so much in its columns without remonstrance. I was amused to hear of one of the Bishops, who, on reading an early *Tract on the Apostolical Succession*, could not make up his mind whether he held the doctrine or not. I was not distressed at the wonder or anger of dull and self-conceited men at propositions which they did not understand. When a correspondent, in good faith, wrote to a newspaper to say, that the 'Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist' spoken of in the *Tract*, was a false print for 'Sacrament', I thought the mistake too pleasant to be corrected before I was asked about it. I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on, step by step, to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the Wise Man 'Answer a fool according to his folly', especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about me; and, when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. Also I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant.

This kind of behaviour was a sort of habit with me. If I have ever trifled with my subject, it was a more serious fault. I never used arguments which I saw clearly to be unsound. The nearest approach which I remember to such conduct, but which I consider was clear of it nevertheless, was in the case of *Tract 15*. The matter of this *Tract* was supplied to me by a friend, to whom I had applied for assistance, but who did not wish to be mixed up with the publication. He gave it me, that I might throw it into shape, and I took his arguments as they stood. In the chief portion of the *Tract* I fully agreed; for instance, as to what it says about the Council of Trent; but there were arguments, or some argument, in it which I did not follow; I do not recollect what it was. Froude, I think, was disgusted with the whole *Tract*, and accused me of *economy* in publishing it. It is principally through Mr Froude's *Remains* that this word has got into our language. I think, I defended myself with arguments such as these: that, as every one knew, the *Tracts* were written by various persons who agreed together in their doctrine, but not always in the arguments by which it was to be proved; that we must be tolerant of difference of opinion among ourselves; that the author of the *Tract* had a right to his own opinion, and that the argument in question was ordinarily received; that I did not give my own name or authority, nor was asked for my personal belief, but only acted instrumentally, as one might translate a friend's book into a foreign language. I account these to be good arguments; nevertheless, I feel also that such prac-

tices admit of easy abuse, and are consequently dangerous; but then again, I feel also this—that if all such mistakes were to be severely visited, not many men in public life would be left with a character for honour and honesty.

This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the imprudence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the opposite charge of fierceness in certain steps which I took, or words which I published. In the *Lyra Apostolica* I have said that, before learning to love, we must ‘learn to hate’; though I had explained my words by adding ‘hatred of sin’. In one of my first sermons I said, ‘I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be.’ I added, of course, that it would be an absurdity to suppose such tempers of mind desirable in themselves. The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to ‘more fierce’, and then he put in the margin a *query*. In the very first page of the first *Tract*, I said of the Bishops, that ‘black event though it would be for the country, yet we could not wish them a more blessed termination of their course, than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom.’ In consequence of a passage in my work upon the Arian History, a Northern dignitary wrote to accuse me of wishing to re-establish the blood and torture of the Inquisition. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, I had said, ‘The latter should meet with no mercy: he assumes the office of the Tempter, and, so far forth as his error goes,

must be dealt with by the competent authority, as if he were embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity. It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself.' I cannot deny that this is a very fierce passage; but Arius was banished, not burned; and it is only fair to myself to say that neither at this, nor any other time in my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto-da-fé* would have been the death of me. Again, when one of my friends, of liberal and evangelical opinions, wrote to expostulate with me on the course I was taking, I said that we would ride over him and his as Othniel prevailed over Chushan-rishathaim, king of Mesopotamia. Again, I would have no dealings with my brother, and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, 'St Paul bids us avoid those who cause divisions; you cause divisions: therefore I must avoid you.' I dissuaded a lady from attending the marriage of a sister who had seceded from the Anglican Church. No wonder that Blanco White, who had known me under such different circumstances, now, hearing the general course that I was taking, was amazed at the change which he recognized in me. He speaks bitterly and unfairly of me in his letters, contemporaneously with the first years of the Movement; but in 1839, when looking back, he uses terms of me, which it would be hardly modest in me to quote, were it not that what he says of me in praise is but part of a whole account of me. He says: 'In this party [the anti-Peel, in 1829] I found, to my great surprise, my dear friend, Mr Newman of Oriel. As he

had been one of the annual petitioners to Parliament for Catholic Emancipation, his sudden union with the most violent bigots was inexplicable to me. That change was the first manifestation of the mental revolution, which has suddenly made him one of the leading persecutors of Dr Hampden, and the most active and influential member of that association, called the Puseyite party, from which we have those very strange productions, entitled *Tracts for the Times*. While stating these public facts, my heart feels a pang at the recollection of the affectionate and mutual friendship between that excellent man and myself; a friendship, which his principles of orthodoxy could not allow him to continue in regard to one whom he now regards as inevitably doomed to eternal perdition. Such is the venomous character of orthodoxy. What mischief must it create in a bad heart and narrow mind, when it can work so effectually for evil, in one of the most benevolent of bosoms, and one of the ablest of minds, in the amiable, the intellectual, the refined 'John Henry Newman!' (vol. iii. p. 131). He adds, that I would have nothing to do with him, a circumstance which I do not recollect, and very much doubt.

I have spoken of my firm confidence in my position; and now let me state more definitely what the position was which I took up, and the propositions about which I was so confident. These were three:

1. First was the principle of dogma: my battle was with liberalism; by liberalism I meant the antidogmatic principle and its developments,

This was the first point on which I was certain. Here I make a remark: persistence in a given belief is no sufficient test of its truth; but departure from it is at least a slur upon the man who has felt so certain about it. In proportion, then, as I had in 1832 a strong persuasion in beliefs which I have since given up, so far a sort of guilt attaches to me, not only for that vain confidence, but for my multiform conduct in consequence of it. But here I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have nothing to retract, and nothing to repent of. The main principle of the Movement is as dear to me now as it ever was. I have changed in many things; in this I have not. From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion, religion as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end. Even when I was under Dr Whately's influence, I had no temptation to be less zealous for the great dogmas of the faith, and at various times I used to resist such trains of thought on his part, as seemed to me (rightly or wrongly) to obscure them. Such was the fundamental principle of the Movement of 1833.

2. Secondly, I was confident in the truth of certain definite religious teaching, based upon this foundation of dogma; *viz.* that there was a visible Church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace. I thought

that this was the doctrine of Scripture, of the early Church, and of the Anglican Church. Here again, I have not changed in opinion; I am as certain now on this point as I was in 1833, and have never ceased to be certain. In 1834, and the following years I put this ecclesiastical doctrine on a broader basis, after reading Laud, Bramhall, and Stillingfleet, and other Anglican divines, on the one hand, and after prosecuting the study of the Fathers on the other; but the doctrine of 1833 was strengthened in me, not changed. When I began the *Tracts for the Times* I rested the main doctrine, of which I am speaking, upon Scripture, on St Ignatius's *Epistles* and on the Anglican *Prayer Book*. As to the existence of a visible Church, I especially argued out the point from Scripture, in *Tract 11*, viz. from the *Acts of the Apostles* and the *Epistles*. As to the Sacraments and sacramental rites, I stood on the *Prayer Book*. I appealed to the *Ordination Service* in which the Bishop says, 'Receive the Holy Ghost'; to the *Visitation Service*, which teaches confession and absolution; to the *Baptismal Service*, in which the Priest speaks of the child after baptism as regenerate; to the *Catechism*, in which Sacramental Communion is receiving 'verily the Body and Blood of Christ'; to the *Commination Service*, in which we are told to do 'works of penance'; to the *Collects, Epistles*, and *Gospels*, to the calendar and rubrics, wherein we find the festivals of the Apostles, notice of certain other Saints, and days of fasting and abstinence.

And, further, as to the episcopal system, I founded it upon the *Epistles* of St. Ignatius, which inculcated it in various ways. One passage

especially impressed itself upon me: speaking of cases of disobedience to ecclesiastical authority, he says, 'A man does not deceive that Bishop whom he sees, but he practises rather with the Bishop Invisible, and so the question is not with flesh, but with God, who knows the secret heart.' I wished to act on this principle to the letter, and I may say with confidence that I never consciously transgressed it. I loved to act in the sight of my Bishop as if I was, as it were, in the sight of God. It was one of my special safeguards against myself and of my supports; I could not go very wrong while I had reason to believe that I was in no respect displeasing him. It was not a mere formal obedience to rule that I put before me, but I desired to please him personally, as I considered him set over me by the Divine Hand. I was strict in observing my clerical engagements, not only because they *were* engagements, but because I considered myself simply as the servant and instrument of my Bishop. I did not care much for the Bench of Bishops, except as they might be the voice of my Church: nor should I have cared much for a Provincial Council; nor for a Diocesan Synod presided over by my Bishop; all these matters seemed to me to be *jure ecclesiastico*, but what to me was *jure divino* was the voice of my Bishop in his own person. My own Bishop was my Pope; I knew no other; the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ. This was but a practical exhibition of the Anglican theory of Church Government as I had already drawn it out myself. This continued all through my course. When at length, in 1845, I wrote to Bishop Wiseman, in

whose Vicariate I found myself, to announce my conversion, I could find nothing better to say to him than that I would obey the Pope as I had obeyed my own Bishop in the Anglican Church. My duty to him was my point of honour; his disapprobation was the one thing which I could not bear. I believe it to have been a generous and honest feeling; and, in consequence, I was rewarded by having all my time, for ecclesiastical superior, a man, whom had I had a choice, I should have preferred, out and out, to any other Bishop on the Bench, and for whose memory I have a special affection, Dr Bagot—a man of noble mind, and as kind-hearted and as considerate as he was noble. He ever sympathized with me in my trials which followed; it was my own fault, that I was not brought into more familiar personal relations with him than it was my happiness to be. May his name be ever blessed!

And now, in concluding my remarks on the second point on which my confidence rested, I observe that here again I have no retractation to announce as to its main outline. While I am now as clear in my acceptance of the principle of dogma as I was in 1833 and 1816, so again I am now as firm in my belief of a visible Church, of the authority of Bishops, of the grace of the sacraments, of the religious worth of works of penance, as I was in 1833. I have added Articles to my Creed; but the old ones, which I then held with a divine faith, remain.

3. But now, as to the third point on which I stood in 1833, and which I have utterly renounced and trampled upon since—my then view of the Church of Rome; I will speak

about it as exactly as I can. When I was young, as I have said already, and after I was grown up, I thought the Pope to be Antichrist. At Christmas 1824-5 I preached a Sermon to that effect: In 1827 I accepted eagerly the stanza in the *Christian Year*, which many people thought too charitable, 'Speak *gently* of thy sister's fall'. From the time that I knew Froude I got less and less bitter on the subject. I spoke (successively, but I cannot tell in what order, or at what dates) of the Roman Church as being bound up with 'the *cause* of Antichrist', as being *one* of the '*many* antichrists' foretold by St John, as being influenced by 'the *spirit* of Antichrist', and as having something 'very Antichristian', or 'unchristian', about her. From my boyhood, and in 1824, I considered, after Protestant authorities, that St Gregory I, about A.D. 600, was the first Pope that was Antichrist, and again that he was also a great and holy man; in 1832-3 I thought the Church of Rome was bound up with the cause of Antichrist by the Council of Trent. When it was, that in my deliberate judgment I gave up the notion altogether in any shape, that some special reproach was attached to her name, I cannot tell; but I had a shrinking from renouncing it, even when my reason so ordered me, from a sort of conscience or prejudice, I think up to 1843. Moreover, at least during the Tract Movement, I thought the essence of her offence to consist in the honours which she paid to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints; and the more I grew in devotion, both to the Saints and to Our Lady, the more impatient was I at the Roman practices, as if those

glorified creations of God must be gravely shocked, if pain could be theirs, at the undue veneration of which they were the objects.

On the other hand, Hurrell Froude in his familiar conversation was always tending to rub the idea out of my mind. In a passage of one of his letters from abroad, alluding, I suppose, to what I used to say in opposition to him, he observes: 'I think people are injudicious who talk against the Roman Catholics for worshipping Saints, and honouring the Virgin and images, etc. These things may perhaps be idolatrous; I cannot make up my mind about it; but to my mind it is the Carnival that is real, practical idolatry, as it is written, "the people sat down to eat, and drink, and rose up to play".' The Carnival, I observe in passing, is, in fact, one of those very excesses, to which, for at least three centuries, religious Catholics have ever opposed themselves, as we see in the life of St Philip, to say nothing of the present day; but this he did not know. Moreover, from Froude I learned to admire the great medieval Pontiffs; and, of course, when I had come to consider the Council of Trent to be the turning-point of the history of Christian Rome, I found myself as free, as I was rejoiced, to speak in their praise. Then, when I was abroad, the sight of so many great places, venerable shrines, and noble churches, much impressed my imagination. And my heart was touched also. Making an expedition on foot across some wild country in Sicily, at six in the morning I came upon a small church; I heard voices, and I looked in. It was crowded, and the congregation was singing. Of course

it was the Mass, though I did not know it at the time. And, in my weary days at Palermo, I was not ungrateful for the comfort which I had received in frequenting the Churches, nor did I ever forget it. Then, again, her zealous maintenance of the doctrine and the rule of celibacy, which I recognized as Apostolic, and her faithful agreement with Antiquity in so many points, besides, which were dear to me, was an argument as well as a plea in favour of the great Church of Rome. Thus I learned to have tender feelings towards her; but still my reason was not affected at all. My judgment was against her, when viewed as an institution, as truly as it ever had been.

This conflict between reason and affection I expressed in one of the early *Tracts*, published July, 1834. ‘Considering the high gifts, and the strong claims of the Church of Rome and its dependencies on our admiration, reverence, love, and gratitude; how could we withstand it, as we do, how could we refrain from being melted into tenderness, and rushing into communion with it, but for the words of Truth itself, which bid us prefer It to the whole world? “He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of me.” How could “we learn to be severe, and execute judgment”, but for the warning of Moses against even a divinely-gifted teacher, who should preach new gods; and the anathema of St Paul even against Angels and Apostles, who should bring in a new doctrine?’—*Records* No. 24. My feeling was something like that of a man, who is obliged in a court of justice to bear witness against a friend; or like my own now, when I have said, and shall

say, so many things on which I had rather be silent.

As a matter, then, of simple conscience, though it went against my feelings, I felt it to be a duty to protest against the Church of Rome. But, besides this, it was a duty, because the prescription of such a protest was a living principle of my own Church, as expressed in not simply a *catena*, but a *consensus* of her divines, and the voice of her people. Moreover, such a protest was necessary as an integral portion of her controversial basis; for I adopted the argument of Bernard Gilpin, that Protestants 'were *not able* to give any *firm and solid* reason of the separation besides this, to wit, that the Pope is Antichrist'. But while I thus thought such a protest to be based upon truth, and to be a religious duty, and a rule of Anglicanism, and a necessity of the case, I did not at all like the work. Hurrell Froude attacked me for doing it; and, besides, I felt that my language had a vulgar and rhetorical look about it. I believed, and really measured, my words, when I used them; but I knew that I had a temptation, on the other hand, to say against Rome as much as ever I could, in order to protect myself against the charge of Popery.

And now I come to the very point for which I have introduced the subject of my feelings about Rome. I felt such confidence in the substantial justice of the charges which I advanced against her, that I considered them to be a safeguard and an assurance, that no harm could ever arise from the freest exposition of what I used to call Anglican principles. All the world was astounded at what Froude and I were saying; men said that

it was sheer Popery. I answered, 'True, we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path, which makes real approximation impossible'. And I urged in addition, that many Anglican divines had been accused of Popery, yet had died in their Anglicanism—now, the ecclesiastical principles which I professed, they had professed also; and the judgment against Rome which they had formed, I had formed also. Whatever faults, then, the Anglican system might have, and however boldly I might point them out, anyhow that system was not vulnerable on the side of Rome, and might be mended in spite of her. In that very agreement of the two forms of faith, close as it might seem, would really be found, on examination, the elements and principles of an essential discordance.

It was with this 'supreme persuasion on my mind, that I fancied that there could be no rashness in giving to the world in fullest measure the teaching and the writings of the Fathers. I thought that the Church of England was substantially founded upon them. I did not know all that the Fathers had said, but I felt that, even when their tenets happened to differ from the Anglican, no harm could come of reporting them. I said out what I was clear they had said; I spoke vaguely and imperfectly of what I thought they said, or what some of them had said. Anyhow, no harm could come of bending the crooked stick the other way, in the process of straightening it; it was impossible to break it. If there was any thing in the Fathers of a startling character, it would

be only for a time; it would admit of explanation; it could not lead to Rome. I express this view of the matter in a passage of the preface to the first volume, which I edited, of the *Library of the Fathers*. Speaking of the strangeness, at first sight, presented to the Anglican mind, of some of their principles and opinions, I bid the reader go forward hopefully, and not indulge his criticism till he knows more about them, than he will learn at the outset. 'Since the evil', I say, 'is in the nature of the case itself, we can do no more than have patience, and recommend patience to others, and, with the racer in the Tragedy, look forward steadily and hopefully to the event, τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρων, when as we trust, all that is inharmonious and anomalous in the details will at length be practically smoothed.'

Such was the position, such the defences, such the tactics, by which I thought that it was both incumbent on us, and possible to us, to meet that onset of Liberal principles of which we were all in immediate anticipation, whether in the Church or in the University. And during the first year of the *Tracts*, the attack upon the University began. In November 1834 was sent to me by the author, the second edition of a pamphlet entitled *Observations on Religious Dissent, with particular reference to the use of religious tests in the University*. In this Pamphlet it was maintained, that 'Religion is distinct from Theological Opinion' (pp. 1, 28, 30, etc.); that it is but a common prejudice to identify theological propositions, methodically deduced and stated, with the simple religion of Christ (p. 1); that under Theological Opinion

were to be placed the Trinitarian doctrine (p. 27), and the Unitarian (p. 19); that a dogma was a theological opinion insisted on (pp. 20, 21); that speculation always left an opening for improvement (p. 22); that the Church of England was not dogmatic in its spirit, though the wording of its formularies may often carry the sound of dogmatism (p. 23).

I acknowledged the receipt of this work in the following letter :

The kindness which has led to your presenting me with your late pamphlet encourages me to hope that you will forgive me, if I take the opportunity it affords of expressing to you my very sincere and deep regret that it has been published. Such an opportunity I could not let slip without being unfaithful to my own serious thoughts on the subject.

While I respect the tone of piety which the pamphlet displays, I dare not trust myself to put on paper my feelings about the principles contained in it; tending, as they do, in my opinion, altogether to make shipwreck of Christian faith. I also lament, that, by its appearance, the first step has been taken towards interrupting that peace and mutual good understanding which has prevailed so long in this place, and which, if once seriously disturbed, will be succeeded by dissensions the more intractable, because justified in the minds of those who resist innovation by a feeling of imperative duty.

Since that time, Phaeton has got into the chariot of the sun; we, alas! can only look on, and watch him down the steep of heaven. Meanwhile, the lands, which he is passing over, suffer from his driving.

Such was the commencement of the assault of Liberalism upon the old orthodoxy of Oxford and England; and it could not have been broken, as it was, for so long a time, had not a great

change taken place in the circumstances of that counter-movement which had already started with the view of resisting it. For myself, I was not the person to take the lead of a party; I never was, from first to last, more than a leading author of a school; nor did I ever wish to be any thing else. This is my own account of the matter, and I say it, neither as intending to disown the responsibility of what was done, nor as if ungrateful to those who at that time made more of me than I deserved, and did more for my sake, and at my bidding, than I realized myself. I am giving my history from my own point of sight, and it is as follows: I had lived for ten years among my personal friends; the greater part of the time, I had been influenced, not influencing; and at no time have I acted on others, without their acting upon me. As is the custom of a University, I had lived with my private, nay, with some of my public, pupils, and with the junior Fellows of my College, without form or distance, on a footing of equality. Thus it was through friends, younger, for the most part, than myself, that my principles were spreading. They heard what I said in conversation, and told it to others. Undergraduates in due time took their degree, and became private tutors themselves. In this new *status*, in turn, they preached the opinions which they had already learned themselves. Others went down to the country, and became curates of parishes. Then they had down from London parcels of the *Tracts*, and other publications. They placed them in the shops of local booksellers, got them into newspapers, introduced them to clerical meetings, and converted more or less their Rectors and their brother curates.

Thus the Movement, viewed with relation to myself, was but a floating opinion; it was not a power. It never would have been a power, if it had remained in my hands. Years after, a friend, writing to me in remonstrance at the excesses, as he thought them, of my disciples, applied to me my own verse about St Gregory Nazianzen: 'Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule.' At the time that he wrote to me, I had special impediments in the way of such an exercise of power; but at no time could I exercise over others that authority which under the circumstances was imperatively required. My great principle ever was, Live and let live. I never had the staidness or dignity necessary for a leader. To the last, I never recognized the hold I had over young men. Of late years, I have read and heard that they even imitated me in various ways. I was quite unconscious of it, and I think my immediate friends knew too well how disgusted I should be at the news to have the heart to tell me. I felt great impatience at our being called a party, and would not allow that we were. I had a lounging, free-and-easy way of carrying things on. I exercised no sufficient censorship upon the *Tracts*. I did not confine them to the writings of such persons as agreed in all things with myself; and, as to my own *Tracts*, I printed on them a notice to the effect, that any one who pleased might make what use he would of them, and reprint them with alterations, if he chose, under the conviction that their main scope could not be damaged by such a process. It was the same afterwards, as regards other publications. For two years I furnished a certain number of sheets for *The British Critic*

from myself and my friends, while a gentleman was editor, a man of splendid talent, who, however, was scarcely an acquaintance of mine, and had no sympathy with the *Tracts*. When I was editor myself, from 1838 to 1841, in my very first number, I suffered to appear a *critique* unfavourable to my work on Justification, which had been published a few months before, from a feeling of propriety, because I had put the book into the hands of the writer who so handled it. Afterwards, I suffered an article against the Jesuits to appear in it of which I did not like the tone. When I had to provide a curate for my new church at Littlemore, I engaged a friend, by no fault of his, who, before he entered into his charge, preached a sermon, either in depreciation of Baptismal Regeneration, or of Dr Pusey's view of it. I showed a similar easiness as to the editors who helped me in the separate volumes of Fleury's *Church History*; they were able, learned, and excellent men, but their after-history has shown how little my choice of them was influenced by any notion I could have had of any intimate agreement of opinion between them and myself. I shall have to make the same remark in its place concerning the *Lives of the English Saints*, which subsequently appeared. All this may seem inconsistent with what I have said of my fierceness. I am not bound to account for it; but there have been men before me, fierce in act, yet tolerant and moderate in their reasonings; at least so I read history. However, such was the case, and such its effect upon the *Tracts*. These, at first starting, were short, hasty, and some of them ineffective; and at the end of

the year, when collected into a volume, they had a slovenly appearance.

It was under these circumstances, that Dr Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him *ὁ μέγας*. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholar-like mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His *Tract* on Fasting appeared as one of the series, with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think fully associated in the Movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his *Tract* on Baptism, and started the *Library of the Fathers*. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his professorship, his family connexions, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the Movement all that Mr Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people, in every part of the country, who were

adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the Movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829, Mr Froude, or Mr R. Wilberforce, or Mr Newman were but individuals; and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significancy to the fact; but Dr Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the Liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them.

Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, 'What of Dr Pusey?'—when I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this was his state-

ment, in one of his subsequent defences of the Movement, when, too, it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its most hopeful peculiarities was its 'stationariness'. He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

Dr Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the *Tracts*, and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the *Tracts* was changed. When he gave to us his *Tract* on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate *Treatise on Baptism*, which was followed by other *Tracts* from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The *Catenas* of Anglican divines which occur in the Series, though projected, I think, by me, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers—but I must return to myself. I am not writing the history either of Dr Pusey, or of the Movement; but it is a pleasure to me to have been able to introduce here reminiscences of the place which he held in it, which have so direct a bearing on myself, that they are no digression from my narrative.

I suspect it was Dr Pusey's influence and example which set me, and made me set others, on the larger and more careful works in defence of the principles of the Movement which followed in a course of years—some of them demanding, and receiving from their authors, such elaborate

treatment that they did not make their appearance till both its temper and its fortunes had changed. I set about a work at once; one in which was brought out with precision the relation in which we stood to the Church of Rome. We could not move a step in comfort till this was done. It was of absolute necessity, and a plain duty, to provide as soon as possible a large statement, which would encourage and re-assure our friends, and repel the attacks of our opponents. A cry was heard on all sides of us, that the *Tracts* and the writings on the Fathers would lead us to become Catholics before we were aware of it. This was loudly expressed by members of the Evangelical party, who, in 1836 had joined us in making a protest in Convocation against a memorable appointment of the Prime Minister. These clergymen even then avowed their desire, that the next time they were brought up to Oxford to give a vote, it might be in order to put down the Popery of the Movement. There was another reason still, and quite as important. Monsignore Wiseman, with the acuteness and zeal which might be expected from that great prelate, had anticipated what was coming, had returned to England in 1836, had delivered lectures in London on the doctrines of Catholicism, and created an impression through the country, shared in by ourselves, that we had for our opponents in controversy, not only our brethren, but our hereditary foes. These were the circumstances which led to my publication of *The Prophetical office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism*.

This work employed me for three years, from

the beginning of 1834 to the end of 1836. It was composed after a careful consideration and comparison of the principal Anglican divines of the 17th century. It was first written in the shape of controversial correspondence with a learned French priest; then it was re-cast, and delivered in lectures at St Mary's: lastly, with considerable retrenchments and additions, it was re-written for publication.

It attempts to trace out the rudimental lines on which Christian faith and teaching proceed, and to use them as means of determining the relation of the Roman and Anglican systems to each other. In this way it shows that to confuse the two together is impossible, and that the Anglican can be as little said to tend to the Roman, as the Roman to the Anglican. The spirit of the Volume is not so gentle to the Church of Rome, as *Tract 71*, published the year before; on the contrary, it is very fierce; and this I attribute to the circumstance that the volume is theological and didactic, whereas the *Tract*, being controversial, assumes as little and grants as much as possible on the points in dispute, and insists on points of agreement as well as of difference. A further and more direct reason is, that in my volume I deal with 'Romanism' (as I call it), not so much in its formal decrees, and in the substance of its creed, as in its traditional action and its authorized teaching as represented by its prominent writers; whereas the *Tract* is written as discussing the differences of the Churches with a view to a reconciliation between them. There is a further reason too, which I will state presently.

But this volume had a larger scope than that

of opposing the Roman system. It was an attempt at commencing a system of theology on the Anglican idea, and based upon Anglican authorities. Mr Palmer, about the same time, was projecting a work of a similar nature in his own way. It was published, I think, under the title, *A Treatise on the Christian Church*. As was to be expected from the author, it was a most learned, most careful composition; and in its form, I should say, polemical. So happily at least did he follow the logical method of the Roman Schools, that Father Perrone in his *Treatise on Dogmatic Theology*, recognized in him a combatant of the true cast, and saluted him as a foe worthy of being vanquished. Other soldiers in that field he seems to have thought little better than the *Lanzknechts* of the middle ages, and, I dare say, with very good reason. When I knew that excellent and kind-hearted man at Rome, at a later time, he allowed me to put him to ample penance for those light thoughts of me, which he had once had, by encroaching on his valuable time with my theological questions. As to Mr Palmer's book, it was one which no Anglican could write but himself—in no sense, if I recollect aright, a tentative work. The ground of controversy was cut into squares, and then every objection had its answer. This is the proper method to adopt in teaching authoritatively young men; and the work in fact was intended for students in theology. My own book, on the other hand, was of a directly tentative and empirical character. I wished to build up an Anglican theology out of the stores which already lay cut and hewn upon the ground, the past toil of great divines. To do this could

not be the work of one man ; much less could it be at once received into Anglican theology, however well it was done. I fully trusted that my statements of doctrine would turn out true and important ; yet I wrote, to use the common phrase, 'under correction.'

There was another motive for my publishing, of a personal nature, which I think I should mention. I felt then, and all along felt, that there was an intellectual cowardice in not having a basis in reason for my belief, and a moral cowardice in not avowing that basis. I should have felt myself less than a man if I did not bring it out, whatever it was. This is one principal reason why I wrote and published *The Prophetical Office*. It was on the same feeling that in the spring of 1836, at a meeting of residents on the subject of the struggle then proceeding, someone wanted us all merely to act on college and conservative grounds (as I understood him), with as few published statements as possible: I answered, that the person whom we were resisting had committed himself in writing, and that we ought to commit ourselves too. This again was a main reason for the publication of *Tract 90*. Alas ! it was my portion for whole years to remain without any satisfactory basis for my religious profession, in a state of moral sickness, neither able to acquiesce in Anglicanism, nor able to go to Rome. But I bore it till, in course of time, my way was made clear to me. If here it be objected to me, that as time went on I often in my writings hinted at things which I did not fully bring out, I submit for consideration whether this occurred except when I was in great difficulties, how to speak, or how to be silent, with due regard for the position

of mind or the feelings of others. However, I may have an opportunity to say more on this subject. But to return to the *Prophetical Office*.

I thus speak in the Introduction to my Volume :

It is proposed (I say) to offer helps towards the formation of a recognized Anglican theology in one of its departments. The present state of our divinity is as follows: the most vigorous, the clearest, the most fertile minds, have through God's mercy been employed in the service of our Church: minds, too, as reverential and holy, and as fully imbued with Ancient Truth, and as well versed in the writings of the Fathers, as they were intellectually gifted. This is God's great mercy, indeed, for which we must ever be thankful. Primitive doctrine has been explored for us in every direction, and the original principles of the Gospel and the Church patiently brought to light. But one thing is still wanting; our champions and teachers have lived in stormy times; political and other influences have acted upon them variously in their day, and have since obstructed a careful consolidation of their judgments. We have a vast inheritance, but no inventory of our treasures. All is given us in profusion; it remains for us to catalogue, sort, distribute, select, harmonize, and complete. We have more than we know how to use; stores of learning, but little that is precise and serviceable; Catholic truth and individual opinion, first principles, and the guesses of genius, all mingled in the same works, and requiring to be discriminated. We meet with truths overstated, or misdirected, matters of detail variously taken, facts incompletely proved or applied, and rules inconsistently urged, or discordantly interpreted. Such, indeed, is the state of every deep philosophy in its first stages, and therefore of theological knowledge. What we need at present for our Church's well-being, is not invention, nor originality, nor sagacity, nor even learning in our divines, at least in the first place, though all gifts of God are in a measure needed, and never can be unseasonable when used religiously, but we need peculiarly a sound judgment, patient thought, discrimination, a comprehensive mind, an abstinence from all private fancies and caprices and personal tastes—in a word, Divine Wisdom.

The subject of the volume is the doctrine of the *Via Media*, a name which had already

been applied to the Anglican system by writers of name. It is an expressive title, but not altogether satisfactory, because it is at first sight negative. This had been the reason of my dislike to the word 'Protestant'; in the idea which it conveyed, it was not the profession of any religion at all, and was compatible with infidelity. A *Via Media* was but a receding from extremes, therefore I had to draw it out into a shape, and a character; before it had claims on our respect, it must first be shown to be one, intelligible, and consistent. This was the first condition of any reasonable treatise on the *Via Media*. The second condition, and necessary too, was not in my power. I could only hope that it would one day be fulfilled. Even if the *Via Media* were ever so positive a religious system, it was not as yet objective and real; it had no original anywhere of which it was the representative. It was at present a paper religion. This I confess in my Introduction; I say 'Protestantism and Popery are real religions... but the *Via Media*, viewed as an integral system, has scarcely had existence except on paper.' I grant the objection, and proceed to lessen it. There I say, 'It still remains to be tried, whether what is called Anglo-Catholicism, the religion of Andrewes, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson, is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, or whether it be a mere modification or transition-state of either Romanism or popular Protestantism.' I trusted that some day it would prove to be a substantive religion.

Lest I should be misunderstood, let me observe that this hesitation about the validity of

the theory of the *Via Media* implied no doubt of the three fundamental points on which it was based, as I have described above, dogma, the sacramental system, and opposition to the Church of Rome.

Other investigations which followed, gave a still more tentative character to what I wrote, or got written. The basis of the *Via Media*, consisting of the three elementary points which I have just mentioned, was clear enough; but, not only had the house to be built upon them, but it had also to be furnished, and it is not wonderful if both I and others erred in detail in determining what that furniture should be, what was consistent with the style of building, and what was in itself desirable. I will explain what I mean.

I had brought out in *The Prophetical Office* in what the Roman and the Anglican systems differed from each other, but less distinctly in what they agreed. I had, indeed, enumerated the Fundamentals common to both in the following passage:

In both systems the same Creeds are acknowledged. Besides other points in common, we both hold, that certain doctrines are necessary to be believed for salvation; we both believe in the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Atonement; in original sin; in the necessity of regeneration; in the supernatural grace of the Sacraments; in the Apostolical succession; in the obligation of faith and obedience, and in the eternity of future punishment. (pp. 55—6).

So much I had said, but I had not said enough. This enumeration implied a great many more points of agreement than were found in those very Articles which were fundamental. If the two Churches were thus the same in

fundamentals, they were also one and the same in such plain consequences as are contained in those fundamentals, or as outwardly represented them. It was an Anglican principle that 'the abuse of a thing doth not take away the lawful use of it'; and an Anglican Canon, in 1603, had declared that the English Church had no purpose to forsake all that was held in the Churches of Italy, France, and Spain, and revered those ceremonies and particular points which were Apostolic. Excepting then such exceptional matters, as are implied in this avowal, whether they were many or few, all these Churches were evidently to be considered as one with the Anglican. The Catholic Church in all lands had been one from the first for many centuries; then, various portions had followed their own way, to the injury, but not to the destruction, whether of truth or of charity. These portions, or branches, were mainly three: the Greek, Latin, and Anglican. Each of these inherited the early undivided Church *in solido* as its own possession. Each branch was identical with that early, undivided Church, and in the unity of that Church it had unity with the other branches. The three branches agreed together in *all but* their later accidental errors. Some branches had retained in detail portions of Apostolical truth and usage which the others had not; and these portions might be, and should be, appropriated again by the others which had let them slip. Thus, the middle age belonged to the Anglican Church, and much more did the middle age of England. The Church of the 12th century was the Church of the 19th. Dr Howley sat in the seat of St Thomas the Martyr; Oxford was a medieval

University. Saving our engagements to Prayer Book and Articles, we might breathe, and live, and act, and speak, in the atmosphere and climate of Henry III's day, or the Confessor's, or of Alfred's. And we ought to be indulgent of all that Rome taught now, as of what Rome taught then, saving our protest. We might boldly welcome even what we did not ourselves think right to adopt. And, when we were obliged, on the contrary, boldly to denounce, we should do so with pain, not with exultation. By very reason of our protest, which we had made, and made *ex animo*, we could agree to differ. What the members of the Bible Society did on the basis of Scripture, we could do on the basis of the Church; Trinitarian and Unitarian were further apart than Roman and Anglican. Thus we had a real wish to co-operate with Rome in all lawful things, if she would let us, and the rules of our own Church let us; and we thought there was no better way towards the restoration of doctrinal purity and unity. And we thought that Rome was not committed by her formal decrees to all that she actually taught; and again, if her disputants had been unfair to us, or her rulers tyrannical, that on our side too there had been rancour and slander in our controversy with her, and violence in our political measures. As to ourselves being instruments in improving the belief or practice of Rome directly, I used to say, 'Look at home; let us first, or at least let us the while, supply our own short-comings before we attempt to be physicians to any one else'. This is very much the spirit of *Tract 71*, to which I referred just now. I am well aware that there is a paragraph

contrary to it in the Prospectus to the *Library of the Fathers*; but I never concurred in it. Indeed, I have no intention whatever of implying that Dr Pusey concurred in the ecclesiastical theory which I have been drawing out; nor that I took it up myself, except by degrees, in the course of ten years. It was necessarily the growth of time. In fact, hardly any two persons, who took part in the Movement, agreed in their view of the limit to which our general principles might religiously be carried.

And now I have said enough on what I consider to have been the general objects of the various works which I wrote, edited, or prompted in the years which I am reviewing; I wanted to bring out in a substantive form a living Church of England, in a position proper to herself, and founded on distinct principles; as far as paper could do it, and as earnestly preaching it, and influencing others towards it, could tend to make it a fact—a living Church, made of flesh and blood, with voice, complexion, and motion, and action, and a will of its own. I believe I had no private motive, and no personal aim. Nor did I ask for more than ‘a fair stage and no favour’, nor expect the work would be done in my days; but I thought that enough would be secured to continue it in the future under, perhaps, more hopeful circumstances and prospects than the present.

I will mention in illustration some of the principal works, doctrinal and historical, which originated in the object which I have stated.

I wrote my *Essay on Justification* in 1837; it was aimed at the Lutheran dictum that justifica-

tion by faith only was the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. I considered that this doctrine was either a paradox or a truism—a paradox in Luther's mouth, a truism in Melancthon's. I thought that the Anglican Church followed Melancthon, and that, in consequence, between Rome and Anglicanism, between high Church and low Church, there was no real intellectual difference on the point. I wished to fill up a ditch, the work of man. In this volume again I express my desire to build up a system of theology out of the Anglican divines, and imply that my dissertation was a tentative inquiry. I speak in the preface of 'offering suggestions towards a work, which must be uppermost in the mind of every true son of the English Church at this day—the consolidation of a theological system, which, built upon those formularies, to which all clergymen are bound, may tend to inform, persuade, and absorb into itself, religious minds, which hitherto have fancied, that, on the peculiar Protestant questions, they were seriously opposed to each other.'—P. vii.

In my *University Sermons* there is a series of discussions upon the subject of Faith and Reason; these again were the tentative commencement of a grave and necessary work; it was an inquiry into the ultimate basis of religious faith, prior to the distinction into Creeds.

In like manner in a pamphlet which I published in the summer of 1838 is an attempt at placing the doctrine of the Real Presence on an intellectual basis. The fundamental idea is consonant to that to which I had been so long attached; it is the denial of the existence of space except as a subjective idea of our minds. ✓

The *Church of the Fathers* is one of the earliest productions of the Movement, and appeared in numbers, in *The British Magazine*, and was written with the aim of introducing the religious sentiments, views, and customs of the first ages into the modern Church of England.

The translation of Fleury's *Church History* was commenced under these circumstances: I was fond of Fleury for a reason which I express in the Advertisement; because it presented a sort of photograph of ecclesiastical history without any comment upon it. In the event, that simple representation of the early centuries had a good deal to do with unsettling me; but how little I could anticipate this will be seen in the fact that the publication was a favourite scheme of Mr Rose's. He proposed it to me twice, between the years 1834 and 1837; and I mention it as one out of many particulars, curiously illustrating how truly my change of opinion arose, not from foreign influences, but from the working of my own mind, and the accidents around me. The date at which the portion actually translated began was determined by the publisher on reasons with which we were not concerned.

Another historical work, but drawn from original sources, was given to the world by my old friend Mr Bowden, being a *Life of Pope Gregory VII*. I need scarcely recall to those who have read it the power and the liveliness of the narrative. This composition was the author's relaxation on evenings, and in his summer vacations, from his ordinary engagements in London. It had been suggested to him originally by me, at the instance of Hurrell Froude.

The Series of the *Lives of the English Saints* was projected at a later period, under circumstances which I shall have in the sequel to describe. Those beautiful compositions have nothing in them, as far as I recollect, simply inconsistent with the general objects which I have been assigning to my labours in these years, though the immediate occasion of them and their tone could not, in the exercise of the largest indulgence, be said to have an Anglican direction.

At a comparatively early date I drew up the *Tract on the Roman Breviary*. It frightened my own friends on its first appearance, and, several years afterwards, when younger men began to translate for publication the four volumes *in extenso*, they were dissuaded from doing so by advice to which from a sense of duty they listened. It was an apparent accident which introduced me to the knowledge of that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of saints. On Hurrell Froude's death, in 1836, I was asked to select one of his books as a keepsake. I selected Butler's *Analogy*; finding that it had been already chosen, I looked with some perplexity along the shelves as they stood before me, when an intimate friend at my elbow said, 'Take that'. It was the Breviary which Hurrell had had with him at Barbados. Accordingly I took it, studied it, wrote my *Tract* from it, and have it on my table in constant use till this day.

That dear and familiar companion, who thus put the Breviary into my hands, is still in the Anglican Church. So, too, is that early venerated, long-loved friend, together with whom

I edited a work which, more perhaps than any other, caused disturbance and annoyance in the Anglican world, Froude's *Remains*; yet, however judgment might run as to the prudence of publishing it, I never heard any one impute to Mr Keble the very shadow of dishonesty or treachery towards his Church in so acting.

The annotated translation of the *Treatise of St. Athanasius* was of course in no sense a tentative work; it belongs to another order of thought. This historico-dogmatic work employed me for years. I had made preparations for following it up with a doctrinal history of the heresies which succeeded to the Arian.

I should make mention also of *The British Critic*. I was editor of it for three years, from July 1838 to July 1841. My writers belonged to various schools, some to none at all. The subjects are various—classical, academical, political, critical, and artistic, as well as theological, and upon the Movement none are to be found which do not keep quite clear of advocating the cause of Rome.

So I went on for years, up to 1841. It was, in a human point of view, the happiest time of my life. I was truly at home. I had in one of my volumes appropriated to myself the words of Bramhall, 'Bees, by the instinct of nature, do love their hives, and birds their nests'. I did not suppose that such sunshine would last, though I knew not what would be its termination. It was the time of plenty, and, during its seven years, I tried to lay up as much as I could for the death which was to follow it, We prospered and spread, I have

spoken of the doings of these years, since I was a Catholic, in a passage, part of which I will quote, though there is a sentence in it that requires some limitation:

From beginnings so small (I said) from elements of thought so fortuitous, with prospects so unpromising, the Anglo-Catholic party suddenly became a power in the National Church, and an object of alarm to her rulers and friends. Its originators would have found it difficult to say what they aimed at of a practical kind: rather, they put forth views and principles, for their own sake, because they were true, as if they were obliged to say them; and, as they might be themselves surprised at their earnestness in uttering them, they had as great cause to be surprised at the success which attended their propagation. And, in fact, they could only say that those doctrines were in the air; that to assert was to prove, and that to explain was to persuade; and that the Movement in which they were taking part was the birth of a crisis rather than of a place. In a very few years a school of opinion was formed, fixed in its principles, indefinite and progressive in their range; and it extended itself into every part of the country. If we inquire what the world thought of it, we have still more to raise our wonder; for, not to mention the excitement it caused in England, the Movement and its party-names were known to the police of Italy and to the back-woodsmen of America. And so it proceeded, getting stronger and stronger every year, till it came into collision with the Nation, and that Church of the Nation, which it began by professing especially to serve.

The greater its success, the nearer was that collision at hand. The first threatenings of the crisis were heard in 1838. At that time, my Bishop in a Charge made some light animadversions, but they *were* animadversions, on the *Tracts for the Times*. At once I offered to stop them. What took place on the occasion I prefer to state in the words in which I related it in a Pamphlet addressed to him in a later year, when the blow actually came down upon me.

‘In your Lordship’s Charge for 1838’, I said,

‘an allusion was made to the *Tracts for the Times*. Some opponents of the *Tracts* said that you treated them with undue indulgence... I wrote to the Archdeacon on the subject, submitting the *Tracts* entirely to your Lordship’s disposal. What I thought about your Charge will appear from the words I then used to him. I said “A Bishop’s lightest word *ex cathedra* is heavy. His judgment on a book cannot be light. It is a rare occurrence.” And I offered to withdraw any of the *Tracts* over which I had control if I were informed which were those to which your Lordship had objections. I afterwards wrote to your Lordship to this effect, that “I trusted I might say sincerely that I should feel a more lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your Lordship’s expressed judgment in a matter of that kind, than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question.” Your Lordship did not think it necessary to proceed to such a measure, but I felt, and always have felt, that, if ever you determined on it, I was bound to obey.’

That day at length came, and I conclude this portion of my narrative, with relating the circumstances of it.

From the time that I had entered upon the duties of Public Tutor at my college, when my doctrinal views were very different from what they were in 1841, I had meditated a comment upon the Articles. Then, when the Movement was in its swing, friends had said to me ‘What will you make of the Articles?’—but I did not share the apprehension which their question implied. Whether, as time went on, I should

have been forced, by the necessities of the original theory of the Movement, to put on paper the speculations which I had about them, I am not able to conjecture. The actual cause of my doing so, in the beginning of 1841, was the restlessness, actual and prospective, of those who neither liked the *Via Media* nor my strong judgment against Rome. I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished so to do: but their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles; and thus the question of the Articles came before me. It was thrown in our teeth; 'How can you manage to sign the Articles? They are directly against Rome'. 'Against Rome?' I made answer, 'What do you mean by Rome?' and then I proceeded to make distinctions, of which I shall now give an account.

By 'Roman doctrine' might be meant one of three things: 1, the *Catholic teaching* of the early centuries; or 2, the *formal dogmas of Rome* as contained in the later Councils, especially the Council of Trent, and as condensed in the Creed of Pope Pius IV; 3, the *actual popular beliefs and usages* sanctioned by Rome in the countries in communion with it, over and above the dogmas; and these I called 'dominant errors'.

Now Protestants commonly thought that in all three senses 'Roman doctrine' was condemned in the Articles: I thought that the *Catholic teaching* was not condemned; that the *dominant errors* were; and as to the *formal dogmas*, that some were, some were not, and that the line had to be drawn between them. Thus, 1, the use of prayers for the dead was a Catholic doctrine—not condemned; 2, the prison of Pur-

gatory was a Roman dogma—which was condemned; but the infallibility of Ecumenical Councils was a Roman dogma—not condemned; and 3, the fire of Purgatory was an authorized and popular error, not a dogma—which was condemned.

Further, I considered that the difficulties, felt by the persons whom I have mentioned, mainly lay in their mistaking, 1, Catholic teaching, which was not condemned in the Articles, for Roman dogma which was condemned; and 2, Roman dogma, which was not condemned in the Articles, for dominant error which was. If they went further than this, I had nothing more to say to them.

A further motive which I had for my attempt was the desire to ascertain the ultimate points of contrariety between the Roman and Anglican creeds, and to make them as few as possible. I thought that each creed was obscured and misrepresented by a dominant, circumambient ‘Popery’, and ‘Protestantism.’

The main thesis then of my essay was this: the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching; they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was to draw the line as to what they allowed, and what they condemned.

Such being the object which I had in view, what were my prospects of widening and defining their meaning? The prospect was encouraging; there was no doubt at all of the elasticity of the Articles: to take a palmary instance, the seventeenth was assumed by one party to be Lutheran, by another Calvinistic, though the two interpretations were contradict-

ory to each other; why then should not other Articles be drawn up with a vagueness of an equally intense character? I wanted to ascertain what was the limit of that elasticity in the direction of Roman dogma. But next, I had a way of inquiry of my own which I state without defending. I instanced it afterwards in my *Essay on Doctrinal Development*. That work, I believe, I have not read since I published it, and I doubt not at all that I have made many mistakes in it; partly from my ignorance of the details of doctrine as the Church of Rome holds them, but partly from my impatience to clear as large a range for the *principle* of doctrinal development (waiving the question of historical *fact*) as was consistent with the strict Apostolicity and identity of the Catholic Creed. In like manner, as regards the 39 Articles, my method of inquiry was to leap *in medias res*. I wished to institute an inquiry, how far, in critical fairness, the text *could* be opened; I was aiming far more at ascertaining what a man who subscribed it might hold than what he must, so that my conclusions were negative rather than positive. It was but a first essay. And I made it with the full recognition and consciousness, which I had already expressed in my *Prophetical Office* as regards the *Via Media*, that I was making only 'a first approximation to a required solution',—'a series of illustrations supplying hints in the removal' of a difficulty, and with full acknowledgment, 'that in minor points, whether in question of fact or of judgment, there was room for difference or error of opinion', and that I 'should not be ashamed to own a mistake, if it were proved against me, nor reluctant to bear the just blame of it.'—P. 31,

In addition, I was embarrassed in consequence of my wish to go as far as was possible in interpreting the Articles in the direction of Roman dogma, without disclosing what I was doing to the parties whose doubts I was meeting, who might be thereby encouraged to go still further than at present they found in themselves any call to do.

1. But in the way of such an attempt comes the prompt objection, that the Articles were actually drawn up against 'Popery', and therefore it was transcendently absurd and dishonest to suppose that Popery in any shape—patristic belief, Tridentine dogma, or popular corruption authoritatively sanctioned—would be able to take refuge under their text. This premiss I denied. Not any religious doctrine at all, but a political principle, was the primary English idea at that time of 'Popery'. And what was that political principle, and how could it best be kept out of England? What was the great question in the days of Henry and Elizabeth? The *Supremacy*—now, was I saying one single word in favour of the Supremacy of the Holy See, of the foreign jurisdiction? No; I did not believe in it myself. Did Henry VIII religiously hold Justification by faith only; did he disbelieve Purgatory? Was Elizabeth zealous for the marriage of the Clergy, or had she a conscience against the Mass? The Supremacy of the Pope was the essence of the 'Popery', to which, at the time of the Articles, the Supreme Head or Governor of the English Church was so violently hostile.

2. But again I said this: let 'Popery' mean what it would in the mouths of the compilers of the Articles, let it even, for argument's sake,

include the doctrines of that Tridentine Council, which was not yet over when the Articles were drawn up, and against which they could not be simply directed, yet, consider, what was the religious object of the Government in their imposition? Merely to disown 'Popery'? No; it had the further object of gaining the 'Papists'. What then was the best way to induce reluctant or wavering minds, and these, I supposed, were the majority, to give in their adhesion to the new symbol? How had the Arians drawn up their creeds? Was it not on the principle of using vague, ambiguous language, which to the subscribers would seem to bear a Catholic sense, but which, when worked out in the long run, would prove to be heterodox? Accordingly, there was great antecedent probability, that, fierce as the Articles might look at first sight, their bark would prove worse than their bite. I say antecedent probability, for to what extent that surmise might be true, could only be ascertained by investigation.

3. But a consideration came up at once which threw light on this surmise: what if it should turn out that the very men who drew up the Articles, in the very act of doing so, had avowed, or rather in one of those very Articles themselves, had imposed on subscribers, a number of those very 'Papistical' doctrines, which they were now thought to deny, as part and parcel of that very Protestantism which they were now thought to consider divine? And this was the fact, and I showed it in my Essay.

Let the reader observe: the 35th Article says: '*The second Book of Homilies doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for*

these times, as doth the former Book of Homilies.' Here the *doctrine* of the Homilies is recognized as godly and wholesome, and subscription to that proposition is imposed on all subscribers of the Articles. Let us then turn to the Homilies, and see what this godly doctrine is: I quoted from them to the following effect:

1. They declare that the so-called 'apocryphal' *Book of Tobit* is the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and is Scripture.
2. That the so-called 'apocryphal' *Book of Wisdom* is Scripture, and the infallible and undeceivable word of God.
3. That the Primitive Church, next to the Apostles' time, and, as they imply, for almost 700 years, is no doubt most pure.
4. That the Primitive Church is specially to be followed.
5. That the Four first General Councils belong to the Primitive Church.
- 6, That there are Six Councils which are allowed and received by all men
7. Again, they speak of a certain truth which they are enforcing, as declared by God's word, the sentences of the ancient doctors, and judgment of the Primitive Church.
8. Of the learned and holy Bishops and doctors of the first eight centuries being of good authority and credit with the people.
9. Of the declaration of Christ and His Apostles and all the rest of the Holy Fathers.
10. Of the authority of both Scripture, and also of Augustine.
11. Of Augustine, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome, and about thirty other Fathers, to some of whom they give the title of 'Saint', to others of ancient Catholic Fathers and doctors.
12. They declare that, not only the holy Apostles and disciples of Christ, but the godly Fathers also, before and since Christ, were endued without doubt with the Holy Ghost.
- 13 That the ancient Catholic Fathers say that the 'Lord's Supper' is the salve of immortality, the sovereign preservative against death, the food of immortality, the healthful grace.
14. That the Lord's Blessed Body and Blood are received under the form of bread and wine.

15. That the meat in the Sacrament is an invisible meat and a ghostly substance.

16. That the holy Body and Blood ought to be touched with the mind.

17. That Ordination is a Sacrament.

18. That Matrimony is a Sacrament.

19. That there are other Sacraments besides Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

20. That the souls of the Saints are reigning in joy and in heaven with God.

21. That alms-deeds purge the soul from the infection and filthy spots of sin, and are a precious medicine, an inestimable jewel.

22. That mercifulness wipes out and washes away infirmity and weakness, as salves and remedies to heal sores and grievous diseases.

23. That the duty of fasting is a truth more manifest than it should need to be proved.

24. That fasting, used with prayer, is of great efficacy and weigheth much with God; so the Angel Raphael told Tobias.

25. That the puissant and mighty Emperor Theodosius was, in the Primitive Church, which was most holy and godly, excommunicated by St Ambrose.

26. That Constantine, Bishop of Rome, did condemn Philippicus, the Emperor, not without a cause indeed, but most justly.

Putting altogether aside the question how far these separate theses came under the matter to which subscription was to be made, it was quite plain, that the men who wrote the Homilies, and who thus incorporated them into the Anglican system of doctrine, could not have possessed that exact discrimination between the Catholic and Protestant faith, or have made that clear recognition of formal Protestant principles and tenets, or have accepted that definition of 'Roman doctrine', which is received at this day: hence great probability accrued to my presentiment, that the Articles were tolerant, not only of what I called 'Catholic teaching', but of much that was 'Roman.'

4. And here was another reason against the notion that the Articles directly attacked the Roman dogmas as declared at Trent, and as promulgated by Pius the Fourth: the Council of Trent was not over, nor its Decrees promulgated, at the date when the Articles were drawn up, so that those Articles must be aiming at something else. What was that something else? The Homilies tell us; the Homilies are the best comment upon the Articles. Let us turn to the Homilies, and we shall find from first to last, that not only is not the Catholic teaching of the first centuries, but neither again are the dogmas of Rome the objects of the protest of the compilers of the Articles, but the dominant errors, the popular corruptions, authorized or suffered by the high name of Rome. As to Catholic teaching, nay as to Roman dogma, those Homilies, as I have shown, contained no small portion of it themselves.

5. So much for the writers of the Articles and Homilies; they were witnesses, not authorities, and I used them as such; but in the next place, who were the actual authorities imposing them? I considered the *imponens* to be the Convocation of 1571; but, here again, it would be found that the very Convocation, which received and confirmed the 39 Articles, also enjoined by Canon that 'preachers should be *careful*, that they should *never* teach aught in a sermon, to be religiously held and believed by the people, except that which is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament, and *which the Catholic Fathers and ancient Bishops have collected from that very doctrine.*' Here, let it be observed, an appeal is made by the

Convocation *imponens* to the very same ancient authorities, as had been mentioned with such profound veneration by the writers of the Homilies and of the Articles, and thus, if the Homilies contained views of doctrine which now would be called Roman, there seemed to me to be an extreme probability that the Convocation of 1571 also countenanced and received, or at least did not reject, those doctrines.

6. And further, when at length I came actually to look into the text of the Articles, I saw in many cases a patent fulfilment of all that I had surmised as to their vagueness and indecisiveness, and that, not only on questions which lay between Lutherans, Calvinists, and Zwinglians, but on Catholic questions also; and I have noticed them in my *Tract*. In the conclusion of my *Tract* I observe:

They are evidently framed on the principle of leaving open large questions on which the controversy hinges. They state broadly extreme truths, and are silent about their adjustment. For instance, they say that all necessary faith must be proved from Scripture; but do not say *who* is to prove it. They say, that the Church has authority in controversies; they do not say *what* authority. They say that it may enforce nothing beyond Scripture, but do not say *where* the remedy lies when it does. They say that works *before* grace and justification are worthless and worse, and that works *after* grace and justification are acceptable, but they do not speak at all of works *with* God's aid *before* justification. They say that men are lawfully called, and sent to minister and preach, who are chosen and called by men who have public authority *given* them in the Congregation; but they do not add *by whom* the authority is to be given. They say that Councils called by *Princes* may err; they do not determine whether Councils called in the name of Christ may err.

Such were the considerations which weighed with me in my inquiry how far the Articles were

tolerant of a Catholic, or even a Roman interpretation; and such was the defence which I made in my Tract for having attempted it. From what I have already said, it will appear that I have no need or intention at this day to maintain every particular interpretation which I suggested in the course of my Tract, nor indeed had I then. Whether it was prudent or not, whether it was sensible or not, any how I attempted only a first essay of a necessary work, an essay which, as I was quite prepared to find, would require revision and modification by means of the lights which I should gain from the criticism of others. I should have gladly withdrawn any statement which could be proved to me to be erroneous; I considered my work to be faulty and objectionable in the same sense in which I now consider my Anglican interpretations of Scripture to be erroneous, but in no other sense. I am surprised that men do not apply to the interpreters of Scripture generally the hard names which they apply to the author of *Tract 90*. He held a large system of theology, and applied it to the Articles: Episcopalians, or Lutherans, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, hold a large system of theology and apply it to Scripture. Every theology has its difficulties; Protestants hold justification by faith only, though there is no text in St Paul which enunciates it, and though St James expressly denies it; do we therefore call Protestants, dishonest? They deny that the Church has a divine mission, though St Paul says, that it is 'the pillar and ground of Truth'; they keep the Sabbath, though St Paul says: 'Let no man judge you in meat, or drink, or in respect of... the

sabbath days.' Every creed has texts in its favour, and, again, texts which run counter to it; and this is generally confessed. And this is what I felt keenly: how had I done worse in *Tract 90* than Anglicans, Wesleyans, and Calvinists did daily in their sermons and their publications? How had I done worse than the Evangelical party in their *ex animo* reception of the Services for Baptism and Visitation of the Sick*? Why was I to be dishonest and they immaculate? There was an occasion on which our Lord gave an answer, which seemed to be appropriate to my own case, when the tumult broke out against my Tract: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at him.' I could have fancied that a sense of their own difficulties of interpretation would

* For instance, let candid men consider the form of Absolution contained in that Prayer Book, of which all clergymen, Evangelical and Liberal, as well as High Church, and (I think) all persons in University office declare, that 'it containeth *nothing contrary to the Word of God.*' I challenge, in the sight of all England, Evangelical clergymen generally, to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words, consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which *Tract 90* puts upon any passage in the Articles.

'Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left *power* to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by *His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins*, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

I subjoin the Roman form, as used in England and elsewhere: 'Dominus noster Jesus Christus te absolvat; et ego auctoritate ipsius te absolvo, ab omni vinculo excommunicationis et interdicti, in quantum possum et tu indiges.' Deinde ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis, in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.'

have persuaded the great party I have mentioned to some prudence, or at least moderation, in opposing a teacher of an opposite school. But I suppose their alarm and their anger overcame their sense of justice.

In the universal storm of indignation with which the *Tract* was received on its appearance, I recognize much of real religious feeling, much of honest and true principle, much of straightforward, ignorant common sense. In Oxford there was genuine feeling too; but there had been a smouldering, stern, energetic animosity, not at all unnatural, partly rational, against its author. A false step had been made; now was the time for action. I am told, that, even before the publication of the *Tract*, rumours of its contents had got into the hostile camp in an exaggerated form; and not a moment was lost in proceeding to action, when I was actually in the hands of the Philistines. I was quite unprepared for the outbreak, and was startled at its violence. I do not think I had any fear. Nay, I will add, I am not sure that it was not in one point of view a relief to me.

I saw, indeed, clearly, that my place in the Movement was lost; public confidence was at an end; my occupation was gone. It was simply an impossibility, that I could say anything henceforth to good effect, when I had been posted up by the marshal on the buttery hatch of every College of my University, after the manner of discommoded pastry-cooks, and when in every part of the country, and every class of society, through every organ and occasion of opinion, in newspapers, in periodicals, at meetings, in

pulpits, at dinner-tables, in coffee-rooms, in railway carriages, I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was detected in the very act of firing it against the time-honoured Establishment. There were indeed men, besides my own friends, men of name and position, who gallantly took my part, as Dr Hook, Mr Palmer, and Mr Perceval: it must have been a grievous trial for themselves; yet what, after all, could they do for me? Confidence in me was lost—but I had already lost full confidence in myself. Thoughts had passed over me, a year and a half before, which for the time had profoundly troubled me. They had gone: I had not less confidence in the power and the prospects of the Apostolical movement than before; not less confidence than before in the grievousness of what I called the ‘dominant errors’ of Rome: but how was I any more to have absolute confidence in myself? How was I to have confidence in my present confidence? How was I to be sure that I should always think as I thought now? I felt that by this event a kind Providence had saved me from an impossible position in the future.

First, if I remember right, they wished me to withdraw the *Tract*. This I refused to do: I would not do so, for the sake of those who were unsettled, or in danger of unsettlement. I would not do so for my own sake; for how could I acquiesce in a mere Protestant interpretation of the Articles? How could I range myself among the professors of a theology, of which it put my teeth on edge even to hear the sound?

Next they said: 'Keep silence; do not defend the *Tract*'; I answered: 'Yes, if you will not condemn it—if you will allow it to continue on sale'. They pressed on me whenever I gave way; they fell back when they saw me obstinate. Their line of action was to get out of me as much as they could; but upon the point of their tolerating the *Tract* I *was* obstinate. So they let me continue it on sale; and they said they would not condemn it. But they said that this was on condition that I did not defend it, that I stopped the series, and that I myself published my own condemnation in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford. I impute nothing whatever to him, he was ever most kind to me. Also, they said they could not answer for what individual bishops might perhaps say about the *Tract* in their own charges. I agreed to their conditions. My one point was to save the *Tract*.

Not a scrap of writing was given me as a pledge of the performance of their side of the engagement. Parts of letters from them were read to me without being put into my hands. It was an 'understanding'. A clever man had warned me against 'understandings' some six years before, I have hated them ever since.

In the last words of my letter to the Bishop of Oxford I thus resigned my place in the Movement:

I have nothing to be sorry for (I say to him) except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but every thing to rejoice in, and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move

a party, and whatever influence I have had, has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto! and He will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge.

HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

1839 TO 1841

AND now that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind, which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so, till the near approach of the day on which these lines must be given to the world forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? and who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds, and that, during a portion of his life, when, even at the time, his observation, whether of himself or the external world, was less than before or after, by very reason of the perplexity and dismay which weighed upon him—when, though it would be most unthankful to seem to imply that he had not all-sufficient light amid his darkness, yet a darkness it emphatically was? And who can gird himself suddenly to a new and anxious undertaking, which he might be able indeed to perform well, had he full and calm leisure to look through everything that he has written, whether in published works or private letters? but, on the other hand, as

to that calm contemplation of the past, in itself so desirable, who can afford to be leisurely and deliberate, while he practises on himself a cruel operation, the ripping up of old griefs, and the venturing again upon the *infandum dolorem* of years, in which the stars of this lower heaven were one by one going out? I could not in cool blood, nor except upon the imperious call of duty, attempt what I have set myself to do. It is, both to head and heart, an extreme trial thus to analyze what has so long gone by, and to bring out the results of that examination. I have done various bold things in my life; this is the boldest; and, were I not sure I should after all succeed in my object, it would be madness to set about it.

In the spring of 1839 my position in the Anglican Church was at its height. I had supreme confidence in my controversial *status*, and I had a great and still growing success in recommending it to others. I had in the foregoing autumn been somewhat sore at the Bishop's Charge, but I have a letter which shows that all annoyance had passed from my mind. In January, if I recollect aright, in order to meet the popular clamour against myself and others, and to satisfy the Bishop, I had collected into one, all the strong things which they, and especially I, had said against the Church of Rome, in order to their insertion among the advertisements appended to our publications. Conscious as I was, that my opinions in religion were not gained, as the world said, from Roman sources, but were, on the contrary, the birth of my own mind and of the circumstances in which

I had been placed, I had a scorn of the imputations which were heaped upon me. It was true that I held a large bold system of religion, very unlike the Protestantism of the day, but it was the concentration and adjustment of the statements of great Anglican authorities, and I had as much right to do so, as the Evangelical party had, and more right than the Liberal, to hold their own respective doctrines. As I spoke on occasion of *Tract 90*, I claimed, in behalf of who would, that he might hold in the Anglican Church a comprecation with the Saints with Bramhall, and the Mass, all but Transubstantiation, with Andrewes; or with Hooker, that Transubstantiation itself is not a point for Churches to part communion upon, or with Hammond, that a General Council, truly such, never did, never shall, err in a matter of faith, or with Bull, that man lost inward grace by the fall, or with Thorn-dike that penance is a propitiation for post-baptismal sin, or with Pearson that the all-powerful name of Jesus is no otherwise given than in the Catholic Church. 'Two can play at that', was often in my mouth, when men of Protestant sentiments appealed to the Articles, Homilies, or Reformers; in the sense that, if they had a right to speak loud, I had both the liberty and the means of giving them tit for tat. I thought that the Anglican Church had been tyrannized over by a party, and I aimed at bringing into effect the promise contained in the motto to the *Lynæ* 'They shall know the difference now.' I only asked to be allowed to show them the difference.

What will best describe my state of mind, at the early part of 1839, is an article in *The*

British Critic for that April. I have looked over it now, for the first time since it was published; and have been struck by it for this reason: it contains the last words which I ever spoke as an Anglican to Anglicans. It may now be read as my parting address and valediction, made to my friends. I little knew it at the time. It reviews the actual state of things, and it ends by looking towards the future. It is not altogether mine; for my memory goes to this—that I had asked a friend to do the work; that then the thought came on me that I would do it myself; and that he was good enough to put into my hands what he had with great appositeness written, and I embodied it into my article. Every one, I think, will recognize the greater part of it as mine. It was published two years before the affair of *Tract 90*, and was entitled, *The State of Religious Parties*.

In this article I begin by bringing together testimonies from our enemies to the remarkable success of our exertions. One writer said: ‘Opinions and views of a theology of a very marked and peculiar kind have been extensively adopted and strenuously upheld, and are daily gaining ground among a considerable and influential portion of the members, as well as ministers of the Established Church.’ Another: ‘The Movement has manifested itself with the most rapid growth of the hot-bed of these evil days.’ Another: ‘The *Via Media* is crowded with young enthusiasts, who never presume to argue except against the propriety of arguing at all.’ Another: ‘Were I to give you a full list of the works, which they have produced within the short space of five years, I should surprise you. You would see what

a task it would be to make yourself complete master of their system, even in its present probably immature state. The writers have adopted the motto, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength". With regard to confidence, they have justified their adopting it; but as to quietness, it is not very quiet to pour forth such a succession of controversial publications.' Another: 'The spread of these doctrines is in fact now having the effect of rendering all other distinctions obsolete, and of severing the religious community into two portions, fundamentally and vehemently opposed one to the other. Soon there will be no middle ground left; and every man, and especially every clergyman, will be compelled to make his choice between the two.' Another: 'The time has gone by when those unfortunate and deeply regretted publications can be passed over without notice, and the hope that their influence would fail is now dead.' Another: 'These doctrines had already made fearful progress. One of the largest churches in Brighton is crowded to hear them; so is the church at Leeds. There are few towns of note to which they have not extended. They are preached in small towns in Scotland. They obtain in Elginshire, 600 miles north of London. I found them myself in the heart of the highlands of Scotland. They are advocated in the newspaper and periodical press. They have even insinuated themselves into the House of Commons.' And, lastly, a bishop in a Charge: It 'is daily assuming a more serious and alarming aspect. Under the specious pretence of deference to antiquity and respect for primitive models, the foundations of the Protestant Church are undermined by men,

who dwell within her walls, and those who sit in the Reformers' seat are traducing the Reformation.'

After thus stating the phenomenon of the time, as it presented itself to those who did not sympathize in it, the article proceeds to account for it; and this it does by considering it is a reaction from the dry and superficial character of the religious teaching and the literature of the last generation, or century, and as a result of the need which was felt both by the hearts and the intellects of the nation for a deeper philosophy, and as the evidence, and as the partial fulfilment of that need to which even the chief authors of the then generation had borne witness. First, I mentioned the literary influence of Walter Scott, who turned men's minds to the direction of the middle ages. 'The general need', I said, 'of something deeper and more attractive, than what had offered itself elsewhere, may be considered to have led to his popularity; and by means of his popularity he re-acted on his readers, stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hopes, setting before them visions, which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten. and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas, which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles.'

Then I spoke of Coleridge, thus: 'While history in prose and verse was thus made the instrument of Church feelings and opinions, a philosophical basis for the same was laid in England by a very original thinker, who, while he indulged a liberty of speculation, which no Christian can tolerate, and advocated conclusions which were often heathen rather than Christian,

yet, after all, instilled a higher philosophy into inquiring minds than they had hitherto been accustomed to accept. In this way he made trial of his age, and succeeded in interesting its genius in the cause of Catholic truth.'

Then come Southey and Wordsworth, 'two living poets, one of whom in the department of fantastic fiction, the other in that of philosophical meditation, have addressed themselves to the same high principles and feelings, and carried forward their readers in the same direction.'

Then comes the prediction of this reaction, hazarded by 'a sagacious observer withdrawn from the world, and surveying its movements from a distance', Mr Alexander Knox. He had said twenty years before the date of my writing: 'No Church on earth has more intrinsic excellence than the English Church, yet no Church probably has less practical influence.... The rich provision made by the grace and providence of God for habits of a noble kind, is evidence that men shall arise, fitted both by nature and ability to discover for themselves and to display to others whatever yet remains undiscovered, whether in the words or works of God.' Also I referred to 'a much venerated clergyman of the last generation', who said, shortly before his death, 'Depend on it, the day will come, when those great doctrines, now buried, will be brought out to the light of day, and then the effect will be fearful.' I remarked upon this, that they who 'now blame the impetuosity of the current, should rather turn their animadversions upon those who have damned up a majestic river, till it had become a flood.'

These being the circumstances under which

the Movement began and progressed, it was absurd to refer it to the act of two or three individuals. It was not so much a movement as a 'spirit afloat'; it was within us, 'rising up in hearts where it was least suspected, and working itself, though not in secret, yet so subtly and impalpably, as hardly to admit of precaution or encounter on any ordinary human rules of opposition. It is', I continued, 'an adversary in the air, a something one and entire, a whole wherever it is, unapproachable and incapable of being grasped, as being the result of causes far deeper than political or other visible agencies, the spiritual awakening of spiritual wants.'

To make this clear, I proceed to refer to the chief preachers of the revived doctrines at that moment, and to draw attention to the variety of their respective antecedents. Dr Hook and Mr Churton represented the high Church dignitaries of the last century; Mr Perceval, the Tory aristocracy; Mr Keble came from a country parsonage; Mr Palmer from Ireland; Dr Pusey from the universities of Germany, and the study of Arabic MSS.; Mr Dodsworth from the study of prophecy; Mr Oakeley had gained his views, as he himself expressed it, 'partly by study, partly by reflection, partly by conversation with one or two friends, inquirers like himself:' while I speak of myself as being 'much indebted to the friendship of Archbishop Whateley.' And thus I am led on to ask, 'What head of a sect is there? What march of opinions can be traced from mind to mind among preachers such as these? They are one and all in their degree the organs of one Sentiment, which has risen

up simultaneously in many places very mysteriously.'

My train of thought next led me to speak of the disciples of the Movement, and I freely acknowledged and lamented that they needed to be kept in order. It is very much to the purpose to draw attention to this point now, when such extravagances as then occurred, whatever they were, are simply laid to my door, or to the charge of the doctrines which I advocated. A man cannot do more than freely confess what is wrong, say that it need not be, that it ought not to be, and that he is very sorry that it should be. Now I said in the article, which I am reviewing, that the great truths themselves which we were preaching must not be condemned on account of such abuse of them. 'Aberrations there must ever be, whatever the doctrine is, while the human heart is sensitive, capricious, and wayward. A mixed multitude went out of Egypt with the Israelites.' 'There will ever be a number of persons', I continued, 'professing the opinions of a movement party, who talk loudly and strangely, do odd or fierce things, display themselves unnecessarily, and disgust other people; persons, too young to be wise, too generous to be cautious, too warm to be sober, or too intellectual to be humble. Such persons will be very apt to attach themselves to particular persons, to use particular names, to say things merely because others do, and to act in a party-spirited way.'

While I thus republish what I then said about such extravagances as occurred in these years, at the same time I have a very strong conviction that they furnished quite as much the

welcome excuse for those who were jealous or shy of us, as the stumbling-blocks of those who were well inclined to our doctrines. This too we felt at the time; but it was our duty to see that our good should not be evil-spoken of; and accordingly, two or three of the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* had commenced a Series of what they called *Plain Sermons*, with the avowed purpose of discouraging and correcting whatever was uppish or extreme in our followers: to this Series I contributed a volume myself.

Its conductors say in their Preface:

If therefore, as time goes on, there shall be found persons, who admiring the innate beauty and majesty of the fuller system of Primitive Christianity, and seeing the transcendent strength of its principles, *shall become loud and voluble advocates* in their behalf, speaking the more freely *because they do not feel them deeply as founded* in divine and eternal truth, of such persons *it is our duty to declare plainly*, that, as we should contemplate their condition with serious misgiving, *so would they be the last persons from whom we should seek support.*

But if, on the other hand, there shall be any, who, in the silent humility of their lives, and in their unaffected reverence for holy things, show that they in truth accept these principles as real and substantial, and by habitual purity of heart and serenity of temper give proof of their deep veneration for sacraments and sacramental ordinances, those, persons, *whether our professed adherents or not*, best exemplify the kind of character which the writers of the 'Tracts for the Times' have wished to form.

These clergymen had the best of claims to use these beautiful words, for they were themselves, all of them, important writers in the *Tracts*, the two Mr Kebles, and Mr Isaac Williams. And this passage, with which they ushered their Series into the world, I quoted in the article of which I am giving an account, and I added: 'What more can be required of the preachers

of neglected truth, than that they should admit that some who do not assent to their preaching are holier and better men than some who do?' They were not answerable for the intemperance of those who dishonoured a true doctrine, provided they protested, as they did, against such intemperance. 'They were not answerable for the dust and din which attends any great moral movement. The truer doctrines are, the more liable they are to be perverted.'

The notice of these incidental faults of opinion or temper in adherents of the Movement led on to a discussion of the secondary causes, by means of which a system of doctrine may be embraced, modified, or developed, of the variety of schools which may all be in the One Church, and of the succession of one phase of doctrine to another, while it is ever one and the same. Thus I was brought on to the subject of Antiquity, which was the basis of the doctrine of the *Via Media*, and by which was not implied a servile imitation of the past, but such a reproduction of it as is really young, while it is old. 'We have good hope', I say, 'that a system will be rising up, superior to the age, yet harmonizing with, and carrying out its higher points, which will attract to itself those who are willing to make a venture, and to face difficulties, for the sake of something higher in prospect. On this, as on other subjects, the proverb will apply: "Fortes fortuna adjuvat".'

Lastly, I proceeded to the question of that future of the Anglican Church, which was to be a new birth of the Ancient Religion. And I did not venture to pronounce upon it. 'About the future, we have no prospect before our minds whatever, good or bad. Ever since that

great luminary, Augustine, proved to be the last bishop of Hippo, Christians have had a lesson against attempting to foretell, *how* Providence will prosper and' (or?) 'bring to an end, what it begins'. Perhaps the lately-revived principles would prevail in the Anglican Church; perhaps they would be lost in 'some miserable schism, or some more miserable compromise'; but there was nothing rash in venturing to predict, that 'neither Puritanism nor Liberalism had any permanent inheritance within her'. I suppose I meant to say, that in the present age, without the aid of Apostolical principles, the Anglican Church would, in the event, cease to exist.

'As to Liberalism, we think the formularies of the Church will ever, with the aid of a good Providence, keep it from making any serious inroads upon the Clergy. Besides, it is too cold a principle to prevail with the multitude'. But as regarded what was called Evangelical religion or Puritanism, there was more to cause alarm. I observed upon its organization; but on the other hand it had no intellectual basis; no internal idea, no principle of unity, no theology. 'Its adherents', I said, 'are already separating from each other; they will melt away like a snow-drift. It has no straightforward view on any one point on which it professes to teach, and to hide its poverty, it has dressed itself out in a maze of words. We have no dread of it at all; we only fear what it may lead to. It does not stand on intrenched ground, or make any pretence to a position; it does but occupy the space between contending powers, Catholic Truth and Rationalism. Then

indeed will be the stern encounter, when two real and living principles, simple, entire, and consistent, one in the Church, the other out of it, at length rush upon each other, contending not for names and words, or half-views, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters.'

Whether the ideas of the coming age upon religion were true or false, they would be real. 'In the present day', I said, 'mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half-a-dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory—who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to, that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works, that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them, that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have—this is your safe man, and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.'

This state of things, however, I said, could not last, if men were to read and think. They 'will not keep standing in that very attitude which you call sound Church-of-Englandism or orthodox Protestantism. They cannot go on for

ever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their feet tied, or grazing like Tityrus's stags in the air. They will take one view or another, but it will be a consistent view. It may be Liberalism, or Erastianism, or Popery, or Catholicity; but it will be real.'

I concluded the article by saying, that all who did not wish to be 'democratic, or pantheistic, or popish' must 'look out for *some* "Via Media" which will preserve us from what threatens, though it cannot restore the dead. The spirit of Luther is dead; but Hildebrand and Loyola are alive. Is it sensible, sober, judicious, to be so very angry with those writers of the day, who point to the fact, that our divines of the seventeenth century have occupied a ground which is the true and intelligible mean between extremes? Is it wise to quarrel with this ground, because it is not exactly what we should choose had we the power of choice? Is it true moderation, instead of trying to fortify a middle doctrine, to fling stones at those who do?... Would you rather have your sons and daughters members of the Church of England or of the Church of Rome?'

And thus I left the matter. But, while I was thus speaking of the future of the Movement, I was, in truth, winding up my accounts with it, little dreaming that it was so to be; while I was still, in some way or other, feeling about for an available *Via Media*, I was soon to receive a shock which was to cast out of my imagination all middle courses and compromises for ever. As I have said, this article appeared in the April number of *The British Critic*; in the July number, I cannot tell why, there is no article of mine;

before the number for October, the event had happened to which I have alluded.

But before I proceed to describe what happened to me in the summer of 1839, I must detain the reader for a while, in order to describe the *issue* of the controversy between Rome and the Anglican Church, as I viewed it. This will involve some dry discussion; but it is as necessary for my narrative, as plans of buildings and homesteads are often found to be in the proceedings of our law courts.

I have said already that, though the object of the Movement was to withstand the Liberalism of the day, I found and felt this could not be done by mere negatives. It was necessary for us to have a positive Church theory erected on a definite basis. This took me to the great Anglican divines; and then, of course, I found at once that it was impossible to form any such theory without cutting across the teaching of the Church of Rome. Thus came in the Roman controversy.

When I first turned myself to it, I had neither doubt on the subject, nor suspicion that doubt would ever come upon me. It was in this state of mind that I began to read up Bellarmine on the one hand, and numberless Anglican writers on the other. But I soon found, as others had found before me, that it was a tangled and manifold controversy, difficult to master, more difficult to put out of hand with neatness and precision. It was easy to make points, not easy to sum up and settle. It was not easy to find a clear issue for the dispute, and still less by a logical process to decide it in favour of Angli-

canism. This difficulty, however, had no tendency whatever to harass or perplex me: it was a matter, not of convictions, but of proofs.

First, I saw, as all see who study the subject, that a broad distinction had to be drawn between the actual state of belief and of usage in the countries which were in communion with the Roman Church, and her formal dogmas; the latter did not cover the former. Sensible pain, for instance, is not implied in the Tridentine decree upon Purgatory; but it was the tradition of the Latin Church, and I had seen the pictures of souls in flames in the streets of Naples. Bishop Lloyd had brought this distinction out strongly in an article in *The British Critic* in 1825; indeed, it was one of the most common objections made to the Church of Rome, that she dared not commit herself by formal decree to what nevertheless she sanctioned and allowed. Accordingly, in my *Prophetical Office*, I view as simply separate ideas, Rome quiescent, and Rome in action. I contrasted her creed, on the one hand, with her ordinary teaching, her controversial tone, her political and social bearing, and her popular beliefs and practices on the other.

While I made this distinction between the decrees and the traditions of Rome, I drew a parallel distinction between Anglicanism quiescent, and Anglicanism in action. In its formal creed Anglicanism was not at a great distance from Rome: far otherwise, when viewed in its insular spirit, the traditions of its establishment, its historical characteristics, its controversial rancour, and its private judgment. I disavowed and condemned those excesses, and called them 'Protestantism' or 'Ultra-Protestantism': I wish-

ed to find a parallel disclaimer, on the part of Roman controversialists, of that popular system of beliefs and usages in their own Church which I called 'Popery'. When that hope was a dream, I saw that the controversy lay between the book-theology of Anglicanism on the one side, and the living system of what I called Roman corruption on the other. I could not get further than this; with this result I was forced to content myself.

These then were the *parties* in the controversy: the Anglican *Via Media* and the popular religion of Rome. And next, as to the *issue*, to which the controversy between them was to be brought, it was this:—the Anglican disputant took his stand upon Antiquity or Apostolicity, the Roman upon Catholicity. The Anglican said to the Roman: 'There is but One Faith, the Ancient, and you have not kept to it'; the Roman retorted: 'There is but One Church, the Catholic, and you are out of it'. The Anglican urged: 'Your special beliefs, practices, modes of action, are nowhere in Antiquity'; the Roman objected: 'You do not communicate with any one Church besides your own and its offshoots, and you have discarded principles, doctrines, sacraments, and usages, which are, and ever have been, received in the East and the West'. The true Church, as defined in the Creeds, was both Catholic and Apostolic; now, as I viewed the controversy in which I was engaged, England and Rome had divided these notes or prerogatives between them: the cause lay thus, Apostolicity *versus* Catholicity.

However, in thus stating the matter, of course I do not wish it supposed, that I considered

the note of Catholicity really to belong to Rome, to the disparagement of the Anglican Church; but that the special point or plea of Rome in the controversy was Catholicity, as the Anglican plea was Antiquity. Of course, I contended that the Roman idea of Catholicity was not ancient and apostolic. It was, in my judgment, at the utmost only natural, becoming, expedient, that the whole of Christendom should be united in one visible body; while such a unity might be, on the other hand, a mere heartless and political combination. For myself, I held with the Anglican divines, that in the Primitive Church there was a very real, mutual independence between its separate parts, though, from a dictate of charity, there was in fact a close union between them. I considered, that each see and diocese might be compared to a crystal, and that each was similar to the rest, and that the sum total of them all was only a collection of crystals. The unity of the Church lay, not in its being a polity, but in its being a family, a race coming down by apostolical descent from its first founders and bishops. And I considered this truth brought out beyond the possibility of dispute in the Epistles of St. Ignatius, in which the bishop is represented as the one supreme authority in the Church, that is, in his own place, with no one above him, except as, for the sake of ecclesiastical order and expedience, arrangements had been made by which one was put over or under another. So much for our own claim to Catholicity, which was so perversely appropriated by our opponents to themselves: on the other hand, as to our special strong point, Antiquity, while of course,

by means of it, we were able to condemn most emphatically the novel claim of Rome to domineer over other Churches, which were in truth her equals; further than that we thereby especially convicted her of the intolerable offence of having added to the Faith. This was the critical head of accusation urged against her by the Anglican disputant, and, as he referred to St. Ignatius in proof that he himself was a true Catholic in spite of being separated from Rome, so he triumphantly referred to the Treatise of Vincentius of Lerins upon the 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus', in proof that the controversialists of Rome were separated in their creed from the Apostolical and primitive faith.

Of course those controversialists had their own answer to him, with which I am not concerned in this place; here I am only concerned with the issue itself, between the one party and the other—Antiquity *versus* Catholicity.

Now I will proceed to illustrate what I have been saying of the *status* of the controversy, as it presented itself to my mind, by extracts from my writings of the dates of 1836, 1840, and 1841. And I introduce them with a remark, which especially applies to the paper from which I shall quote first, of the date of 1836. That paper appeared in the March and April numbers of *The British Magazine* of that year, and was entitled, *Home Thoughts Abroad*. Now it will be found, that, in the discussion which it contains, as in various other writings of mine when I was in the Anglican Church, the argument in behalf of Rome is stated with considerable perspicuity and force. And at the time

my friends and supporters cried out, 'How imprudent'!—and both at the time, and especially at a later date, my enemies have cried out, 'How insidious'! Friends and foes virtually agreed in their criticism; I had set out the cause which I was combating to the best advantage: this was an offence; it might be from imprudence, it might be with a traitorous design. It was from neither the one nor the other; but for the following reasons. First, I had a great impatience, whatever was the subject, of not bringing out the whole of it as clearly as I could; next I wished to be as fair to my adversaries as possible; and, thirdly, I thought that there was a great deal of shallowness among our own friends, and that they undervalued the strength of the argument in behalf of Rome, and that they ought to be roused to a more exact apprehension of the position of the controversy. At a later date (1841) when I really felt the force of the Roman side of the question myself as a difficulty which had to be met, I had a fourth reason for such frankness in argument, and that was, because a number of persons were unsettled far more than I was, as to the Catholicity of the Anglican Church. It was quite plain, that, unless I was perfectly candid in stating what could be said against it, there was no chance that any representations which I felt to be in its favour, or at least to be adverse to Rome, would have had their real weight duly acknowledged. At all times I had a deep conviction, to put the matter on the lowest ground, that 'honesty was the best policy.' Accordingly, in 1841, I expressed myself thus on the Anglican difficulty: 'This is an objection which we must honestly

say is deeply felt by many people, and not inconsiderable ones; and the more it is openly avowed to be a difficulty, the better; for there is then the chance of its being acknowledged, and in the course of time obviated, as far as may be, by those who have the power. Flagrant evils cure themselves by being flagrant; and we are sanguine that the time is come when so great an evil as this is cannot stand its ground against the good feeling and common sense of religious persons. It is the very strength of Romanism against us; and, unless the proper persons take it into their serious consideration, they may look for certain to undergo the loss, as time goes on, of some whom they would least like to be lost to 'our Church.' The measure which I had especially in view in this passage was the project of a Jerusalem Bishopric, which the then Archbishop of Canterbury was at that time concocting with M. Bunsen, and of which I shall speak more in the sequel. And now to return to the *Home Thoughts Abroad* of the spring of 1836:

The discussion contained in this composition runs in the form of a dialogue. One of the disputants says: 'You say to me that the Church of Rome is corrupt. What then? to cut off a limb is a strange way of saving it from the influence of some constitutional ailment. Indigestion may cause cramp in the extremities; yet we spare our poor feet notwithstanding. Surely there is such a religious *fact* as the existence of a great Catholic body, union with which is a Christian privilege and duty. Now, we English are separate from it.'

The other answers: 'The present is an un-

satisfactory, miserable state of things, yet I can grant no more. The Church is founded on a doctrine—on the gospel of Truth; it is a means to an end. Perish the Church (though, blessed be the promise! this cannot be) yet let it perish *rather* than the Truth should fail. Purity of faith is more precious to the Christian than unity itself. If Rome has erred grievously in doctrine, then it is a duty to separate even from Rome.'

His friend, who takes the Roman side of the argument, refers to the image of the vine and its branches, which is found, I think, in St Cyprian, as if a branch cut from the Catholic vine must necessarily die. Also he quotes a passage from St Augustine, in controversy with the Donatists, to the same effect, *viz.*, that, as being separated from the body of the Church, they were *ipso facto* cut off from the heritage of Christ. And he quotes St Cyril's argument, drawn from the very title Catholic, which no body or communion of men has ever dared, or been able to appropriate, besides one. He adds, 'Now, I am only contending for the fact, that the communion of Rome constitutes the main body of the Church Catholic, and that we are split off from it, and in the condition of the Donatists.'

The other replies by denying the fact that the present Roman communion is like St Augustine's Catholic Church, inasmuch as there are to be taken into account the large Anglican and Greek communions. Presently he takes the offensive, naming distinctly the points in which Rome has departed from Primitive Christianity, *viz.*, 'the practical idolatry, the virtual worship of the Virgin and Saints, which are the offence of the Latin Church, and the degradation of moral truth

and duty, which follows from these.' And again: 'We cannot join a Church, did we wish it ever so much, which does not acknowledge our orders, refuses us the Cup, demands our acquiescence in image-worship, and excommunicates us, if we do not receive it and all other decisions of the Tridentine Council.'

His opponent answers these objections by referring to the doctrine of 'developments of Gospel truth'. Besides, 'The Anglican system itself is not found complete in those early centuries; so that the (Anglican) principle (of Antiquity) is self-destructive.' 'When a man takes up this *Via Media*, he is a mere *doctrinaire*'; he is like those 'who, in some matter of business, start up to suggest their own little crotchet, and are ever measuring mountains with a pocket ruler, or improving the planetary courses'. 'The *Via Media* has slept in libraries; it is a substitute of infancy for manhood.'

It is plain, then, that at the end of 1835, or beginning of 1836, I had the whole state of the question before me, on which, to my mind, the decision between the Churches depended. It is observable that the question of the position of the Pope, whether as the centre of unity, or as the source of jurisdiction, did not come into my thoughts at all; nor did it, I think I may say, to the end. I doubt whether I ever distinctly held any of his powers to be *de jure divino* while I was in the Anglican Church; not that I saw any difficulty in the doctrine; not that, together with the history of St. Leo, of which I shall speak by and by, the idea of his infallibility did not cross my mind, for it did—but after all, in my view the controversy did not turn

upon it; it turned upon the Faith and the Church. This was my issue of the controversy from the beginning to the end. [There was a contrariety of claims between the Roman and Anglican religions, and the history of my conversion is simply the process of working it out to a solution.] In 1838, I illustrated it by the contrast presented to us between the Madonna and Child, and a Calvary. I said that the peculiarity of the Anglican theology was this, that it 'supposed the Truth to be entirely objective and detached, not' (as the Roman) 'lying hid in the bosom of the Church as if one with her, clinging to, and (as it were) lost in her embrace, but as being sole and unapproachable, as on the Cross or at the Resurrection, with the Church close by, but in the background.'

As I viewed the controversy in 1836 and 1838, so I viewed it in 1840 and 1841. In *The British Critic* of January 1840, after gradually investigating how the matter lies between the Churches by means of a dialogue, I end thus: 'It would seem, that, in the above discussion, each disputant has a strong point; our strong point is the argument from Primitiveness, that of Romanists from Universality. It is a fact, however it is to be accounted for, that Rome has added to the Creed; and it is a fact, however we justify ourselves, that we are estranged from the great body of Christians over the world. And each of these two facts is, at first sight, a grave difficulty in the respective systems to which they belong.' Again, 'While Rome, though not deferring to the Fathers, recognizes them, and England, not deferring to the large body of the Church, recognizes it, both Rome and England have a point to clear up.'

And still more strongly in July, 1841:

‘If the Note of schism, on the one hand, lies against England, an antagonist disgrace lies upon Rome, the Note of idolatry. Let us not be mistaken here; we are neither accusing Rome of idolatry, nor ourselves of schism; we think neither charge tenable; but still the Roman Church practises what is so like idolatry, and the English Church makes much of what is so very like schism, that, without deciding what is the duty of a Roman Catholic towards the Church of England in her present state, we do seriously think that members of the English Church have a providential direction given them, how to comport themselves towards the Church of Rome, while she is what she is.’

One remark more about Antiquity and the *Via Media*. As time went on, without doubting the strength of the Anglican argument from Antiquity, I felt also, that it was not merely our special plea, but our only one. Also I felt that the *Via Media*, which was to represent it, was to be a sort of remodelled and adapted Antiquity. This I observe both in *Home Thoughts Abroad*, and in the Article of *The British Critic* which I have analysed above. But this circumstance, that after all we must use private judgment upon Antiquity, created a sort of distrust of my theory altogether, which in the conclusion of my volume on *The Prophetical Office* I express thus: ‘Now that our discussions draw to a close, the thought with which we entered on the subject is apt to recur, when the excitement of the inquiry has subsided, and weariness has succeeded, that what has been said is but a dream, the wanton exercise, rather than the

practical conclusions of the intellect'. And I conclude the paragraph by anticipating a line of thought into which I was, in the event, almost obliged to take refuge: 'After all', I say, 'the Church is ever invisible in its day, and faith only apprehends it.' What was this but to give up the Notes of a visible Church altogether, whether the Catholic Note or the Apostolic?

The Long Vacation of 1839 began early. There had been a great many visitors to Oxford from Easter to Commemoration; and Dr Pusey and myself had attracted attention, more, I think, than any former year. I had put away from me the controversy with Rome for more than two years. In my *Parochial Sermons* the subject had never been introduced: there had been nothing for two years, either in my *Tracts*, or in *The British Critic*, of a polemical character. I was returning, for the Vacation, to the course of reading which I had many years before chosen as especially my own. I have no reason to suppose that the thoughts of Rome came across my mind at all. About the middle of June, I began to study and master the history of the Monophysites. I was absorbed in the doctrinal question. This was from about June 13th to August 30th. It was during this course of reading, that, for the first time, a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism. I recollect, on the 30th of July, mentioning to a friend, whom I had accidentally met, how remarkable the history was; but by the end of August I was seriously alarmed.

I have described in a former work how the history affected me. My stronghold was Antiquity; now here, in the middle of the fifth century, I

found, as it seemed to me, Christendom of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries reflected. I saw my face in that mirror, and I was a Monophysite. The Church of the *Via Media* was in the position of the Oriental communion, Rome was, where she now is; and the Protestants were the Eutychians. Of all passages of history since history has been, who would have thought of going to the sayings and doings of old Eutyches, that *delirus senex*, as (I think) Petavius calls him, and to the enormities of the unprincipled Dioscorus, in order to be converted to Rome!

Now let it be simply understood that I am not writing controversially, but with the one object of relating things as they happened to me in the course of my conversion. With this view I will quote a passage from the account, which I gave in 1850, of my reasonings and feelings in 1839:

It was difficult to make out how the Eutychians or Monophysites were heretics, unless Protestants and Anglicans were heretics also; difficult to find arguments against the Tridentine Fathers, which did not tell against the Fathers of Chalcedon; difficult to condemn the Popes of the sixteenth century, without condemning the Popes of the fifth. The drama of religion, and the combat of truth and error, were ever one and the same. The principles and proceedings of the Church now were those of the Church then; the principles and proceedings of heretics then were those of Protestants now. I found it so—almost fearfully; there was an awful similitude, more awful, because so silent and unimpassioned, between the dead records of the past and the feverish chronicle of the present. The shadow of the fifth century was on the sixteenth. It was like a spirit rising from the troubled waters of the old world with the shape and lineaments of the new. The Church then, as now, might be called peremptory and stern, resolute, overbearing, and relentless; and heretics were shifting, changeable, reserved, and deceitful, ever courting civil power, and never agreeing

together, except by its aid; and the civil power was ever aiming at comprehensions, trying to put the invisible out of view, and substituting expediency for faith. What was the use of continuing the controversy, or defending my position, if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil's advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the Saints! and shall I lift up my hand against them? Sooner may my right hand forget her cunning, and wither outright, as his who once stretched it out against a prophet of God! anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, Riddleys, Latimers, and Jewels! perish the names of Bramhall, Ussher, Taylor, Stillingfleet, and Barrow from the face of the earth, ere I should do aught but fall at their feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue!

Hardly had I brought my course of reading to a close, when *The Dublin Review* of that same August was put into my hands by friends who were more favourable to the cause of Rome than I was myself. There was an Article in it on *The Anglican Claim* by Bishop Wiseman. This was about the middle of September. It was on the Donatists, with an application to Anglicanism. I read it, and did not see much in it. The Donatist controversy was known to me for some years, as I have instanced above. The case was not parallel to that of the Anglican Church. St Augustine in Africa wrote against the Donatists in Africa. They were a furious party who made a schism within the African Church, and not beyond its limits. It was a case of Altar against Altar, of two occupants of the same See, as that between the Non-jurors in England and the Established Church; not the case of one Church against another, as Rome against the Oriental Monophysites. But my friend, an anxiously religious man, now, as then, very

dear to me, a Protestant still, pointed out the palmary words of St Augustine, which were contained in one of the extracts made in the *Review*, and which had escaped my observation. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' He repeated these words again and again, and, when he was gone, they kept ringing in my ears. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum'; they were words which went beyond the occasion of the Donatists; they applied to that of the Monophysites. They gave a cogency to the article, which had escaped me at first. They decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of Antiquity; nay, St Augustine was one of the prime oracles of Antiquity; here then Antiquity was deciding against itself. What a light was hereby thrown upon every controversy in the Church! not that, for the moment, the multitude may not falter in their judgment—not that, in the Arian hurricane, Sees more than can be numbered did not bend before its fury, and fall off from St Athanasius—not that the crowd of Oriental bishops did not need to be sustained during the contest by the voice and the eye of St Leo; but that the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede. Who can account for the impressions which are made on him? For a mere sentence, the words of St Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the 'Turn again Whittington' of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they were like the 'Tolle, lege—Tolle, lege' of the child, which converted

St Augustine himself. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum!' By those great words of the ancient Father the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.

I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. I was just starting on a round of visits; and I mentioned my state of mind to two most intimate friends: I think to no others. After a while, I got calm, and at length the vivid impression upon my imagination faded away. What I thought about it on reflection I will attempt to describe presently. I had to determine its logical value, and its bearing upon my duty. Meanwhile, so far as this was certain—I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. It was clear that I had a good deal to learn on the question of the Churches, and that perhaps some new light was coming upon me. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again. The thought for the moment had been, 'The Church of Rome will be found right after all'; and then it had vanished. My old convictions remained as before.

At this time, I wrote my *Sermon on Divine Calls*, which I published in my volume of *Plain Sermons*. It ends thus:

O that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay even to please those whom we love, compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed—compared with this one aim, of 'not being disobedient to a heavenly vision?' What can this world offer comparable with that insight into spiritual things, that keen faith, that heavenly peace, that high sanctity, that everlasting righteousness, that hope of glory which they have, who in sincerity love and follow

our Lord Jesus Christ? Let us beg and pray Him day by day to reveal Himself to our souls more fully, to quicken our senses, to give us sight and hearing, taste and touch of the world to come; so to work within us, that we may sincerely say, 'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after that receive me with glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'

Now to trace the succession of thoughts, and the conclusions, and the consequent innovations on my previous belief, and the general conduct, to which I was led upon this sudden visitation. And first, I will say, whatever comes of saying it, for I leave inferences to others, that for years I must have had something of an habitual notion, though it was latent, and had never led me to distrust my own convictions, that my mind had not found its ultimate rest, and that in some sense or other I was on journey. During the same passage across the Mediterranean in which I wrote *Lead, kindly light*, I also wrote the verses, which are found in the *Lyra* under the head of 'Providences', beginning 'When I look back'. This was in 1833; and, since I have begun this narrative, I have found a memorandum under the date of September 7, 1829, in which I speak of myself, as 'now in my rooms in Oriel College, slowly advancing, etc., and led on by God's hand blindly, not knowing whither He is taking me'. But, whatever this presentiment be worth, it was no protection against the dismay and disgust, which I felt in consequence of the dreadful misgiving of which I have been relating the history. The one question was, what was I to do? I had to make up my mind for myself, and others could not help me.

I determined to be guided, not by my imagination, but by my reason. And this I said, over and over again, in the years which followed, both in conversation and in private letters. Had it not been for this severe resolve, I should have been a Catholic sooner than I was. Moreover, I felt on consideration a positive doubt, on the other hand, whether the suggestion did not come from below. Then I said to myself: Time alone can solve that question. It was my business to go on as usual, to obey those convictions to which I had so long surrendered myself, which still had possession of me, and on which my new thoughts had no direct bearing. That new conception of things should only so far influence me as it had a logical claim to do so. If it came from above, it would come again; so I trusted—and with more definite outlines. I thought of Samuel, before ‘he knew the word of the Lord’; and therefore I went, and lay down to sleep again. This was my broad view of the matter, and my *prima facie* conclusion.

However, my new historical fact had, to a certain point, a logical force. Down had come the *Via Media*, as a definite theory or scheme, under the blows of St Leo. My *Prophetical Office* had come to pieces; not indeed as an argument against ‘Roman errors’, nor as against Protestantism, but as in behalf of England. I had no more a distinctive plea for Anglicanism, unless I would be a Monophysite. I had, most painfully, to fall back upon my three original points of belief, which I have spoken so much of in a former passage—the principle of dogma, the sacramental system, and anti-Romanism. Of

these three, the first two were better secured in Rome than in the Anglican Church. The Apostolical Succession, the two prominent sacraments, and the primitive creeds, belonged, indeed, to the latter, but there had been, and was, far less strictness on matters of dogma and ritual in the Anglican system than in the Roman: in consequence, my main argument for the Anglican claims lay in the positive and special charges which I could bring against Rome. I had no positive Anglican theory. I was very nearly a pure Protestant. Lutherans had a sort of theology, so had Calvinists; I had none.

However, this pure Protestantism, to which I was gradually left, was really a practical principle. It was a strong, though it was only a negative ground, and it still had great hold on me. As a boy of fifteen, I had so fully imbibed it, that I had actually erased in my *Gradus ad Parnassum*, such titles, under the word 'Papa', as 'Christi Vicarius', 'sacer interpres', and 'sceptra gerens', and substituted epithets so vile that I cannot bring myself to write them down here. The effect of this early persuasion remained as, what I have already called it, a 'stain upon my imagination'. As regards my reason, I began in 1833 to form theories on the subject, which tended to obliterate it. In the first part of *Home Thoughts Abroad*, written in that year, after speaking of Rome as 'undeniably the most exalted Church in the whole world', and manifesting 'in all the truth and beauty of the Spirit, that side of high mental excellence, which Pagan Rome attempted but could not realize—high-mindedness, majesty, and the calm consciousness of power'—I proceed to say: 'Alas!.. the old

spirit has revived, and the monster of Daniel's vision, untamed by its former judgments, has seized upon Christianity as the new instrument of its impieties, and awaits a second and final woe from God's hand. Surely the doctrine of the *Genius Loci* is not without foundation, and explains to us how the blessing or the curse attaches to cities and countries, not to generations. Michael is represented (in the book of *Daniel*) as opposed to the Prince of the kingdom of Persia. Old Rome is still alive. The Sorceress upon the Seven Hills, in the book of *Revelation*, is not the Church of Rome, but Rome itself, the bad spirit, which, in its former shape, was the animating spirit of the Fourth Monarchy.' Then I refer to St Malachi's Prophecy which 'makes a like distinction between the City and the Church of Rome. "In the last persecution (it says) of the Holy Roman Church, Peter of Rome shall be on the throne, who shall feed his flock in many tribulations. When these are past, the City upon the Seven Hills shall be destroyed, and the awful Judge shall judge the people".' Then I append my moral: 'I deny that the distinction is unmeaning; Is it nothing to be able to look on our Mother, to whom we owe the blessing of Christianity, with affection instead of hatred?—with pity indeed, aye, and fear, but not with horror? Is it nothing to rescue her from the hard names which interpreters of prophecy have put upon her, as an idolatress, and an enemy of God, when she is deceived rather than a deceiver? Nothing to be able to account her priests as ordained of God, and anointed for their spiritual functions by the Holy Spirit, instead of considering her

communion the bond of Satan?' This was my first advance in rescuing, on an intelligible, intellectual basis, the Roman Church from the designation of Antichrist; it was not the Church, but the old dethroned Pagan monster, still living in the ruined city, that was Antichrist.

In a *Tract* in 1838 I profess to give the opinions of the Fathers on the subject, and the conclusions to which I come are still less violent against the Roman Church, though on the same basis as before. I say that the local Christian Church of Rome has been the means of shielding the pagan city from the fulness of those judgments which are due to it; and that, in consequence of this, though Babylon has been utterly swept from the earth, Rome remains to this day. The reason seemed to be simply this, that, when the barbarians came down, God had a people in that city. Babylon was a mere prison of the Church; Rome had received her as a guest. 'That vengeance has never fallen: it is still suspended; nor can reason be given why Rome has not fallen under the rule of God's general dealings with His rebellious creatures, except that a Christian Church is still in that city, sanctifying it, interceding for it, saving it.' I add, in a note: 'No opinion, one way or the other, is here expressed as to the question, how far, as the local Church has saved Rome, so Rome has corrupted the local Church; or whether the local Church in consequence, or again whether other Churches elsewhere, may or may not be types of Antichrist.' I quote all this in order to show how Bishop Newton was still upon my mind, even in 1838; and how I was feeling after some other interpretation of prophecy instead of his, and not without a good deal of hesitation.

However, I have found notes written in March, 1839, which anticipate my Article in *The British Critic* of October, 1840, in which I contended that the Churches of Rome and England were both one, and also the one true Church, for the very reason that they had both been stigmatized by the name of Antichrist, proving my point from the text, 'If they have called the Master of the House Beelzebub, how much more them of His household', and quoting largely from Puritans and Independents to show that, in their mouths, the Anglican Church is Antichrist and Antichristian as well as the Roman. I urged in that article, that the calumny of being Antichrist is almost 'one of the Notes of the true Church'; and, that 'there is no medium between a Vice-Christ and Anti-Christ'; for 'it is not the *acts* that make the difference between them, but the *authority* for those acts'. This of course was a new mode of viewing the question; but we cannot unmake ourselves, or change our habits, in a moment. It is quite clear, that, if I dared not commit myself in 1838 to the belief that the Church of Rome was not a type of Antichrist, I could not have thrown off the unreasoning prejudice and suspicion which I cherished about her for some time after, at least by fits and starts, in spite of the conviction of my reason. I cannot prove this, but I believe it to have been the case, from what I recollect of myself. Nor was there anything in the history of St Leo and the Monophysites to undo the firm belief I had in the existence of what I called the practical abuses and excesses of Rome.

To the inconsistencies then, to the ambition and intrigue, to the sophistries of Rome (as I

considered them to be) I had recourse in my opposition to her, both public and personal. I did so by way of a relief. I had a great and growing dislike, after the summer of 1839, to speak against the Roman Church herself, or her formal doctrines. I was very averse to speak against doctrines which might possibly turn out to be true, though at the time I had no reason for thinking they were, or against the Church which had preserved them. I began to have misgivings, that, strong as my own feelings had been against her, yet in some things which I had said, I had taken the statements of Anglican divines for granted, without weighing them for myself. I said to a friend in 1840, in a letter which I shall use presently: 'I am troubled by doubts whether as it is, I have not, in what I have published, spoken too strongly against Rome, though I think I did it in a kind of faith, being determined to put myself into the English system, and say all that our divines said, whether I had fully weighed it or not.' I was sore about the great Anglican divines, as if they had taken me in, and made me say strong things, which facts did not justify. Yet I *did* still hold in substance all that I had said against the Church of Rome in my *Prophetical Office*. I felt the force of the usual Protestant objections against her; I believed that we had the Apostolical succession in the Anglican Church, and the grace of the sacraments; I was not sure that the difficulty of its isolation might not be overcome, though I was far from sure that it could. I did not see any clear proof that it had committed itself to any heresy, or had taken part against the truth; and I was not sure that it would not revive into full Apostolic

purity and strength, and grow into union with Rome herself (Rome explaining her doctrines, and guarding against their abuse), that is, if we were but patient and hopeful. I wished for union between the Anglican Church and Rome, if, and when, it was possible; and I did what I could to gain weekly prayers for that object. The ground which I felt good against her was the moral ground; I felt I could not be wrong in striking at her political and social line of action. The alliance of a dogmatic religion with Liberals, high or low, seemed to me a providential direction against moving towards it, and a better *Preservative against Popery* than the three volumes folio, in which, I think, that prophylactic is to be found. However, on occasions which demanded it, I felt it a duty to give out plainly all that I thought, though I did not like to do so. One such instance occurred when I had to publish a letter about *Tract 90*. In that letter I said, 'Instead of setting before the soul the Holy Trinity, and heaven and hell, the Church of Rome does seem to me, as a popular system, to preach the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints, and purgatory.' On this occasion I recollect expressing to a friend the distress it gave me thus to speak; but I said, 'How can I help saying it, if I think it? and *do* think it; my bishop calls on me to say out what I think; and that is the long and the short of it.' But I recollected Hurrell Froude's words to me, almost his dying words, 'I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing. What good can it do?—and I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be on many points that are only gradually opening on us!'

Instead, then, of speaking of errors in doctrine, I was driven by my state of mind to insist upon the political conduct, the controversial bearing, and the social methods and manifestations of Rome. And here I found a matter close at hand, which affected me most sensibly too, because it was before my eyes. I can hardly describe too strongly my feeling upon it. I had an unspeakable aversion to the policy and acts of Mr O'Connell, because, as I thought, he associated himself with men of all religions, and no religion, against the Anglican Church, and advanced Catholicism by violence and intrigue. When, then, I found him taken up by the English Catholics, and, as I supposed, at Rome, I considered I had a fulfilment before my eyes how the Court of Rome played fast and loose, and fulfilled the bad points which I had seen put down in books against it. Here we saw what Rome was in action, whatever she might be when quiescent. Her conduct was simply secular and political.

This feeling led me into the excess of being very rude to that zealous and most charitable man, Mr Spencer, when he came to Oxford in January, 1840, to get Anglicans to set about praying for Unity. I myself then, or soon after, drew up such prayers; it was one of the first thoughts which came upon me after my shock, but I was too much annoyed with the political action of the members of the Roman Church in England to wish to have any thing to do with them personally. So glad in my heart was I to see him when he came to my rooms, whither Mr Palmer of Magdalen brought him, that I could have laughed for joy; I think I

did; but I was very rude to him, I would not meet him at dinner, and that (though I did not say so) because I considered him 'in loco apostatæ' from the Anglican Church, and I hereby beg his pardon for it. I wrote afterwards with a view to apologize, but I dare say he must have thought that I made the matter worse, for these were my words to him:

'The news that you are praying for us is most touching, and raises a variety of indescribable emotions. May their prayers return abundantly into their own bosoms! Why, then, do I not meet you in manner conformable with these first feelings? For this single reason, if I may say it, that your acts are contrary to your words. You invite us to a union of hearts, at the same time that you are doing all you can, not to restore, not to reform, not to re-unite, but to destroy our Church. You go further than your principles require. You are leagued with our enemies. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." This is what especially distresses us; this is what we cannot understand, how Christians, like yourselves, with the clear view you have, that a warfare is ever waging in the world between good and evil, should, in the present state of England, ally yourselves with the side of evil against the side of good... Of parties now in the country, you cannot but allow, that next to yourselves we are nearest to revealed truth. We maintain great and holy principles; we profess Catholic doctrines...' 'So near are we as a body to yourselves in modes of thinking, as even to have been taunted with the nicknames which belong to you; and, on the other hand, if there are professed infidels,

scoffers, sceptics, unprincipled men, rebels, they are found among our opponents. And yet you take part with them against us... You consent to act hand in hand (with these and others) for our overthrow. Alas! all this it is, that impresses us irresistibly with the notion that you are a political, not a religious party; that, in order to gain an end on which you set your hearts—an open stage for yourselves in England—you ally yourselves with those who hold nothing, against those who hold something. This is what distresses my own mind so greatly, to speak of myself, that, with limitations which need not now be mentioned, I cannot meet familiarly any leading persons of the Roman Communion, and least of all when they come on a religious errand. Break off, I would say, with Mr O'Connell in Ireland and the Liberal party in England, or come not to us with overtures for mutual prayer and religious sympathy.'

And here came in another feeling of a personal nature, which had little to do with the argument against Rome, except that, in my prejudice, I connected it with my own ideas of the usual conduct of her advocates and instruments. I was very stern upon any interference in our Oxford matters on the part of charitable Catholics, and on any attempt to do me good personally. There was nothing, indeed, at the time more likely to throw me back. 'Why do you meddle? Why cannot you let me alone? You can do me no good; you know nothing on earth about me; you may actually do me harm; I am in better hands than yours. I know my own sincerity of purpose; and I am determined upon taking my time.' Since I have been a Catholic, people have

sometimes accused me of backwardness in making converts; and Protestants have argued from it that I have no great eagerness to do so. It would be against my nature to act otherwise than I do; but besides, it would be to forget the lessons which I gained in the experience of my own history in the past.

This is the account which I have to give of some savage and ungrateful words in *The British Critic* of 1840 against the controversialists of Rome: 'By their fruits ye shall know them. . . We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, bold assertions, appeals to the weaknesses of human nature, to our fancies, our eccentricities, our fears, our frivolities, our false philosophies. We see its agents, smiling and nodding and ducking to attract attention, as gipseys make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pictures, and gilt gingerbread, and physic concealed in jam, and sugar-plums for good children. Who can but feel shame when the religion of Ximenes, Borromeo, and Pascal, is so overlaid? Who can but feel sorrow, when its devout and earnest defenders so mistake its genius and its capabilities? We Englishmen like manliness, openness, consistency, truth. Rome will never gain on us till she learns these virtues, and uses them; and then she may gain us, but it will be by ceasing to be what we now mean by Rome, by having a right, not to "have dominion over our faith", but to gain and possess our affections in the bonds of the gospel. Till she ceases to be what she practically is, a union is impossible between her and England; but, if she does

reform (and who can presume to say that so large a part of Christendom never can?) then it will be our Church's duty at once to join in communion with the continental Churches whatever politicians at home may say to it, and whatever steps the civil power may take in consequence. And though we may not live to see that day, at least we are bound to pray for it; we are bound to pray for our brethren that they and we may be led together into the pure light of the gospel, and be one as we once were one. It was most touching news to be told, as we were lately, that Christians on the Continent were praying together for the spiritual well-being of England. May they gain light, while they aim at unity, and grow in faith while they manifest their love! We, too, have our duties to them; not of reviling, not of slandering, not of hating, though political interests require it; but the duty of loving brethren still more abundantly in spirit, whose faces for our sins and their sins we are not allowed to see in the flesh.'

No one ought to indulge in insinuations; it certainly diminishes my right to complain of slanders uttered against myself, when, as in this passage, I had already spoken in condemnation of that class of controversialists to which I myself now belong.

I have thus put together, as well as I could, what has to be said about my general state of mind from the autumn of 1839 to the summer of 1841; and, having done so, I go on to narrate how my new misgivings affected my conduct, and my relations towards the Anglican Church.

When I got back to Oxford in October, 1839,

after the visits which I had been paying, it so happened there had been, in my absence, occurrences of an awkward character, bringing me into collision both with my Bishop and also with the University authorities; and this drew my attention at once to the state of what would be considered the Movement party there, and made me very anxious for the future. In the spring of the year, as has been seen in the article analyzed above, I had spoken of the excesses which were to be found among persons commonly included in it; at that time I thought little of such an evil, but the new thoughts, which had come on me during the Long Vacation, on the one hand made me comprehend it, and on the other took away my power of effectually meeting it. A firm and powerful control was necessary to keep men straight; I never had a strong wrist, but at the very time when it was most needed the reins had broken in my hands. With an anxious presentiment on my mind of the upshot of the whole inquiry, which it was almost impossible for me to conceal from men who saw me day by day, who heard my familiar conversation, who came perhaps for the express purpose of pumping me, and having a categorical *yes* or *no* to their questions—how could I expect to say anything about my actual, positive, present belief, which would be sustaining or consoling to such persons as were haunted already by doubts of their own? Nay, how could I, with satisfaction to myself, analyze my own mind, and say what I held and what I did not? or say with what limitations, shades of difference, or degrees of belief, I held that body of opinions which I had openly professed and taught? how could I deny or assert this

point or that, without injustice to the new view in which the whole evidence for those old opinions presented itself to my mind?

However, I had to do what I could, and what was best, under the circumstances; I found a general talk on the subject of the article in *The Dublin Review*; and, if it had affected me, it was not wonderful that it affected others also. As to myself, I felt no kind of certainty that the argument in it was conclusive. Taking it at the worst, granting that the Anglican Church had not the Note of Catholicity; yet there were many Notes of the Church. Some belonged to one age or place, some to another. Bellarmine had reckoned Temporal Prosperity among the Notes of the Church; but the Roman Church had not any great popularity, wealth, glory, power, or prospects, in the nineteenth century. It was not at all certain yet even that we had not the Note of Catholicity; but, if not, we had others. My first business, then, was to examine this question carefully, and see if a great deal could not be said after all for the Anglican Church, in spite of its acknowledged shortcomings. This I did in an article *On the Catholicity of the English Church*, which appeared in *The British Critic* of January, 1840. As to my personal distress on the point, I think it had gone by February 21st in that year, for I wrote then to Mr Bowden about the important article in the *Dublin*, thus: 'It made a great impression here [Oxford]; and I say, what of course I would only say to such as yourself, it made me for a while very uncomfortable in my own mind. The great speciousness of his argument is one of the things which have made

me despond so much', that is, as to its effect upon others.

But, secondly, the great stumbling-block lay in the 39 Articles. It was urged that here was a positive Note *against* Anglicanism: Anglicanism claimed to hold that the Church of England was nothing else than a continuation in this country (as the Church of Rome might be in France or Spain) of that one Church of which, in old times, Athanasius and Augustine were members. But, if so, the doctrine must be the same; the doctrine of the Old Church must live and speak in Anglican formularies, in the 39 Articles. Did it? Yes, it did; that is what I maintained; it did in substance, in a true sense. Man had done his worst to disfigure, to mutilate the old Catholic Truth, but there it was, in spite of them, in the Articles still. It was there, but this must be shown. It was a matter of life and death to us to show it. And I believed that it could be shown; I considered that those grounds of justification, which I gave above, when I was speaking of *Tract 90*, were sufficient for the purpose; and therefore I set about showing it at once. This was in March 1840, when I went up to Littlemore. And, as it was a matter of life and death with us, all risks must be run to show it. When the attempt was actually made, I had got reconciled to the prospect of it, and had no apprehensions as to the experiment; but in 1840, while my purpose was honest, and my grounds of reason satisfactory, I did nevertheless recognize that I was engaged in an *experimentum crucis*. I have no doubt that then I acknowledged to myself, that it would be a trial of the Anglican Church which it had never undergone before—

not that the Catholic sense of the Articles had not been held, or at least suffered by their framers and promulgators, and was not implied in the teaching of Andrewes or Beveridge, but that it had never been publicly recognized, while the interpretation of the day was Protestant and exclusive. I observe also, that, though my Tract was an experiment, it was, as I said at the time, 'no *feeler*', the event showed it; for, when my principle was not granted, I did not draw back, but gave up. I would not hold office in a Church which would not allow my sense of the Articles. My tone was, 'This is necessary for us, and have it we must and will, and, if it tends to bring men to look less bitterly on the Church of Rome, so much the better.'

This, then, was the second work to which I set myself; though when I got to Littlemore, other things came in the way of accomplishing it at the moment. I had in mind to remove all such obstacles as were in the way of holding the Apostolic and Catholic character of the Anglican teaching; to assert the right of all who chose to say in the face of day, 'Our Church teaches the primitive ancient faith'. I did not conceal this: in *Tract 90*, it is put forward as the first principle of all, 'It is a duty which we owe, both to the Catholic Church, and to our own, to take our reformed confessions in the most Catholic sense they will admit: we have no duties towards their framers.' And still more pointedly in my letter, explanatory of the *Tract*, addressed to Dr Jelf, I say: 'The only peculiarity of the view I advocate, if I must so call it, is this—that whereas it is usual at this day to make the *particular belief of their*

writers their true interpretation, I would make the *belief of the Catholic Church such*. That is, as it is often said that infants are regenerated in Baptism, not on the faith of their parents, but of the Church, so in like manner I would say that the Articles are received, not in the sense of their framers, but (as far as the wording will admit, or any ambiguity requires it) in the one Catholic sense.'

A third measure which I distinctly contemplated, was the resignation of St Mary's, whatever became of the question of the Articles; and as a first step I meditated a retirement to Littlemore. I had built a Church there, several years before; and I went there to pass the Lent of 1840, and gave myself up to teaching in the Poor Schools, and practising the choir. At the same time, I contemplated a monastic house there. I bought ten acres of ground, and began planting; but this great design was never carried out. I mention it, because it shows how little I had really the idea then of ever leaving the Anglican Church. That I also contemplated even the further step of giving up St Mary's itself as early as 1839, appears from a letter which I wrote in October, 1840, to the friend whom it was most natural for me to consult on such a point. It ran as follows:

For a year past, a feeling has been growing on me that I ought to give up St. Mary's, but I am no fit judge in the matter. I cannot ascertain accurately my own impressions and convictions, which are the basis of the difficulty, and though you cannot of course do this for me, yet you may help me generally, and perhaps supersede the necessity of my going by them at all,

First, it is certain that I do not know my Oxford parishioners; I am not conscious of influencing them, and certainly I have no insight into their spiritual state, I have no personal, no pastoral acquaintance with them,

To very few have I any opportunity of saying a religious word. Whatever influence I exert on them is precisely that which I may be exerting on persons out of my parish. In my excuse, I am accustomed to say to myself that I am not adapted to get on with them, while others are. On the other hand, I am conscious, that by means of my position at St Mary's I do exert a considerable influence on the University, whether on undergraduates or graduates. It seems, then, on the whole, that I am using St Mary's, to the neglect of its direct duties, for objects not belonging to it; I am converting a parochial charge into a sort of University office.

I think I may say truly, that I have begun scarcely any plan but for the sake of my parish, but every one has turned, independently of me, into the direction of the University. I began Saints'-days services, daily services, and lectures in Adam de Brome's Chapel, for my parishioners; but they have not come to them. In consequence I dropped the last mentioned, having, while it lasted, been naturally led to direct it to the instruction of those who did come, instead of those who did not. The weekly Communion, I believe, I did begin for the sake of the University.

Added to this, the authorities of the University, the appointed guardians of those who form great part of the attendants on my sermons, have shown a dislike of my preaching. One dissuades men from coming—the late Vice-Chancellor threatens to take his own children away from the Church; and the present, having an opportunity last spring of preaching in my parish pulpit, gets up and preaches against doctrine with which I am in good measure identified. No plainer proof can be given of the feeling in these quarters than the absurd myth, now a second time put forward, that 'Vice-Chancellors cannot be got to take the office on account of Puseyism.'

But further than this, I cannot disguise from myself that my preaching is not calculated to defend that system of religion which has been received for 300 years, and of which the Heads of Houses are the legitimate maintainers in this place. They exclude me, as far as may be, from the University Pulpit; and, though I never have preached strong doctrine in it, they do so rightly, so far as this, that they understand that my sermons are calculated to undermine things established, I cannot disguise from myself that they are. No one will deny that most of my sermons are on moral subjects, not doctrinal; still

I am leading my hearers to the Primitive Church, if you will, but not to the Church of England. Now, ought one to be disgusting the minds of young men with the received religion, in the exercise of a sacred office, yet without a commission, against the wish of their guides and governors?

But this is not all. I fear I must allow, that, whether I will or no, I am disposing them towards Rome. First, because Rome is the only representative of the Primitive Church besides ourselves; in proportion then as they are loosened from the one, they will go to the other. Next, because many doctrines which I have held, have far greater, or their only scope in the Roman system. And, moreover, if, as is not unlikely, we have in process of time heretical bishops or teachers among us, an evil which *ipso facto* infects the whole community to which they belong, and if, again (what there are at this moment symptoms of), there be a movement in the English Roman Catholics to break the alliance of O'Connell and of Exeter Hall, strong temptations will be placed in the way of individuals, already imbued with a tone of thought congenial to Rome, to join her Communion.

People tell me, on the other hand, that I am, whether by sermons or otherwise, exerting at St Mary's a beneficial influence on our prospective clergy; but what if I take to myself the credit of seeing further than they, and of having in the course of the last year discovered, that what they approve so much is very likely to end in Romanism?

The *arguments* which I have published against Romanism seem to myself as cogent as ever, but men go by their sympathies, not by argument; and if I feel the force of this influence myself, who bow to the arguments, why may not others still more, who never have in the same degree admitted the arguments?

Nor can I counteract the danger by preaching or writing against Rome. I seem to myself almost to have shot my last arrow, in the article on English Catholicity. It must be added, that the very circumstance that I have committed myself against Rome has the effect of setting to sleep people suspicious about me, which is painful now that I begin to have suspicions about myself. I mentioned my general difficulty to A. B., a year since, than whom I know no one of a more fine and accurate conscience, and it was his spontaneous idea that I should give up St Mary's, if my feelings continued. I mentioned it again to him lately, and he did not reverse his opinion, only expressed great reluctance to believe it must be so.

My friend's judgment was in favour of my retaining my living, at least for the present; what weighed with me most was his saying: 'You must consider, whether your retiring, either from the pastoral care only, or from writing and printing and editing in the cause, would not be a sort of scandalous thing, unless it were done very warily. It would be said, "You see he can go on no longer with the Church of England, except in mere Lay Communion"; or people might say you repented of the cause altogether. Till you see (your way to mitigate, if not remove this evil) I certainly should advise you to stay.' I answered as follows:

Since you think I *may* go on, it seems to follow that, under the circumstances, I *ought* to do so. There are plenty of reasons for it directly it is allowed to be lawful. The following considerations have much reconciled my feelings to your conclusion.

1. I do not think that we have yet made fair trial how much the English Church will bear. I know it is a hazardous experiment—like proving cannon. Yet we must not take it for granted, that the metal will burst in the operation. It has borne at various times, not to say at this time, a great infusion of Catholic truth without damage. As to the result, *viz.* whether this process will not approximate the whole English Church, as a body, to Rome, that is nothing to us. For what we know, it may be the providential means of uniting the whole Church in one, without fresh schismatizing, or use of private judgment.

Here, I observe, that what was contemplated was the bursting of the *Catholicity* of the Anglican Church, that is, my *subjective idea* of that Church. Its bursting would not hurt her with the world, but would be a discovery that she was purely and essentially Protestant, and would be really the 'hoisting of the engineer with his own petard'. And this was the result. I continue

2. Say, that I move sympathies for Rome: in the same sense do Hooker, Taylor, Bull, &c. Their *arguments* may be against Rome, but the sympathies they raise must be towards Rome, *so far* as Rome maintains truths which our Church does not teach or enforce. Thus it is a question of *degree* between our divines and me. I may, if so be, go further; I may raise sympathies *more*; but I am but urging minds in the same direction as they do. I am doing just the very thing which all our doctors have ever been doing. In short, would not Hooker, if Vicar of St Mary's, be in my difficulty?

Here it may be said, that Hooker could preach against Rome, and I could not; but I doubt whether he could have preached effectively against Transubstantiation better than I, though neither he nor I held it.

3. Rationalism is the great evil of the day. May not I consider my post at St Mary's as a place of protest against it? I am more certain that the Protestant (spirit), which I oppose, leads to infidelity, than that which I recommend, leads to Rome. Who knows what the state of the University may be, as regards Divinity Professors, in a few years hence? Anyhow, a great battle may be coming on, of which C. D.'s book is a sort of earnest. The whole of *our* day may be a battle with this spirit. May we not leave to another age *its own* evil—to settle the question of Romanism?

I may add that from this time I had a curate at St Mary's, who gradually took more and more of my work.

Also, this same year, 1840, I made arrangements for giving up *The British Critic* in the following July, which were carried into effect at that date.

Such was about my state of mind on the publication of *Tract 90*, in February, 1841. The immense commotion consequent upon the publication of the *Tract* did not unsettle me again; for I had weathered the storm: the *Tract* had not been

condemned: that was the great point; I made much of it.

To illustrate my feelings during this trial, I will make extracts from my letters to a friend, which have come into my possession, The dates are respectively March 25, April 1, and May 9.

1. I do trust I shall make no false step, and hope my friends will pray for me to this effect. If, as you say, a destiny hangs over us, a single false step may ruin all. I am very well and comfortable; but we are not yet out of the wood.

2. The Bishop sent me word on Sunday to write a letter to him '*instanter*'. So I wrote it on Monday: on Tuesday it passed through the press: on Wednesday it was out: and to-day (Thursday) it is in London.

I trust that things are smoothing now; and that we have made a *great step* is certain. It is not right to boast, till I am clear out of the wood, *i. e.* till I know how the letter is received in London. You know, I suppose, that I am to stop the *Tracts*; but you will see in the letter, though I speak *quite* what I feel, yet I have managed to take out on *my side* my snubbing's worth. And this makes me anxious how it will be received in London.

I have not had a misgiving for five minutes from the first: but I do not like to boast, lest some harm come.

3. The bishops are very desirous of hushing the matter up: and I certainly have done my utmost to co-operate with them, on the understanding that the *Tract* is not to be withdrawn or condemned.

And to my friend, Mr Bowden, under date of March 15:

The Heads, I believe, have just done a violent act: they have said that my interpretation of the Articles is an *evasion*. Do not think that this will pain me. You see, no *doctrine* is censured, and my shoulders shall manage to bear the charge. If you knew all, or were here, you would see that I have asserted a great principle, and I *ought* to suffer for it:—that the Articles are to be interpreted, not according to the meaning of the writers, but (as far as the wording will admit) according to the sense of the Catholic Church,

Upon occasion of *Tract 90*, several Catholics wrote to me; I answered one of my correspondents thus:

April 8.—You have no cause to be surprised at the discontinuance of the *Tracts*. We feel no misgivings about it whatever, as if the cause of what we hold to be Catholic truth would suffer thereby. My letter to my Bishop has, I trust, had the effect of bringing the preponderating *authority* of the Church on our side. No stopping of the *Tracts* can, humanly speaking, stop the spread of the opinions which they have inculcated.

The *Tracts* are not *suppressed*. No doctrine or principle has been conceded by us, or condemned by authority. The Bishop has but said, that a certain Tract is 'objectionable', no reason being stated. I have no intention whatever of yielding any one point which I hold on conviction; and that the authorities of the Church know full well.

In the summer of 1841 I found myself at Littlemore, without any harass or anxiety on my mind. I had determined to put aside all controversy, and I set myself down to my translation of St Athanasius; but, between July and November, I received three blows which broke me.

1. I had got but a little way in my work, when my trouble returned on me. The ghost had come a second time. In the Arian History I found the very same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which I had found in the Monophysite. I had not observed it in 1832. Wonderful that this should come upon me! I had not sought it out; I was reading and writing in my own line of study, far from the controversies of the day, on what is called a 'metaphysical' subject; but I saw clearly, that in the history of Arianism, the pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was, what it was. The truth lay, not

with the *Via Media*, but in what was called 'the extreme party'. As I am not writing a work of controversy, I need not enlarge upon the argument; I have said something on the subject, in a volume which I published fourteen years ago.

2. I was in the misery of this new unsettlement, when a second blow came upon me. The bishops, one after another, began to charge against me. It was a formal, determinate movement. This was the real 'understanding'; that on which I had acted on occasion of *Tract 90* had come to naught. I think the words, which had then been used to me, were, that 'perhaps two or three might think it necessary to say something in their charges'; but, by this time, they had tided over the difficulty of the *Tract*, and there was no one to enforce the 'understanding'. They went on in this way, directing charges at me, for three whole years. I recognized it as a condemnation; it was the only one that was in their power. At first I intended to protest; but I gave up the thought in despair.

On October 17th, I wrote thus to a friend:

I suppose it will be necessary in some shape or other to re-assert *Tract 90*; else, it will seem, after these Bishop's Charges, as if it were silenced, which it has not been, nor do I intend it should be. I wish to keep quiet; but if bishops speak, I will speak, too. If the view were silenced, I could not remain in the Church, nor could many others; and therefore, since it is *not* silenced, I shall take care to show that it isn't.

A day or two after, Oct. 22, a stranger wrote to me to say, that the *Tracts for the Times* had made a young friend of his Catholic, and to ask, 'would I be so good as to convert him back'; I made answer:

If conversions to Rome take place in consequence of the *Tracts for the Times*, I do not impute blame to them, but to those who, instead of acknowledging such Anglican principles of theology and ecclesiastical polity as they contain, set themselves to oppose them. Whatever be the influence of the *Tracts*, great or small, they may become just as powerful for Rome, if our Church refuses them, as they would be for our Church if she accepted them. If our rulers speak either against the *Tracts*, or not at all, if any number of them, not only do not favour, but even do not suffer the principles contained in them, it is plain that our members may easily be persuaded either to give up those principles, or to give up the Church. If this state of things goes on, I mournfully prophesy, not one or two, but many secessions to the Church of Rome.

Two years afterwards, looking back on what had passed, I said, 'There were no converts to Rome, till after the condemnation of *No. 90.*'

3. As if all this were not enough, there came the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric; and with a brief mention of it I shall conclude.

I think I am right in saying, that it had been long a desire with the Prussian Court to introduce Episcopacy into the Evangelical religion, which was intended in that country to embrace both the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies. I almost think I heard of the project, when I was at Rome in 1833, at the hôtel of the Prussian Minister, M. Bunsen, who was most hospitable and kind, as to other English visitors, so also to my friends and myself. I suppose that the idea of Episcopacy, as the Prussian king understood it, was very different from that taught in the Tractarian School; but still, I suppose, that the chief authors of that school would have gladly seen such a measure carried out in Prussia, had it been done without compromising those principles which were necessary to the being of a Church. About the time of

the publication of *Tract 90*, M. Bunsen and the then archbishop of Canterbury were taking steps for its execution, by appointing and consecrating a bishop for Jerusalem. Jerusalem, it would seem, was considered a safe place for the experiment; it was too far from Prussia to awaken the susceptibilities of any party at home; if the project failed, it failed without harm to any one; and, if it succeeded, it gave Protestantism a *status* in the East, which, in association with the Monophysite, or Jacobite, and the Nestorian bodies, formed a political instrument for England, parallel to that which Russia had in the Greek Church, and France in the Latin.

Accordingly, in July 1841, full of the Anglican difficulty on the question of Catholicity, I thus spoke of the Jerusalem scheme in an Article in *The British Critic*: 'When our thoughts turn to the East, instead of recollecting that there are Christian Churches there, we leave it to the Russians to take care of the Greeks, and the French to take care of the Romans, and we content ourselves with erecting a Protestant Church at Jerusalem, or with helping the Jews to rebuild their Temple there, or with becoming the august protectors of Nestorians, Monophysites, and all the heretics we can hear of, or with forming a league with the Mussulman against Greeks and Romans together.'

I do not pretend, so long after the time, to give a full or exact account of this measure in detail. I will but say that in the Act of Parliament, under date of October 5, 1841 (if the copy, from which I quote, contains the measure as it passed the Houses) provision is made for the consecration of 'British subjects, or the subjects

or citizens of any foreign state, to be bishops in any foreign country, whether such foreign subjects or citizens be or be not subjects or citizens of the country in which they are to act, and... without requiring such of them as may be subjects or citizens of any foreign kingdom or state to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the oath of due obedience to the Archbishop for the time being'... also 'that such bishop or bishops, so consecrated, may exercise, within such limits, as may from time to time be assigned for that purpose in such foreign countries by her Majesty, spiritual jurisdiction over the ministers of British congregations of the United Church of England and Ireland, and over *such other Protestant Congregations*, as may be desirous of placing themselves under his or their authority.'

Now here, at the very time that the Anglican bishops were directing their censure upon me for avowing an approach to the Catholic Church not closer than I believed the Anglican formularies would allow, they were on the other hand fraternizing, by their act or by their sufferance, with Protestant bodies, and allowing them to put themselves under an Anglican bishop, without any renunciation of their errors or regard to the due reception of baptism and confirmation; while there was great reason to suppose that the said bishop was intended to make converts from the orthodox Greeks, and the schismatical Oriental bodies, by means of the influence of England. This was the third blow, which finally shattered my faith in the Anglican Church. That Church was not only forbidding any sympathy or concurrence with the Church of Rome, but it actually

was courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia, and the heresy of the Orientals. The Anglican Church might have the Apostolical succession, as had the Monophysites; but such acts as were in progress led me to the gravest suspicion, not that it would soon cease to be a Church, but that it had never been a Church all along.

On October 12th I thus wrote to a friend:

'We have not a single Anglican in Jerusalem, so we are sending a bishop to *make* a communion, not to govern our own people. Next, the excuse is, that there are converted Anglican Jews there who require a bishop; I am told there are not half-a-dozen. But for *them* the bishop is sent out, and for them he is a bishop of the *circumcision*' (I think he was a converted Jew, who boasted of his Jewish descent), 'against the Epistle to the Galatians pretty nearly. Thirdly, for the sake of Prussia, he is to take under him all the foreign Protestants who will come; and the political advantages will be so great, from the influence of England, that there is no doubt they *will* come. They are to sign the Confession of Augsburg, and there is nothing to show that they hold the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

As to myself, I shall do nothing whatever publicly, unless indeed it were to give my signature to a protest; but I think it would be out of place in *me* to agitate, having been in a way silenced; but the Archbishop is really doing most grave work, of which we cannot see the end.

I did make a solemn protest, and sent it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also sent it to my own Bishop, with the following letter:

It seems as if I were never to write to your Lordship without giving you pain, and I know that my present subject does not specially concern your Lordship; yet, after a great deal of anxious thought, I lay before you the enclosed protest.

Your Lordship will observe that I am not asking for any notice of it, unless you think that I ought to receive one. I do this very serious act in obedience to my sense of duty.

If the English Church is to enter on a new course, and assume a new aspect, it will be more pleasant to me hereafter to think, that I did not suffer so grievous an event to happen, without bearing witness against it.

May I be allowed to say, that I augur nothing but evil, if we in any respect prejudice our title to be a branch of the Apostolic Church? That Article of the Creed, I need hardly observe to your Lordship, is of such constraining power, that, if *we* will not claim it, and use it for ourselves, *others* will use it in their own behalf against us. Men who learn, whether by means of documents or measures, whether from the statements or the acts of persons in authority, that our communion is not a branch of the One Church, I foresee with much grief, will be tempted to look out for that Church elsewhere.

It is to me a subject of great dismay, that, as far as the Church has lately spoken out, on the subject of the opinions which I and others hold, those opinions are, not merely not *sanctioned* (for that I do not ask), but not even *suffered*.

I earnestly hope that your Lordship will excuse my freedom in thus speaking to you of some members of your Most Rev. and Right Rev. body. With every feeling of reverent attachment to your Lordship,

I am, etc.

PROTEST

Whereas the Church of England has a claim on the allegiance of Catholic believers only on the ground of her own claim to be considered a branch of the Catholic Church:

And whereas the recognition of heresy, indirect as well as direct, goes far to destroy such claim in the case of any religious body advancing it:

And whereas to admit maintainers of heresy to communion, without formal renunciation of their errors, goes far towards recognizing the same:

And whereas Lutheranism and Calvinism are heresies, repugnant to Scripture, springing up three centuries since, and anathematized by East as well as West:

And whereas it is reported that the Most Reverend Primate and other Right Reverend rulers of our Church have consecrated a Bishop with a view to exercising spiritual jurisdiction over Protestant, that is, Lutheran

and Calvinist congregations in the East (under the provisions of an Act made in the last session of Parliament to amend an Act made in the 26th year of the reign of his Majesty King George the Third, intituled '*An Act to empower the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Archbishop of York for the time being, to consecrate to the office of Bishop persons being subjects or citizens of countries out of his Majesty's dominions*'), dispensing at the same time, not in particular cases, and accidentally, but as if on principle, and universally, with any abjuration of error on the part of such congregations, and with any reconciliation to the Church on the part of the presiding Bishop; thereby giving some sort of formal recognition to the doctrines which such congregations maintain:

And whereas the dioceses in England are connected together by so close an intercommunion, that what is done by authority in one, immediately affects the rest:

On these grounds, I in my place, being a priest of the English Church and Vicar of St Mary the Virgin's, Oxford, by way of relieving my conscience, do hereby solemnly protest against the measure aforesaid, and disown it, as removing our Church from her present ground, and tending to her disorganization.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

November 11, 1841.

Looking back two years afterwards on the above-mentioned and other acts, on the part of Anglican ecclesiastical authorities, I observe: 'Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church, to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican—might have admitted a suspicion, or even painful doubts about the latter—yet never have been impelled onwards, had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years; but it is the corroboration of a present, living, and energetic heterodoxy, which realizes and makes them practical; it has been the recent speeches and acts of authorities, who had so long been tolerant of

Protestant error, which have given to inquiry and to theory its force and its edge.'

As to the project of a Jerusalem bishopric, I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me; which many think a great misfortune, and I one of the greatest of mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end.

HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

1841 to 1845

FROM the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees. I introduce what I have to say with this remark, by way of accounting for the character of this remaining portion of my narrative. A death-bed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying, and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen, or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover, it is a season when doors are closed, and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady. I was in these circumstances, except so far as I was not allowed to die in peace—except so far as friends, who had still a full right to come in upon me, and the public world, which had not, have given a sort of history to those four last years. But in consequence, my narrative must be in great measure documentary. Letters of mine to friends have come to me since their deaths; others have been kindly lent me for the occasion; and I have some drafts of letters, and notes of my own, though I have no strictly personal or continuous memoranda to consult, and have unluckily mislaid some valuable papers.

And first as to my position in the view of duty; it was this: (1) I had given up my place in the Movement in my letter to the Bishop of Oxford in the spring of 1841; but (2) I could not give up my duties towards the many and various minds who had more or less been brought into it by me; (3) I expected, or intended, gradually to fall back into Lay Communion; (4) I never contemplated leaving the Church of England; (5) I could not hold office in her, if I were not allowed to hold the Catholic sense of the Articles; (6) I could not go to Rome while she suffered honours to be paid to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints which I thought incompatible with the Supreme, Incommunicable Glory of the One Infinite and Eternal; (7) I desired a union with Rome under conditions, Church with Church; (8) I called Littlemore my Torres Vedras, and thought that some day we might advance again within the Anglican Church, as we had been forced to retire; (9) I kept back all persons who were disposed to go to Rome with all my might.

And I kept them back for three of four reasons; (1) because what I could not in conscience do myself, I could not suffer them to do; (2) because I thought that in various cases they were acting under excitement; (3) while I held St Mary's, because I had duties to my Bishop and to the Anglican Church; and (4), in some cases, because I had received from their Anglican parents or superiors direct charge of them.

This was my view of my duty from the end of 1841, to my resignation of St Mary's, in the autumn of 1843. And now I shall relate my view, during that time, of the state of the controversy between the Churches.

As soon as I saw the hitch in the Anglican argument, during my course of reading in the summer of 1839, I began to look about, as I have said, for some ground which might supply a controversial basis for my need. The difficulty in question had affected my view both of Antiquity and Catholicity; for, while the history of St Leo showed me, that the deliberate and eventual consent of the great body of the Church ratified a doctrinal decision, it also showed that the rule of Antiquity was not infringed, though a doctrine had not been publicly recognized as a portion of the dogmatic foundation of the Church, till centuries after the time of the Apostles. Thus, whereas the Creeds tell us that the Church is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, I could not prove that the Anglican communion was an integral part of the One Church, on the ground of its being Apostolic or Catholic, without reasoning in favour of what are commonly called the Roman corruptions; and I could not defend our separation from Rome without using arguments prejudicial to those great doctrines concerning our Lord, which are the very foundation of the Christian religion. The *Via Media* was an impossible idea; it was what I had called 'standing on one leg'; and it was necessary, if my old issue of the controversy was to be retained, to go further either one way or the other.

Accordingly, I abandoned that old ground and took another. I deliberately quitted the old Anglican ground as untenable; but I did not do so all at once, but as I became more and more convinced of the state of the case. The Jerusalem bishopric was the ultimate condem-

nation of the old theory of the *Via Media*; from that time the Anglican Church was, in my mind, either not a normal portion of that One Church to which the promises were made, or at least in an abnormal state, and from that time I said boldly, as I did in my protest, and as indeed I had even intimated in my letter to the Bishop of Oxford, that the Church in which I found myself had no claim on me, except on condition of its being a portion of the One Catholic Communion, and that that condition must ever be borne in mind as a practical matter, and had to be distinctly proved. All this was not inconsistent with my saying that, at this time, I had no thought of leaving that Church; because I felt some of my old objections against Rome as strongly as ever. I had no right, I had no leave, to act against my conscience. That was a higher rule than any argument about the Notes of the Church.

Under these circumstances I turned for protection to the Note of Sanctity, with a view of showing that we had at least one of the necessary Notes, as fully as the Church of Rome; or, at least, without entering into comparisons, that we had it in such a sufficient sense as to reconcile us to our position, and to supply full evidence, and a clear direction, on the point of practical duty. We had the Note of Life—not any sort of life, not such only as can come of nature, but a supernatural Christian life, which could only come directly from above. In my article in *The British Critic*, to which I have so often referred, in January 1840 (before the time of *Tract 90*), I said of the Anglican Church, that ‘she has the note of possession, the note of freedom

from party titles, the note of life—a tough life and a vigorous; she has ancient descent, unbroken continuance, agreement in doctrine with the Ancient Church.’ Presently I go on to speak of sanctity: ‘Much as Roman Catholics may denounce us at present as schismatical, they could not resist us if the Anglican communion had but that one note of the Church upon it—Sanctity. The Church of the day (4th century) could not resist Meletius; his enemies were fairly overcome by him, by his meekness and holiness, which melted the most jealous of them.’ And I continue: ‘We are almost content to say to Romanists, account us not yet as a branch of the Catholic Church, though we be a branch, till we are like a branch, provided that when we do become like a branch, then you consent to acknowledge us’ etc. And so I was led on in the article to that sharp attack on English Catholics for their shortcomings as regards this Note, a good portion of which I have already quoted in another place. It is there, that I speak of the great scandal which I took at their political, social, and controversial bearing; and this was a second reason why I fell back upon the Note of Sanctity, because it took me away from the necessity of making any attack upon the doctrines of the Roman Church, nay, from the consideration of her popular beliefs, and brought me upon a ground on which I felt I could not make a mistake; for what is a higher guide for us in speculation and in practice, than that conscience of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, those sentiments of what is decorous, consistent, and noble, which our Creator has made a part of our original nature? Therefore

I felt I could not be wrong in attacking what I fancied was a fact—the uncrupulousness, the deceit, and the intriguing spirit of the agents and representatives of Rome.

This reference to Holiness as the true test of a Church was steadily kept in view in what I wrote in connexion with *Tract 90*. I say in its Introduction: ‘The writer can never be party to forcing the opinions or projects of one school upon another; religious changes should be the act of the whole body. No good can come of a change which is not a development of feelings springing up freely and calmly within the bosom of the whole body itself; every change in religion’ must be ‘attended by deep repentance; changes’ must be ‘nurtured in mutual love; we cannot agree without a supernatural influence’; we must come ‘together to God to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves’. In my letter to the Bishop I said: ‘I have set myself against suggestions for considering the differences between ourselves and the foreign Churches with a view to their adjustment.’ (I meant in the way of negotiation, conference, agitation, or the like.) ‘Our business is with ourselves—to make ourselves more holy, more self-denying, more primitive, more worthy of our high calling. To be anxious for a composition of differences is to begin at the end. Political reconciliations are but outward and hollow, and fallacious. And till Roman Catholics renounce political efforts, and manifest in their public measures the light of holiness and truth, perpetual war is our only prospect.’

According to this theory, a religious body is part of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church,

if it has the succession and the creed of the Apostles, with the note of holiness of life; and there is much in such a view to approve itself to the direct common sense and practical habits of an Englishman. However, with events consequent upon *Tract 90*, I sunk my theory to a lower level. What could be said in apology, when the bishops and the people of my Church, not only did not suffer, but actually rejected primitive Catholic doctrine, and tried to eject from their communion all who held it? after the bishops' charges?—after the Jerusalem 'abomination?'— Well, this could be said; still we were not nothing: we could not be as if we never had been a Church; we were 'Samaria'. This then was that lower level on which I placed myself, and all who felt with me, at the end of 1841.

To bring out this view was the purpose of four sermons preached at St Mary's in December of that year. Hitherto I had not introduced the exciting topics of the day into the pulpit; on this occasion I did. I did so, for the moment was urgent; there was great unsettlement of mind among us, in consequence of those same events which had unsettled me. One special anxiety, very obvious, which was coming on me now, was, that what was 'one man's meat was another man's poison'. I had said, even, of *Tract 90*, 'It was addressed to one set of persons, and has been used and commented on by another'; still more was it true now, that whatever I wrote for the service of those whom I knew to be in trouble of mind, would become on the one hand matter of suspicion and slander in the mouths of my opponents, and of distress and surprise to those

on the other hand, who had no difficulties of faith at all. Accordingly, when I published these *Four Sermons*, at the end of 1843, I introduced them with a recommendation that none should read them who did not need them. But in truth, the virtual condemnation of *Tract 90*, after that the whole difficulty seemed to have been weathered, was an enormous disappointment and trial. My protest also against the Jerusalem bishopric was an unavoidable cause of excitement in the case of many; but it calmed them too, for the very fact of a protest was a relief to their impatience. And so, in like manner, as regards the *Four Sermons* of which I speak, though they acknowledged freely the great scandal which was involved in the recent episcopal doings, yet at the same time they might be said to bestow upon the multiplied disorders and shortcomings of the Anglican Church, a sort of place in the Revealed Dispensation, and an intellectual position in the controversy, and the dignity of a great principle, for unsettled minds to take and use, which might teach them to recognize their own consistency, and to be reconciled to themselves, and which might absorb into itself and dry up a multitude of their grudgings, discontents, misgivings, and questionings, and lead the way to humble, thankful, and tranquil thoughts—and this was the effect which certainly it produced on myself.

The point of these *Sermons* is, that, in spite of the rigid character of the Jewish law, the formal and literal force of its precepts, and the manifest schism, and worse than schism, of the Ten Tribes, yet, in fact, they were still recognized as a people by the Divine Mercy; that the great

prophets Elias and Eliseus were sent to them, and not only so, but sent to preach to them and reclaim them, without any intimation that they must be reconciled to the line of David and the Aaronic priesthood, or go up to Jerusalem to worship. They were not in the Church, yet they had the means of grace and the hope of acceptance with their Maker. The application of all this to the Anglican Church was immediate; whether a man could assume or exercise ministerial functions under the circumstances, or not, might not clearly appear, though it must be remembered that England had the Apostolic Priesthood, whereas Israel had no priesthood at all; but so far was clear, that there was no call at all for an Anglican to leave his Church for Rome, though he did not believe his own to be part of the One Church—and for this reason, because it was a fact that the kingdom of Israel was cut off from the temple; and yet its subjects, neither in a mass, nor as individuals, neither the multitudes on Mount Carmel, nor the Shunammite and her household, had any command given them, though miracles were displayed before them, to break off from their own people, and to submit themselves to Judah*.

It is plain, that a theory such as this, whether the marks of a divine presence and life in the Anglican Church were sufficient to prove that she was actually within the covenant, or only sufficient to prove that she was at least enjoying

* As I am not writing controversially, I will only here remark upon this argument, that there is a great difference between a command, which implies physical conditions, and one which is moral. To go to Jerusalem was a matter of the body, not of the soul.

extraordinary and uncovenanted mercies, not only lowered her level in a religious point of view, but weakened her controversial basis. Its very novelty made it suspicious; and there was no guarantee that the process of subsidence might not continue, and that it might not end in a submersion. Indeed, to many minds, to say that England was wrong was even to say that Rome was right; and no ethical reasoning whatever could overcome in their case the argument from prescription and authority. To this objection I could only answer, that I did not make my circumstances. I fully acknowledged the force and effectiveness of the genuine Anglican theory, and that it was all but proof against the disputants of Rome; but still like Achilles, it had a vulnerable point, and that St Leo had found it out for me, and that I could not help it; that, were it not for matter of fact, the theory would be great indeed, it would be irresistible, if it were only true. When I became a Catholic, the editor of a magazine who had in former days accused me, to my indignation, of tending towards Rome, wrote to me to ask, which of the two was now right, he or I? I answered him in a letter, part of which I here insert, as it will serve as a sort of leave-taking of the great theory, which is so specious to look upon, so difficult to prove, and so hopeless to work.

Nov. 8, 1845. I do not think, at all more than I did, that the Anglican principles which I advocated at the date you mention, lead men to the Church of Rome. If I must specify what I mean by 'Anglican principles', I should say, *e. g.* taking *Antiquity*, not the *existing Church*, as the oracle of truth; and holding that the *Apostolical Succession* is a sufficient guarantee of Sacramental Grace, without *union with the Christian Church throughout the*

world. I think these still the firmest, strongest ground against Rome—that is, *if they can be held.* They have been held by many, and are far more difficult to refute in the Roman controversy, than those of any other religious body.

For myself, I found *I could not* hold them. I left them. From the time I began to suspect their unsoundness, I ceased to put them forward. When I was fairly sure of their unsoundness, I gave up my Living. When I was fully confident that the Church of Rome was the only true Church, I joined her.

I have felt all along that Bp. Bull's theology was the only theology on which the English Church could stand. I have felt, that opposition to the Church of Rome was *part* of that theology; and that he who could not protest against the Church of Rome was no true divine in the English Church. I have never said, nor attempted to say, that any one in office in the English Church, whether bishop or incumbent, could be otherwise than in hostility to the Church of Rome.

The *Via Media* then disappeared for ever, and a new theory, made expressly for the occasion, took its place. I was pleased with my new view. I wrote to an intimate friend, Dec. 13, 1841: 'I think you will give me the credit, Carissime, of not undervaluing the strength of the feelings which draw one (to Rome), and yet I am (I trust) quite clear about my duty to remain where I am; indeed, much clearer than I was some time since. If it is not presumptuous to say, I have . . . a much more definite view of the promised inward Presence of Christ with us in the sacraments now that the outward notes of it are being removed. And I am content to be with Moses in the desert, or with Elijah excommunicated from the Temple. I say this, putting things at the strongest.'

However, my friends of the moderate Apostolical party, who were my friends for the very reason of my having been so moderate and

Anglican myself in general tone in times past, who had stood up for *Tract 90* partly from faith in me, and certainly from generous and kind feeling, and had thereby shared an obloquy which was none of theirs, were naturally surprised and offended at a line of argument, novel, and, as it appeared to them, wanton, which threw the whole controversy into confusion, stultified my former principles, and substituted, as they would consider, a sort of methodistic self-contemplation, especially abhorrent both to my nature and to my past professions, for the plain and honest tokens, as they were commonly received, of a divine mission in the Anglican Church. They could not tell whither I was going; and were still further annoyed, when I would view the reception of *Tract 90* by the public and the Bishops as so grave a matter, and threw about what they considered mysterious hints of 'eventualities', and would not simply say: 'An Anglican I was born, and an Anglican I will die.' One of my familiar friends, who was in the country at Christmas, 1841-2, reported to me the feeling that prevailed about me; and how I felt towards it will appear in the following letter of mine, written in answer:

Oriel, Dec. 24, 1841. Carissime, you cannot tell how sad your account of Moberly has made me. His view of the sinfulness of the decrees of Trent is as much against union of Churches as against individual conversions. To tell the truth, I never have examined those decrees with this object, and have no view; but that is very different from having a deliberate view against them. Could not he say *which* they are? I suppose Transubstantiation is one. A. B., though of course he would not like to have it repeated, does not scruple at that. I have not my mind clear. Moberly must recollect that Palmer

thinks they all bear a Catholic interpretation. For myself, this only I see, that there is indefinitely more in the Fathers against our own state of alienation from Christendom than against the Tridentine Decrees.

The only thing I can think of (that I can have said) is this, that there were persons who, if our Church committed herself to heresy, *sooner* than think that there was no Church anywhere, would believe the Roman to be the Church; and therefore would on faith accept what they could not otherwise acquiesce in.

I suppose, it would be no relief to him to insist upon the circumstance that there is no immediate danger. Individuals can never be answered for of course; but I should think lightly of that man who, for some act of the bishops, should all at once leave the Church. Now, considering how the clergy really are improving, considering that this row is even making them read the *Tracts*, is it not possible we may all be in a better state of mind seven years hence to consider these matters? And may we not leave them meanwhile to the will of Providence? I *cannot* believe this work has been of man; God has a right to His own work, to do what He will with it. May we not try to leave it in His hands, and be content?

If you learn anything about Barter, which leads you to think that I can relieve him by a letter, let me know. The truth is this—our good friends do not read the Fathers; they assent to us from the common sense of the case: then, when the Fathers, and we, say *more* than their common sense, they are dreadfully shocked.

The Bishop of London has rejected a man, (1), For holding *any* Sacrifice in the Eucharist, (2), The Real Presence, (3), That there is a grace in Ordination*.

Are we quite sure that the bishops will not be drawing up some stringent declarations of faith? Is this what Moberly fears? Would the Bishop of Oxford accept them?

* I cannot prove this at this distance of time; but I do not think it wrong to introduce here the passage containing it, as I am imputing to the Bishop nothing which the world would think disgraceful, but, on the contrary, what a large religious body would approve.

If so, I should be driven into the Refuge for the Destitute (Littlemore). But I promise Moberly, I would do my utmost to catch all dangerous persons and clap them into confinement there.

Christmas Day, 1841. I have been dreaming of Moberly all night. Should not he and the like see, that it is unwise, unfair, and impatient to ask others, What will you do under circumstances, which have not, which may never come? Why bring fear, suspicion, and disunion into the camp about things which are merely *in posse*? Natural, and exceedingly kind as Barter's and another friend's letters were, I think they have done great harm. I speak most sincerely when I say, that there are things which I neither contemplate, nor wish to contemplate; but, when I am asked about them ten times, at length I begin to contemplate them.

He surely does not mean to say, that *nothing* could separate a man from the English Church, *e. g.* its avowing Socinianism; its holding the Holy Eucharist in a Socinian sense. Yet, he would say, it was not *right* to contemplate such things.

Again, our case is (diverging) from that of Ken's. To say nothing of the last miserable century, which has given us, to *start* from, a much lower level, and with much less to *spare*, than a Churchman in the 17th century, questions of *doctrine* are now coming in; with him, it was a question of discipline.

If such dreadful events were realized, I cannot help thinking we should all be vastly more agreed than we think now. Indeed, is it possible (humanly speaking) that those, who have so much the same heart, should widely differ? But let this be considered, as to alternatives. *What* communion could we join? Could the Scotch or American sanction the presence of its Bishops and congregations in England, without incurring the imputation of schism, unless indeed (and is that likely?) they denounced the English as heretical?

Is not this a time of strange providences? Is it not our safest course, without looking to consequences, to do simply *what we think right*, day by day? shall we not be sure to go wrong, if we attempt to trace by anticipation the course of divine Providence?

Has not all our misery, as a Church, arisen from people being afraid to look difficulties in the face? They have palliated acts, when they should have denounced them. There is that good fellow, Worcester Palmer, can white-

wash the Ecclesiastical Commission and the Jerusalem Bishopric. And what is the consequence? That our Church has, through centuries, ever been sinking lower and lower, till good part of its pretensions and professions is a mere sham, though it be a duty to make the best of what we have received. Yet, though bound to make the best of other men's shams, let us not incur any of our own. The truest friends of our Church are they who say boldly when her rulers are going wrong, and the consequences; and (to speak catachrestically) *they* are most likely to die in the Church, who are, under these black circumstances, most prepared to leave it.

And I will add, that, considering the traces of God's grace which surround us, I am very sanguine, or rather confident, (if it is right so to speak,) that our prayers and our alms will come up as a memorial before God, and that all this miserable confusion tends to good.

Let us not then be anxious, and anticipate differences in prospect, when we agree in the present.

P.S. I think, when friends (*i. e.* the extreme party) get over their first unsettlement of mind and consequent vague apprehensions, which the new attitude of the Bishops, and our feelings upon it, have brought about, they will get contented and satisfied. They will see that they exaggerated things. . . Of course it, would have been wrong to anticipate what one's feelings would be under such a painful contingency as the Bishops' charging as they have done—so it seems to me nobody's fault. Nor is it wonderful that others (moderate men) are startled (*i. e.* at my Protest, etc. etc.); yet they should recollect that the more implicit the reverence one pays to a bishop, the more keen will be one's perception of heresy in him. The cord is binding and compelling, till it snaps.

Men of reflection would have seen this, if they had looked that way. Last spring, a very high churchman talked to me of resisting my Bishop, of asking him for the Canons under which he acted, and so forth; but those, who have cultivated a loyal feeling towards their superiors, are the most loving servants, or the most zealous protestors. If others became so too, if the clergy of Chester denounced the heresy of their diocesan, they would be doing their duty, and relieving themselves of the share which they otherwise have in any possible defection of their brethren.

St. Stephen's [December 26]. How I fidget! I now fear that the note I wrote yesterday only makes matters worse

by *disclosing* too much. This is always my great difficulty

In the present state of excitement on both sides, I think of leaving out altogether my reassertion of No. 90 in my preface to Volume 6, and merely saying, 'As many false reports are at this time in circulation about him, he hopes his well-wishers will take this volume as an indication of his real thoughts and feelings: those who are not, he leaves in God's hands to bring them to a better mind in His own time.' What do you say to the logic, sentiment, and propriety of this?

There was one very old friend, at a distance from Oxford, afterwards a Catholic, now dead some years, who must have said something to me, I do not know what, which challenged a frank reply; for I disclosed to him, I do not know in what words, my frightful suspicion, hitherto only known to two persons, that, as regards my Anglicanism, perhaps I might break down in the event, that perhaps we were both out of the Church. He answered me thus, under date of Jan. 29, 1842:

I don't think that I ever was so shocked by any communication, which was ever made to me, as by your letter of this morning. It has quite unnerved me. . . I cannot but write to you, though I am at a loss where to begin. . . I know of no act by which we have dis severed ourselves from the communion of the Church Universal. . . The more I study Scripture, the more am I impressed with the resemblance between the Romish principle in the Church and the Babylon of St John. . . I am ready to grieve that I ever directed my thoughts to theology, if it is indeed so uncertain, as your doubts seem to indicate.

While my old and true friends were thus in trouble about me, I suppose they felt not only anxiety but pain, to see that I was gradually surrendering myself to the influence of others, who had not their own claims upon me, younger men, and of a cast of mind uncongenial to my own. A new school of thought was rising, as

is usual in such movements, and was sweeping the original party of the movement aside, and was taking its place. The most prominent person in it was a man of elegant genius, of classical mind, of rare talent in literary composition—Mr. Oakeley. He was not far from my own age; I had long known him, though of late years he had not been in residence at Oxford; and quite lately he has been taking several signal occasions of renewing that kindness, which he ever showed towards me when we were both in the Anglican Church. His tone of mind was not unlike, which gave a character to the early movement; he was almost a typical Oxford man, and, as far as I recollect, both in political and ecclesiastical views, would have been of one spirit with the Oriel party of 1826—33. But he had entered late into the Movement; he did not know its first years; and, beginning with a new start, he was naturally thrown together with that body of eager, acute, resolute minds who had begun their Catholic life about the same time as he, who knew nothing about the *Via Media*, but had heard much about Rome. This new party rapidly formed and increased, in and out of Oxford, and, as it so happened, contemporaneously with that very summer, when I received so serious a blow to my ecclesiastical views from the study of the Monophysite controversy. These men cut into the original Movement at an angle, fell across its line of thought, and then set about turning that line in its own direction. They were most of them keenly religious men, with a true concern for their souls as the first matter of all, with a great zeal for me, but giving little

certainty at the time as to which way they would ultimately turn. Some, in the event, have remained firm to Anglicanism, some have become Catholics, and some have found a refuge in Liberalism. Nothing was clearer concerning them than that they needed to be kept in order; and on me who had had so much to do with the making of them, that duty was as clearly incumbent; and it is equally clear, from what I have already said, that I was just the person, above all others, who could not undertake it. There are no friends like old friends; but of those old friends, few could help me, few could understand me, many were annoyed with me, some were angry, because I was breaking up a compact party, and some, as a matter of conscience, could not listen to me. I said, bitterly, 'You are throwing me on others, whether I will or no.' Yet still I had good and true friends around me of the old sort, in and out of Oxford too. But, on the other hand, though I neither was so fond of the persons, nor of the methods of thought, which belonged to this new school, excepting two of three men, as of the old set; though I could not trust in their firmness of purpose, for, like a swarm of flies, they might come and go, and at length be divided and dissipated, yet I had an intense sympathy in their object, and in the direction of their path, in spite of my old friends, in spite of my old life-long prejudices. In spite of my ingrained fears of Rome, and the decision of my reason and conscience against her usages, in spite of my affection for Oxford and Oriel, yet I had a secret, longing love of Rome, the mother of English Christianity, and I had a

true devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in whose College I lived, whose Altar I served, and whose Immaculate Purity I had in one of my earliest printed sermons made much of. And it was the consciousness of this bias in myself, if it is so to be called, which made me preach so earnestly against the danger of being swayed by our sympathy, rather than our reason, in religious inquiry. And, moreover, the members of this new school looked up to me, as I have said, and did me true kindnesses, and really loved me, and stood by me in trouble, when others went away, and for all this I was grateful; nay, many of them were in trouble themselves, and in the same boat with me, and that was a further cause of sympathy between us; and hence it was, when the new school came on in force, and into collision with the old, I had not the heart, any more than the power, to repel them; I was in great perplexity, and hardly knew where I stood; I took their part; and, when I wanted to be in peace and silence, I had to speak out, and I incurred the charge of weakness from some men, and of mysteriousness, shuffling, and under-hand dealing from the majority.

Now I will say here frankly, that this sort of charge is a matter which I cannot properly meet, because I cannot duly realize it. I have never had any suspicion of my own honesty; and, when men say that I was dishonest, I cannot grasp the accusation as a distinct conception, such as it is possible to encounter. If a man said to me, 'On such a day, and before such persons you said a thing was white, when it was black', I understand what is meant well enough, and I can set myself to prove an alibi, or to explain

the mistake; or if a man said to me, 'You tried to gain me over to your party, intending to take me with you to Rome, but you did not succeed', I can give him the lie, and lay down an assertion of my own, as firm and as exact as his, that never, from the time that I was first unsettled, did I ever attempt to gain anyone over to myself, or to my Romanizing opinions, and that it is only his own coxcombical fancy which has bred such a thought in him: but my imagination is at a loss in presence of those vague charges, which have commonly been brought against me, charges, which are made up of impressions, and understandings, and inferences, and hearsay, and surmises. Accordingly, I shall not make the attempt, for, in doing so, I should be dealing blows in the air; what I shall attempt is to state what I know of myself, and what I recollect, and leave its application to others.

While I had confidence in the *Via Media*, and thought that nothing could upset it, I did not mind laying down large principles, which I saw would go further than was commonly perceived. I considered, that to make the *Via Media* concrete and substantive, it must be much more than it was in outline; that the Anglican Church must have a ceremonial, a ritual, and a fulness of doctrine and devotion, which it had not at present, if it were to compete with the Roman Church with any prospect of success. Such additions would not remove it from its proper basis, but would merely strengthen and beautify it: such, for instance, would be confraternities, particular devotions, reverence for the Blessed Virgin, prayers for the dead, beautiful

churches, rich offerings to them and in them, monastic houses, and many other observances and institutions, which I used to say belonged to us as much as to Rome, though Rome had appropriated them, and boasted of them, by reason of our having let them slip from us. The principle, on which all this turned, is brought out in one of the letters I published on occasion of *Tract 90*. 'The age is moving', I said, 'towards something; and most unhappily the one religious communion among us, which has of late years been practically in possession of this something, is the Church of Rome. She alone, amid all the errors and evils of her practical system, has given free scope to the feelings of awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness, and other feelings which may be especially called Catholic. The question then is, whether we shall give them up to the Roman Church or claim them for ourselves. . . . But if we do give them up, we must give up the men who cherish them. We must consent either to give up the men, or to admit their principles.' With these feelings, I frankly admit, that, while I was working simply for the sake of the Anglican Church, I did not at all mind, though I found myself laying down principles in its defence, which went beyond that particular defence which high-and-dry men thought perfection, and though I ended in framing a sort of defence, which they might call a revolution, while I thought it a restoration. Thus, for illustration, I might discourse upon the 'Communion of Saints' in such a manner (though I do not recollect doing so) as might lead the way towards devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints on the one

hand, and towards prayers for the dead on the other. In a memorandum of the year 1844 or 1845, I thus speak on this subject: 'If the Church be not defended on establishment grounds, it must be upon principles, which go far beyond their immediate object. Sometimes I saw these further results, sometimes not. Though I saw them, I sometimes did not say that I saw them; so long as I thought they were inconsistent, *not* with our Church, but only with the existing opinions, I was not unwilling to insinuate truths into our Church, which I thought had a right to be there.'

To so much I confess; but I do not confess, I simply deny, that I ever said any thing which secretly bore against the Church of England, knowing it myself, in order that others might unwarily accept it. It was, indeed, one of my great difficulties and causes of reserve, as time went on, that I at length recognized in principles, which I had honestly preached as if Anglican, conclusions favourable to the Roman Church. Of course I did not like to confess this; and, when interrogated, was in consequence in perplexity. The prime instance of this was the appeal to Antiquity; St Leo had overset, in my own judgment, its force in the special argument for Anglicanism: yet I was committed to Antiquity, together with the whole Anglican school; what then was I to say, when acute minds urged this or that application of it against the *Via Media*? It was impossible that, in such circumstances, any answer could be given which was not unsatisfactory, or any behaviour adopted which was not mysterious. Again, sometimes in what I wrote, I went just as far as I saw,

and could as little say more, as I could see what is below the horizon; and therefore, when asked as to the consequences of what I had said, had no answer to give. Again, sometimes when I was asked, whether certain conclusions did not follow from a certain principle, I might not be able to tell at the moment, especially if the matter were complicated; and for this reason, if for no other, because there is great difference between a conclusion in the abstract and a conclusion in the concrete, and because a conclusion may be modified in fact by a conclusion from some opposite principle. Or it might so happen, that I got simply confused by the very clearness of the logic which was administered to me, and thus gave my sanction to conclusions which really were not mine; and when the report of those conclusions came round to me through others, I had to unsay them. And then, again, perhaps I did not like to see men scared or scandalized by unfeeling logical inferences, which would not have touched them to the day of their death, had they not been made to eat them. And then I felt altogether the force of the maxim of St Ambrose, '*Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum*'—I had a great dislike of paper logic. For myself, it was not logic, then, that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it. All the logic in the world would not have made me move faster towards Rome than I did; as well might you

say that I have arrived at the end of my journey, because I see the village church before me, as venture to assert that the miles, over which my soul had to pass before it got to Rome, could be annihilated, even though I had had some far clearer view than I then had, that Rome was my ultimate destination. Great acts take time. At least, this is what I felt in my own case; and therefore to come to me with methods of logic had in it the nature of a provocation, and, though I do not think I ever showed it, made me somewhat indifferent how I met them, and perhaps led me, as a means of relieving my impatience, to be mysterious or irrelevant, or to give in because I could not reply. And a greater trouble still than these logical mazes, was the introduction of logic into every subject whatever, so far, that is, as it was done. Before I was at Oriel, I recollect an acquaintance saying to me, that 'the Oriel common-room stank of logic'. One is not at all pleased when poetry, or eloquence, or devotion, is considered as if chiefly intended to feed syllogisms. Now, in saying all this, I am saying nothing against the deep piety and earnestness which were characteristics of this second phase of the Movement, in which I have taken so prominent a part. What I have been observing is, that this phase had a tendency to bewilder and to upset me, and, that instead of saying so, as I ought to have done, in a sort of easiness, for what I know, I gave answers at random which have led to my appearing close or inconsistent.

I have turned up two letters of this period, which in a measure illustrate what I have been

saying. The first is what I said to the Bishop of Oxford on occasion of *Tract 90*:

March 20, 1841. No one can enter into my situation but myself. I see a great many minds working in various directions, and a variety of principles with multiplied bearings; I act for the best. I sincerely think that matters would not have gone better for the Church, had I never written. And if I write, I have a choice of difficulties. It is easy for those who do not enter into those difficulties to say, 'He ought to say this and not say that', but things are wonderfully linked together, and I cannot, or rather I would not be dishonest. When persons, too, interrogate me, I am obliged in many cases to give an opinion, or I seem to be underhand. Keeping silence looks like artifice. And I do not like people to consult or respect me, from thinking differently of my opinions from what I know them to be. And (again to use the proverb) what is one man's food is another man's poison. All these things make my situation very difficult. But that collision must at some time ensue between members of the Church of opposite sentiments, I have long been aware. The time, and mode, has been in the hand of Providence; I do not mean to exclude my own great imperfections in bringing it about; yet I still feel obliged to think the *Tract* necessary.

Dr. Pusey has shown me your Lordship's letters to him. I am most desirous of saying in print anything which I can honestly say to remove false impressions created by the *Tract*.

The second is part of the notes of a letter sent to Dr Pusey in the next year:

October 16, 1842. As to my being entirely with A. B., I do not know the limits of my own opinions. If A. B., says, that this or that is a development from what I have said, I cannot say Yes, or No. It is plausible, it *may* be true. Of course the fact that the Roman Church *has* so developed and maintained, adds great weight to the antecedent plausibility. I cannot assert that it is not true; but I cannot, with that keen perception which some people have, appropriate it. It is a nuisance to me to be *forced* beyond what I can fairly accept.

There was another source of the perplexity with which at this time I was encompassed, and

of the reserve and mysteriousness, of which it gave me the credit. After *Tract 90*, the Protestant world would not let me alone; they pursued me in the public journals to Littlemore. Reports of all kinds were circulated about me. 'Imprimis, why did I go up to Littlemore at all? For no good purpose certainly; I dared not tell why.' Why, to be sure, it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers; it was hard to have to tell the world in confidence, that I had a certain doubt about the Anglican system, and could not at that moment resolve it, or say what would come of it; it was hard to have to confess, that I had thought of giving up my living a year or two before, and that this was a first step to it. It was hard to have to plead, that, for what I knew, my doubts would vanish, if the newspapers would be so good as to give me time and let me alone. Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant? Yet I was considered insidious, sly, dishonest, if I would not open my heart to the tender mercies of the world. But they persisted: 'What was I doing at Littlemore?' Doing there?—have I not retreated from you? have I not given up my position and my place? Am I alone, of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked?—am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? Cowards! if I advanced one step, you would run away; it is not you that I fear: 'Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.' It is because the bishops still go on

charging against me, though I have quite given up: it is that secret misgiving of heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them: this it is which weighs me down. I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen heavy feeling which pierced me, and, I think, these are the very words that I used to myself. I asked, in the words of a great motto, 'Ubi lapsus? quid feci?' One day, when I entered my house, I found a flight of undergraduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round those poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there. I had thought that an Englishman's house was his castle; but the newspapers thought otherwise, and at last the matter came before my good Bishop. I insert his letter, and a portion of my reply to him:

April 12, 1842. So many of the charges against yourself and your friends which I have seen in the public journals have been, within my own knowledge, false and calumnious, that I am not apt to pay much attention to what is asserted with respect to you in the newspapers.

In a (newspaper) however, of April 9, there appears a paragraph in which it is asserted, as a matter of notoriety, that a so-called Anglo-Catholic monastery is in process of erection at Littlemore, and that the cells of dormitories, the chapel, the refectory, the cloisters, all may be seen advancing to perfection, under the eye of a Parish Priest of the diocese of Oxford.

Now, as I have understood, that you really are possessed of some tenements at Littlemore—as it is generally believed that they are destined for the purposes of study

and devotion—and as much suspicion and jealousy are felt about the matter, I am anxious to afford you an opportunity of making me an explanation on the subject.

I know you too well not to be aware that you are the last man living to attempt in my Diocese a revival of the Monastic orders (in any thing approaching to the Romanist sense of the term) without previous communication with me—or indeed that you should take upon yourself to originate any measure of importance without authority from the heads of the Church—and therefore I at once exonerate you from the accusation brought against you by the newspaper I have quoted, but I feel it nevertheless a duty to my Diocese and myself, as well as to you, to ask you to put in my power to contradict what, if uncontradicted, would appear to imply a glaring invasion of all ecclesiastical discipline on *your* part, or of inexcusable neglect and indifference to my duties on *mine*.

April 14, 1842. I am very much obliged by your Lordship's kindness in allowing me to write to you on the subject of my house at Littlemore; at the same time I feel it hard both on your Lordship and myself, that the restlessness of the public mind should oblige you to require an explanation of me.

It is now a whole year that I have been the subject of incessant misrepresentation. A year since I submitted entirely to your Lordship's authority; and with the intention of following out the particular act enjoined upon me, I not only stopped the series of *Tracts*, on which I was engaged, but withdrew from all public discussion of Church matters of the day, or what may be called ecclesiastical politics. I turned myself at once to the preparation for the press of the translations of St Athanasius to which I had long wished to devote myself, and I intended, and intend, to employ myself in the like theological studies, and in the concerns of my own parish and in practical works.

With the same view of personal improvement I was led more seriously to a design which had been long on my mind. For many years, at least thirteen, I have wished to give myself to a life of greater religious regularity than I have hitherto led; but it is very unpleasant to confess such a wish even to my Bishop, because it seems arrogant, and because it is committing me to a profession which may come to nothing. For what have I done, that I am to be called to account by

the world for my private actions in a way in which no one else is called? Why may I not have that liberty which all others are allowed? I am often accused of being underhand and uncandid in respect to the intentions to which I have been alluding; but no one likes his own good resolutions noised about, both from mere common delicacy, and from fear lest he should not be able to fulfil them. I feel it very cruel, though the parties in fault do not know what they are doing, that very sacred matters between me and my conscience are made a matter of public talk. May I take a case parallel though different? suppose a person in prospect of marriage; would he like the subject discussed in newspapers, and parties, circumstances, etc., etc., publicly demanded of him, at the penalty of being accused of craft and duplicity?

The resolution I speak of has been taken with reference to myself alone, and has been contemplated quite independent of the co-operation of any other human being, and without reference to success or failure other than personal, and without regard to the blame or approbation of man. And being a resolution of years, and one to which I feel God has called me, and in which I am violating no rule of the Church, any more than if I married, I should have to answer for it, if I did not pursue it, as a good Providence made openings for it. In pursuing it, then, I am thinking of myself alone, not aiming at any ecclesiastical or external effects. At the same time of course, it would be a great comfort to me to know that God had put it into the hearts of others to pursue their personal edification in the same way, and unnatural not to wish to have the benefit of their presence and encouragement, or not to think it a great infringement on the rights of conscience if such personal and private resolutions were interfered with. Your Lordship will allow me to add my firm conviction, that such religious resolutions are most necessary for keeping a certain class of minds firm in their allegiance to our Church; but still I can as truly say, that my own reason for any thing I have done has been a personal one, without which I should not have entered upon it, and which I hope to pursue whether with or without the sympathies of others pursuing a similar course. . . .

As to my intentions, I purpose to live there myself a good deal, as I have a resident curate in Oxford. In doing this, I believe I am consulting for the good of my parish, as my population at Littlemore is at least equal

to that of St Mary's in Oxford, and the *whole* of Littlemore is double of it. It has been very much neglected; and in providing a parsonage-house at Littlemore, as this will be, and will be called, I conceive I am doing a very great benefit to my people. At the same time, it has appeared to me, that a partial or temporary retirement from St Mary's Church might be expedient under the prevailing excitement.

As to the quotation from the (newspaper) which I have not seen, your Lordship will perceive from what I have said, that no 'monastery is in process of erection'; there is no 'chapel'; no 'refectory'; hardly a dining-room, or parlour. The 'cloisters' are my shed, connecting the cottages. I do not understand what 'cells of dormitories' means. Of course I can repeat your Lordship's words, that 'I am not attempting a revival of the Monastic Orders, in anything approaching to the Romanist sense of the term', or 'taking on myself to originate any measure of importance without authority from the heads of the Church'. I am attempting nothing ecclesiastical, but something personal and private, and which can only be made public, not private, by newspapers and letter-writers, in which sense the most sacred and conscientious resolves and acts may certainly be made the objects of an unmannerly and unfeeling curiosity.

One calumny there was which the Bishop did not believe, and of which of course he had no idea of speaking. It was, that I was actually in the service of the enemy. I had been already received into the Catholic Church, and was rearing at Littlemore a nest of Papists, who, like me, were to take the Anglican oaths which they did not believe; and for which they got dispensation from Rome, and thus in due time were to bring over to that unprincipled Church great numbers of the Anglican clergy and laity. Bishops gave their countenance to this imputation against me. The case was simply this: as I made Littlemore a place of retirement for myself, so did I offer it to others. There were young men in Oxford whose testimonials for

Orders had been refused by their Colleges; there were young clergymen, who had found themselves unable from conscience to go on with their duties, and had thrown up their parochial engagements. Such men were already going straight to Rome, and I interposed; I interposed for the reasons I have given in the beginning of this portion of my narrative. I interposed from fidelity to my clerical engagements, and from duty to my Bishop; and from the interest which I was bound to take in them, and from belief that they were premature or excited. Their friends besought me to quiet them, if I could. Some of them came to live with me at Littlemore. They were laymen, or in the place of laymen. I kept some of them back for several years from being received into the Catholic Church. Even when I had given up my living, I was still bound by my duty to their parents or friends, and I did not forget still to do what I could for them. The immediate occasion of my resigning St Mary's was the unexpected conversion of one of them. After that, I felt it was impossible to keep my post there, for I had been unable to keep my word with my Bishop.

The following letters refer, more or less, to these men, whether they were with me at Littlemore or not:

1. 1843 or 1844. I did not explain to you sufficiently the state of mind of those who were in danger. I only spoke of those who were convinced that our Church was external to the Church Catholic, though they felt it unsafe to trust their own private convictions; but there are two other states of mind; (1) that of those who are unconsciously near Rome, and whose *despair* about our Church would at once develope into a state of conscious approximation, or a *quasi*-resolution to go over; (2) those who feel they can with a safe conscience remain with

us *while* they are allowed to *testify* in behalf of Catholicism, *i. e.* as if by such acts they were putting our Church, or at least that portion of it in which they were included, in the position of catechumens.

2. July 16, 1843. I assure you that I feel, with only too much sympathy, what you say. You need not be told that the whole subject of our position is a subject of anxiety to others beside yourself. It is no good attempting to offer advice, when, perhaps, I might raise difficulties instead of removing them. It seems to me quite a case, in which you should, as far as may be, make up your mind for yourself. Come to Littlemore by all means. We shall all rejoice in your company; and, if quiet and retirement are able, as they very likely will be, to reconcile you to things as they are, you shall have your fill of them. How distressed poor Henry Wilberforce must be! Knowing how he values you, I feel for him; but, alas! he has his own position, and everyone else has his own, and the misery is that no two of us have exactly the same.

It is very kind of you to be so frank and open with me, as you are; but this is a time which throws together persons who feel alike. May I, without taking a liberty, sign myself, yours affectionately, etc.

3. 1845. I am concerned to find you speak of me in a tone of distrust. If you knew me ever so little, instead of hearing of me from persons who do not know me at all, you would think differently of me, whatever you thought of my opinions. Two years since, I got your son to tell you my intention of resigning St Mary's, before I made it public, thinking you ought to know it. When you expressed some painful feeling upon it, I told him I could not consent to his remaining here, painful as it would be to me to part with him, without your written sanction. And this you did me the favour to give.

I believe you will find that it has been merely a delicacy on your son's part, which has delayed his speaking to you about me for two months past; a delicacy, lest he should say either too much or too little about me. I have urged him several times to speak to you.

Nothing can be done after your letter but to recommend him to go to A. B. (his home) at once. I am very sorry to part with him.

4. The following letter is addressed to a Catholic prelate, who accused me of coldness in my conduct towards him:

April 16, 1845. I was at that time in charge of a ministerial office in the English Church, with persons entrusted to me, and a Bishop to obey; how could I possibly write otherwise than I did, without violating sacred obligations, and betraying momentous interests which were upon me? I felt that my immediate, undeniable duty, clear if any thing was clear, was to fulfil that trust. It might be right, indeed, to give it up, that was another thing; but it never could be right to hold it, and to act as if I did not hold it. . . . If you knew me, you would acquit me, I think, of having ever felt towards your Lordship an unfriendly spirit, or ever having had a shadow on my mind (as far as I dare witness about myself) of what might be called controversial rivalry or desire of getting the better, or fear lest the world should think I had got the worst, or irritation of any kind. You are too kind indeed to imply this, and yet your words lead me to say it. And now, in like manner, pray believe, though I cannot explain it to you, that I am encompassed with responsibilities, so great and so various, as utterly to overcome me, unless I have mercy from Him, who, all through my life, has sustained and guided me, and to whom I can now submit myself, though men of all parties are thinking evil of me.

August 30, 1843. A. B. has suddenly conformed to the Church of Rome. He was away for three weeks. I suppose I must say in my defence, that he promised me distinctly to remain in our Church three years, before I received him here.

Such fidelity, however, was taken *in malam partem* by the high Anglican authorities; they thought it insidious. I happen still to have a correspondence in which the chief place is filled by one of the most eminent bishops of the day, a theologian and reader of the Fathers, a moderate man, who, at one time, was talked of as likely to have the reversion of the Primacy. A young clergyman in his diocese became a Catholic; the papers at once reported, on authority from 'a very high quarter', that, after his reception, 'the Oxford men had been recommending him to retain his living'. I had reasons for thinking

that the allusion was to me, and I authorized the editor of a paper, who had inquired of me on the point, to 'give it, as far as I was concerned, an unqualified contradiction'; when, from a motive of delicacy, he hesitated, I added 'my direct and indignant contradiction'. 'Whoever is the author of it, no correspondence or intercourse of any kind, direct or indirect, has passed', I continued to the editor, 'between Mr S. and myself, since his conforming to the Church of Rome, except my formally, and merely, acknowledging the receipt of his letter in which he informed me of the fact, without, as far as I recollect, my expressing any opinion upon it. You may state this as broadly as I have set it down.' My denial was told to the bishop; what took place upon it is given in a letter from which I copy. 'My father showed the letter to the bishop, who, as he laid it down, said "Ah, those Oxford men are not ingenuous." "How do you mean?" asked my father. "Why", said the bishop, "they advised Mr. B. S. to retain his living after he turned Catholic. I know that to be a fact, because A. B. told me so." 'The bishop', continues the letter, 'who is perhaps the most influential man in reality on the bench, evidently believes it to be the truth.' Dr Pusey too wrote for me to the bishop, and the bishop instantly beat a retreat. 'I have the honour', he says in the autograph which I transcribe, 'to acknowledge the receipt of your note, and to say in reply that it has not been stated by me (though such a statement has, I believe, appeared in some of the public prints) that Mr Newman had advised Mr B. S. to retain his living, after he had forsaken our Church.

But it has been stated to me, that Mr Newman was in close correspondence with Mr B. S., and, being fully aware of his state of opinions and feelings, yet advised him to continue in our communion. Allow me to add', he says to Dr Pusey, 'that neither your name, nor that of Mr Keble, was mentioned to me in connection with that of Mr B. S.'

I was not going to let the bishop off on this evasion, so I wrote to him myself. After quoting his letter to Dr Pusey, I continued:

'I beg to trouble your Lordship with my own account of the two allegations' (*close correspondence* and *fully aware*, etc.) 'which are contained in your statement, and which have led to your speaking of me in terms which I hope never to deserve. (1) Since Mr B. S. has been in your Lordship's diocese, I have seen him in common-rooms or private parties in Oxford two or three times, when I never (as far I can recollect) had any conversation with him. During the same time I have, to the best of my memory, written to him three letters. One was lately, in acknowledgment of his informing me of his change of religion. Another was last summer, when I asked him (to no purpose) to come and stay with me in this place. The earliest of the three letters was written just a year since, as far as I recollect, and it certainly was on the subject of his joining the Church of Rome. I wrote this letter at the earnest wish of a friend of his. I cannot be sure that, on his replying, I did not send him a brief note in explanation of points in my letter which he had misapprehended. I cannot recollect any other correspondence between us.

(2) As to my knowledge of his opinions and feelings, as far as I remember, the only point of perplexity which I knew, the only point which to this hour I know as pressing upon him, was that of the Pope's supremacy. He professed to be searching Antiquity whether the See of Rome had formerly that relation to the whole Church which Roman Catholics now assign to it. My letter was directed to the point, that it was his duty not to perplex himself with arguments on (such) a question, . . . and to put it altogether aside . . . It is hard that I am put

upon my memory, without knowing the details of the statement made against me, considering the various correspondence in which I am from time to time unavoidably engaged. . . . Be assured, my Lord, that there are very definite limits, beyond which persons like me would never urge another to retain preferment in the English Church, nor would retain it themselves; and that the censure which has been directed against them by so many of its rulers has a very grave bearing upon those limits.'

The bishop replied in a civil letter, and sent my own letter to his original informant, who wrote to me the letter of a gentleman. It seems that an anxious lady had said something or other which had been misinterpreted, against her real meaning, into the calumny which was circulated, and so the report vanished into thin air. I closed the correspondence with the following letter to the bishop:

I hope your Lordship will believe me when I say, that statements about me, equally incorrect with that which has come to your Lordship's ears, are from time to time reported to me as credited and repeated by the highest authorities in our Church, though it is very seldom that I have the opportunity of denying them. I am obliged by your Lordship's letter to Dr. Pusey as giving me such an opportunity.

Then I added, with a purpose:

Your Lordship will observe that in my letter I had no occasion to proceed to the question, whether a person holding Roman Catholic opinions can in honesty remain in our Church. Lest then any misconception should arise from my silence, I here take the liberty of adding, that I see nothing wrong in such a person's continuing in communion with us, provided he holds no preferment or office, abstains from the management of ecclesiastical matters, and is bound by no subscription or oath to our doctrines.

This was written on March 7, 1843, and was in anticipation of my own retirement into lay

communion. This again leads me to a remark; for two years I was in lay communion, not indeed being a Catholic in my convictions, but in a state of serious doubt, and with the probable prospect of becoming some day what as yet I was not. Under these circumstances, I thought the best thing I could do was to give up duty, and to throw myself into lay communion, remaining an Anglican. I could not go to Rome while I thought what I did of the devotions she sanctioned to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. I did not give up my fellowship, for I could not be sure that my doubts would not be reduced or overcome, however unlikely I thought such an event. But I gave up my living; and, for two years before my conversion, I took no clerical duty. My last sermon was in September, 1843; then I remained at Littlemore in quiet for two years. But it was made a subject of reproach to me at the time, and is at this day, that I did not leave the Anglican Church sooner. To me this seems a wonderful charge; why, even had I been quite sure that Rome was the true Church, the Anglican Bishops would have had no just subject of complaint against me, provided I took no Anglican oath, no clerical duty, no ecclesiastical administration. Do they force all men who go to their Churches to believe in the 39 Articles, or to join in the Athanasian Creed? However, I was to have other measure dealt to me; great authorities ruled it so; and a learned controversialist in the North thought it a shame that I did not leave the Church of England as much as ten years sooner than I did. His nephew, an Anglican clergyman, kindly

wished to undeceive him on this point. So, in 1850, after some correspondence, I wrote the following letter, which will be of service to this narrative, from its chronological character:

Dec. 6, 1849. Your uncle says 'If he (Mr. N.) will declare, *sans phrase*, as the French say, that I have laboured under an entire mistake, and that he was not a concealed Romanist during the ten years in question' (I suppose, the last ten years of my membership with the Anglican Church) 'or during any part of the time, my controversial antipathy will be at an end, and I will readily express to him that I am truly sorry that I have made such a mistake.'

So candid an avowal is what I should have expected from a mind like your uncle's. I am extremely glad he has brought it to this issue.

By a 'concealed Romanist' I understand him to mean one, who, professing to belong to the Church of England, in his heart and will intends to benefit the Church of Rome at the expense of the Church of England. He cannot mean by the expression merely a person who in fact is benefiting the Church of Rome, while he is intending to benefit the Church of England, for that is no discredit to him morally, and he (your uncle) evidently means to impute blame.

In the sense in which I have explained the words, I can simply and honestly say, that I was not a concealed Romanist during the whole, or any part of, the years in question.

For the first four years of the ten, (up to Michaelmas, 1839,) I honestly wished to benefit the Church of England at the expense of the Church of Rome:

For the second four years, I wished to benefit the Church of England without prejudice to the Church of Rome:

At the beginning of the ninth year (Michaelmas, 1843) I began to despair of the Church of England, and gave up all clerical duty; and then, what I wrote and did was influenced by a mere wish not to injure it, and not by the wish to benefit it:

At the beginning of the tenth year I distinctly contemplated leaving it. but I also distinctly told my friends that it was in my contemplation.

Lastly, during the last half of that tenth year I was

engaged in writing a book (*Essay on Development*) in favour of the Roman Church, and indirectly against the English; but even then, till it was finished, I had not absolutely intended to publish it, wishing to reserve to myself the chance of changing my mind when the argumentative views which were actuating me had been distinctly brought out before me in writing.

I wish this statement, which I make from memory, and without consulting any document, severely tested by my writings and doings, as I am confident it will, on the whole, be borne out, whatever real or apparent exceptions (I suspect none) have to be allowed by me in detail.

Your uncle is at liberty to make what use he pleases of this explanation.

I have now reached an important date in my narrative, the year 1843, but before proceeding to the matters which it contains, I will insert portions of my letters from 1841 to 1843, addressed to Catholic acquaintances.

1. April 8, 1841. . . The unity of the Church Catholic is very near my heart, only I do not see any prospect of it in our time; and I despair of its being effected without great sacrifices on all hands. As to resisting the Bishop's will, I observe that no point of doctrine or principle was in dispute, but a course of action, the publication of certain works. I do not think you sufficiently understood our position. I suppose you would obey the Holy See in such a case; now, when we were separated from the Pope, his authority reverted to our Diocesans. Our Bishop is our Pope. It is our theory, that each diocese is an integral Church, intercommunion being a duty, (and the breach of it a sin,) but not essential to Catholicity. To have resisted my Bishop would have been to place myself in an utterly false position, which I never could have recovered. Depend upon it, the strength of any party lies in its being *true to its theory*. Consistency is the life of a movement.

I have no misgivings whatever that the line I have taken can be other than a prosperous one; that is, in itself, for of course Providence may refuse to us its legitimate issues for our sins.

I am afraid, that in one respect you may be disappointed. It is my trust, though I must not be too sanguine, that we shall not have individual members of our com-

munion going over to yours. What one's duty would be under other circumstances, what our duty ten or twenty years ago, I cannot say; but I do think that there is less of private judgment in going with one's Church than in leaving it. I can earnestly desire a union between my Church and yours. I cannot listen to the thought of your being joined by individuals among us.

2. April 26, 1841. My only anxiety is lest your branch of the Church should not meet us by those reforms which surely are *necessary*. It never could be, that so large a portion of Christendom should have split off from the communion of Rome, and kept up a protest for 300 years, for nothing. I think I never shall believe that so much piety and earnestness would be found among Protestants if there were not some very grave errors on the side of Rome. To suppose the contrary is most unreal, and violates all one's notions of moral probabilities. All aberrations are founded on, and have their life in, some truth or other—and Protestantism, so widely spread and so long enduring, must have in it, and must be witness for, a great truth, or much truth. That I am an advocate for Protestantism, you cannot suppose—but I am forced into a *Via Media*, short of Rome, as it is at present.

3. May 5, 1841. While I most sincerely hold that there is, in the Roman Church, a traditionary system which is not necessarily connected with her essential formularies, yet, were I ever so much to change my mind on this point, this would not tend to bring me from my present position, providentially appointed in the English Church. That your communion was unassailable, would not prove that mine was indefensible. Nor would it at all affect the sense in which I receive our Articles; they would still speak against certain definite errors, though you had reformed them.

I say this lest any lurking suspicion should be left in the mind of your friends, that persons who think with me are likely, by the growth of their present views, to find it imperative on them to pass over to your communion. Allow me to state strongly, that if you have any such thoughts, and proceed to act upon them, your friends will be committing a fatal mistake. We have (I trust) the principle and temper of obedience too intimately wrought into us to allow of our separating ourselves from our ecclesiastical superiors, because in many points we may sympathize with others. We have too great a horror of the principle of private judgment to

trust it in so immense a matter as that of changing from one communion to another. We may be cast out of our communion, or it may decree heresy to be truth—you shall say whether such contingencies are likely; but I do not see other conceivable causes of our leaving the Church in which we were baptized.

For myself, persons must be well acquainted with what I have written, before they venture to say whether I have much changed my main opinions and cardinal views in the course of the last eight years. That my *sympathies* have grown towards the religion of Rome I do not deny; that my *reasons* for *shunning* her communion have lessened or altered, it would be difficult perhaps to prove. And I wish to go by reason, not by feeling.

4. June 18, 1841. You urge persons whose views agree with mine to commence a movement in behalf of a union between the Churches. Now in the letters I have written, I have uniformly said that I did not expect that union in our time, and have discouraged the notion of all sudden proceedings with a view to it. I must ask your leave to repeat on this occasion most distinctly, that I cannot be party to any agitation, but mean to remain quiet in my own place, and to do all I can to make others take the same course. This I conceive to be my simple duty; but, over and above this, I will not set my teeth on edge with sour grapes. I know it is quite within the range of possibilities, that one or another of our people should go over to your communion; however, it would be a greater misfortune to you than grief to us. If your friends wish to put a gulf between themselves and us, let them make converts, but not else. Some months ago, I ventured to say that I felt it a painful duty to keep aloof from all Roman Catholics who came with the intention of opening negotiations for the union of the Churches: when you now urge us to petition our bishops for a union, this, I conceive, is very like an act of negotiation.

5. I have the first sketch, or draft, of a letter which I wrote to a zealous Catholic layman; it runs as follows, as I have preserved it:

September 12, 1841. It would rejoice all Catholic minds among us, more than words can say, if you could persuade members of the Church of Rome to take the line in politics which you so earnestly advocate. Suspicion and

distrust are the main causes at present of the separation between us, and the nearest approaches in doctrine will but increase the hostility, which, alas! our people feel towards yours, while these causes continue. Depend upon it, you must not rely upon our Catholic tendencies till they are removed. I am not speaking of myself, or of any friends of mine; but of our Church generally. Whatever *our* personal feelings may be, we shall but tend to raise and spread a *rival* Church to yours in the four quarters of the world, unless *you* do what none but you *can* do. Sympathies, which would flow over to the Church of Rome, as a matter of course, did she admit them, will but be developed in the consolidation of our own system, if she continues to be the object of our suspicions and fears. I wish, of course I do, that our own Church may be built up and extended, but still, not at the cost of the Church of Rome, not in opposition to it. I am sure, that while you suffer, we suffer too, from the separation; *but we cannot remove the obstacles*; it is with you to do so. You do not fear us; we fear you. Till we cease to fear you, we cannot love you.

While you are in your present position, the friends of Catholic unity in our Church are but fulfilling the prediction of those of your body who are averse to them, *viz.* that they will be merely strengthening a rival communion to yours. Many of you say that *we* are your greatest enemies; we have said so ourselves: so we are, so we shall be, as things stand at present. We are keeping people from you by supplying their wants in our own Church. *We are* keeping persons from you: do you wish us to keep them from you for a time, or for ever? It rests with you to determine. I do not fear that you will succeed among us; you will not supplant our Church in the affections of the English nation; only through the English Church can you act upon the English nation. I wish of course our Church should be consolidated, with, and through, and in your communion, for its sake, and your sake, and for the sake of unity.

Are you aware that the more serious thinkers among us are used, as far as they dare form an opinion, to regard the spirit of Liberalism as the characteristic of the destined Antichrist? In vain does anyone clear the Church of Rome from the badges of Antichrist, in which Protestants would invest her, if she deliberately takes up her position in the very quarter, whither we have cast them, when we took them off from her. Antichrist

is described as the *ζυνομοσ*, as exalting himself above the yoke of religion and law. The spirit of lawlessness came in with the Reformation, and Liberalism is its offspring.

And now I fear I am going to pain you by telling you, that you consider the approaches in doctrine on our part towards you closer than they really are. I cannot help repeating what I have many times said in print, that your services and devotions to St Mary in matter of fact do most deeply pain me. I am only stating it as a fact.

Again, I have nowhere said that I can accept the decrees of Trent throughout, nor implied it. The doctrine of Transubstantiation is a great difficulty with me, as being, as I think, not primitive. Nor have I said that our Articles in all respects admit of a Roman interpretation; the very word 'Transubstantiation' is disowned in them.

Thus, you see, it is not merely on grounds of expedience that we do not join you. There are positive difficulties in the way of it. And, even if there were not, we shall have no divine warrant for doing so, while we think that the Church of England is a branch of the true Church, and that intercommunion with the rest of Christendom is necessary, not for the life of a particular Church, but for its health only. I have never disguised that there are actual circumstances in the Church of Rome which pain me much; of the removal of these I see no chance while we join you one by one; but if our Church were prepared for a union, she might make her terms; she might gain the Cup; she might protest against the extreme honours paid to St Mary; she might make some explanation of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. I am not prepared to say that a reform in other branches of the Roman Church would be necessary for our uniting with them, however desirable in itself, so that we were allowed to make a reform in our own country. We do not look towards Rome as believing that its communion is infallible, but that union is a duty.

The following letter was occasioned by the present of a book from the friend to whom it is written; more will be said on the subject of it presently:

Nov. 22, 1842. I only wish that your Church were more known among us by such writings. You will not

interest us in her, till we see her, not in politics, but in her true functions of exhorting, teaching, and guiding. I wish there were a chance of making the leading men among you understand, what I believe is no novel thought to yourself. It is not by learned discussions, or acute arguments, or reports of miracles, that the heart of England can be gained. It is by men 'approving themselves', like the Apostle, 'ministers of Christ'.

As to your question, whether the volume you have sent is not calculated to remove my apprehensions that another gospel is substituted for the true one in your practical instructions, before I can answer it in any way, I ought to know how far the sermons which it comprises are *selected* from a number, or whether they are the whole, or such as the whole, which have been published, of the author's. I assure you, or at least I trust, that, if it is ever clearly brought home to me that I have been wrong in what I have said on this subject, my public avowal of that conviction will only be a question of time with me.

If, however, you saw our Church as we see it, you would easily understand that such a change of feeling, did it take place, would have no necessary tendency, which you seem to expect, to draw a person from the Church of England to that of Rome. There is a divine life among us, clearly manifested, in spite of all our disorders, which is as great a Note of the Church, as any can be. Why should we seek our Lord's presence elsewhere, when He vouchsafes it to us where we are? What *call* have we to change our communion?

Roman Catholics will find this to be the state of things in time to come, whatever promise they may fancy there is of a large secession to their Church. This man or that may leave us, but there will be no general movement. There is, indeed, an incipient movement of our *Church* towards yours, and this your leading men are doing all they can to frustrate by their unwearied efforts at all risks to carry off individuals. When will they know their position, and embrace a larger and wiser policy?

The last letter, which I have inserted, is addressed to my dear friend, Dr Russell, the present President of Maynooth. He had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me, in passing through Oxford, in the summer of 1841, and I think I took him over some of the buildings of the University. He called again another summer, on his way from Dublin to London. I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone. He also gave me one or two books. Veron's *Rule of Faith* and some *Treatises* of the Wallenburghs was one; a volume of St Alfonso Liguori's *Sermons* was another; and to that the letter which I have last inserted relates.

Now it must be observed, that the writings of St Alfonso, as I knew them by the extracts commonly made from them, prejudiced me as much against the Roman Church as any thing else, on account of what was called their 'Mariolatry'; but there was nothing of the kind in this book. I wrote to ask Dr Russell whether anything had been left out in the translation; he answered that there certainly was an omission of one passage about the Blessed Virgin. This omission, in the case of a book intended for Catholics, at least showed that such passages as are found in the works of Italian authors were not acceptable to every

part of the Catholic world. Such devotional manifestations in honour of Our Lady had been my great *crux* as regards Catholicism; I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now; I trust I do not love her the less, because I cannot enter into them. They may be fully explained and defended; but sentiment and taste do not run with logic; they are suitable for Italy, but they are not suitable for England. But, over and above England, my own case was special; from a boy I had been led to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings, certainly such, *in rerum naturâ*. I will not here speculate, however, about my own feelings. Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no Saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, to come between the soul and its Creator. It is face to face, 'solus cum solo', in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude. 'Solus cum solo'—I recollect but indistinctly the effect produced upon me by this volume, but it must have been considerable. At all events, I had got a key to a difficulty; in these sermons, (or rather heads of sermons, as they seem to be, taken down by a hearer,) there is much of what would be called legendary illustration; but the substance of them is plain, practical, awful preaching upon the great truths of salvation. What I can speak of with greater confidence is the effect upon me a little later of the *Exercises* of St Ignatius. Here again, in

a pure matter of the most direct religion, in the intercourse between God and the soul, during a season of recollection, of repentance, of good resolution, of inquiry into vocation, the soul was 'sola cum solo'; there was no cloud interposed between the creature and the Object of his faith and love. The command practically enforced was 'My son, give Me thy heart.' The devotions, then, to angels and saints, as little interfered with the incommunicable glory of the Eternal, as the love which we bear our friends and relations, our tender human sympathies, are inconsistent with that supreme homage of the heart to the Unseen, which really does but sanctify and exalt what is of earth. At a later date, Dr Russell sent me a large bundle of penny or half-penny books of devotion, of all sorts, as they are found in the booksellers' shops at Rome; and, on looking them over, I was quite astonished to find how different they were from what I had fancied, how little there was in them to which I could really object. I have given an account of them in my *Essay on the Development of Doctrine*. Dr Russell sent me St Alfonso's book at the end of 1842; however, it was still a long time before I got over my difficulty on the score of the devotions paid to the Saints; perhaps, as I judge, from a letter I have turned up, it was some way into 1844, before I could be said to have got over it.

I am not sure that another consideration did not also weigh with me then. The idea of the Blessed Virgin was, as it were, *magnified* in the Church of Rome, as time went on—but so were all the Christian ideas; as that of the Blessed Eucharist. The whole scene of pale, faint, distant Apostolic Christianity is seen in Rome, as through

a telescope or magnifier. The harmony of the whole, however, is of course what it was. It is unfair then to take one Roman idea, that of the Blessed Virgin, out of what may be called its context.

Thus I am brought to the principle of development of doctrine in the Christian Church, to which I gave my mind at the end of 1842. I had spoken of it in the passage, which I quoted many pages back, in *Home Thoughts Abroad*, published in 1836; but it had been a favourite subject with me all along. And it is certainly recognized in that celebrated *Treatise* of Vincent of Lerins, which has so often been taken as the basis of the Anglican theory. In 1843 I began to consider it steadily; and the general view to which I came is stated thus in a letter to a friend, of the date of July 14, 1844; it will be observed that, now as before, my *issue* is still Faith *versus* Church:

The kind of considerations which weigh with me are such as the following: (1) I am far more certain (according to the Fathers) that we *are* in a state of culpable separation, *than* that developments do *not* exist under the Gospel, and that the Roman developments are not the true ones. (2) I am far more certain, that *our* (modern) doctrines are wrong, *than* that the *Roman* (modern) doctrines are wrong. (3) Granting that the Roman (special) doctrines are not found drawn out in the early Church, yet I think there is sufficient trace of them in it, to recommend and prove them, *on the hypothesis* of the Church having a divine guidance, though not sufficient to prove them by itself. So that the question simply turns on the nature of the promise of the Spirit, made to the Church. (4) The proof of the Roman (modern) doctrine is as strong (or stronger) in Antiquity, as that of certain doctrines which both we and Romans hold: *e. g.* there is more of evidence in Antiquity for the necessity of Unity, than for the Apostolical Succession; for the Supremacy of the See of Rome, than for the

Presence in the Eucharist; for the practice of Invocation, than for certain books in the present Canon of Scripture, etc. etc. (5) The analogy of the Old Testament, and also of the New, leads to the acknowledgment of doctrinal developments.

And thus I was led on to a further consideration. I saw that the principle of development not only accounted for certain facts, but was in itself a remarkable philosophical phenomenon, giving a character to the whole course of Christian thought. It was discernible from the first years of the Catholic teaching up to the present day, and gave to that teaching a unity and individuality. It served as a sort of test, which the Anglican could not exhibit, that modern Rome was in truth ancient Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, just as a mathematical curve has its own law and expression.

And thus, again, I was led on to examine more attentively what I doubt not was in my thoughts long before, *viz.* the concatenation of argument by which the mind ascends from its first to its final religious idea; and I came to the conclusion, that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other. And I hold this still: I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him, who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience.

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Now, I dare say, I have not expressed myself with philosophical correctness, because I have not given myself to the study of what others have said on the subject; but I think I have a strong true meaning in what I say which will stand examination.

Moreover, I came to the conclusion which I have been stating, on reasoning of the same nature as that which I had adopted on the subject of development of doctrine. The fact of the operation from first to last of that principle of development is an argument in favour of the identity of Roman and Primitive Christianity; but, as there is a law which acts upon the subject-matter of dogmatic theology, so is there a law in the matter of religious faith. In the third part of this narrative I spoke of certitude as the consequence, divinely intended and enjoined upon us, of the accumulative force of certain given reasons which, taken one by one, were only probabilities. Let it be recollected that I am historically relating my state of mind at the period of my life which I am surveying. I am not speaking theologically, nor have I any intention of going into controversy, or of defending myself; but speaking historically of what I held in 1843-4, I say, that I believed in a God on a ground of probability, that I believed in Christianity on a probability, and that I believed in Catholicism on a probability, and that all three were about the same kind of probability, a cumulative, a transcendent probability, but still probability; inasmuch as He who made us has so willed that in mathematics, indeed, we arrive at certitude by rigid demonstration, but in religious inquiry we arrive at

certitude by accumulated probabilities—inasmuch as He who has willed that we should so act, co-operates with us in our acting, and thereby bestows on us a certitude which rises higher than the logical force of our conclusions. And thus I came to see clearly, and to have a satisfaction in seeing, that, in being led on into the Church of Rome, I was proceeding, not by any secondary grounds of reason, or by controversial points in detail, but was protected and justified, even in the use of those secondary arguments, by a great and broad principle. But, let it be observed, that I am stating a matter of fact, not defending it; and if any Catholic says in consequence, that I have been converted in a wrong way, I cannot help that now.

And now I have carried on the history of my opinions to their last point before I became a Catholic. I find great difficulty in fixing dates precisely; but it must have been some way into 1844 before I thought, not only that the Anglican Church was certainly wrong, but that Rome was right. Then I had nothing more to learn on the subject. How ‘Samaria’ faded away from my imagination I cannot tell, but it was gone. Now to go back to the time when this last stage of my inquiry was in its commencement, which, if I dare assign dates, was towards the end of 1842.

In 1843, I took two very important and significant steps: (1) In February, I made a formal retractation of all the hard things which I had said against the Church of Rome. (2) In September, I resigned the living of St Mary’s, Littlemore inclusive. I will speak of these two acts separately.

(1) The words in which I made my retraction have given rise to much criticism. After quoting a number of passages from my writings against the Church of Rome, which I withdrew I ended thus: 'If you ask me how an individual could venture, not simply to hold, but to publish such views of a communion so ancient, so wide-spreading, so fruitful in saints, I answer that I said to myself "I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a *consensus* of the divines of my own Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary for our position." Yet I have reason to fear still, that such language is to be ascribed in no small measure to an impetuous temper, a hope of approving myself to persons I respect, and a wish to repel the charge of Romanism.'

These words have been, and are, cited again and again against me, as if a confession that, when in the Anglican Church, I said things against Rome which I did not really believe.

For myself, I cannot understand how any impartial man can so take them; and I have explained them in print several times. I trust that by this time they have been sufficiently explained by what I have said in former portions of this narrative; still I have a word or two to say about them which I have not said before. I apologized in the lines in question for saying out charges against the Church of Rome which I fully believed to be true. What is wonderful in such an apology?

There are many things a man may hold, which at the same time he may feel that he has no right to say publicly. The law recognizes this principle. In our own time, men have been imprisoned and fined for saying true things of a bad king. The maxim has been held, that 'The greater the truth, the greater is the libel.' And so, as to the judgment of society, a just indignation would be felt against a writer who brought forward wantonly the weaknesses of a great man, though the whole world knew that they existed. No one is at liberty to speak ill of another without a justifiable reason, even though he knows he is speaking truth, and the public knows it too. Therefore I could not speak ill against the Church of Rome, though I believed what I said, without a good reason. I did believe what I said; but had I a good reason for saying it? I thought I had; *viz.* I said what I believed was simply necessary in the controversy, in order to defend ourselves; I considered that the Anglican position could not be defended without bringing charges against the Church of Rome. Is not this almost a truism? Is it not what every one says who speaks on the subject at all? Does any serious man abuse the Church of Rome for the sake of abusing her, or because it justifies his own religious position? What is the meaning of the very word 'Protestantism', but that there is a call to speak out? This, then, is what I said: 'I know I spoke strongly against the Church of Rome; but it was no mere abuse, for I had a serious reason for doing so.'

But, not only did I think such language necessary for my Church's religious position, but all the great Anglican divines had thought so before

me. They had thought so, and they had acted accordingly. And therefore I said, with much propriety, that I had not done it simply out of my own head, but that I was following the track, or rather reproducing the teaching, of those who had preceded me.

I was pleading guilty; but pleading also that there were extenuating circumstances in the case. We all know the story of the convict, who, on the scaffold, bit off his mother's ear. By doing so, he did not deny the fact of his own crime, for which he was to hang; but he said that his mother's indulgence, when he was a boy, had a good deal to do with it. In like manner I had made a charge, and I had made it *ex animo*; but I accused others of having led me into believing it and publishing it.

But there was more than this meant in the words which I used: first, I will freely confess, indeed I said it some pages back, that I was angry with the Anglican divines. I thought they had taken me in; I had read the Fathers with their eyes; I had sometimes trusted their quotations or their reasonings; and from reliance on them, I had used words, or made statements, which properly I ought rigidly to have examined myself. I had exercised more faith than criticism in the matter. This did not imply any broad misstatements on my part, arising from reliance on their authority, but it implied carelessness in matters of detail. And this of course was a fault.

But there was a far deeper reason for my saying what I said in this matter, on which I have not hitherto touched; and it was this: The most oppressive thought, in the whole process

of my change of opinion, was the clear anticipation, verified by the event, that it would issue in the triumph of Liberalism. Against the Anti-dogmatic principle I had thrown my whole mind; yet now I was doing more than any one else could do, to promote it. I was one of those who had kept it at bay in Oxford for so many years; and thus my very retirement was its triumph. The men who had driven me from Oxford were distinctly the Liberals; it was they who had opened the attack upon Tract 90, and it was they who would gain a second benefit, if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church. But this was not all. As I have already said, there are but two alternatives, the way to Rome, and the way to Atheism: Anglicanism is the halfway house on the one side, and Liberalism is the halfway house on the other. How many men were there, as I knew full well, who would not follow me now in my advance from Anglicanism to Rome, but would at once leave Anglicanism and me for the Liberal camp. It is not at all easy (humanly speaking) to wind up an Englishman to a dogmatic level. I had done so in a good measure, in the case both of young men and of layman, the Anglican *Via Media* being the representative of dogma. The dogmatic and the Anglican principle were one, as I had taught them; but I was breaking the *Via Media* to pieces, and would not dogmatic faith altogether be broken up, in the minds of a great number, by the demolition of the *Via Media*? Oh! how unhappy this made me! I heard once from an eye-witness the account of a poor sailor whose legs were shattered by a ball, in the action off Algiers in 1816, and who was taken below

for an operation. The surgeon and the chaplain persuaded him to have a leg off; it was done and the tourniquet applied to the wound. Then, they broke it to him that he must have the other off too. The poor fellow said 'You should have told me that, gentlemen', and deliberately unscrewed the instrument, and bled to death. Would not that be the case with many friends of my own? How could I ever hope to make them believe in a second theology, when I had cheated them in the first? with what face could I publish a new edition of a dogmatic creed, and ask them to receive it as gospel? Would it not be plain to them that no certainty was to be found any where? Well, in my defence I could but make a lame apology; however, it was the true one, *viz.* that I had not read the Fathers critically enough; that in such nice points, as those which determine the angle of divergence between the two Churches, I had made considerable miscalculations; and how came this about? Why the fact was, unpleasant as it was to avow, that I had leaned too much upon the assertions of Ussher, Jeremy Taylor, or Barrow, and had been deceived by them. 'Valeat quantum',—it was all that *could* be said. This, then, was a chief reason of that wording of the retraction which has given so much offence, and the following letter will illustrate it:

April 3, 1844. I wish to remark on W.'s chief distress, that my changing my opinion seemed to unsettle one's confidence in truth and falsehood as external things, and led one to be suspicious of the new opinion as one became distrustful of the old. Now, in what I shall say, I am not going to speak in favour of my second thoughts in comparison of my first, but against such scepticism and unsettlement about truth and falsehood generally, the idea of which is very painful.

The case with me, then, was this, and not surely an unnatural one: as a matter of feeling and of duty I threw myself into the system which I found myself in. I saw that the English Church had a theological idea or theory as such, and I took it up. I read Laud on Tradition, and thought it (as I still think it) very masterly. The Anglican Theory was very distinctive. I admired it, and took it on faith. It did not (I think) occur to me to doubt it; I saw that it was able, and supported by learning, and I felt it was a duty to maintain it. Further, on looking into Antiquity and reading the Fathers, I saw such portions of it as I examined, fully confirmed (*e. g.* the supremacy of Scripture). There was only one question about which I had a doubt, *viz.* whether it would *work*, for it has never been more than a paper system. . . .

So far from my change of opinion having any fair tendency to unsettle persons as to truth and falsehood, viewed as objective realities, it should be considered whether such change is not *necessary*, if truth be a real objective thing, and be made to confront a person who has been brought up in a system *short of* truth. Surely the *continuance* of a person who wishes to go right in a wrong system, and not his *giving it up*, would be that which militated against the objectiveness of Truth, leading, as it would, to the suspicion, that one thing and another were equally pleasing to our Maker, where men were sincere.

Nor surely is it a thing I need be sorry for, that I defended the system in which I found myself, and thus have had to unsay my words. For is it not one's duty, instead of beginning with criticism, to throw oneself generously into that form of religion which is providentially put before one? Is it right, or is it wrong, to begin with private judgment? May we not, on the other hand, look for a blessing *through* obedience even to an erroneous system, and a guidance even by means of it out of it? Were those who were strict and conscientious in their Judaism, or those who were lukewarm and sceptical, more likely to be led into Christianity, when Christ came? Yet in proportion to their previous zeal would be their appearance of inconsistency. Certainly, I have always contended that obedience even to an erring conscience was the way to gain light, and that it mattered not where a man began, so that he began on what came to hand, and in faith; and that anything might become a divine method of Truth; that to the pure all things

are pure, and have a self-correcting virtue and a power of germinating. And, though I have no right at all to assume that this mercy is granted to me, yet the fact, that a person in my situation *may* have it granted to him, seems to me to remove the perplexity which my change of opinion may occasion.

It may be said—I have said it to myself—‘Why, however, did you *publish*? Had you waited quietly, you would have changed your opinion without any of the misery, which now is involved in the change, of disappointing and distressing people.’ I answer, that things are so bound up together as to form a whole, and one cannot tell what is or is not a condition of what. I do not see how possibly I could have published the *Tracts*, or other works professing to defend our Church, without accompanying them with a strong protest or argument against Rome. The one obvious objection against the whole Anglican line is, that it is Roman; so that I really think there was no alternative between silence altogether, and forming a theory and attacking the Roman system.

(2) And now, secondly, as to my resignation of St Mary’s, which was the second of the steps which I took in 1843. The ostensible, direct, and sufficient cause of my doing so was the persevering attack of the bishops on *Tract 90*. I alluded to it in the letter which I have inserted above, addressed to one of the most influential among them. A series of their *ex cathedra* judgments, lasting through three years, and including a notice of no little severity in a charge of my own bishop, came as near to a condemnation of my tract, and, so far, to a repudiation of the ancient Catholic doctrine, which was the scope of the tract, as was possible in the Church of England. It was in order to shield the *Tract* from such a condemnation, that I had, at the time of its publication, so simply put myself at the disposal of the higher powers in London. At that time, all that was distinctly contemplated

in the way of censure, was the message which my bishop sent me, that it was 'objectionable'. That I thought was the end of the matter. I had refused to suppress it, and they had yielded that point. Since I wrote the former portions of this narrative, I have found what I wrote to Dr Pusey on March 24, while the matter was in progress. 'The more I think of it', I said, 'the more reluctant I am to suppress *Tract 90*, though *of course* I will do it if the bishop wishes it; I cannot, however, deny that I shall feel it a severe act.' According to the notes which I took of the letters or messages which I sent to him in the course of that day, I went on to say: 'My first feeling was to obey without a word; I will obey still; but my judgment has steadily risen against it ever since.' Then, in the post-script, 'If I have done any good to the Church, I do ask the bishop this favour, as my reward for it, that he would not insist on a measure from which I think good will not come. However, I will submit to him.' Afterwards, I get stronger still: 'I have almost come to the resolution, if the bishop publicly intimates that I must suppress the *Tract*, or speaks strongly in his charge against it, to suppress it indeed, but to resign my living also. I could not in conscience act otherwise. You may show this in any quarter you please.'

All my then hopes, all my satisfaction at the apparent fulfilment of those hopes, were at an end in 1843. It is not wonderful then, that in May of that year I addressed a letter on the subject of St Mary's to the same friend whom I had consulted about retiring from it in 1840. But I did more now; I told him my great

unsettlement of mind on the question of the Churches. I will insert portions of two of my letters:

May 4, 1843. . . At present I fear, as far as I can analyze my own convictions, I consider the Roman Catholic Communion to be the Church of the Apostles, and that what grace is among us (which, through God's mercy, is not little) is extraordinary, and from the overflowings of His dispensation. I am very far more sure that England is in schism, than that the Roman additions to the Primitive creed may not be developments, arising out of a keen and vivid realizing of the Divine Depositum of Faith.

You will now understand what gives edge to the bishops' Charges without any undue sensitiveness on my part. They distress me in two ways: first, as being in some sense protests and witnesses to my conscience against my own unfaithfulness to the English Church, and next, as being samples of her teaching, and tokens how very far she is from even aspiring to Catholicity.

Of course my being unfaithful to a trust is my great subject of dread, as it has long been, as you know.

When he wrote to make natural objections to my purpose, such as the apprehension that the removal of clerical obligations might have the indirect effect of propelling me towards Rome, I answered:

May 18, 1843. . . My office or charge at St Mary's is not a mere *state*, but a continual *energy*. People assume and assert certain things of me in consequence. With what sort of sincerity can I obey the bishop? how am I to act in the frequent cases in which, one way or another, the Church of Rome comes into consideration? I have to the utmost of my power tried to keep persons from Rome, and with some success; but even a year and a half since, my arguments, though more efficacious with the persons I aimed at than any others could be, were of a nature to infuse great suspicion of me into the minds of lookers-on.

By retaining St. Mary's I am an offence and a stumbling-block. Persons are keen-sighted enough to make out what I think on certain points, and then they

infer that such opinions are compatible with holding situations of trust in our Church. A number of younger men take the validity of their interpretation of the Articles, etc., from me on *faith*. Is not my present position a cruelty, as well as a treachery towards the Church?

I do not see how I can either preach or publish again, while I hold St Mary's; but consider again the following difficulty in such a resolution, which I must state at some length.

Last Long Vacation the idea suggested itself to me of publishing the *Lives of the English Saints*; and I had a conversation with (a publisher) upon it. I thought it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil, and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome, as she is; and further, as seeking to promote the spread of right views.

But, within, the last month, it has come upon me, that, if the scheme goes on, it will be a practical carrying out of *No. 90*; from the character of the usages and opinions of ante-reformation times.

It is easy to say 'Why *will* you do *anything*? Why won't you keep quiet? What business had you to think of any such plan at all?' But I cannot leave a number of poor fellows in the lurch. I am bound to do my best for a great number of people, both in Oxford and elsewhere, if I did not act, others would find means to do so.

Well, the plan has been taken up with great eagerness and interest. Many men are setting to work. I set down the names of men, most of them engaged, the rest half engaged and probable, some actually writing.

About thirty names follow, some of them at that time of the school of Dr Arnold, others of Dr Pusey's, some my personal friends and of my own standing, others whom I hardly knew, while of course the majority were of the party of the new Movement. I continue:

The plan has gone so far, that it would create surprise and talk were it now suddenly given over. Yet how is it compatible with my holding St Mary's, being what I am?

Such was the object and the origin of the projected series of the *English Saints*; and, as the publication was connected, as has been seen, with my resignation of St Mary's, I may be allowed to conclude what I have to say on the subject here, though it will read like a digression. As soon then as the first of the series got into print, the whole project broke down. I had already anticipated that some portions of the series would be written in a style inconsistent with the professions of a beneficed clergyman, and therefore I had given up my living; but men of great weight went further, when they saw the *Life of St Stephen Harding*, and decided that it was of such a character as to be inconsistent even with its being given to the world by an Anglican publisher: and so the scheme was given up at once. After the two first parts, I retired from the editorship, and those *Lives* only were published in addition, which were then already finished, or in advanced preparation. The following passages from what I or others wrote at the time will illustrate what I have been saying.

In November, 1844, I wrote thus to one of the authors of them:

I am not editor, I have no direct control over the series. It is T.'s work; he may admit what he pleases; and exclude what he pleases. I was to have been editor. I did edit the two first numbers. I was responsible for them, in the way in which an editor is responsible. Had I continued editor, I should have exercised a control over all. I laid down in the preface that doctrinal subjects were, if possible, to be excluded. But, even then, I also set down that no writer was to be held answerable for any of the *Lives* but his own. When I gave up the editorship, I had various engagements with friends for separate *Lives* remaining on my hands. I

should have liked to have broken from them all, but there were some from which I could not break, and I let them take their course. Some have come to nothing; others, like yours, have gone on. I have seen such, either in MS. or proof. As time goes on, I shall have less and less to do with the series. I think the engagement between you and me should come to an end. I have anyhow abundant responsibility on me, and too much. I shall write to T, that if he wants the advantage of your assistance, he must write to you direct.

In accordance with this letter, I had already advertised, in January 1844, ten months before it, that 'other *Lives*', after *St Stephen Harding*, 'will be published by their respective authors on their own responsibility.' This notice is repeated in February in the advertisement to the second volume, entitled *The Family of St Richard*, though to this volume also, for some reason, I also put my initials. In the *Life of St Augustine*, the author, a man of nearly my own age, says in like manner: 'No one but myself is responsible for the way in which these materials have been used.' I have in MS. another advertisement to the same effect, but I cannot tell whether it was ever put into print.

I will add, since the authors have been considered hot-headed boys, whom I was in charge of, and whom I suffered to do intemperate things, that, while the writer of *St Augustine* was of the mature age which I have stated, most of the others were on one side or other of thirty. Three were under twenty-five. Moreover, of these writers, some became Catholics, some remained Anglicans, and others have professed what are called free or liberal opinions.

The immediate cause of the resignation of my living is stated in the following letter, which I wrote to my bishop:

August 29, 1843. It is with much concern that I inform your Lordship, that Mr. A. B., who has been for the last year an inmate of my house here, has just conformed to the Church of Rome. As I have ever been desirous, not only of faithfully discharging the trust, which is involved in holding a living in your Lordship's diocese, but of approving myself to your Lordship, I will for your information state one or two circumstances connected with this unfortunate event. . . I received him on condition of his promising me, which he distinctly did, that he would remain quietly in our Church for three years. A year has passed since that time, and, though I saw nothing in him which promised that he would eventually be contented with his present position, yet for the time his mind became as settled as one could wish, and he frequently expressed his satisfaction at being under the promise which I had exacted of him.

I felt it impossible to remain any longer in the service of the Anglican Church, when such a breach of trust, however little I had to do with it, would be laid at my door, I wrote in a few days to a friend:

September 7, 1843. I this day ask the bishop's leave to resign St Mary's. Men whom you little think, or at least whom I little thought, are in almost a hopeless way. Really we may expect anything. I am going to publish a volume of sermons, including those four against moving.

I resigned my living on September 18th. I had not the means of doing it legally at Oxford. The late Mr Goldsmid aided me in resigning it in London. I found no fault with the Liberals; they had beaten me in a fair field. As to the act of the bishops, I thought, as Walter Scott has applied the text, that they had 'seethed the kid in his mother's milk.'

I said to a friend:

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

And now I have brought almost to an end, as far as this sketch has to treat of them, the history both of my opinions, and of the public acts which they involved. I had only one more advance of mind to make; and that was to be *certain* of what I had hitherto anticipated, concluded, and believed; and this was close upon my submission to the Catholic Church. And I had only one more act to perform, and that was the act of submission itself. But two years yet intervened before the date of these final events; during which I was in lay communion in the Church of England, attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What, then, I now have to add is of a private nature, being my preparation for the great event, for which I was waiting, in the interval between the autumns of 1843 and 1845.

And I shall almost confine what I have to say to this one point, the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to do it.

Up to January, 1842, I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons, as has been mentioned above, and is repeated in the letters which I am now about to give to the reader. To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the Autumn of 1839; to the third, an old friend too, when, I suppose,

I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric. In May, 1843, I mentioned it to the friend, by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is any thing that was, and is, abhorrent to me, it is the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority, and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent, I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I also should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then, again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time, when it was too strong to suppress with propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress; I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is to know that one knows. I believe I had not that, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too, but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it is; that the scales in the balance of

opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty was: '*Do what your present state of opinion requires, and let that doing tell: speak by acts*'. This I did; my first *act* of the year was in February, 1843. After three month's deliberation, I published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome: I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* was in September; after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I resigned my living. I tried, indeed, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St Mary's. I had made it a Parish, and I loved it; but I did not succeed in my attempt. I could, indeed, bear to become the curate at will of another, but I hoped still that I might have been my own master there. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favour, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Indeed, I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These were my two acts of the year, and I said: 'I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do.' They fully answered my purpose. What I felt as a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my taking the initiative in creating it. Then, when friends

wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed it, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes, in the case of intimate friends, whom I seemed to leave in ignorance of what others knew about me, I invited the question.

And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting for the Anglican Church in Oxford, then, indeed, I was very glad to make converts, and, though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet, that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. Then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceeding: and my utmost endeavour was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and, as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but, at that date, as soon as I turned my face Rome-ward, I gave up altogether, and in any shape, as far as ever was possible, the thought of acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position even to say a word to them one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them, as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And, if they were unsettled

already, how could I point out to them a place of refuge, which I was not sure that I should choose for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words 'Je mourrai seul.' I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them. Presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and, if I still kept to my resolution, and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But, what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed, that, in so solemn a matter, they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as themselves, and, being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, were made ill by the suspense. And they, too, of course for the time, thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. There was a gifted and deeply earnest lady, who, in a parabolical account of that time, has described both my conduct as she felt it, and that of such as herself. In a singularly graphic, amusing vision of pilgrims,

who were making their way across a bleak common in great discomfort, and who were ever warned against, yet continually nearing, 'the king's highway' on the right, she says 'All my fears and disquiets were speedily renewed by seeing the most daring of our leaders (the same who had first forced his way through the palisade, and in whose courage and sagacity we all put implicit trust) suddenly stop short, and declare that he would go on no further. He did not, however, take the leap at once, but quietly sat down on the top of the fence with his feet hanging towards the road, as if he meant to take his time about it, and let himself down easily.' I do not wonder at all that I thus seemed so unkind to a lady, who at that time had never seen me. We were both in trial in our different ways. I am far from denying that I was acting selfishly both towards them and towards others; but it was a religious selfishness. Certainly, to myself, my own duty seemed clear. They that are whole can heal others; but in my case it was 'Physician, heal thyself.' My own soul was my first concern, and it seemed an absurdity to my reason to be converted in partnership. I wished to go to my Lord by myself, and in my own way, or rather His way. I had neither wish, nor, I may say, thought of taking a number with me. But nothing of this could be known to others.

The following three letters are written to a friend who had every claim upon me to be frank with him: it will be seen that I disclose my real state of mind to him, in proportion as he presses me.

1. October 14, 1843. I would tell you in a few words why I have resigned St Mary's, as you seem to wish, were it possible to do so. But it is most difficult to bring out in brief, or even *in extenso*, any just view of my feelings and reasons.

The nearest approach I can give to a general account of them is to say, that it has been caused by the general repudiation of the view contained in *No. 90*, on the part of the Church. I could not stand against such an unanimous expression of opinion from the bishops, supported, as it has been, by the concurrence, or at least silence, of all classes in the Church, lay and clerical. If there ever was a case in which an individual teacher has been put aside, and virtually put away, by a community, mine is one. No decency has been observed in the attacks upon me from authority; no protests have been offered against them. It is felt—I am far from denying, justly felt—that I am a foreign material, and cannot assimilate with the Church of England.

Even my own bishop has said that my mode of interpreting the Articles makes them mean *anything or nothing*. When I heard this delivered, I did not believe my ears. I denied to others that it was said. . . . Out came the charge, and the words could not be mistaken. This astonished me the more, because I published that letter to him, (how unwillingly you know), on the understanding that *I* was to deliver his judgment on *No. 90* instead of him. A year elapses, and a second and heavier judgment came forth. I did not bargain for this—nor did he, but the tide was too strong for him.

I fear that I must confess, that, in proportion as I think the English Church is showing herself intrinsically and radically alien from Catholic principles, so do I feel the difficulties of defending her claims to be a branch of the Catholic Church. It seems a dream to call a communion Catholic, when one can neither appeal to any clear statement of Catholic doctrine in its formularies, nor interpret ambiguous formularies by the received and living Catholic sense, whether past or present. Men of Catholic views are too truly but a party in our Church. I cannot deny that many other independent circumstances, which it is not worth while entering into, have led me to the same conclusion.

I do not say all this to every body, as you may suppose; but I do not like to make a secret of it to you.

2. Oct. 25, 1843. You have engaged in a dangerous

correspondence; I am deeply sorry for the pain I shall give you.

I must tell you then frankly (but I combat arguments which to me, alas! are shadows) that it is not from disappointment, irritation, or impatience, that I have, whether rightly or wrongly, resigned St Mary's; but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic Church, and ours not part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome; and because I feel that I could not honestly be a teacher in it any longer.

This thought came to me last summer four years. . . I mentioned it to two friends in the autumn. . . It arose in the first instance from the Monophysite and Donatist controversies, the former of which I was engaged with in the course of theological study to which I had given myself. This was at a time when no bishop, I believe, had declared against us, and when all was progress and hope. I do not think I have ever felt disappointment or impatience, certainly not then; for I never looked forward to the future, nor do I realize it now.

My first effort was to write that article on the Catholicity of the English Church; for two years it quieted me. Since the summer of 1839, I have written little or nothing on modern controversy. . . You know how unwillingly I wrote my letter to the bishop in which I committed myself again, as the safest course under circumstances. The article I speak of quieted me till the end of 1841, over the affair of *No. 90*, when that wretched Jerusalem Bishopric (no personal matter) revived all my alarms. They have increased up to this moment. At that time I told my secret to another person in addition.

You see, then, that the various ecclesiastical and quasi-ecclesiastical acts, which have taken place in the course of the last two years and a half, are not the *cause* of my state of opinion, but are keen stimulants and weighty confirmations of a conviction forced upon me, while engaged in the *course of duty*, viz. that theological reading to which I had given myself. And this last-mentioned circumstance is a fact, which has never, I think, come before me till now that I write to you.

It is three years since, on account of my state of opinion, I urged the Provost in vain to let St Mary's be separated from Littlemore; thinking I might with a safe conscience serve the latter, though I could not comfortably continue in so public a place as a University. This was before *No. 90*.

Finally, I have acted under advice, and that not of my own choosing, but what came to me in the way of duty, nor the advice of those only who agree with me, but of near friends who differ from me.

I have nothing to reproach myself with, as far as I see, in the matter of impatience; *i. e.* practically or in conduct. And I trust that He who has kept me in the slow course of change hitherto will keep me still from hasty acts, or resolves with a doubtful conscience.

This I am sure of, that such interposition as yours, kind as it is, only does what *you* would consider harm. It makes me realize my own views to myself; it makes me see their consistency; it assures me of my own deliberateness; it suggests to me the traces of a Providential Hand; it takes away the pain of disclosures; it relieves me of a heavy secret.

You may make what use of my letters you think right.

My correspondent wrote to me once more, and I replied thus:

October 31, 1843. Your letter has made my heart ache more, and caused me more and deeper sighs than any I have had a long while, though I assure you there is much on all sides of me to cause sighing and heart-ache. On all sides I am quite haunted by the one dreadful whisper repeated from so many quarters, and causing the keenest distress to friends. You know but a part of my present trial, in knowing that I am unsettled myself.

Since the beginning of this year, I have been obliged to tell the state of my mind to some others; but never, I think, without being in a way obliged, as from friends writing to me as you did, or guessing how matters stood. No one in Oxford knows it, or here (Littlemore), but one friend whom I felt I could not help telling the other day. But, I suppose, very many suspect it.

On receiving these letters, my correspondent, if I recollect rightly, at once communicated the matter of them to Dr Pusey, and this will enable me to state as nearly as I can the way in which my changed state of opinion was made known to him.

I had from the first a great difficulty in

making Dr Pusey understand such differences of opinion as existed between himself and me. When there was a proposal, about the end of 1838, for a subscription for a Cranmer Memorial, he wished us both to subscribe together to it. I could not, of course, and wished him to subscribe by himself. That he would not do; he could not bear the thought of our appearing to the world in separate positions, in a matter of importance. And, as time went on, he would not take any hints, which I gave him, on the subject of my growing inclination to Rome. When I found him so determined, I often had not the heart to go on. And then I knew, that, from affection to me, he so often took up and threw himself into what I said, that I felt the great responsibility I should incur, if I put things before him just as I might view them. And, not knowing him so well as I did afterwards, I feared lest I should unsettle him. And moreover, I recollected well how prostrated he had been with illness in 1832, and I used always to think that the start of the Movement had given him a fresh life. I fancied that his physical energies even depended on the presence of a vigorous hope and bright prospects for his imagination to feed upon; so much so, that when he was so unworthily treated by the authorities of the place in 1843, I recollected writing to the late Mr Dodsworth to state my anxiety, lest, if his mind became dejected in consequence, his health would suffer seriously also. These were difficulties in my way; and then, again, another difficulty was, that, as we were not together under the same roof, we only saw each other at set times; others, indeed, who were coming

in or 'out of my rooms freely, and as there might be need at the moment, knew all my thoughts easily; but for him to know them well, formal efforts were necessary. A common friend of ours broke it all to him in 1841, as far as matters had gone at that time, and showed him clearly the logical conclusions which must lie in propositions to which I had committed myself; but somehow or other, in a little while, his mind fell back into its former happy state, and he could not bring himself to believe that he and I should not go on pleasantly together to the end. But that affectionate dream needs must have been broken at last; and two years afterwards, that friend to whom I wrote the letters which I have just now inserted, set himself, as I have said, to break it. Upon that, I too begged Dr Pusey to tell in private to any one he would, that I thought, in the event, I should leave the Church of England. However, he would not do so; and, at the end of 1844, had almost relapsed into his former thoughts about me, if I may judge from a letter of his which I have found. Nay, at the Commemoration of 1845, a few months before I left the Anglican Church, I think he said about me to a friend, 'I trust after all we shall keep him.'

In that autumn of 1843, at the time that I spoke to Dr Pusey, I asked another friend also to communicate to others, in confidence, the prospect which lay before me.

To another friend I gave the opportunity of knowing it, if he would, in the following postscript to a letter:

While I write, I will add a word about myself. You may come near a person or two, who, owing to circum-

stances, know more exactly my state of feeling than you do, though they would not tell you. Now I do not like that you should not be aware of this, though I see no *reason* why you should know what they happen to know. Your wishing it otherwise would *be* a reason.

I had a dear and old friend, near his death; I never told him my state of mind. Why should I unsettle that sweet calm tranquility, when I had nothing to offer him instead? I could not say, 'Go to Rome'; else I should have shown him the way. Yet I offered myself for examination. One day he led the way to my speaking out; but, rightly or wrongly, I could not respond. My reason was 'I have no certainty on the matter myself. To say "I think" is to tease and to distress, not to persuade.'

I wrote to him on Michaelmas Day, 1843:

As you may suppose, I have nothing to write to you about, pleasant. I *could* tell you some very painful things; but it is best not to anticipate trouble, which after all can but happen, and, for what one knows, may be averted. You are always so kind, that sometimes, when I part with you, I am nearly moved to tears, and it would be a relief to be so, at your kindness and at my hardness. I think no one ever had such kind friends as I have.

The next year, January 22, I wrote to him:

Pusey has quite enough on him, and generously takes on himself more than enough, for me to add burdens when I am not obliged; particularly too, when I am very conscious, that there *are* burdens, which I am, or shall be, obliged to lay upon him some time or other, whether I will or no.

And on February 21: Half-past ten. I am just up, having a bad cold; the like has not happened to me (except twice in January) in my memory. You may think you have been in my thoughts, long before my rising. Of course you are so continually, as you well know. I could not come to see you; I am not worthy of friends. With my opinions, to the full of which I dare not confess, I feel like a guilty person with others, though I trust I

am not so. People kindly think that I have much to bear externally, disappointment, slander, etc. No, I have nothing to bear, but the anxiety which I feel for my friends' anxiety for me, and their perplexity. This (letter) is a better Ash-Wednesday than birthday present (his birthday was the same day as mine; it was Ash-Wednesday that year); but I cannot help writing about what is uppermost. And now all kindest and best wishes to you, my oldest friend, whom I must not speak more about, and with reference to myself, lest you should be angry.

It was not in his nature to have doubts: he used to look at me with anxiety, and wonder what had come over me.

On Easter Monday:

All that is good and gracious descend upon you and yours from the influences of this Blessed Season; and it will be so, (so be it!) for what is the life of you all, as day passes after day, but a simple endeavour to serve Him, from whom all blessing comes? Though we are separated in place, yet this we have in common, that you are living a calm and cheerful time, and I am enjoying the thought of you. It is your blessing to have a clear heaven, and peace around, according to the blessing pronounced on Benjamin. So it is, and so may it ever be.

He was in simple good faith. He died in September that year. I had expected that his last illness would have brought light to my mind, as to what I ought to do. It brought none. I made a note, which runs thus: 'I sobbed bitterly over his coffin, to think that he left me still dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will.' I think I wrote to Charles Marriott to say, that at that moment, with the thought of my friend before me, my strong view in favour of Rome remained just what it was. On the other hand, my firm belief that grace was to be found in the Anglican Church remained too. I wrote to a friend upon his death:

Sept. 16, 1844. I am full of wrong and miserable feelings, which it is useless to detail, so grudging and sullen, when I should be thankful. Of course, when one sees so blessed an end, and that the termination of so blameless a life, of one who really fed on our ordinances and got strength from them, and sees the same continued in a whole family, the little children finding quite a solace of their pain in the Daily Prayer, it is impossible not to feel more at ease in our Church, as at least a sort of Zoar, a place of refuge and temporary rest, because of the steepness of the way. Only, may we be kept from unlawful security, lest we have Moab and Ammon for our progeny, the enemies of Israel.

I could not continue in this state, either in the light of duty or of reason. My difficulty was this: I had been deceived greatly once; how could I be sure that I was not deceived a second time? I then thought myself right; how was I to be certain that I was right now? How many years had I thought myself sure of what I now rejected? how could I ever again have confidence in myself? As in 1840 I listened to the rising doubt in favour of Rome, now I listened to the waning doubt in favour of the English Church. To be certain is to know that one knows; what test had I, that I should not change again, after that I had become a Catholic? I had still apprehension of this, though I thought a time would come, when it would depart. However, some limit ought to be put to these vague misgivings; I must do my best, and then leave it to a higher power to prosper it. So, I determined to write an essay on Doctrinal Development; and then, if, at the end of it, my convictions in favour of the Roman Church were not weaker, to make up my mind to seek admission into her fold. I acted upon this resolution in the beginning of 1845, and worked at my *Essay* steadily into the autumn.

I told my resolution to various friends at the beginning of the year; indeed, it was at that time known generally. I wrote to a friend thus:

My intention is, if nothing comes upon me, which I cannot foresee, to remain quietly *in statu quo* for a considerable time, trusting that my friends will kindly remember me and my trial in their prayers. And I should give up my fellowship some time before any thing further took place.

One very dear friend, now no more, Charles Marriott, sent me a letter at the beginning of the next year, from which, from love of him, I quote some sentences:

January 15, 1845. You know me well enough to be aware, that I never see through anything at first. Your letter to B. casts a gloom over the future, which you can understand, if you have understood me, as I believe you have. But I may speak out at once, of what I see and feel at once, and doubt not that I shall ever feel: that your whole conduct towards the Church of England and towards us, who have striven, and are still striving, to seek after God for ourselves, and to revive true religion among others, under her authority and guidance, has been generous and considerate, and, were that word appropriate, dutiful, to a degree that I could scarcely have conceived possible, more unsparing of self than I should have thought nature could sustain. I have felt with pain every link that you have severed, and I have asked no questions, because I felt that you ought to measure the disclosure of your thoughts according to the occasion, and the capacity of those to whom you spoke. I write in haste, in the midst of engagements engrossing in themselves, but partly made tasteless, partly embittered by what I have heard; but I am willing to trust even you, whom I love best on earth, in God's Hand, in the earnest prayer that you may be so employed as is best for the Holy Catholic Church.

There was a lady who was very anxious on the subject, and I wrote to her the following letters:

1. October, 1844. What can I say more to your purpose? If you will ask me any specific questions, I will answer them, as far as I am able.

2. November 7, 1844. I am still where I was; I am not moving. Two things, however, seem plain, that every one is prepared for such an event, next, that every one expects it of me. Few indeed, who do not think it suitable, fewer still, who do not think it likely. However, I do not think it either suitable or likely. I have very little reason to doubt about the issue of things, but the when and the how are known to Him, from whom, I trust, both the course of things and the issue come. The expression of opinion, and the latent and habitual feeling about me, which is on every side and among all parties, has great force. I insist upon it, because I have a great dread of going by my own feelings, lest they should mislead me. By one's sense of duty one must go; but external facts support one in doing so.

3. January 8, 1845. My full belief is, in accordance with your letter, that, if there is a move in our Church, very few persons indeed will be partners to it. I doubt whether one or two at the most among residents at Oxford. And I don't know whether I can wish it. The state of the Roman Catholics is at present so unsatisfactory. This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for anyone leaving our Church: no preference of another Church, no delight in its services, no hope of greater religious advancement in it, no indignation, no disgust, at the persons and things, among which we may find ourselves in the Church of England. The simple question is, Can *I* (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English Church? Am *I* in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion? *P.S.* I hardly see my way to concur in attendance, though occasional, in the Roman Catholic chapel, unless a man has made up his mind pretty well to join it eventually. Invocations are not *required* in the Church of Rome; somehow, I do not like using them, except under the sanction of the Church, and this makes me unwilling to admit them in members of our Church.

4. March 30. Now I will tell you more than any one knows except two friends. My own convictions are as strong as I suppose they can become: only it is so difficult to know whether it is a call of *reason* or of *conscience*. I cannot make out, if I am impelled by what seems *clear*, or by a sense of *duty*. You can understand how painful this doubt is; so I have waited, hoping for light, and using the words of the Psalmist 'Show some

token upon me'. But I suppose I have no right to wait for ever for this. Then I am waiting because friends are most considerately bearing me in mind, and asking guidance for me; and, I trust, I should attend to any new feelings which came upon me, should that be the effect of their kindness. And then this waiting subserves the purpose of preparing men's minds. I dread shocking, unsettling people. Anyhow, I can't avoid giving incalculable pain. So, if I had my will, I should like to wait till the summer of 1846, which would be a full seven years from the time that my convictions first began to fall on me. But I don't think I shall last so long.

My present intention is to give up my Fellowship in October, and to publish some work or treatise between that and Christmas. I wish people to know *why* I am acting, as well as *what* I am doing; it takes off that vague and distressing surprise. 'What *can* have made him?'

5. June 1. What you tell me of yourself makes it plain that it is your duty to remain quietly and patiently, till you see more clearly where you are; else you are leaping in the dark.

In the early part of this year, if not before, there was an idea afloat that my retirement from the Anglican Church was owing to the feeling that I had so been thrust aside, without anyone's taking my part. Various measures were, I believe, talked of in consequence of this surmise. Coincidentally with it was an exceedingly kind article about me in a quarterly, in its April number. The writer praised me in feeling and beautiful language, far above my deserts. In the course of his remarks, he said, speaking of me as vicar of St Mary's: 'He had the future race of clergy hearing him. Did he value and feel tender about, and cling to his position? . . . Not at all. . . . No sacrifice to him perhaps, he did not care about such things.'

This was the occasion of my writing to a very intimate friend the following letter:

April 3, 1845. . . Accept this apology, my dear C., and forgive me. As I say so, tears come into my eyes—that arises from the accident of this time, when I am giving up so much I love. Just now I have been overset by A. B.'s article in the C. D.; yet really, my dear C., I have never for an instant had even the temptation of repenting my leaving Oxford. The feeling of repentance has not even come into my mind. How could it? How could I remain at St Mary's a hypocrite? How could I be answerable for souls (and life so uncertain), with the convictions, or at least persuasions, which I had upon me? It is indeed a responsibility to act as I am doing; and I feel His hand heavy on me without intermission, who is all Wisdom and Love, so that my heart and mind are tired out, just as the limbs might be from a load on one's back. That sort of dull aching pain is mine; but my responsibility really is nothing to what it would be, to be answerable for souls, for confiding loving souls, in the English Church, with my convictions. My love to Marriott, and save me the pain of sending him a line.

In July, a bishop thought it worth while to give out to the world, that 'the adherents of Mr Newman are few in number. A short time will now probably suffice to prove this fact. It is well known that he is preparing for secession; and, when that event takes place, it will be seen how few will go with him.'

All this time I was hard at my *Essay on Doctrinal Development*. As I advanced, my view so cleared that, instead of speaking any more of 'the Roman Catholics', I boldly called them Catholics. Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished.

On October 8th, I wrote to a number of friends the following letter:

Littlemore, October 8, 1845. I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty

years' (almost) waiting, he was, without his own act, sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St John Baptist's day last year. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ. . . .

I have so many letters to write, that this must do for all who choose to ask about me. With my best love to dear Charles Marriott, who is over your head, etc., etc.

P.S. This will not go till all is over. Of course it requires no answer.

For a while after my reception, I proposed to betake myself to some secular calling. I wrote thus in answer to a very gracious letter of congratulation:

Nov. 25, 1845. I hope you will have anticipated, before I express it, the great gratification which I received from your Eminence's letter. That gratification, however, was tempered by the apprehension, that kind and anxious well-wishers at a distance attach more importance to my step than really belongs to it. To me, indeed, personally it is of course an inestimable gain; but persons and things look great at a distance, which are not so when seen close; and, did your Eminence know me, you would see that I was one, about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation has been raised than the event will justify.

As I never, I do trust, aimed at any thing else than obedience to my own sense of right, and have been magnified into the leader of a party without my wishing it or acting as such, so now, much as I may wish to the contrary, and earnestly as I may labour (as is my duty) to minister in a humble way to the Catholic Church, yet my powers will, I fear, disappoint the expectations of both my own friends, and of those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

If I might ask of your Eminence a favour, it is that you would kindly moderate those anticipations. Would it were in my power to do, what I do not aspire to do! At present, certainly, I cannot look forward to the future, and, though it would be a good work if I could persuade others to do as I have done, yet it seems as if I had quite enough to do in thinking of myself.

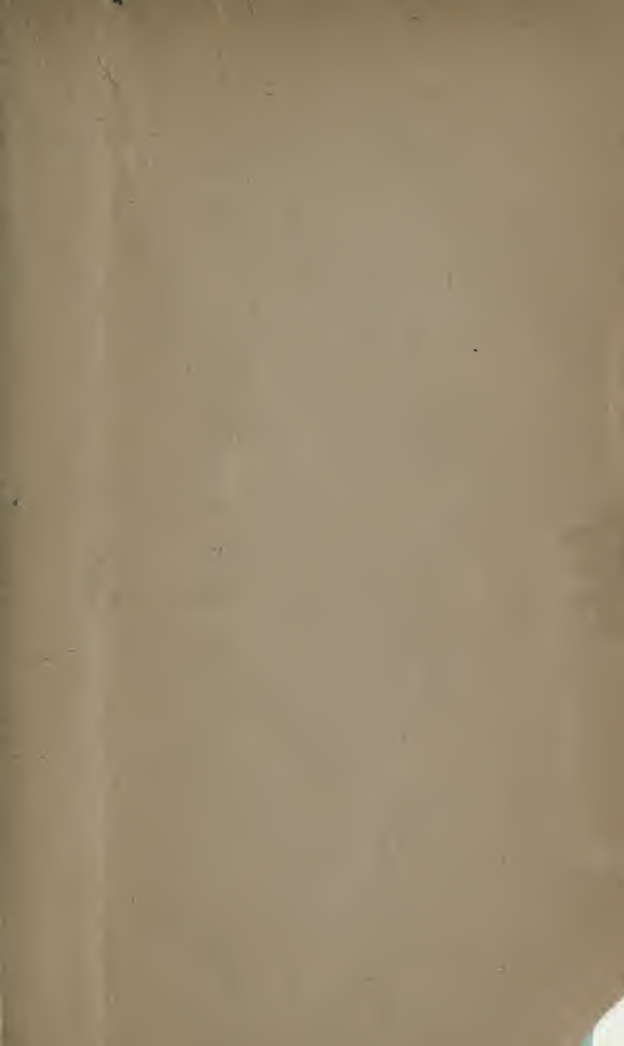
Soon, Dr Wiseman, in whose Vicariate Oxford lay, called me to Oscott; and I went there with others; afterwards he sent me to Rome, and finally placed me in Birmingham.

I wrote to a friend:

January 20, 1846. You may think how lonely I am. 'Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui' has been in my ears for the last twelve hours. I realize more, that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore, simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me; Mr Copeland, Mr Church, Mr Buckle, Mr Pattison, and Mr Lewis. Dr Pusey, too, came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor, when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me, both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23rd, I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.



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