

Armada, Allen and Parsons did not abandon their hopes of securing at least the succession of a Catholic Sovereign through the aid of Spain; but the clergy and laity resident in England, and feeling the full force of Elizabeth's repressive measures, began to aim more and more at obtaining some measure of toleration for themselves under the existing order. This was the state of things when Allen died in 1594, and left the English Catholics without any recognised leader. His death was speedily followed by the long and bitter feud between Jesuits and Seculars, absorbing all the energies of both parties, with which Mr. Law deals in the present volume. Having edited the first volume of the *Douay Diaries*, in conjunction with the late Father Knox, before his secession from the Oratory, he comes fully prepared to the subject. A factious and discreditable feud between rival ecclesiastics does not at first sight seem worth lingering over; and Catholic writers have passed it by as lightly as possible. Mr. Law, however, has not much difficulty in showing that important political consequences were involved in its progress. He does not take sides strongly in the quarrel, but inclines rather to the Seculars than to the Jesuits, and chooses for reprinting Dr. Bagshaw's *True Relation*, one of the many polemical works issued on the Secular side.

What stands out most clearly from this and similar works, is the complete absence of the very idea of toleration on either the Catholic or the Protestant side, until it was developed to some extent among the English Catholics under the stress of Elizabeth's penal measures. She opened her reign by requiring the attendance of all her subjects at church, and so making the exercise of the Roman Catholic faith impossible. Then Pius V. issued his Bull of deposition, and the Catholic refugees began to plot her overthrow with Spain, while the Jesuits tried to stir up a Catholic reaction in England. Elizabeth, who had so far refrained from shedding blood, retaliated, and twenty-three priests were executed between 1579 and 1583. Twenty more priests and ten laymen were put to death in the heated state of feeling which followed the repulse of the Armada; but it was felt that executions were dangerous, as exciting compassion, and for the most part captured priests were either shipped abroad or detained in prisons throughout the country. Such of them, however, as were "learned and politic, and of great persuasion," were interned in Wisbeach Castle, where the dispute in question broke out. Here they do not seem to have fared badly. They had comfortable quarters, took their meals in common, received visitors, were allowed to go out, and even had a number of the sons of eminent Catholics under their charge, nominally as pages. The feud which Mr. Law investigates at such length seems to have been the outcome of the eternal jealousies and rivalries of Jesuits and Seculars. Ever since the coming of Campion, the Jesuits had shown themselves by far the ablest and most active members of the English mission; but they were few in numbers as compared to the Seculars, and the latter complained that they arrogated everything to themselves, diverted all the alms of the faithful to their own uses, leaving the Seculars to starve, and endangered the safety of Catholics at home by their intrigues with Spain. The Jesuits retaliated on their opponents with charges of laxity and inefficiency. This was the state of things when the "stirs and garboils" broke out at Wisbeach in 1594-95. They began in the objection taken by a minority of Seculars to have Weston, a Jesuit, appointed agent, or head of the inmates of the prison. Then Weston and his followers declared themselves scandalised at the introduction of a hobby-horse into the castle hall at Christmas, and seceding from the minority, took a new dining-room, laid in a fresh stock of beer, and barred out their opponents. The quarrel was composed with difficulty, but flared up anew when, owing to the action of Parsons at Rome, Blackwell, a priest in the Jesuit interest, was created archpriest, with supreme authority in England. The Seculars took exception to the validity of his appointment, and he denounced them as guilty of schism. They appealed to Rome, but Parsons had their representatives confined in the English College, and sent back in disgrace, without having their case so much as examined. A war of pamphlets followed, in which each side brought the gravest charges of misconduct against the other. Parsons pronounced the productions of his opponents, a "horrible puddle of lies, slanderous invectives, and devilish detractions;" but his own are nearly as bad as the worst on the other side. The most curious thing Mr. Law has brought to light is the way the Secu-

lars prosecuted a second appeal to Rome. Bluet, one of their number, entered into communications with Bancroft, Bishop of London, and through his agency had four Seculars banished the Kingdom, in order to give them a good pretext for going to Rome, and counteracting the Jesuits. Mr. Law calls attention to the Diary of Mush, one of these priests, preserved in the Inner Temple Library, and it is certainly a very singular document. The appeal was at length heard and decided after the Cardinals had been driven to distraction, and had pronounced both parties *terribles*. The result, Mr. Law thinks, was a victory for the Seculars. Mush records a curious conversation with the Pope, who declared that toleration or liberty of conscience in England would do harm, and make Catholics become heretics, and that persecution was profitable to the Church, and they should not seek to avert or stay it by toleration. No sooner were they back in England, than Elizabeth put forth a proclamation denouncing their insolence for insinuating "that we have some purpose to grant a toleration of two religions within our realm,"—so little encouragement did they meet either from Pope or Queen in their efforts for peace. They were not, however, deterred from drawing up a declaration denying the Pope's right to depose the Queen, and protesting that they would be bound to disobey any such decree; but it is probable that Elizabeth died before seeing it. Such was the close of the quarrel, which, in Mr. Law's opinion, was not without important national consequences. It marked the final defeat of the Spanish faction, and the attempts which had been going on for thirty years to put a Catholic Sovereign on the throne. The idea of the deposing power was likewise discredited, and soon ceased to be put forward by the Pope himself. Nor must the effect of these internal dissensions, and the others which closely followed them, be lost sight of in undoing the Catholic reaction which Campion had provoked. Protestant panics were perhaps greater and more frequent after the Gunpowder Plot than before, but all chances of a large Catholic reaction had passed definitely away.

"LE DISCIPLE."*

THE novel-reading public sometimes manifests unaccountable freaks of attention and neglect. We see it announced that two orthodox writers have combined their powers to answer a novel in which, whatever its other merits, we should have said that theology was conspicuous by its absence; and no one can say that these writers have done anything thereby to call attention to a book previously unnoticed. And during almost the whole time in which people have been reading and talking about *Robert Elsmere*, they might have followed, in the adventures of Robert Greslou, a study of the decay of Christian faith showing some further equipment for the investigation than the literary power in which it at least equals that which has been occupying them; while Mr. Lilly's interesting article in the *Contemporary Review* is, as far as we know, the first sign that the work has found an English reader. We propose to follow in his steps, and introduce to our readers a book which it is misleading to describe as a novel. It has, indeed, all the interest of a novel: the narrative moves as though it were no more impeded with philosophic baggage than the last adventure of a young man and maiden in request at Mudie's; but many a volume of history, in our opinion, gives less information as to that which is the true object of history,—the spirit and tendency of an age. No mature reader need shrink from its perusal. It is not, of course, written for the same class of readers as those addressed by the ordinary English novelist. It is the story of a seduction, made in the interests of science, and told in plain language. But when we say that it does not contain a single suggestion unnecessarily detaining the reader in those regions where the moral eye, as it were, closes itself involuntarily, we pay a high tribute to its fundamental purity. And as for those readers (we are inclined to wish there were more of them) who turn away from fictitious narratives unsuited for free discussion in the social circle, we can only advise them to turn also from any attempt to study theology in fiction. The last thing is impossible without the first.

Robert Greslou is the disciple of a certain Adrien Sixte, whose portrait, forming the frontispiece to the work, has led us to reconsider, though not to discard, a strong literary objection to the representation of genius in fiction. The

* *Le Disciple*. Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1889

personality of a thinker is brought before us with more truth in this delineation of a personage who, as depicted here, does not exist, than in many volumes of biography.* We cannot deny that our objection is illustrated here. We are told that M. Sixte is a philosopher of striking originality, and find nothing original in his ideas,—a common enough experience, no doubt, and one of many instances in which fiction ought to be more coherent than experience. But the portrait of the “French Herbert Spencer,” as he is called, is a moral necessity to the work. It would lose its broad, catholic tone, and descend to the level of the ordinary polemic religious novel, if the crime of the disciple lost the background supplied by the pure and virtuous character of the master. Test the influence of all doctrines, M. Bourget seems to say, on the characters not of those who teach, but of those who learn them. A hideous crime may illustrate the tendencies of a doctrine taught by one described as “ce Saint Laique, comme on l’eût appelé aussi justement que le vénérable Émile Littré,”—a comparison we can hardly translate by the substitution of any single English name. We may bring its effect home to an English reader in the words of the servant who manages that this lay saint shall eat no meat on Friday, and takes other measures for his salvation: “Le bon Dieu ne serait le bon Dieu s’il avait le cœur de le damner.” The philosopher, we are told, “était composé de trois individus comme emboîtés les uns dans les autres: il y avait en lui le bonhomme Sixte, vieux garçon asservi aux soins méticuleux de sa servante et soucieux d’abord de sa tranquillité matérielle. Il y avait ensuite le polémiste philosophique, l’auteur pour tout dire, animé, à son insu, du féroce amour propre commun à tous les écrivains. Il y avait ensuite le grand psychologue, passionnément attaché aux problèmes de la vie intérieure.” We need hardly say that the fidgety old bachelor is delineated much more forcibly than the great psychologist. We are shown with great vividness the egotism which allows a trivial inconvenience to self to eclipse the interests of life and death to another, which, when confronted with an apparent murder traced to a connection with his teaching, finds room, side by side with a natural distress at such a responsibility, for a perturbation quite as serious at the notion of having to pack his bag for a possible journey to the town where the assize is to be held. And when we come to the teaching which has procured the philosopher his European reputation, we find only that he is a determined enemy of all religion, hating Christianity as “a disease of humanity,” and that he is the author of a hypothesis on the origin of sexual love which his disciple wishes to verify. There seems nothing very remarkable about these doctrines; if there were, of course the author would not be writing novels. However, the philosopher’s fame, if not justified, is vividly brought home to us. We are made to feel, in the account of the trial in which he is involved by his pupil’s psychological experiments, that when he appears upon the scene, all eyes are turned towards him, and all his gestures remembered. And, on the whole, we believe, just as in actual life, that M. Sixte must be a wonderful man, though when we have to do with him, he seems very much like other people.

One of the most lasting effects of a Catholic education, we have heard it said, is the impulse to confession. The remark has been brought home to us by the autobiography of the *ci-devant* pious Catholic, in which the absolute unreserve of the confessional is made use of to thrust on the reluctant ear of the philosopher an account of the practical bearing of his teaching. The conception is full of significance, though when we come to what ought to be its most striking part, the result of the confession on the mind of the philosopher, we are obliged to pronounce it disappointing. We should probably have felt it disappointing in real experience. The great crises of life are apt to manifest nothing more vividly than the shallowness of our nature; but this is another instance where fiction should be, as Bacon says of poetry, “by so much greater than the world.” And the confession itself, we think, should have been less hideous; the criminal should have had some shadow of excuse. The family where Robert Greslou is received as a tutor might have done something to slacken the claims of a confidence he abuses so basely, or his victim herself, a delicate shadow, might in some way have provoked revenge with scorn. The guilt would be less revolting, if it were

more diffused. M. Bourget might reply to us that any such attempt to soften the crime of his hero would have confused its motive. He desires to paint no vulgar seducer, but a votary of science, seeking to enrich psychology with that true scientific method which his teacher in his examination before the *juge d’instruction* is led to avow as desirable, while he seems to regret its impossibility. What the master entertains as a remote suggestion, becomes with the disciple an irresistible motive. He looks on the world of persons and of things as an unbroken unity, where the methods appropriate to the lower stages are appropriate throughout, or rather, where there is neither higher nor lower, but only more or less complicated, earlier or later. Science is to him the correlative to all Being. To know a person, as to know a thing, is to know all qualities of which the nature is capable; to find in Self not a unity, but an assemblage of transitory desires, where the *dédoublement du moi*, even though it take the aspect of falsehood, comes legitimately into play as a hypothesis suggesting experiment. He has learned from his master to carry this train of thought to its logical conclusion:—“Pour le philosophe il n’y a ni crime, ni vertu; nos volitions sont des faits d’un certain ordre régis par certains lois, voilà tout.”

The contrast vividly worked out, between a discipleship of the most spiritual character, and a seduction that begins in cold intellectual design and ends in bestiality, is intended we presume, to teach several lessons. It reproduces a warning needful as a check both on admiration and the reverse, to judge no human being by a single relation; it points (as we have said) the contrast between the influence of beliefs in the teacher, moulded on a different view, and the scholar, really drinking into his moral system the influence of what he learns. But what we have felt most significant in the contrast between the disciple of Adrien Sixte and the seducer of Charlotte de Jussat, is a warning as to the direction in which the moral bearing of materialism is first to be looked for. Many relations will be long unaffected by it, some, we are certain, will be delivered from much that is disturbing, and will appear to be elevated and purified, for a time. But that which we look to see obviously and immediately injured is the relation of man to woman. Robert Greslou does not, indeed, remain in his pursuit the cold scientific investigator, nor even the fierce animal who lurks always in the neighbourhood of such a one. We are given to understand that he really loves Charlotte de Jussat at last, and the promise of a double suicide under which she yields herself to him, though futile, is for the moment sincere. But we are made to feel that when he loves her most—and the pure and innocent figure is painted with unquestionable love—he loves her less than his master. The whole record has a tone of pity rather than love, and of pity by no means overpowering. He can record without any but egotistic feelings, her horror when she sees after his success that he does not mean to keep the promise of dying with her which alone had induced her to yield herself to him; the ghastly discovery which awaits her when in her madness, driven to actions foreign to her nature, she forces the lock of the journal to which he has confided what he calls the processes of the laboratory, and learns that the love to which she has sacrificed her virtue is in truth the mask of a plot for her ruin, conceived with revolting coolness, though disturbed with the invasion of passion. The account of all the hideous torture which he inflicts on an innocent being whom in some sense he loved, is given with cold, scientific detail; he does, indeed, speak of remorse, but it is a slight and fitful feeling, avowed as one element in the complex result, but not the only or the chief one. Such feeling as he has to spare from the interests of science is altogether for himself.

With the suicide of the high-born and dishonoured girl, the story, we think, should have ended. The complications which lead to the suicide being supposed a murder, the account of the trial, the appeal by which the philosopher extorts the truth from the victim’s brother, and his melodramatic revenge, all strike us as somewhat confused, and more commonplace than what precedes. The epilogue does not lack interest; but as compared with the bulk of the story, we should say it lacks significance, and we will leave it out of consideration in the brief expression of the lesson to be derived from the book with which we will conclude this review.

It is commonly supposed, and much experience encourages the belief, that the decay of faith touches only that side of man’s nature on which he consciously turns towards the

* The study, we are told, is made from Nature. In that case, M. Bourget must have either endowed his philosopher with his European reputation, or changed his nationality.

divine. The moral of *Le Disciple* lies in its refutation of this belief. What we call *faith* is not the organ by which we discern God as distinguished from man, but that by which we discern the world of persons, as distinguished from the world of things. We cannot know men otherwise than by faith, any more than we can know God; but we can dream that we know them as we know the things that lie about us—by observation, by experiment, and by inference from what we hear and see. And if we accept *this* knowledge as the basis of human intercourse, we shall find its canons are changed. Specially shall we find this—we do already find it—in all that concerns the relations of man and woman. For man and woman, as a mystic writer has said, are each to each the image of God; the special love which unites them has in it a nearer approach to that love which unites man to God than any other love; and when the element of the invisible dies out of this love, it changes its nature for something that has all the results of hatred. "We want more facts," we have heard it said, with reference to the sins that follow lust. M. Bourget shows what it is to seek facts in this region, what human relation becomes when one human being seeks to know another by loveless investigation. We may see it, alas! elsewhere than in fiction already; our children will have it yet more forcibly brought home to them. But the opposite principle will be shown them also, for the object of faith is the source of love, and to attempt their severance is to discern their ultimate and eternal unity.

AN APPEAL TO UNITARIANS.*

THIS is a remarkable essay, to which we regret that the author, who has, if we may judge by internal indications, a considerable training in the appreciation of historical evidence, has not given his name. Nothing could be more simply and genuinely written. It is evidently rather modestly than any shrinking from the avowal of his hearty faith in the creeds of the Church, which has kept the little book anonymous; and we only hope that in future editions the name may not be wanting. The author is a very clear as well as a very vigorous thinker. He evidently has grasped fully the intellectual grounds on which all religious belief, even the belief in God himself, must be based. He sees that without some great assumptions, nothing can be believed, and that if nothing is to be believed, nothing could be done except as a man ventures a leap in the dark. This is how he shows us what is the nature of the deepest of all religious assumptions:—

"We require mind, surely, to create mind; for if the same necessity by which the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, may have made man and endowed him with the power of thinking—not to talk of the still more marvellous power of observation, which, combined with thought, peers into all the secrets of the universe, from the distant fixed stars to the microscopic contents of a drop of water—if, I say, the powers of thought and observation come of mere mathematical necessity, then, verily the dead may beget the living. No, the great First Cause cannot well be Necessity; it must of necessity be alive. Still, was not the existence of God a mere assumption after all? Suppose we had no traditional belief to go upon, could we have reasoned the matter out in this fashion, to arrive in the end at a conclusion which was probably accepted in the world before mathematics or astronomy of any kind began? Assuredly not; and from a mere philosophical point of view, I am afraid we must admit that God really is an assumption. All our reasoning, in fact, is founded on a *petitio principii*. We believe in God because we have been taught to believe in Him; we absolutely require the aid of traditional belief to start with. Reason is free to criticise, and reason can justify our belief against criticism; but reason did not give us our belief. That must have come by revelation. A belief which began so many thousand years ago, and which criticism cannot even yet confute, must have been originally revealed to man by the Author of all truth. An assumption? But is not science itself full of assumptions? What else is Darwinism but an assumption? Nay, what else is the attraction of gravitation? You must assume a theory first before you submit it to the test, otherwise you will hardly come upon it by mere logic. But if you find a theory that stands the test of some thirty years' criticism like that of Darwin, you suspect there is something in it. If it has satisfied the world for two hundred years, like gravitation, you are still more convinced. Why, then, ought you to be afraid to trust yourself to a belief of several thousand years' duration, which seems to harmonise with the experience of the most civilised nations even to this day?"

As Cardinal Newman says in his *Grammar of Assent*, there is much more prospect of arriving at a true belief by accepting whatever you are taught, and eliminating as a

consequence of the conflict of beliefs so acquired, those which are contradicted by our experience inward and outward, than there is by taking up an attitude of universal distrust, and requiring (what you cannot get) demonstrative proof of the foundations of thought and action.

Our author shows us how his Unitarianism was first undermined by the new school of Unitarians themselves. He had always been in the habit of explaining St. John's Gospel as a strictly Unitarian production. To his astonishment he found the late accomplished and learned Professor J. J. Tayler, of Manchester New College, quite against him on that point. Mr. Tayler did not doubt for a moment that the author of the fourth Gospel intended to teach the doctrine of the incarnation of the Divine Word or Wisdom of God in Jesus of Nazareth, but then, instead of accepting that teaching as the teaching of a confidential disciple of our Lord's, Mr. Tayler regarded the fourth Gospel as the product of the second century, and as being totally without significance in relation to the evidence of those who were directly under our Lord's teaching. Still more oddly, Mr. Tayler regarded it as "the most spiritual of the Gospels," and this double view of it as at once a falsehood, and "the most spiritual and sublime of all the books in the New Testament," gave a knock-down blow to the author's old Unitarianism:—

"The wonder to me was, that Mr. Tayler could still give it that character (elsewhere, too, he calls it 'the most spiritual and sublime of all the books of the New Testament') and at the same time regard the leading doctrine of the whole treatise as essentially a false one. Where is the sublimity and spirituality of a falsehood? Admit, if you will, that it was an honest delusion,—admit also, the contention of the new criticism, that the Gospel is of post-Apostolic authorship,—still, how can this book be a source of spiritual enlightenment if the author took an essentially wrong view of the great Personality which he was so anxious to set forth, and put speeches of a peculiarly solemn character into the mouth of that person in support of his false contention? To any one who concedes as much as Mr. Tayler concedes, I really cannot understand how it is possible to regard the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation as a fallacy, except merely from his own inability to grasp it. Of course a truth which I cannot see is not a truth to me; but if I still see that a proposition which my own mind cannot harmonise is plainly set forth by a writer of great spiritual insight, and that it has been accepted by a mighty host of thinkers ever since, and if I myself am not prepared to challenge it as absolutely unphilosophical, does not a sort of second-hand belief in it—a belief, at least, that there must be something in it—arise even in my own mind from the very nature of the case? And though this second-hand belief is not, strictly speaking, belief in the doctrine itself, it surely brings a man so very near to actual acceptance of it that it only requires the removal of some particular stumbling-blocks to make way for its cordial and complete acceptance. If the most spiritual of all the Gospels is really so penetrated by a belief in the divinity of Our Lord, then whatever intellectual difficulties I may have about that belief myself, the same Spirit which inspired it in the mind of the writer of the Fourth Gospel may inspire it in my mind also in due time. All truth of this sort comes by inspiration—by direct inspiration of every one able to receive it."

Evidently our author reached this "second-hand belief" in the doctrine of the Incarnation, long before he reached absolute belief in it. In other words, he saw that it was a belief which it was very difficult to understand except as the outcome of revelation; that as the outcome of revelation it was hardly more difficult to understand than the belief in God and in Christ, as impressed upon the Gospel narratives; and that it harmonised and explained a good deal of the Christian life and doctrine which Unitarianism of the older kind had been compelled simply to explain away. Soon he went further. The following short passage states very lucidly in what the great paradox of the Incarnation really consists:—

"A revealed truth could not but be paradoxical; there is no need of a revelation to teach men what they can find out for themselves. But it must not be supposed that because it is paradoxical it is against reason; on the contrary, nothing is more reasonable, when once it is fully considered. The only reason why the Incarnation is incredible is because the love of God is an incredible love; but, granted that the love of God, like all His other attributes, is infinite, why should it not have led Him to make a sacrifice for man? We know that men do sometimes make sacrifices for their fellow-men. Is God incapable of doing as much as we do?"

The chapter on the significance of the Lord's Supper is a very striking one. If ever there was evidence in this world that any being was more than human, it is the evidence afforded to us by the utter absorption of our Lord's mind in the effect which his death would produce on the lives and characters of his disciples, at the very moment when he was so sure that his crucifixion was at hand, that he instituted the Eucharist as the memorial of his death which he wished them

* *An Appeal to Unitarians: being a Record of Religious Experiences.* By a Convert from Unitarianism. London: Longmans and Co. 1890.