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sary, and will conduce to spiritual life in the Church ; but let us at the same time steadily resist any changes which would destroy the present balance of principle and practice in the Church, take away from its primitive and Scriptural standard of doctrine, and take the Church of England in its authorized formularies back to " the Romeward side of the line of deep cleavage which separates the Anglican from the Roman communion."



Father Tyrrell and the Jesuits.

By G. G. COULTON, M.A.

MUCH that has been written concerning the late Father Tyrrell's death and burial is plainly beside the mark. For good or evil, the modern Roman Church is, *par excellence*, the Church of rigid discipline. Its ideal cannot be more pithily stated than in the *Catholic Times'* leading article of February 22, 1901: "The Holy See, in its wisdom, ordains the law; the Bishops, scattered over the earth, receive its provisions. The Holy See decides the Faith; the Bishops, each in his respective diocese, guard its purity, and seek to preserve it from admixture of error. Surely this is the true Catholic doctrine." This is the body which Father Tyrrell joined in his rising manhood—on more or less false pretences, as he himself seems to have realized clearly enough afterwards—but on this particular point he must have known fairly well what to expect. Moreover, of his further choice he joined the Society of Jesus, and accepted that "Ignatian ideal of obedience" which "requires in every Jesuit, in all that is not sin, perfect obedience to the Divine will as interpreted to him by the holy constitutions of his Order, and explained to him by the living voice of his superiors, who stand to him in the place of Christ, according to those words of Christ: 'Whoso heareth you heareth Me'" (Father Coupe, S.J., in the *Monitor* for August 9, 1901). We have therefore every reason to believe that he, like Newman, faced at first as

a necessary sacrifice to God the mental coercion to which he must henceforth be subjected. Moreover, we must admit that every true and sincere sacrifice of this kind does in some way bring its own reward, if not in virtue of the object for which it was made, yet at least in virtue of its own honest intentions. George Herbert has described the work of that sincere devotion which is to be found in the Roman, as in all other communions, and which God values (as we must trust that He values ours) not for what it is, but for what it would fain be :

“ She on the hills . . .
Hath kissed so long her painted shrines,
That even her face with kissing shines
For her reward.”

Tyrrell's sacrifice, whatever we may think of the act itself in either case, was as true as David's when he poured forth that cup of priceless water upon the sand. The punishment fell upon the body which tempted him to this moral suicide ; like Newman, he has proved a disintegrating force within the Roman Church. His subsequent career showed clearly how great the wrench must have been. Thousands already, in his place, have yielded gradually to circumstances. There are dozens of prominent Roman Catholics now living of whom their more thoughtful co-religionists frankly confess disappointment ; men who refused at first to become mere machines, but who have lost their individuality as they mounted step by step in the hierarchy, and are now, as prospective Bishops or Cardinals, among the foremost adversaries of those tenets to which they once leaned. Tyrrell was not a man of this stamp ; the attempt to make him such only brought out his native force of character and independence of judgment. He found out long ago that he differed hopelessly from the majority of Roman Catholics ; nothing but his reverence for the Sacraments, and his intense spirit of attachment to everything and everybody that he had once loved, kept him from breaking with the Church of his adoption. But it could not be expected that an organization such as the Roman hierarchy should suffer him to remain thus

in a position that claimed to be of it and against it at the same time. So far from wondering that it refused him Christian burial and "suspended" the friend who spoke and prayed at the dead man's grave in an Anglican churchyard, we must be thankful for the progress of the world which has made any other alternative even seem remotely possible. In the days when Roman Catholicism was supreme, Fathers Tyrrell and Brémond would have gone to the stake; and the mere fact that so wide a public should now wonder at the refusal of burial to an excommunicate, gives force to the complaint once uttered by Cardinal Vaughan, that his Church fought in this generation "with one hand tied behind her back."

But there is one incident in the case which might have been more significant still. We all know the supreme importance attached by Rome to a dying man's last moments. In Sicily there is even a popular cult for the souls of publicly-executed criminals: for the people's mind is often startlingly logical.¹ If, indeed, all eternity depends on the disposition of the dying man at the last moment, when he was hardly living at all—upon his disposition at that moment, and his due reception of certain rites of the Church—then of whose salvation can we be so sure as of a repentant murderer's? The Archbishop of Palermo may die in the odour of sanctity after a long and saintly life; we, the common people of Marsala, know little of that. He died in a darkened room far from us; rumours of his goodness reach us only vaguely; we do not call upon his soul to mediate between us and God. But the man whom we saw ourselves on the scaffold, in full sunlight, amidst the intense and contagious excitement of a great crowd—the man whose repentance and acceptance of the Sacraments was made as public as possible, and was sealed at once under our very eyes with the irrevocable seal of death—of this man's salvation none but a heretic could doubt:

¹ See Th. Trede, "Heidentum i. d. Römischen Kirche," part iii., chap. xix. Gotha (1890).

“ Armuzzi di li corpi decullati . . .
 Prigati lu Signi
 Chi li nimici mi vennu 'n favuri.”¹

In Father Tyrrell's case the interest was still more intense ; at such a moment of physical and mental prostration the dying man might have been induced to make a retraction, or at least some concession which might so be interpreted. Therefore, within a few hours of his death, his intimate friends, Miss Petre and Baron F. von Hügel, hastened “to obviate any danger of false reports.” They published in the *Times* and elsewhere a plain statement that, judging from his last conscious and articulate moments, “he would not wish to receive the Sacraments at the cost of a retraction of what he had said and written in all sincerity, and still considered to be the truth.” Yet even this did not prevent the circulation of a report that the dying man had piteously appealed to a priest with the words : “I thought you would not let me die” (or, according to another version, “be buried”) “like a dog.” This was little enough ; but it might have been exploited to some purpose ; after all, it is less of a jump from that text to the conclusion of the heretic's repentance, than from *Thou art Peter* to the Roman Catholic deduction of Papal supremacy. But Tyrrell's friends also had the courage of their convictions ; and in three letters to the *Times* and the *Tablet* they have not only nipped the nascent falsehood in the bud, but exposed also the rôle played by the French Prior of Storrington, who had posed as Tyrrell's friend, and whose authority was confidently cited for the pretended death-bed speech. The Baron plainly states his own and Miss Petre's reason : “To impede the formation of a legend.”

Whether they will wholly succeed is another question. If the legend is felt to be necessary to the Roman Church, or even to the Jesuit Order, then it will certainly be formed ; and the

¹ “Poor souls of the decapitated corpses . . . pray the Lord that the enemies may be reconciled to me.” Pitré has collected several other prayers to the same effect from the popular mouth. Monday is the special day for this worship.

very men who try to show themselves abreast of modern ideas by repudiating the Loretto legend, or the liquefaction of the Holy Blood at Naples, or the equally gross figments about St. Edmund's bones at Arundel, will help, little by little, almost unconsciously to themselves, in the fabrication of no less glaring falsehoods about Father Tyrrell's recantation. Here, again, the Jesuit Father Coupe rightly indicates that controlling necessity which makes it impossible for an ultramontane Catholic to live on the same mental plane with the rest of mankind. He explains, in a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet, that, if one Pope can be proved to have taught error *ex cathedrâ*, "the Catholic Church collapses like a house of cards, and Christianity collapses with it." "If there be no such teacher [as an infallible Pope] to enlighten us, then Christianity is a delusion and a dream, and there is nothing for us but, like the Pagans of old, to cry out in anguish and desolation of heart: 'God there is none! Future life there is none. Let us drink and make merry, for to-morrow we die!'"¹ This is, of course, on all fours with Cardinal Manning's celebrated protest that the appeal to history against "the living voice of the Church" is a treason and a heresy. Only by carefully weighing pronouncements of this kind can we understand the irresistible growth of legends in the Roman Church. They are not merely accretions to that Church under its present constitution, they are bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. It is true of any priest, and doubly true of a Jesuit, that he is almost compelled, both by conscience and by lower motives, to close his eyes against everything that is not of priesthood or of Jesuitism. On the one hand, to admit common sense, to face historical facts, is to feel the whole fabric of religion reeling about his ears; to see the gulf of Atheism yawning at his feet. On the other hand, he is so used to transmitting infallible and unquestionable truth from the Pope to the people that his prestige cannot afford the admission of any serious error. With all its severity against such errors as Tyrrell's, the Jesuit Order is startlingly lenient in the matter of

¹ "The Alleged Failures of Infallibility," pp. 2, 3.

false witness brought against fellow-Christians. Perhaps the three most prominent English Jesuits are Fathers Rickaby, Gerard, and Thurston, each of whom I have convicted of publishing plain misstatements for "the cause," which they neither could justify nor would retract. To plead that these men are in other respects typical English gentlemen, incapable of prevarication in the ordinary concerns of daily life, is simply to emphasize the mischief done by a system which assumes infallibility at its source, and strives to reduce the priest from a sentient being to a mere connecting-rod in the huge machine. The only infallible truth about such a system is this : that when anything goes wrong at the source of propulsion, the rods must either break or suffer strange distortion. The modern invidious connotation of the word *Jesuitical* is not due, as a charitable reviewer recently hinted, to the genius of Pascal. It comes out with renewed clearness in every generation ; it is incarnate in that spirit against which Tyrrell protested by his life and death.



A Living Church.

A STUDY IN ACTS XI. 19-30 ; XIII. 1-3.

BY THE REV. W. S. HOOTON, B.A.

THE above grouping of passages may be the subject of some surprise, but it is made deliberately, with a purpose which will be manifest before the close of the paper. It is true that the call of Barnabas and Saul to foreign missionary work is intimately connected with the account of their first missionary journey in Acts xiii. and xiv., but it is scarcely less closely linked with their relation to the Church in Antioch as described at the close of chap. xi. Chap. xii. comes in as a parenthesis which in no way affects the course of the narrative. And while it is undoubtedly instructive to examine xiii. 1-3 from the