

PREFACE TO THE 1923 EDITION

THE following book has now been published fifteen years, and its vitality so far has greatly consoled the writer. It has apparently come to stay for some years yet; certainly there is still a considerable demand for it, although it has been out of print for six years. But such a lapse of time as are three lustres, especially in the life of a man no longer young, brings many a pang and desolation with it – many deaths, and changes even more distressing, amongst the men who so largely helped to give this book whatsoever of worth it may possess. Father Tyrrell has gone, who had been so generously helpful, especially as to the mystical states, as to Aquinas and as to the form of the whole book, for so many years, long before the storms beat upon him and his own vehemence overclouded, in part, the force and completeness of that born mystic. And above all, Abbé Huvelin has gone, the man whose name nowhere appears in this work, but who was for me then, and who is for me still, the greatest manifestation of the spirit of sheer holiness which I have been privileged to watch and to be moved by at close quarters, throughout these seventy years of life. Then amongst my German scholar friends, Heinrich Julius Holtzmann has gone, to whom I owe so much in New Testament, especially Pauline, questions, and who never ceased to do me kindnesses. And now I write under the immediate impression of the relatively early death (a death which, until ten days ago, never entered my head as possible so soon) of Professor Ernst Troeltsch, to whom, in the most fundamental questions of religious philosophy, this book owes very much.

Perhaps some further force, precision, interest and utility may be given to this work if I here attempt shortly to do three things. I will first adduce the chief objections to this or that content or peculiarity of the book – the various kinds of advice tendered for any republication of the work – and, in each case, I will add my admissions, distinctions or

re-affirmations concerning the points in question. I will next give a list of the chief books, new in themselves or new to me, since Easter 1908, which, if I had rewritten the work, I would carefully have utilized for this edition. As good, or even better, books may exist; I only guarantee that the books thus put forward, each with a short but definite appraisal, have been found by myself to be directly instructive, or at least unintentionally suggestive. And I will end by the indication of the main changes in my own mind since I wrote my last preface, and an explanation concerning what has been attempted in this re-issue, and who are the kind friends who have seen it through.

It will, I think, suffice if I give only the substance of the several objections and recommendations, with the names of their principal spokesmen. I give them roughly in the order from the more general to the more particular. Kindly and generous critics, such as Bishop Charles Gore, desired, not a re-issue of all the 850 pages of the whole work, but simply a separate publication of Chapter II – the thirty-two pages concerning the “Three Elements of Religion”. But other judges, not less competent, wanted the republication of the entire work; and the fact that some readers cared more for this part and others for another part, and that no part was without those who specially desired its retention, decided me, if I did republish, to republish all. At bottom, the entire work is but one long, if largely only implicit, protest against the far more common booklet presentation of the Philosophy of Religion. Not as though the large majority of men, as truly dear to God as the minority I have in mind, would not require to the last, as we all require at the first, simple booklets on religion. I only mean that it is not of necessity a presumption to find oneself slowly, in later life, and with persistent surprise, solicited to write, and to do so, not for the readers of compilations, but for the writers of first-hand works. After all, there exist poets’ poets, do there not? Why not then also writers’ writers or thinkers’ thinkers?

Then Dr. Gore wondered why I had chosen, as my example of the spiritual, and especially of the mystical life, a distinctly not central, not readily understandable, not immediately applicable life and character. Would not, e.g., Teresa of Avila have been a more useful example for my purpose? Well, a matter of fact, I did not first decide to write a useful book and then look about me for the most appropriate example. I happened first to learn to love, and to live in, the world of Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, and was

slowly brought, by such a love and life, to various questions made thus vivid for my own mind and practice. Only after many years did any thought of writing about her come to me, and only in the writing was I drawn on and on to formulate also these problems and to attempt to answer them. For my own mind, this is the only fruitful course. I should arrest the attraction of the subject which springs thus from a certain quite unforced affinity between itself and myself, were I to reverse the process and first settle upon a theme and then seek out the material best suited for its illustration. The nearer are our literary processes to the methods by which actual life, in its stress and poignancy, instructs us, the better I believe are the results of our scholarly endeavours. Besides, I was attracted at first, and I became more and more interested later on, in the saint of Genoa, not because of any immediately practicable suggestions furnished by her for my own life or that of others, but by certain rich and spiritual graces and deep and delicate doctrines hardly to be found elsewhere in as clear an articulation. Then, too, there was her outlook, almost no more quite Christian, because hardly still historical, which raised the whole great question as to the need and place of history and institutions in the spiritual life. And, finally, I here found rarely clear contrasts between genuine contemplative states and the more or less simply psycho-physical conditions which dogged them – conditions clearly perceived by the Saint, and by her alone, to be *maladif* and merely the price paid for the states which alone were of spiritual worth and significance. Nothing of all this, I felt, may be immediately necessary for the life of the average Christian, yet it can widen our outlook and deepen our awe, and can teach us certain central laws and facts of the spiritual life which will never grow stale for thoughtful minds. And, indeed, in variously lesser degrees and different ways, these same laws and facts operate within the minds and souls of men not specially remarkable, even though such minds are unable to analyze these lesser operations at work within themselves.

Bishop Gore added two general strictures which I am sure are entirely deserved: that the book was too largely made up of quotations or semi-quotations, and that the narrative portion was the least successful – that it lacked the charm and ease of the true story-teller's presentation. The latter point I so much felt myself from the first that I seriously thought of seeking, Dutch painter-like, a collaborator – this colleague to do the living figures and I to work out the general philosophical introduction and the later analysis together with the psychological and

evidential questions. But such a fellow-worker was not forthcoming, and I now believe it to be, after all, a real advantage that the man who presents the examples and the man who introduces and who analyzes them should be the same person, since only thus a strict identity of standpoint is really possible. As to the excess of quotation, it has, alas, to remain here as it was; but I have striven my best to escape the defect in my later writings, I hope with some success.

Dr. Boyce Gibson, now Professor in far-away Melbourne University, kindly wrote me a very valuable letter after reading every word of the work. He very instructively described how he, sprung from and reared amongst the most severe of Protestant Puritans, had, nevertheless, not been jarred by one fact, one comment, up to the death of Vernazza – that he had spontaneously revered and keenly followed the grand heroisms of Caterinetta and her disciple Ettore; but that he had felt a sudden change and a distinct drop, from that orientation and those heights, when he came to Battista – that here indeed his Protestant prejudices were aroused, and the magic which environed that older group had somehow disappeared. “Would it not be well,” he concluded, “in any later edition to stop the narrative with Ettore’s death and to start the studies of the last Part with Caterinetta and Ettore only?” I wrote back that I myself had, all along, been strongly impressed by the same contrast, that I too felt a difference – I breathed quite easily only in the earlier air and with some difficulty in the later – that this coincided respectively with pre-Tridentine and post-Tridentine Catholicism and furnished one more illustration of how little true is the contention of most Protestants and not a few Catholics, that the Protestant Reformation had been a pure blessing, however disguised, at least to the Old Religion. But then, I was not out to write primarily a dramatic story which must finish with the end of its one harmonious interest, nor had I sought out only what helped me straight away. I had here been primarily busy with giving a reach of spiritual life, sufficiently long and sufficiently varied to include all the chief facts in the growth and the contraction of a saintly soul’s influence and image across the generations up to the ultimate fixation of this image. It was not that glorious, buoyant, delightfully spontaneous life of those two older figures, when taken alone, which seemed to me to yield the full, many-sided instruction which I had sought and had found, in the first instance, for myself alone; but it was that earlier existence, that spiritual dawn and morning full of poetry and promise of

the earlier generation, together with the afternoon and evening, more or less prosaic, of the later generation, mirrored in its relatively abstract, somewhat doctrinaire, and a little banalized presentation of those earlier figures, so recently alive, which I found to yield full instruction for myself and, as I hoped, for others. And, indeed, is there not a pathetic instruction in watching the insertion of the copper alloy into the pure gold? – a relative debasement which becomes necessary so soon as men require coin – that is, a metal sufficiently resistant to the clumsy handling of the multitude to be able to persist in the transmission of a value, and indeed a precise value, even though it be not the highest. There is surely a pathos here most thoroughly characteristic of the abiding limitations and homely needs of our poor humanity; and this later stage fits well into the frame of the book, since I intended the work to include everything up to the moment when the image of St. Catherine ceased to grow or to change.

Père Léonce de Grandmaison, the French Jesuit writer distinguished on precisely this class of subjects, in a long, most kind review of the book, gently bantered me for more or less assuming that the mystical sense, or anything at all really like it, was, if not universal, at least common amongst mankind – he evidently thought it a rare endowment, a very real exception, and not the rule at all. But Dr. Alfred Caldecott, Emeritus Professor and former Dean of King's College, London, in a charming paper, which I felt to be influenced by a very important truth, on "Some Unchartered Mystics" (*The Quest*, April 1920) asked leave to reverence the great mystics from afar, but to be actually helped and expanded by such gleams of intermittent mysticism as shine out from Carlyle and John Stuart Mill, from Charles Lamb and Oliver Wendell Holmes – gleams which are evidently apprehended by Dr. Caldecott as themselves in turn simply specimens of what is to be found, more or less, in human life at large. Thus Père de Grandmaison and Dr. Caldecott seem to contradict each other and yet to agree in contradicting me. For myself, I now feel that three points here require greater discrimination than can be found in the following work. Nothing could well be more true and important than Dr. Caldecott's protest against straining to find our help beyond where we succeed in finding help at all: I should have liked now to add a section in which I would have specially utilized Bagehot's wonderful paper upon William Cowper (written out of the fullness of a most touchingly close personal knowledge) upon the dan-

ger, increasingly great in our more and more overwrought, nervously weak and psychically unstable times, of all straining and all strainedness. But such a wise moderation must, surely, never mean the unbroken relegation into the dim background of our lives of the great massive figures and an exclusive attention to the slighter ones, unless, indeed, Dante is to disappear before Tennyson, and Beethoven before Sir Arthur Sullivan. And then as to the cases cited by Dr. Caldecott, I do not doubt that Père de Grandmaison would answer with me, though much better than myself, that here we have not a mere difference of degree but a difference of kind; and that the mysticism he and I are out for is not simply a condition and experience (however dim, and however remotely caused by the actual presence of God within the world) of some kind of Reality not ourselves, but is an experience (more or less clear and vivid) of God as distinct, self-conscious, personal Spirit. And finally all this now raises in my mind not so much the question as to any awareness or experience which could properly be called mystical, and which we could nevertheless hold to be universally prevalent, but the question as to the implications of all our knowledge – of all such certainty as we possess, however little we may ourselves draw forth these implications into the full light of our own minds, and as to whether we do not all, as a matter of fact, act and think in ways fully explicable only as occasioned and determined, in some of their most striking features, by the actual of the actually present God. Uranus did not know itself to be deflected by Neptune; indeed even astronomers did not know, till two generations ago, what produced this deflection; yet the deflection was real and Neptune was real, and the deflection was really produced by Neptune.

And, as the last criticism, Mr. Algar Thorold (to whom my cordial thanks for services will be properly accorded presently) has submitted to me that readers could find their way about in the book more easily if all that concerns the Saint were to be finished up in the first volume, and if the second volume were exclusively to deal with the similar cases and questions as they are found to exist or to arise in the lives of other saints, or of ordinary mortals. I suspect now that this would indeed form a clearer ground-plan, yet I also feel that it would mean another book from that which I really intended to write. My method throughout was to take the several questions separately and completely, to start each one always with the Saint and her immediate circle, and then to widen out the ambit of the inquiry – to act somewhat like a stone which, when

dropped into water, produces wider and wider circles to the last of its influence. The method may indeed be a wrong one, but it is part of the vitals of the book; and if there is really a better one, others will, in course of time, be able to succeed better by means of this their different method than I have succeeded with my own.

The new bibliography concerns the following places and points:—

Volume I, pp. 65-77. The Conflict between the Three Elements.

J.B. Pratt. *The Religious Consciousness*, 1921. A valuable book, especially the last five chapters.

Friedrich Heiler. *Das Gebet*, 1920. A rarely rich collection of facts considered through and through by a sensitively religious mind, although a fundamental contradiction runs through all as to the institutional element. This has now been somewhat mitigated in a supplement.

Dom Cuthbert Butler. *Western Mysticism*, 1922. Copious evidence as to three great mystical men – saints grouped under illuminating headings. Scholarly dating and appraisal of the sources; and an admirable sense of proportion and a balanced sanity throughout.

God and the Supernatural, 1920, contains a very thoughtful paper by E.I. Watkin on “The Church as the Mystical Body of Christ”.

Evelyn Underhill. Interesting progress from *Mysticism*, 1911, full of breadth and charm, but lacking the institutional sense, after several excessively mystical works, to *The Life of the Spirit*, 1922, bravely insistent upon history and institutionalism, and furnishing a solidly valuable collection of papers.

Abbé Henri Brémond. *Histoire Littéraire du Sentiment Religieux en France*, especially volumes I and II, 1916, and III, 1921. A truly great work, a storehouse of deeply significant materials presented and analyzed with all but unbroken mastery.

Volume II, pp. 90-101. The Areopagite.

New excellent translations of *The Divine Names* and *Mystical Theology*, by Holt, 1921.

Volume II, pp. 102-110. Jacopone da Todi.

Important new critical text by G. Ferri, Bari, 1915. And Evelyn Underhill, *Jacopone da Todi*, 1919, a careful and skilful utilization of all the extant, almost entirely internal, evidences for a study of the

man and his spirit, and noble renderings of the finest *Lode* by Mrs Theodore Beck.

Volume II, pp. 259-275. Morality and Mysticism, Philosophy and Religion.

Ernst Troeltsch. *Die Soziallehren der cristlichen kirche und Gruppen*, 1912. A work of astonishing range and sober novelty of penetration, which would yield much instruction here also, though for the most part only indirectly.

Volume II, pp. 275-290. Mysticism and Limits of Human Knowledge.

Oswald Külpe. *Die Realisierung*, Vol. I, 1912. The only part published by the author himself, a mind strangely little interested in religion, but which, in this relatively complete volume, admirably probes, and takes the clearest, most articulate stand against, all and every Monism. It develops a Critical Realism, tested in every possible way. I have been greatly braced by this eagerly virile yet thoroughly mature performance.

N. Kemp Smith. *Commentary on Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, 1918. A masterly work, the first to extend Vaihinger's epoch-making analyses to the entire *Critique*, and which constitutes a new phase in the study in England of the facts and problems concerning knowledge as collected and probed by Kant. Kemp Smith draws out fully and clearly the rich constructive content of the relatively few and scattered parts which give us Kant's latest in this *Critique*, a *Critique* now demonstrated to be a mosaic of documents markedly different from each other in doctrine and in abiding value.

W.E. Hocking. *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*, 1922. I have not yet mastered this work, but Part 4 I already find truly admirable.

Volume II, pp. 319-325. Relations between God and the Soul.

Clement C.J. Webb. *Problems in the Relations of God and Man*. Part 3 is especially valuable. And *God and Personality*; the first five lectures are particularly instructive. I only wish I did not, in other places of the latter book, come upon passages which I cannot understand except somewhat pantheistically.

Volume II, pp. 336-340. The Divine Immanence, Spiritual Personality.

Dr. A.S. Pringle Pattison's delightfully written *The Idea of God*, 1918,

is excellent as against Agnosticism and indeed in its general programme, but unfortunately does not itself maintain throughout the “one-sided” Relation between God and Man so admirably pressed without a break by Professor A.E. Taylor in his noble “Theism” in Hasting’s *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, 1921.

God and the Supernatural, 1920, contains a valuable paper on “The Idea of God”, by the Rev. M.C. D’Arcy, S.J.

And finally, as to what I would change were I rewriting this book and as to how this new printing of it has been accomplished, the following is, I think, sufficiently full for the first point and complete as to the second.

I can only find one change in my mind – a change which is, I believe, no more than a full development into a quite conscious decision of what, in 1908, was already predominant but not yet persistently articulate and comfortably final. I have become increasingly clear as to how right was the man we now mourn, the late Professor Troeltsch, when, in reviewing so nobly tempered and often so beautiful a book as Dr. Edward Caird’s *Evolution of Religion*, he pointed out how slender was the *religious* power and fruitfulness of all Hegelian interpretations of religion. This judgment of my friend dates from 1893 or so, when he was but twenty-eight years of age. I did not disagree, yet only some twenty years later did I myself come to see with final vividness and fullness how deep and how far that intuition leads him who accepts it as true. By now I perceive with entire clarity that, though religion cannot even be conceived as extant at all without a human subject humanly apprehending the Object of Religion, the reality of the Object (in itself the Subject of all subjects) and its presence independently of all our apprehension of it, – that its Givenness is the central characteristic of all religion worthy of the name. The Otherness, the Prevenience of God, the One-sided Relation between God and Man, these constitute the deepest measure and touchstone of all religion. And, if this be so, it follows that religion has no subtler, and yet also no deadlier, enemy in the region of the mind, than every and all Monism. The two Idealisms, the Real and Subjective, and indeed Materialism, doubtless possess their element of truth for certain stages of inquiry or for certain ranges of abiding fact or permanent apprehension. But the central and final philosophic system and temper of mind which is alone genuinely appropriate to the

subject-matter of religion is, I cannot doubt, some kind of Realism. And since much has been put forward with regard to these deepest matters since Descartes definitely started Modern Philosophy, and since these “modern” positions, so largely incomplete and so strangely full of Pantheism, have been re-tested with admirable sagacity and fruitfulness during even these last thirty years; the Realism we require will have to be, not a Naive Realism (which would simply ignore all the mixture of and error since Descartes, and the criticism also of Kant’s *First Critique* itself), but a Critical Realism constituted after, and in part through, the most careful sifting of these various Idealisms, Materialisms, even Scepticisms – theories which often bear along, in their muddy or perverse currents, fragments of truth demanding incorporation in a system truly congenial to them.

That early intimation of 1893 or 1894 which I have noted as proceeding from Ernst was followed, up to his death, by a succession of most impressive studies and even great works from the same rich source, all full of the Autonomy of Religion – of religion as constituting a realm of facts and experiences which Philosophy indeed can and should study, which Philosophy can even help on to further fruitfulness by its clarification of them, but which do not derive their first or primary authority from it, any more than do the facts of plant and animal life, or the realities of the heavenly bodies and their movements, derive their claim to acceptance from Botany, Zoology or Astronomy.

Now the many-sided, ever-deepening apprehension of these great truths has more and more attached me to that current of Realism that finds its first and still largely unsurpassed exponent in Plato; and, in modern times, is represented by Thomas Reid, and then by those late and more or less intermittent, astonishingly vivid insights of Kant. This same Realism has, in recent years, been largely represented by Lotze but especially now by the late Dr. Cook Wilson and Mr. Pritchard, his disciple, and by Professor N. Kemp Smith, in the British Isles; by the noble Kant scholar, Dr. E. Adickes, by Oswald Külpe and others in Germany; and by Dr. Hocking and others in America. Of course, much more remains to do in this direction, and equally of course this school does not exhaust all the elements of truth to be attained. It will reach its zenith, and will thereupon grow hard and incapable of further acquisitions, and will finally, for a time, be supplanted by one or other of its rivals.

I purposely passed over in this list any Patristic or Mediaeval think-

ers, although St. Augustine and Aquinas especially are great also as thinkers and, as such, are very dear to me. I have done so simply because, though often admirable as thinkers, they are still greater as witnesses, not to how to analyze and theorize religion, but to the reality, the force, the necessity of religion itself and how to live it.

All this means that, much as I admire especially Thomas Hill Green, indeed also Richard Nettleship and Edward Caird among the English Hegelians; and again, much as I have learned from Hegel's own *Phenomenology of the Spirit*, and from his *Philosophy of Law*, I find less and less of full and final adequacy in their treatment of religion. And, in some ways at the opposite pole, I do not succeed in deriving genuine satisfaction from Henri Bergson and his school. Though Bergson is indeed a perfect model as a writer and full of the best intentions as a man, I do not find that, as a thinker, he ever really gets beyond Naturalism and Monism. He never attains to a ground sufficiently broad and deep for that spiritualism that he so sincerely desires.

I am thus driven to find my main home in a tradition which, at present, possesses no writer comparable to the charm of those English Hegelians, or to the brilliancy of this Frenchman. But in spite of their relative clumsiness I find markedly more room for, and adequate apprehension of, religion in the British, German and American Realists described. And indeed I find amongst recent writers the deepest and most many-sided philosophical apprehension of what religion really is in Dr. Troeltsch's writings – writings largely lacking in all literary charm and not a moment to be compared, in this respect, with the two more or less immanentist groups I have referred to.

But all this I hope fully to consider in the new work on which I am engaged with so much delight.

My debt to France, as already indicated, is beyond all repaying in the matter of religion, that deepest of all experiences of the deepest of all facts. And then (like all of us but more than most of us) I owe abiding gratitude to France in all matters of historical method and of order, lucidity and style; would that I knew how to profit better than I have done in these last three important points! And in Philosophy itself I still look with deep admiration to the ethical and spiritual *flair* in the works of Professor Maurice Blondel, whom it is an honour to claim as friend, and in such a gem as is the *Théorie de l'Éducation* of our common friend, the Abbé L. Laberthonnière.

In Italy I derived much help from Professor Bernardino Varisco; but not all the delicate scent for history of Benedetto Croce, nor the ethical strenuousness and formal lucidity of Professor Giovanni Gentile can hide from me the strange non-religiousness of Croce, nor the Monism of Gentile, who thus renders himself incapable of finding any logical place for so much that is true and gamely eloquent in his writings.

This re-issue of the work of 1908 is a careful reprint, with the exception of the misprints (here we trust reduced to a minimum) and of some six slightly modified passages. There is an important correction of a misreading (*medecaroso* for *mendecarosa*) of mine from *Jacopone da Todi* (in Volume II, p. 103, line 2) which I owe to Evelyn Underhill, a reading now firmly established by Dr Ferri, and approved by him in her own *Jacopone da Todi*.

It is to Mr Algar Thorold, who has himself written with distinction upon an Italian mystical saint, that I owe the final establishment of the text of this new edition, and I hereby thank him warmly for his careful and minute labour.

I should have liked my new big book to be ready by now, so as at last to have something new and large to dedicate to the Senates of the Universities of St. Andrews and of Oxford which, respectively in 1913 and 1921, encouraged my labours by the honorary degrees they then conferred upon me. They very certainly did so in recognition of such care, toil and sympathy as may be traceable in the present work. Hence I want, in this place, at least simply to thank, with all due respect, these two very ancient and most distinguished bodies for thus aiding my attempts to do better in these greatest of subject-matters, which perennially attract, humble and satisfy, and then re-enkindle the mind of him who gives himself wholly to them.

Friedrich von Hügel
Kensington,
Ash Wednesday, 1923.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE following work embodies well-nigh all that the writer has been able to learn and to test, in the matter of religion, during now some thirty years of adult life; and even the actual composition of the book has occupied a large part of his time, for seven years and more.

The precise object of the book naturally grew in range, depth and clearness, under the stress of the labour of its production. This object will perhaps be best explained by means of a short description of the undertaking's origin and successive stages.

Born as I was in Italy, certain early impressions have never left me; a vivid consciousness has been with me, almost from the first, of the massively virile personalities, the spacious, trustful times of the early, as yet truly Christian, Renaissance there, from Dante on to the Florentine Platonists. And when, on growing up, I acquired strong and definite religious convictions, it was that ampler pre-Protestant, as yet neither Protestant nor anti-Protestant, but deeply positive and Catholic, world, with its already characteristically modern outlook and its hopeful and spontaneous application of religion to the pressing problems of life and thought, which helped to strengthen and sustain me, when depressed and hemmed in by the types of devotion prevalent since then in Western Christendom. For those early modern times presented me with men of the same general instincts and outlook as my own, but environed by the priceless boon and starting-point of a still undivided Western Christendom; Protestantism, as such, continued to be felt as ever more or less unjust and sectarian; and the specifically post-Tridentine type of Catholicism, with its regimental Seminarism, its predominantly controversial spirit, its suspiciousness and timidity, persisted, however inevitable some of it may be, in its failure to win my love. Hence I had to continue the seeking and the finding elsewhere, yet ever well within the

great Roman Church, things more intrinsically lovable. The wish some day to portray one of those large-souled pre-Protestant, post-Mediaeval Catholics, was thus early and has been long at work within me.

And then came John Henry Newman's influence with his *Dream of Gerontius*, and a deep attraction to St. Catherine of Genoa's doctrine of the soul's self-chosen, intrinsic purification; and much lingering about the scenes of Caterinetta's life and labours, during more than twenty stays in her terraced city that looks away so proudly to the sea. Such a delicately psychological, soaring, yet sober-minded Eschatology, with its striking penetration and unfolding of the soul's central life and alternatives as they are already here and now, seemed to demand an ampler study than it had yet received, and to require a vivid presentation of the noble, strikingly original personality from whom it sprang.

And later still came the discovery of the apparently hopeless complication of the records of Catherine's life and doctrine, and how these had never been seriously analyzed by any trained scholar, since their constitution into a book in 1552. Much critical work at Classical and Scriptural texts and documentary problems had, by now, whetted my appetite to try whether I could not at last bring stately order out of this bewildering chaos, by perhaps discovering the authors, dates and intentions of the various texts and glosses thus dovetailed and pieced together into a very Joseph's coat of many colours, and by showing the successive stages of this, most original and difficult, Saint's life and legend. All this labour would, in any case, help to train my own mind; and it would, if even moderately successful, offer one more detailed example of the laws that govern such growths, and of the critical method necessary for the tracing out of their operation.

But the strongest motive revealed itself, in its full force, later than all those other motives, and ended by permeating them all. The wish arose to utilize, as fully as possible, this long, close contact with a soul of most rare spiritual depth, – a soul that presents, with an extraordinary, provocative vividness, the greatness, helps, problems and dangers of the mystical spirit. I now wanted to try and get down to the driving forces of this kind of religion, and to discover in what way such a keen sense of, and absorption in, the Infinite can still find room for the Historical and Institutional elements of Religion, and, at the same time, for that noble concentration upon not directly religious contingent facts and happenings, and upon laws of causation or of growth, which constitutes the scientific temper of

mind and its specific, irreplaceable duties and virtues. Thus, having begun to write a biography of St. Catherine, with some philosophical elucidations, I have finished by writing an essay on the philosophy of Mysticism, illustrated by the life of Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna and her friends.

The book's chief peculiarities seem to spring inevitably from its fundamental standpoint: hence their frank enumeration may help towards the more ready comprehension of the work.

The book has, throughout, a treble interest and spirit; historico-critical, philosophical, religious. The historicocritical constituent may attract critical specialists; but will such specialists care for the philosophy? The philosopher may be attracted by the psychological and speculative sections; but will the historical analysis interest him at all? And the soul that is seeking spiritual food and stimulation, will it not readily be wearied by the apparent pettiness of all that criticism, and by the seemingly cold aloofness of all that speculation? – And yet it is the most certain of facts that the human soul is so made as to be unable to part, completely and finally, with any one of these three great interests. Hence, I may surely hope that this trinity of levels of truth and of life, which has so much helped on the growth of my own mind and the constitution of my own character, may, in however different a manner and degree, be found to help others also. This alternation and interstimulation between those three forces and interests within the same soul, and within this soul's ever-deepening life, is, in any case, too fundamental a feature of this whole outlook for any attempt at its elimination here.

Then there is a look of repetition and of illogical anticipation about the very structure of the book. For the philosophical First Part says, in general, what the biographical Second Part says in detail; this detail is, in reality, based upon the critical conclusions arrived at in the Appendix, which follows the precise descriptions of the biography; and then the Third, once more a philosophical, Part returns, now fortified by the intervening close occupation with concrete contingent matters, to the renewed consideration, and deeper penetration and enforcement, of the general positions with which the whole work began. – Yet is not this circular method simply a frank application, to the problems in hand, of the process actually lived through by us all in real life, wherever such life is truly fruitful? For, in real life, we ever start with certain general intellectual-emotive schemes and critical principles, as so many draw-

nets and receptacles for the capture and sorting out of reality and of our experience of it. We next are brought, by choice or by necessity, into close contact with a certain limited number of concrete facts and experiences. And we then use these facts and experiences to fill in, to confirm or to modify that, more or less tentative and predominantly inherited, indeed ever largely conventional, scheme with which we began our quest. In all these cases of actual life, this apparently long and roundabout, indeed back-before, process is, in reality, the short, because the only fully sincere and humble, specifically human way in which to proceed. The order so often followed in “learned” and “scientific” books is, in spite of its appearance of greater logic and conciseness, far longer; for the road thus covered has to be travelled all over again, according to the circular method just described, if we would gain, not wind and shadow, but substance and spiritual food.

Then again, there is everywhere a strong insistence upon History as a Science, yet as a Science possessing throughout a method, type and aim quite special to itself and deeply different from those of Physical Science; and an even greater stress upon the important, indeed irreplaceable function of both these kinds of Science, or their equivalents, in the fullest spiritual life. Here the insistence upon History, as a Science, is still unusual in England; and the stress upon the spiritually purifying power of these Sciences will still appear somewhat fantastic everywhere.— Yet that conception of two branches of ordered human apprehension, research and knowledge, each (in its delicate and clear contrastedness of method, test, end and result) legitimate and inevitable, so that either of them is ruined if forced into the categories of the other, has most certainly come to stay. And the attempt to discover the precise function and meaning of these several mental activities and of their ethical prerequisites, within the full and spiritual life of the soul, and in view of this life’s consolidation and growth, will, I believe, turn out to be of genuine religious utility. For I hope to show how only one particular manner of conceiving and of practising those scientific activities and this spiritual life and consolidation allows, indeed requires, the religious passion, — the noblest and deepest passion given to man, — to be itself enlisted on the side of that other noble, indestructible thing, severe scientific sincerity. This very sincerity would thus not empty or distract, but would, on the contrary, purify and deepen the soul’s spirituality; and hence this spirituality would continuously turn to that sincerity for help in purifying

and deepening the soul. And, surely, until we have somehow attained to some such interaction, the soul must perforce remain timid and weak; for without sincerity everywhere, we cannot possibly develop to their fullest the passion for truth and righteousness even in religion itself.

And then again a Catholic, one who would be a proudly devoted and grateful son of the Roman Church, speaks and thinks throughout the following pages. Yet it is his very Catholicism which makes him feel, with a spontaneous and continuous keenness, that only if there are fragments, earlier stages and glimpses of truth and goodness extant wheresoever some little sincerity exists, can the Catholic Church even conceivably be right. For though Christianity and Catholicism be the culmination and fullest norm of all religion, yet to be such they must find something thus to crown and measure: various degrees of, or preparations for, their truth have existed long before they came, and exist still, far and wide, now that they have come. Otherwise, Marcion would have been right, when he denied that the Old Testament proceeds from the same God as does the New; and three-fourths or more of the human race would not, to this very moment, be bereft, without fault of their own, of all knowledge of the Historic Christ and of every opportunity for definite incorporation into the Christian Church, since we dare not think that God has left this large majority of His children without any and every glimpse and opportunity of religious truth, moral goodness and eternal hope. Yet such a recognition of some light and love everywhere involves no trace of levelling down, or even of levelling up; it is, in itself, without a trace of Indifferentism. For if some kinds or degrees of light are thus found everywhere, yet this light is held to vary immensely in different times and places, from soul to soul, and from one religious stage, group or body to another; the measure and culmination of this light is found in the deepest Christian and Catholic light and holiness; and, over and above the involuntary, sincere differences in degree, stage and kind, there are held to exist, also more or less everywhere, the differences caused by cowardice and opposition to the light, – cowardices and oppositions which are as certainly at work within the Christian and Catholic Church as they are amongst the most barbarous of Polytheists. I may well have failed adequately to combine these twin truths; yet only in some such, though more adequate apprehension and combination resides the hope for the future of our poor storm-tossed human race, – in a deep fervour without fanaticism, and a generous sympathy without indifference.

And lastly, a lay lover of religion speaks throughout, a man to whom the very suspicion that such subjects should or could on that account, be foreign to him has ever been impossible. A deep interest in religion is evidently part of our very manhood, a thing previous to the Church, and which the Church now comes to develop and to save. Yet such an interest is, in the long run, impossible, if the heart and will alone are allowed to be active in a matter so supremely great and which claims the entire man. "Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also": man is not, however much we may try and behave as though he were, a mere sum-total of so many separable water-tight compartments; he can no more fruitfully delegate his brains and his interest in the intellectual analysis and synthesis of religion, than he can commission others to do his religious feeling and willing, his spiritual growth and combat, for him. – But this does not of itself imply an individualistic, hence one-sided, religion. For only in close union with the accumulated and accumulating experiences, analyses and syntheses of the human race in general, and with the supreme life and teaching of the Christian and Catholic Church in particular, will such growth in spiritual personality be possible on any large and fruitful scale: since nowhere, and nowhere less than in religion, does man achieve anything by himself alone, or for his own exclusive use and profit.

And such a layman's views, even when thus acquired and expressed with a constant endeavour to be, and ever increasingly to become, a unit and part and parcel of that larger, Christian and Catholic whole, will ever remain, in themselves and in his valuation of them, unofficial, and, at best, but so much material and stimulation for the kindly criticism and discriminating attention of his fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians and (should these views stand such informal, preliminary tests) for the eventual utilization of the official Church. To this officiality ever remains the exclusive right and duty to formulate successively, for the Church's successive periods, according as these become ripe for such formulations, the corporate, normative forms and expressions of the Church's deepest consciousness and mind. Yet this officiality cannot and does not operate *in vacuo*, or by a direct recourse to extra-human sources of information. It sorts out, eliminates what is false and pernicious, or sanctions and proclaims what is true and fruitful, and a development of her own life, teaching and commission, in the volunteer, tentative and preliminary work put forth by the Church's unofficial members.

And just because both these movements are within, and necessary to, one and the same complete Church, they can be and are different from each other. Hence the following book would condemn itself to pompous unreality were it to mimic official caution and emphasis, whilst ever unable to achieve official authority. It prefers to aim at a layman's special virtues and function: complete candour, courage, sensitiveness to the present and future, in their obscurer strivings towards the good and true, as these have been in their substance already tested in the past, and in so far as such strivings can be forecasted by sympathy and hope. And I thus trust that the book may turn out to be as truly Catholic in fact, as it has been Catholic in intention; I have striven hard to furnish so continuous and copious a stream of actions and teachings of Christian saints and sages as everywhere to give the reader means of correcting or completing my own inferences; and I sincerely submit these my own conclusions to the test and judgment of my fellow-Christians and of the Catholic Church.

My obligations to scholars, thinkers and large spiritual souls are far too numerous and great for any exhaustive recognition. Yet there are certain works and persons to whom I am especially indebted; and these shall here be mentioned with most grateful thanks.

In my Biographical and Critical Part Second, I have had, in Genoa itself, the help of various scholars and friends. Signor Dottore Ridolfo de Andreis first made me realize the importance of Vallebona's booklet. Padre Giovanni Semeria, the Barnabite, put me in touch with the right persons and documents. The Cavalliere L.A. Cervetto, of the Biblioteca Civica, referred me to many useful works. The Librarian of the Biblioteca della Missione Urbana copied out for me the inventory of St. Catherine's effects. And Signor Dottore Augusto Ferretto, of the Archivio di Stato, made admirably careful, explicated copies for me, from the originals, so full of difficult abbreviations, of the long series of legal documents which are the rock-bed on which my biography is built.

The courteous help of the Head Librarian of the Genoese University Library extended beyond Genoa. For it was owing to his action, in conjunction with that of the Italian Ministry, of the English Embassy in Rome, and of the British Museum Authorities, that the three most important of the manuscripts of St. Catherine's life were most generously deposited for my use at the latter institution. I was thus enabled to study my chief sources at full leisure in London.

The Rev. Padre Calvino, Canon Regular of the Lateran, made many kind attempts to trace any possible compositions concerning St. Catherine among the Venerable Battista Vernazza's manuscripts, preserved by the spiritual descendants of Battista's Augustinian Canonesses in Genoa; it was not his fault that nothing could be found.

The Society of Bollandists lent me, for a liberal length of time, various rare books. I shall indeed be proud if my Appendix wins their approbation, since it deals with subject-matters and methods in which they are past masters. Father Sticker's pages on St. Catherine, in their *Acta Sanctorum* (1752), are certainly not satisfactory; they are, however, quite untypical of the Bollandists' best work, or even of their average performances.

My obligations in my Psychological and Philosophical Parts First and Third are still more numerous and far more difficult to trace. Indeed it is precisely where these obligations are the most far-reaching that I can least measure them, since the influence of the books and persons concerned has become part of the texture of my own mind.

But among the great religious spirits or stimulating thinkers of Classical and Patristic times, I am conscious of profound obligations to Plato generally; to Aristotle on two points; to St. Paul; to Plotinus; to Clement of Alexandria; and to St. Augustine. And the Areopagite Literature has necessarily been continuously in my mind. Among Mediaeval writers St. Thomas Aquinas has helped me greatly, in ways both direct and indirect; Eckhart has, with the help of Father H.S. Denifle's investigations, furnished much food for reflection by his most instructive doctrinal excesses; and the extraordinarily deep and daring spirituality of Jacopone da Todi's poetry has been studied with the greatest care.

The Renaissance times have given me Cardinal Nicolas of Goes, whose great Dialogue *De Idiota* has helped me in various ways. And in the early post-Reformation period I have carefully studied, and have been much influenced by, that many-sided, shrewdly wise book, St. Teresa's Autobiography. Yet it is St. John of the Cross, that massively virile Contemplative, who has most deeply influenced me throughout this work. St. Catherine is, I think, more like him, in her ultimate spirit, than any other Saint or spiritual writer known to me; she is certainly far more like him than is St. Teresa.

Later on, I have learnt much from Fénelon's Latin writings concerning Pure Love, of 1710 and 1712; together with Abbé Gosselin's admi-

rably lucid *Analyse de la Controverse du Quiétisme*, 1820, and the Jesuit Father Deharbe's solid and sober *die vollkommene Liebe Gottes*, 1856.

Among modern philosophers I have been especially occupied with, and variously stimulated or warned by, Spinoza, with his deep religious intuition and aspiration, and his determinist system, so destructive because taken by him as ultimate; Leibniz, with his admirably continuous sense of the multiplicity in every living unity, of the organic character, the *inside* of everything that fully exists, and of the depth and range of our subconscious mental and emotional life; Kant, with his keen criticisms and searching analyses, his profound ethical instincts, and his curious want of the specifically religious sense and insight; Schopenhauer, with his remarkable recognition of the truth and greatness of the Ascetic element and ideal; Trendelenburg, with his continuous requirement of an operative knowledge of the chief stages which any principle or category has passed through in human history, if we would judge this principle with any fruit; Kierkegaard, that certainly one-sided, yet impressively tenacious re-discoverer and proclaimer of the poignant sense of the Transcendent essential to all deep religion, and especially to Christianity, religion's flower and crown; and Fechner, in his little-known book, so delightfully convincing in its rich simplicity, *die drei Motive und Gründe des Glaubens*, 1863.

Of quite recent or still living writers two have been used by me on a scale which would be unpardonable, had the matters treated by them been the direct subjects of my book. In Part First whole pages of mine are marked by me as little but a *précis* of passages in Dr. Eduard Zeller's standard *Philosophy of the Greeks*. I have myself much studied Heraclitus, Parmenides, Plato and Plotinus; and I have, also in the case of the other philosophers, always followed up and tested such passages of Zeller as I have here transcribed. But I did not, for by far the most part, think it worth while, on these largely quite general and practically uncontested matters, to construct fresh appreciations of my own, rather than to reproduce, with due consideration and acknowledgments, the conclusions of such an accepted authority. And already in Part First, but especially in Part Third, I have utilized as largely, although here with still more of personal knowledge and of careful re-examination, considerable sections of Professor H.J. Holtzmann's *Lehrbuch der Neutestamentlichen Theologie*, 1897 – sections which happen to be, upon the whole, the deepest and most solid in that great but often daring work. The same Professor Holtzmann is, besides, a most suggestive religious phi-

losopher; and his penetrating though very difficult book *Richard Rothe's Speculatives System*, 1899, has also been of considerable use.

Other recent or contemporary German writers to whom I owe much, are Erwin Rohde, in his exquisite great book, *Psyche*, 2nd ed., 1898; Professor Johannes Volkelt, in his penetratingly critical *Kant's Erkenntnisstheorie*, 1879; Professor Hugo Münsterberg, in his largely planned although too absolute *Grundzüge der Psychologie*, Vol. I., 1900; Professor Heinrich Rickert, in his admirably discriminating *Grenzen der naturwissenschaftlichen Begriffsbildung*, 1902; and also two friends whose keen care for religion never flags – Professors Rudolf Eucken of Jena and Ernst Troeltsch of Heidelberg. Eucken's *Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker*, 1st ed., 1890; *der Kampf um einen geistigen Lebensinhalt*, 1896; and the earlier sections of *der Wahrheitsgehalt der Religion*, 1902, have greatly helped me. And Troeltsch's *Grundprobleme der Ethik*, 1902, has considerably influenced certain central conceptions of my book, notwithstanding the involuntary, rough injustice manifested by him, especially elsewhere, towards the Roman Church.

Among present-day French writers, my book owes most to Professor Maurice Blondel's, partly obscure yet intensely alive and religiously deep, work *L' Action*, 1893; to Dr. Pierre Janet's carefully first-hand observations, as chronicled in his *Etat Mental des Hystériques*, 1894; to Monsieur Emile Boutroux's very suggestive paper *Psychologie du Mysticisme*, 1902; to various pregnant articles of the Abbé L. Laberthonnière in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, 1898-1906; and to M. Henri Bergson's delicately penetrating *Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience*, 2nd ed., 1898.

And amongst living Englishmen, the work is most indebted to Professor A.S. Pringle-Pattison, especially to his eminently sane *Hegelianism and Personality*, 2nd ed., 1893; to Professor James Ward, in his strenuous *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, 1st ed., 1899; to the Reverend George Tyrrell's *Hard Sayings*, 1898, and *The Faith of the Millions*, 2 vols., 1901, so full of insight into Mysticism; and, very especially, to Dr. Edward Caird, in his admirably wide and balanced survey, *The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers*, 1904.

But further back than all the living writers and friends lies the stimulation and help of him who was later on to become Cardinal Newman. It was he who first taught me to glory in my appurtenance to the Catholic and Roman Church, and to conceive this my inheritance in a large and

historical manner, as a slow growth across the centuries, with an innate affinity to, and eventual incorporation of, all the good and true to be found mixed up with error and with evil in this chequered, difficult but rich world and life in which this living organism moves and expands. Yet the use to which all these helps have here been put, has inevitably been my own doing; nowhere except in direct quotations have I simply copied, and nowhere are these helpers responsible for what here appears.

And then there have been great souls, whom I cannot well name here, but whom I would nevertheless refer to in reverent gratitude; souls that have taught me that deepest of facts and of lessons, – the persistence, across the centuries, within the wide range of the visible and indeed also of the invisible Church, of that vivid sense of the finite and the Infinite, of that spacious joy and expansive freedom in self-donation to God, the prevenient, all-encompassing Spirit, of that massively spontaneous, elemental religion, of which Catherine is so noble an example. Thus a world-renouncing, world-conquering, virile piety, humble and daring, humane, tender and creatively strong, is at no time simply dead, but it merely sleepeth; indeed it ever can be found, alive, open-eyed, irresistible, hidden away here and there, throughout our earthly space and time.

In matters directly connected with the publication of the work I have especially to thank Messrs. Sciutto of Genoa, the photographers to whom I owe the very successful photographs from which the plates that stand at the head of my volumes have been taken; Mr. Sidney E. Mayle, publisher, of Hampstead, for permission to use the photogravure of St. Catherine's portrait which appeared as an illustration to a paper of mine, in his scholarly *Hampstead Annual*, 1898; Miss Maude Petre, who helped me much towards achieving greater lucidity of style, by carefully reading and criticizing all my proofs; and my publisher, who has not shrunk from undertaking the publication of so long a work on so very serious, abstruse-seeming a subject. Even so, I have had to suppress the notes to my chapter on "Catherine's Teaching", which throughout showed the critical reasons that had determined my choice of the particular sayings, and the particular text of the sayings, adopted by me in the text; and have had to excise quite a third of my Appendix, which furnished the analysis of further, critically instructive texts of the *Vita e Dottrina*, the *Dichiarazione* and the *Dialogo*. If a new edition is ever called for, this further material might be added, and would greatly increase the cogency of my argument.

The work that now at last I thus submit to the reader, is doubtless full of defects; and I shall welcome any thoughtful criticism of any of its parts as a true kindness. Yet I would point out that all these parts aim at being but so many constituents of a whole, within which alone they gain their true significance and worth. Hence only by one who has studied and pondered the book as a whole, will any of its parts be criticized with fairness to that part's intention. To gain even but a dozen of such readers would amply repay the labour of these many years.

I take it that the most original parts are Chapter Eight, with its analysis of Battista Vernazza's interesting Diary; the Appendix, with its attempts at fixing the successive authors and intentions that have built up the *Vita e Dottrina*; Chapter Nine, which attempts to assign to psychophysical matters, as we now know them, their precise place and function within the vast life-system, and according to the practical tests, of the great Mystical Saints; and Chapter Fifteen, with its endeavour to picture that large Asceticism which alone can effect, within the same soul, a fruitful co-habitation of, and interaction between, Social Religion, the Scientific Habit of Mind, and the Mystical Element of Religion.

Kierkegaard used to claim that he ever wrote *existentially*, pricked on by the exigencies of actual life, to attempt their expression in terms of that life, and in view of its further spiritual development. More than ever the spiritual life appears now as supremely worth the having, and yet it seems to raise, or to find, the most formidable difficulties or even deadlocks. I can but hope that these pages may have so largely sprung from the exigencies of that life itself, – that they may have caught so much of the spirit of the chief livers of the spiritual life, especially of St. Catherine of Genoa and of St. John of the Cross, and, above all, of the One Master and Measure of Christianity and of the Church, – as to stimulate such life, its practice, love and study, in their readers, and may point them, spur them on, through and beyond all that here has been attempted, missed or obscured, to fuller religious insight, force and fruitfulness.

Friedrich von Hügel
*Kensington,
 Easter, 1908.*